

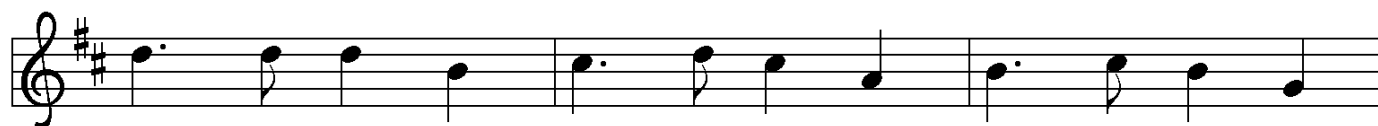
Healer of Our Every Ill



Heal - er of our ev - 'ry ill, light of each to - mor - row,



give us peace be - yond our fear, and hope be - yond our sor - row.



- 1 You who know our fears and sad - ness, grace us with your
- 2 In the pain and joy be - hold - ing how your grace is
- 3 Give us strength to love each oth - er, ev - 'ry sis - ter,
- 4 You who know each thought and feel - ing, teach us all your



peace and glad - ness; Spir - it of all com - fort, fill our hearts.
 still un - fold - ing, give us all your vi - sion, God of love.
 ev - 'ry broth - er; Spir - it of all kind - ness, be our guide.
 way of heal - ing; Spir - it of com - pas - sion, fill each heart.

Text: Marty Haugen, b. 1950

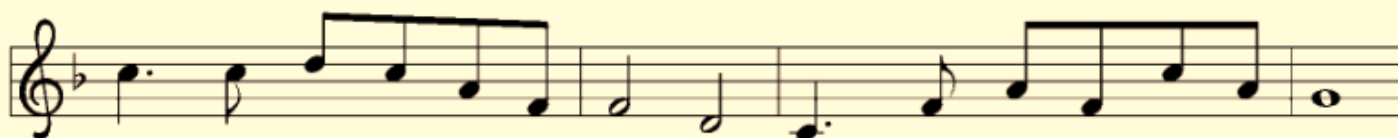
Music: HEALER OF OUR EVERY ILL, Marty Haugen

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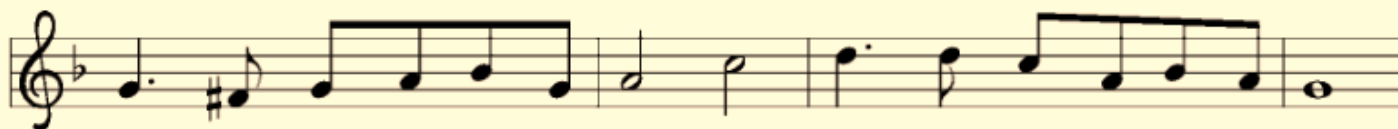
What a Friend We Have in Jesus



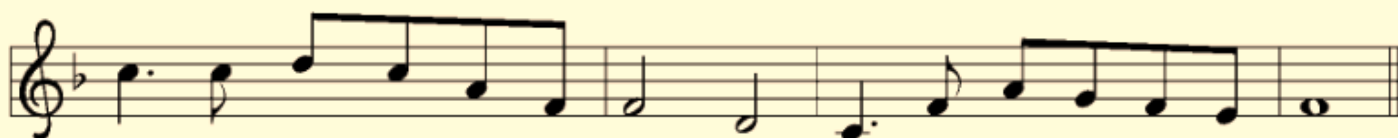
- 1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
- 2 Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
- 3 Are we weak and heav - y - lad - en, cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged—take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge—take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit; oh, what need - less pain we bear—
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful who will all our sor - row share?
 Do your friends de - spise, for - sake you? Take it to the Lord in prayer.



all be - cause we do not car - ry ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness—take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In his arms he'll take and shield you; you will find a so - lace there.

Text: Joseph Scriven, 1820–1886

Music: CONVERSE, Charles C. Converse, 1832–1918

The King of Love My Shepherd Is



1 The King of love my shep - herd is, whose good - ness
 2 Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, my ran - somed
 3 Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, but yet in
 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill, with thee, dear



fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
 soul he lead - eth and, where the ver - dant
 love he sought me, and on his shoul - der
 Lord, be - side me, thy rod and staff my



I am his and he is mine for - ev - er.
 pas - tures grow, with food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 gent - ly laid, and home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 com - fort still; thy cross be - fore to guide me.

5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight;
 thine unction grace bestoweth;
 and, oh, what transport of delight
 from thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so, through all the length of days,
 thy goodness faileth never.
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
 within thy house forever.

Text: Henry W. Baker, 1821–1877

Music: ST. COLUMBA, Irish tune

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What God Ordains Is Good Indeed



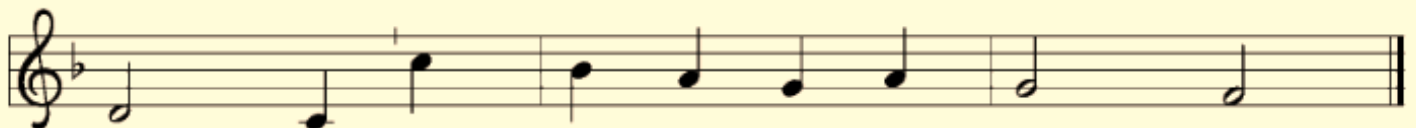
- 1 What God or - dains is good in - deed, for all life well pro - vid - ing.
- 2 What God or - dains is good in - deed: my light, my life, my Sav - ior!
- 3 What God or - dains is good in - deed. When hope seems like de - lu - sion,
- 4 What God or - dains is good in - deed. My Lord will nev - er fail me



The will of God is best for me, the ground of my con - fid - ing.
 No ill can get the best of me; God's care will nev - er wa - ver.
 I taste the bit - ter cup and plead, "Lord, quench my fear, con - fu - sion."
 on dan - ger's path, in deep - est need, when death in grief shall veil me.



My faith - ful God, on ev - 'ry road you know the way un -
 Through joy and pain I shall at - tain the dawn dis - clos - ing
 God ends the night, re - stores de - light; by faith I face to -
 My God so dear will draw me near, in lov - ing arms will



fold - ing and my hand you are hold - ing.
 clear - ly that God has loved me dear - ly.
 mor - row and yield to God all sor - row.
 hold me, at last in light en - fold me.

Text: Samuel Rodigast, 1649–1708; tr. Martin A. Seltz, b. 1951

Music: WAS GOTT TUT, Severus Gastorius, 1646–1682

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