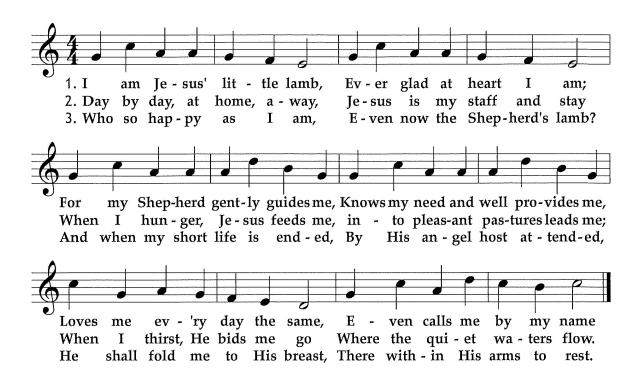


- 5 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?I triumph still if Thou abide with me!
- 6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

"I Am Jesus' Little Lamb" - Lutheran Service Book #740



2

"Now Rest Beneath Night's Shadow" - Lutheran Service Book #880, stanzas 1-4

1. Now rest be - neath night's sha - dow The wood - land, 2. The gold - en ra-diant sun has van - ished, Its 3. Now all the heav'n - ly spen - dor Breaks forth in 4. Lord since Ie - sus, You love Now spread Your me, field and mead - ow; The world in slum - ber lies. rays are ban - ished From dark - 'ning skies of night: star - light ten - der From myr - iad worlds un - known; wings a bove me And shield me from a - larm. you, my heart, a - wak - ing But And prayer and mu - sic Christ the Sun of glad - ness, But Dis - pel - ling all our And, For - get our self - ish we this mar - yel see - ing, Though Sa - tan, would de - vour me, Let an - gel guards sing 0 mak - ing, Let praise to your Cre - a - tor rise. sad - ness, Shines down on us in light. warm - est be - ing For iov of beau - ty not our own. child of o'er me: This God shall meet no harm.

