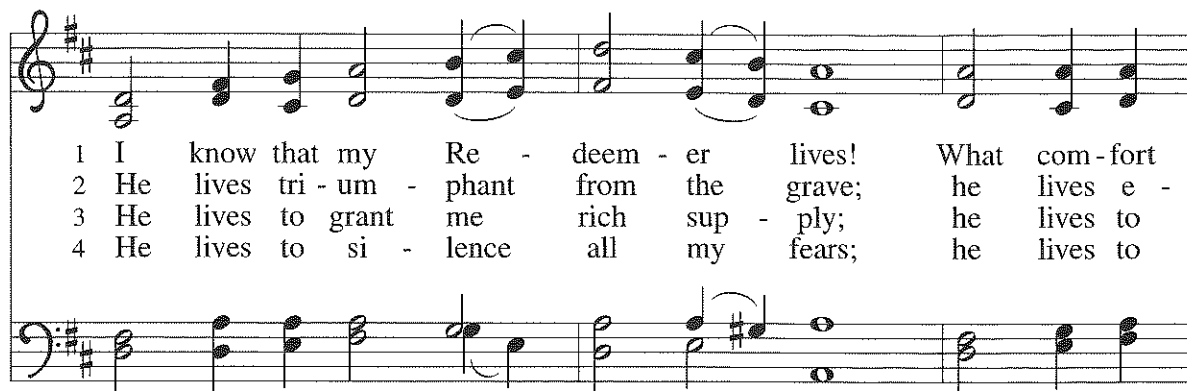
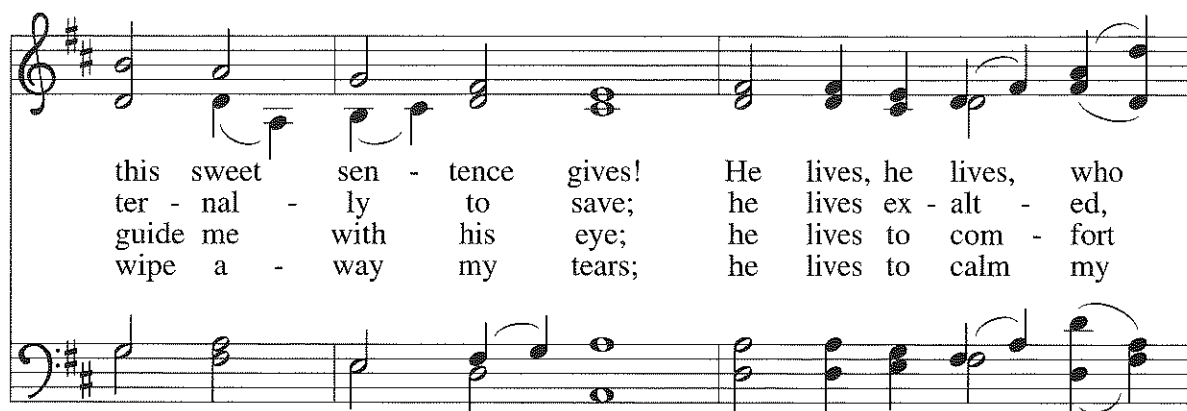


## I Know That My Redeemer Lives!

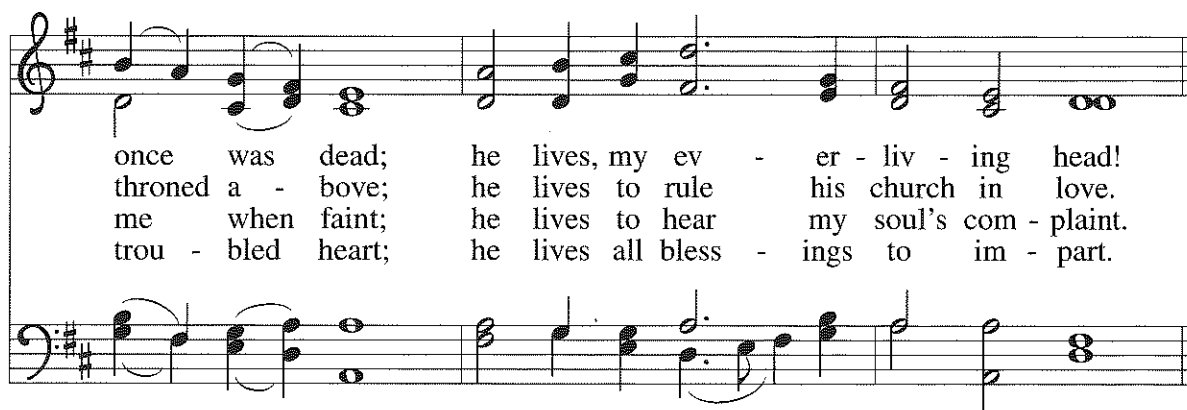
619



1 I know that my Re - deem - er lives! What com - fort  
 2 He lives tri - um - phant from the grave; he lives e -  
 3 He lives to grant me rich sup - ply; he lives to  
 4 He lives to si - lence all my fears; he lives to



