

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

Edward Hopper, 1871

PILOT 7.7.7.7.7.
John E. Gould, 1871

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach - erous shoal;
Bois - terous waves o - bey thy will When thou sayest to them, "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won - drous Sov - ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

Morning Has Broken

BUNESSAN 5.5.5.4.D.

Gaelic Melody

Harm. by David Evans, 1927

Eleanor Farjeon, 1931

Unison

1. Morn - ing has bro - ken Like the first morn - ing, Black-bird has
 2. Sweet the rain's new fall Sun - lit from heav - en, Like the first
 3. Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing Born of the

spo - ken Like the first bird. Praise for the sing - ing!
 dew - fall On the first grass. Praise for the sweet - ness
 one light E - den saw play! Praise with e - la - tion,

Praise for the morn - ing! Praise for them, spring - ing Fresh from the Word!
 Of the wet gar - den, Sprung in com - plete - ness Where his feet pass.
 Praise ev - ery morn - ing, God's re - cre - a - tion Of the new day!

198 * God of Grace and God of Glory

CWM RHONDDA 8.7.8.7.8.7.7.
John Hughes, 1907

1. God of grace and God of glo - ry, On thy peo - ple
2. Lo! the hosts of e - vil round us Scorn thy Christ, as -
3. Cure thy chil - dren's war - ring, mad - ness; Bend our pride to
4. Set our feet on loft - y pla - ces; Gird our lives that
5. Save us from weak res - ig - na - tion To the e - vils

pour thy power; Crown thine an - cient church's sto - ry; Bring her bud to
sail his ways! From the fears that long have bound us, Free our hearts to
thy con - trol; Shame our wan - ton, self - ish glad - ness, Rich in things and
they may be Ar - mored with all Christ - like gra - ces In the fight to
we de - plore; Let the search for thy sal - va - tion Be our glo - ry

Harry Emerson Fosdick, 1930

glo - rious flower. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
faith and praise. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
poor in soul. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
set men free. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
ev - er - more. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,

For the fac - ing of this hour, For the fac - ing of this hour.
For the liv - ing of these days, For the liv - ing of these days.
Lest we miss thy king - dom's goal, Lest we miss thy king - dom's goal.
That we fail not man nor thee, That we fail not man nor thee.
Serv - ing thee whom we a - dore, Serv - ing thee whom we a - dore.

God Be with You

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Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1880; alt.

1 God be with you till we meet a - gain; By good coun-sel guide, up - hold you,
 2 God be with you till we meet a - gain; Wings of shel-ter safe - ly hide you,
 3 God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's per - ils thick con-found you,
 4 God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's ban-ner float - ing o'er you,

With a shep-herd's care en - fold you: God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you: God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put un - fail - ing arms a - round you: God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat - ening wave be - fore you: God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Refrain

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
 till we meet, till we meet a - gain, till we meet,

till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

Written during his last pastorate, at First Congregational Church in Washington, D.C., Jeremiah Rankin's hymn spread quickly throughout America and England by way of Moody and Sankey's revival meetings. Rankin later served as the seventh president of Howard University.

Tune: GOD BE WITH YOU 9.8.8.9. with refrain
 William G. Tomer, 1880