

## My Savior Is My Pilot True

Heft 60

1. My Sav-ior is my Pi - lot true, In His might I con - fide;  
 2. Oft He lets me my course pur - sue Some-times through storm and night,  
 3. And if my faith would sink, why then He quick - ly comes to me,

No one like Him on earth I know— He stand - eth at my side:  
 My safe - ty yet He had in view Long ere the storm's dread might.  
 And He commands—a might-y Man— The storm and then the sea.

My lit-tle ship of faith did He Se - cure - ly, sound-ly  
 He anchor, here and there, doth find, The wind He guid - eth  
 He calls: "Fear not, I am with thee; Be - lieve and love by

My little ship of faith did He  
 He anchor, here and there, doth find,  
 He calls: "Fear not, I am with thee;

Se-cure-ly, sound-ly  
 The wind He guid - eth  
 Believe and love by

make. He rul-eth wind and sea; and me He nev - er will for - sake!  
 true; My landing-place He hath in mind And lead - eth safe - ly through!  
 grace! E'en in the night thy Light I'll be, Though there's no shin-ing trace;

He nev-er will for-sake!  
And leadeth safely through!  
Though there's no shining trace;

He nev-er will for-sake!  
And leadeth safely through!  
Though there's no shining trace."

He nev-er will \_\_\_\_\_ for-sake! He nev-er will \_\_\_\_\_ for-sake!  
And lead-eth safe - - ly through! And lead-eth safe - - ly through!  
Though there's no shin - - ing trace; Though there's no shin - - ing trace."

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## Nearer, My God, to Thee

Heft 61

1. {Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee;  
E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me,} Still all my song shall be,

Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

2. 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.

3. There let the way appear Steps unto heav'n;  
All that Thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n:  
Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

4. 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.

5. 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.