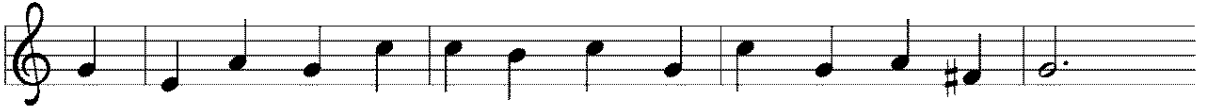


Large Print Music

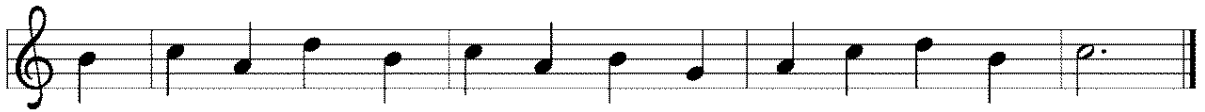


August 9, 2026

O God, Our Help in Ages Past



- 1 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,
2 Un - der the shad - ow of your throne your saints have dwelt se - cure;
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood or earth re - ceived its frame,
4 A thou - sand a - ges in your sight are like an eve - ning gone,



our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
suf - fi - cient is your arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
from ev - er - last - ing you are God, to end - less years the same.
short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all our years away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the op'ning day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
still be our guard while troubles last
and our eternal home.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt.

Music: *St. Anne*, William Croft, 1678–1727

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My Life Flows On in Endless Song

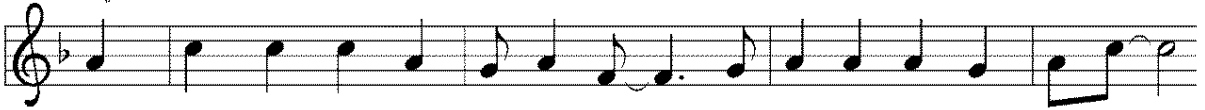


1 My life flows on in end - less song; a - bove earth's lam-en - ta - tion,
2 Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear that mu-sic ring - ing.
3 What though my joys and com-forts die? The Lord my Sav-ior liv - eth.
4 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a foun - tain ev - er spring-ing!



I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn that hails a new cre - a - tion.
It finds an ech - o in my soul. How can I keep from sing-ing?
What though the dark - ness gath-er round? Songs in the night he giv - eth.
All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from sing-ing?

Refrain



No storm can shake my in-most calm while to that Rock I'm cling-ing.



Since Christ is Lord of heav-en and earth, how can I keep from sing-ing?

Text: Robert Lowry, 1826–1899

Music: HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING, Robert Lowry, alt.

When Peace, like a River



1 When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way; when
2 Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, let
3 He lives— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought; my
4 And Lord, haste the day when our faith shall be sight, the



sor - rows, like sea bil - lows, roll; what - ev - er my lot, thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, that Christ hath re - gard - ed my
sin, not in part, but the whole, is nailed to his cross and I
clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the trum - pet shall sound and the



taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul.
help - less es - tate, and hath shed his own blood for my soul.
bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O, my soul!
Lord shall de - scend; e - ven so it is well with my soul.

Refrain

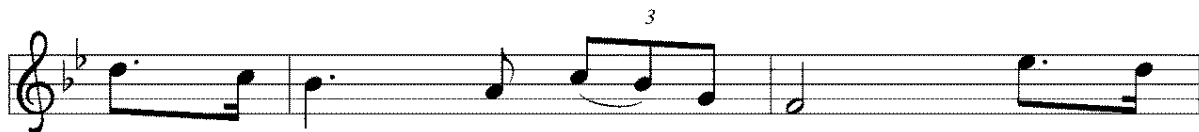


It is well with my soul, it is well, it is well with my soul.

