

Jesus, Still Lead On

624

1 Je - sus, still lead on, till our rest be won; and, al-though the
 2 If the way be drear, if the foe be near, let no faith-less
 3 When we seek re - lief from a long-felt grief, when temp-ta - tions
 4 Je - sus, still lead on, till our rest be won; heav'n-ly lead - er,

way be cheer - less, we will fol - low, calm and fear - less;
 fears o'er-take us, let not faith and hope for - sake us;
 come al - lur - ing make us pa - tient and en - dur - ing;
 still di - rect us, still sup - port, con - sole, pro - tect us,

guide us by your hand to the prom - ised land.
 safe - ly past the foe to our home we go.
 show us that bright shore where we weep no more.
 till we safe - ly stand in the prom - ised land.

God Alone Be Praised

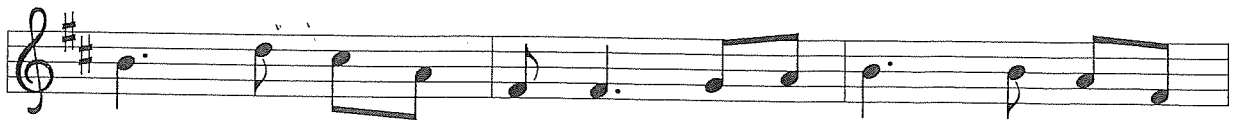
1023



1 O - ceans rise, the coast-land trem-bles; moun-tains melt and dry earth
 2 Na - tions rage, the em - pire fal - ters; seek-ing ref - uge, ex - iles
 3 Come and see; God's mer - cy gath-ers all that sin and grief have



crum-bles. All the world with long - ing groans. Love a -
 wan - der. Walls and weap - ons rise from fear. Through this
 shat - tered. Life from fields of death is raised. Peace, be



bides, this gra - cious prom - ise is our help, our hope and
 wil - der - ness a riv - er flows to heal and bless us
 still; let pride - ful thun - der yield to songs of joy and



so - lace. God's strong word is sol - id ground.
 ev - er. God the cru - ci - fied dwells here.
 won - der. God and God a - lone be praised.

723

Canticle of the Turning



1 My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
 2 Though I am small, my . . . God, my all, you . . .
 3 From the halls of pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a
 4 Though the na - tions rage from . . . age to age, we re -



God of my heart is great, and my spir - it sings of the
 work great . . . things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the
 stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your
 mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



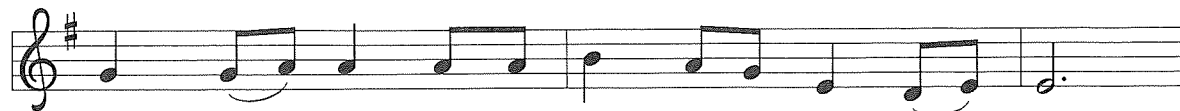
won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
 depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
 jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant . . . from his throne.
 liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.



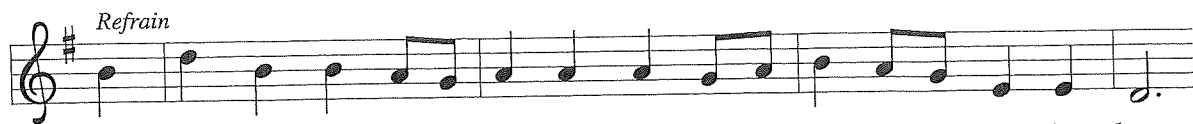
You fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my
 Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
 The hun - gry poor shall . . . weep no more, for the
 This sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the



weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
 those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
 food they can nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry
 prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be



name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
 strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.



My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus-tice burn.



Wipe a-way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is a-bout to turn.