

# Service Lyrics

## August 29, 2021

*Materials to be used only with Franconia United Methodist Church's virtual services  
and adhere with published licensing guidelines.*

### **Be Still My Soul**

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side;  
bear patiently the cross of grief or pain:  
leave to your God to order and provide,  
in every change God faithful will remain.  
Be still, my soul! your best, your heav'nly Friend  
through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: your God will undertake  
to guide the future as in ages past.  
Your hope, your confidence, let nothing shake;  
all now mysterious shall be bright at last.  
Be still, my soul! the waves and winds still know  
the Christ who ruled them while he dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening 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.

## Nearer, My God, to Thee

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,  
still all my song shall be,  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,  
darkness be over me, my rest a stone;  
yet in my dreams I'd be  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;  
all that thou sendest me, in mercy given;  
angels to beckon me  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,  
out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;  
so by my woes to be  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,  
sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,  
still all my song shall be,  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

## Lift Every Voice and Sing

Lift ev'ry voice and sing,  
till earth and heaven ring,  
ring with the harmonies of liberty.  
Let our rejoicing rise  
high as the list'ning skies,  
let it resound loud as the rolling sea.  
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us.  
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us.  
Facing the rising sun  
of our new day begun,  
let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,  
bitter the chast'ning rod,  
felt in the days when hope unborn had died;  
yet with a steady beat,  
have not our weary feet  
come to the place for which our people sighed?  
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered.  
We have come, treading our path thro' the blood of the slaughtered,  
out from the gloomy past,  
till now we stand at last  
where the bright gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,  
God of our silent tears,  
thou who hast brought us thus far on the way,  
thou who hast by thy might  
led us into the light,  
keep us forever in the path, we pray.  
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met thee;  
lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget thee;  
shadowed beneath thy hand,  
may we forever stand,  
true to our God, true to our native land.