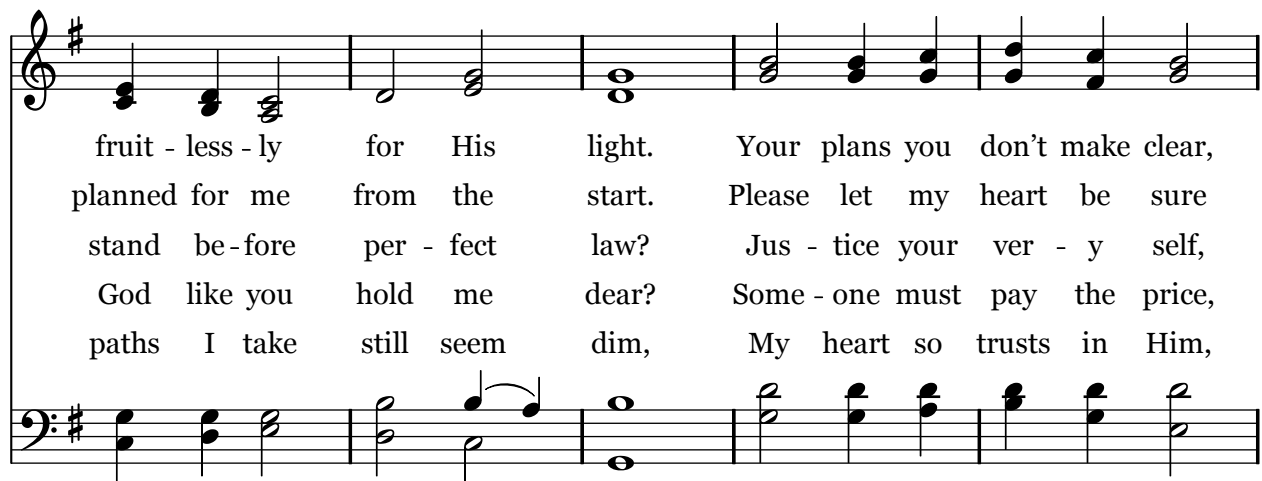


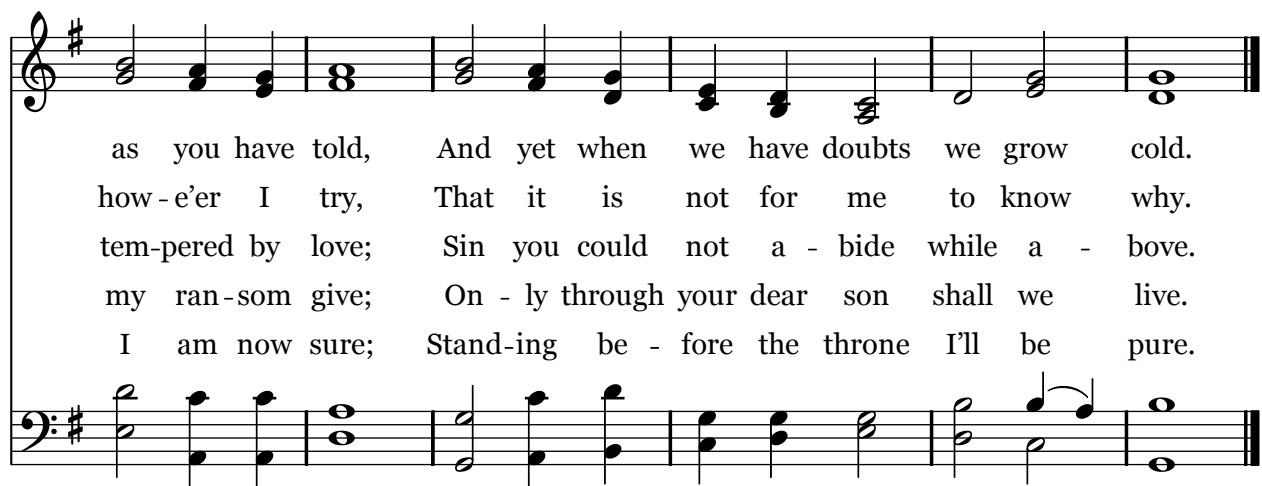
Be Still, My Troubled Soul



1. Be still, my trou-bled soul, when mind takes flight, Search-ing so
2. Don't let my hu-man mind pull me a - part; I know you've
3. Your mind so just and pure fills me with awe; Dare I now
4. All care-less deeds of mine stand out so clear; How can a
5. Ah, now my soul is still, trust-ing in him; Yes, though the



fruit-less-ly for His light. Your plans you don't make clear,
planned for me from the start. Please let my heart be sure
stand be-fore per-fect law? Jus-tice your ver-y self,
God like you hold me dear? Some-one must pay the price,
paths I take still seem dim, My heart so trusts in Him,



as you have told, And yet when we have doubts we grow cold.
how-e'er I try, That it is not for me to know why.
tem-pered by love; Sin you could not a-bide while a-bove.
my ran-som give; On-ly through your dear son shall we live.
I am now sure; Stand-ing be-fore the throne I'll be pure.