

Like a River Glorious

Like a river, glorious Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious In its bright increase;
Perfect, yet it floweth Fuller ev'ry day;
Perfect, yet it groweth Deeper all the way.

Refrain

Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are fully blest:
Finding, as He promised, Perfect peace and rest.

Hidden in the hollow Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow, Never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry, Touch the spirit there.

Ev'ry joy or trial Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him fully All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly Find Him wholly true.

Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus

O soul, are you weary and troubled?
No light in the darkness you see?
There's light for a look at the Saviour,
And life more abundant and free!

Refrain

Turn your eyes upon Jesus,
Look full in His wonderful face;
And the things of earth will grow strangely dim
In the light of His glory and grace.

Thro' death into life everlasting
He passed, and we follow Him there;
Over us sin no more hath dominion—
For more than conqu'rors we are!

His word shall not fail you—He promised;
Believe Him, and all will be well:
Then go to a world that is dying,
His perfect salvation to tell!

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My Captain

A poem by Dorothy Day

*Out of the night that dazzles me, Beyond this place of sin and tears
Bright as the sun from pole to pole, That life with Him! And His the aid,
I thank the God I know to be Despite the menace of the years,
For Christ the conqueror of my soul. Keeps, and shall keep me, unafraid.*

*Since His the sway of circumstance, I have no fear, though strait the gate,
I would not wince nor cry aloud. He cleared from punishment the scroll.
Under that rule which men call chance Christ is the Master of my fate,
My head with joy is humbly bowed. Christ is the Captain of my soul.*

Be Still, My Soul

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In ev'ry change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heav'nly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
From His own fullness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hast'ning on
When we shall be forever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

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