this sweet sen - tence gives! He lives, he lives, who  
 ter - nal - ly to save; he lives ex - alt - ed,  
 guide me with his eye; he lives to com - fort  
 wipe a - way my tears; he lives to calm my




once was dead; he lives, my ev - er - liv - ing head!  
 throned a - bove; he lives to rule his church in love.  
 me when faint; he lives to hear my soul's com - plaint.  
 trou - bled heart; he lives all bless - ings to im - part.

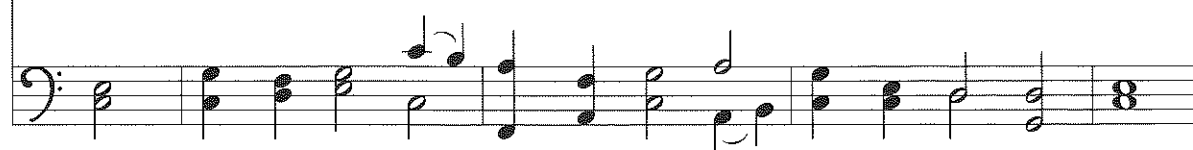
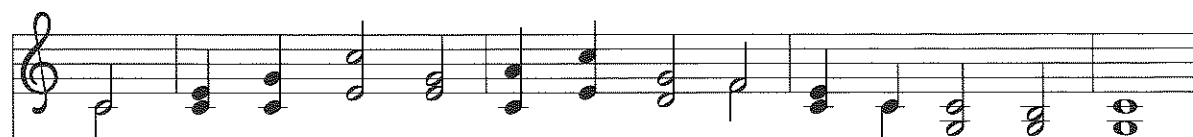
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 5 He lives to bless me with his love;<br>he lives to plead for me above;<br>he lives my hungry soul to feed;<br>he lives to help in time of need.                       | 7 He lives and grants me daily breath;<br>he lives, and I shall conquer death;<br>he lives my mansion to prepare;<br>he lives to bring me safely there. |
| 6 He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend;<br>he lives and loves me to the end;<br>he lives, and while he lives, I'll sing;<br>he lives, my prophet, priest, and king! | 8 He lives, all glory to his name!<br>He lives, my Savior, still the same;<br>what joy this blest assurance gives:<br>I know that my Redeemer lives!    |

778

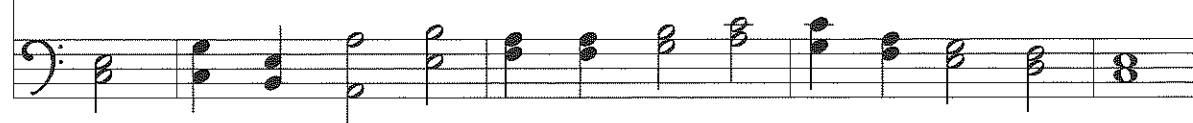
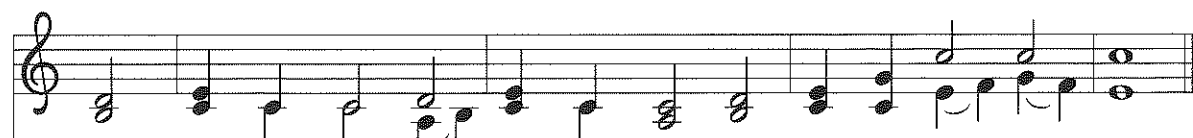
## The Lord's My Shepherd