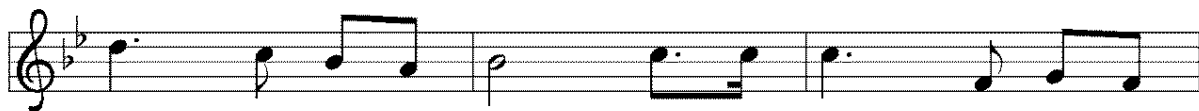
Text: Horatio G. Spafford, 1828–1888

Music: VILLE DU HAVRE, Philip P. Bliss, 1838–1876

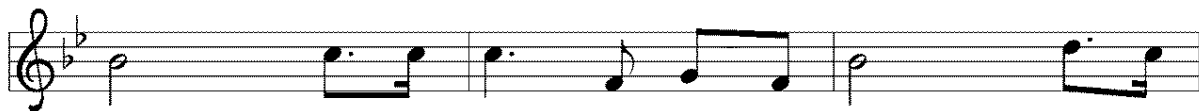
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me



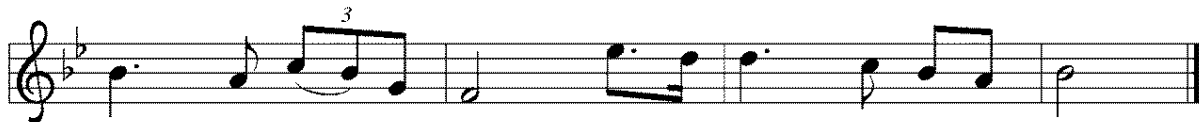
1 Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me o - ver
 2 As a moth - er stills her child, thou canst
 3 When at last I near the shore, and the



life's tem - pes - tuous sea; un - known waves be - fore me
 hush the o - cean wild; bois - t'rous waves o - bey thy
 fear - ful break - ers roar twixt me and the peace - ful



roll, hid - ing rock and treach - 'rous shoal; chart and
 will when thou say'st to them: "Be still." Won - drous
 rest, then, while lean - ing on thy breast, may I



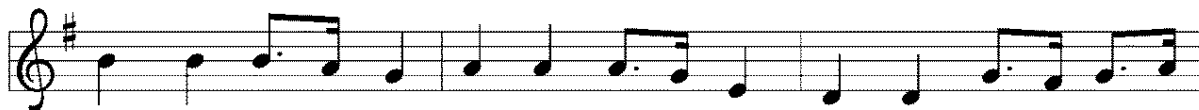
com - pass come from thee. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 hear thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

Text: Edward Hopper, 1818–1888

Music: PILOT, John Edgar Gould, 1822–1875

What a Fellowship, What a Joy Divine

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms



1 What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di - vine, lean - ing on the ev - er -
2 Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, lean - ing on the ev - er -
3 What have I to dread, what have I to fear, lean - ing on the ev - er -

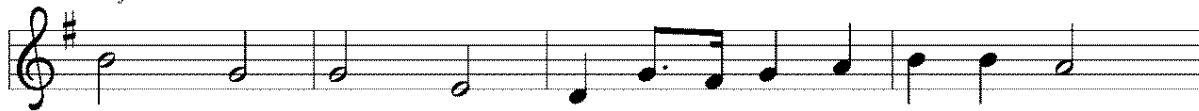


last - ing arms; what a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

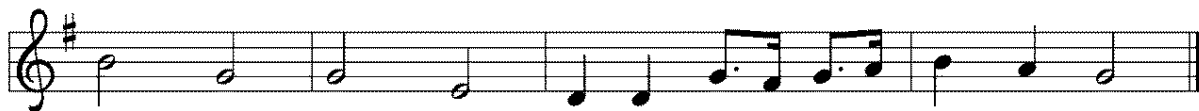


lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.

Refrain



Lean - ing, lean - ing, safe and se - cure from all a - larms;



lean - ing, lean - ing, lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.

Text: Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839–1929

Music: SHOWALTER, Anthony J. Showalter, 1858–1924