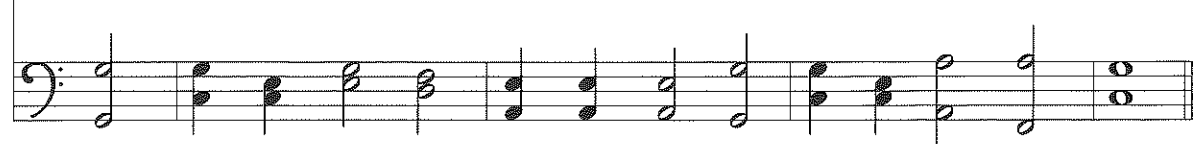
1 The Lord's my shep-herd; I'll not want. He makes me down to lie  
 2 My soul he doth re - store a - gain, and me to walk doth make  
 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, yet will I fear no ill;  
 4 My ta - ble thou hast rich - ly spread in pres - ence of my foes;  
 5 Good - ness and mer - cy all my life shall sure - ly fol - low me,

in pas - tures green; he lead - eth me the qui - et wa - ters by,  
 with - in the paths of righ - teous - ness, e'en for his own name's sake;  
 for thou art with me, and thy rod and staff me com - fort still;  
 my head thou dost with oil a - noint, and my cup o - ver - flows.  
 and in God's house for - ev - er - more my dwell - ing - place shall be;

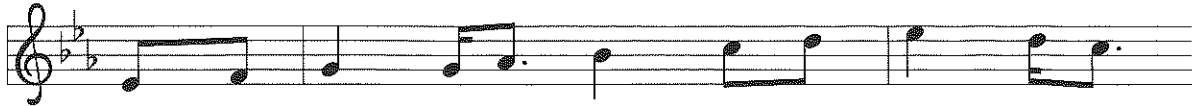



He lead - eth me, he lead - eth me the qui - et wa - ters by.  
 with - in the paths of righ - teous - ness, e'en for his own name's sake.  
 for thou art with me, and thy rod and staff me com - fort still.  
 My head thou dost with oil a - noint, and my cup o - ver - flows.  
 and in God's house for - ev - er - more my dwell - ing - place shall be.

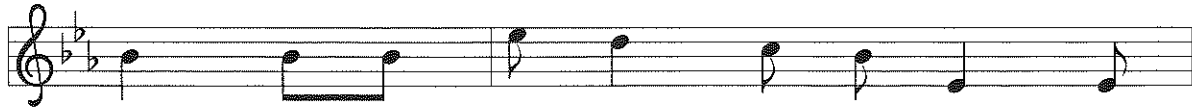


## 764

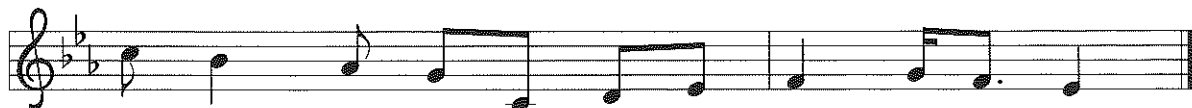
## Have No Fear, Little Flock



1 Have no fear, lit - tle flock; have no fear, lit - tle  
 2 Have good cheer, lit - tle flock; have good cheer, lit - tle  
 3 Praise the Lord high a - bove; praise the Lord high a -  
 4 Thank - ful hearts raise to God; thank - ful hearts raise to



flock, for the Fa - ther has cho - sen to  
 flock, for the Fa - ther will keep you in  
 bove, for he stoops down to heal you, up -  
 God, for he stays close be - side you, in



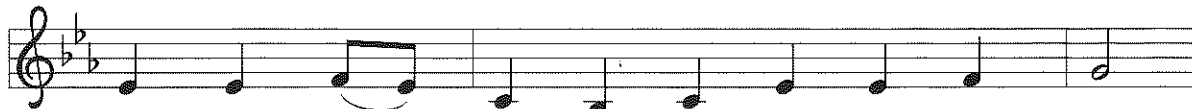
give you the king - dom; have no fear, lit - tle flock!  
 his love for - ev - er; have good cheer, lit - tle flock!  
 lift and re - store you; praise the Lord high a - bove!  
 all things works with you; thank - ful hearts raise to God!

Text: Luke 12:32, st. 1; Marjorie Jillson, b. 1931, sts. 2-4  
 Music: Heinz Werner Zimmermann, b. 1930  
 Text and music © 1973 Concordia Publishing House

LITTLE FLOCK  
 66 76 6

## 765

## Lord of All Hopefulness



1 Lord of all hope - ful - ness, Lord of all joy,  
 2 Lord of all ea - ger - ness, Lord of all faith,  
 3 Lord of all kind - li - ness, Lord of all grace,  
 4 Lord of all gen - tle - ness, Lord of all calm,



whose trust, ev - er child - like, no cares could de - stroy:  
 whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe:  
 your hands swift to wel - come, your arms to em - brace:  
 whose voice is con - tent - ment, whose pres - ence is balm:

Text: Jan Struther, 1901-1953  
 Music: Irish traditional  
 Text © Oxford University Press

SLANE  
 10 11 11 12