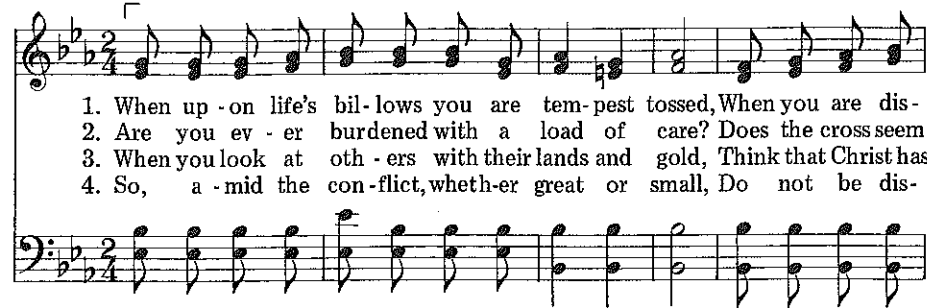
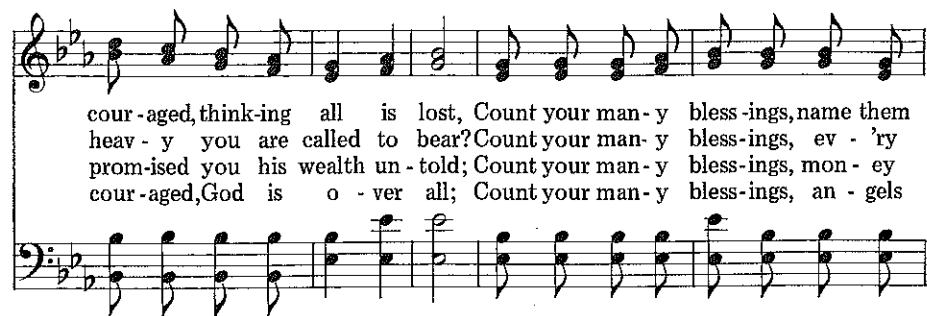


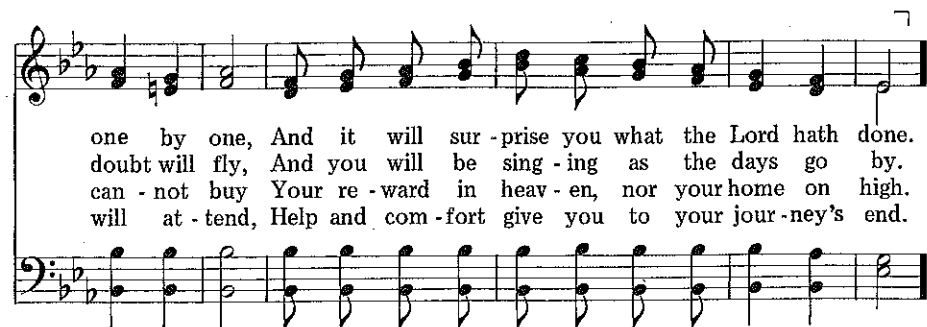
## Count Your Blessings



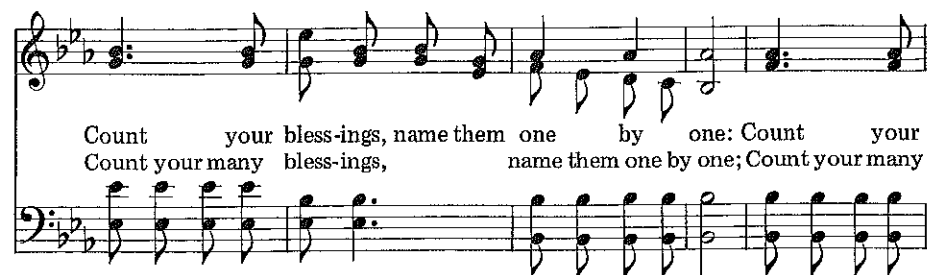
1. When up-on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest tossed, When you are dis-  
 2. Are you ev-er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem  
 3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has  
 4. So, a-mid the con-flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-



cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them  
 heav-y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev-'ry  
 prom-ised you his wealth un-told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey  
 cour-aged, God is o-ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an-gels

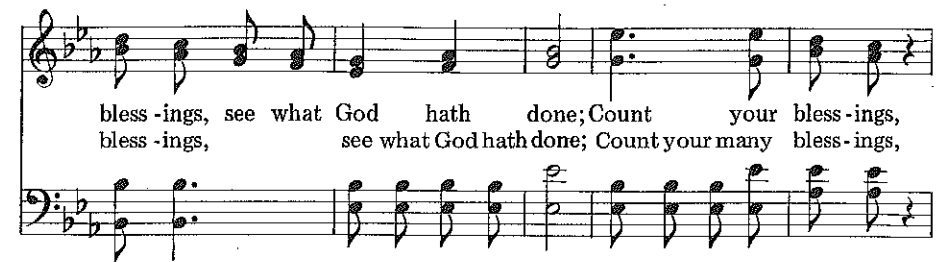


one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.  
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.  
 can-not buy Your re-ward in heav-en, nor your home on high.  
 will at-tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.

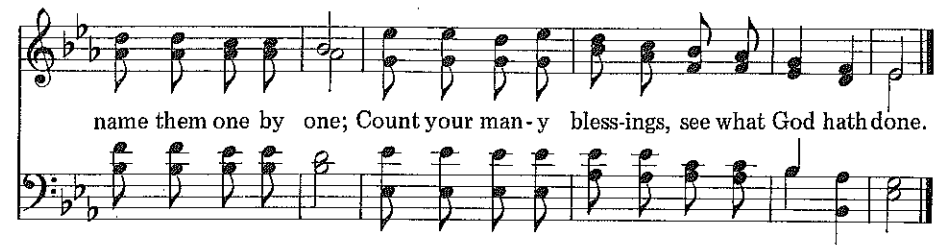


Count your bless-ings, name them one by one: Count your  
 Count your many bless-ings, name them one by one; Count your many

Words, Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1897. Tune BLESSINGS, Edwin O. Excell, 1897.

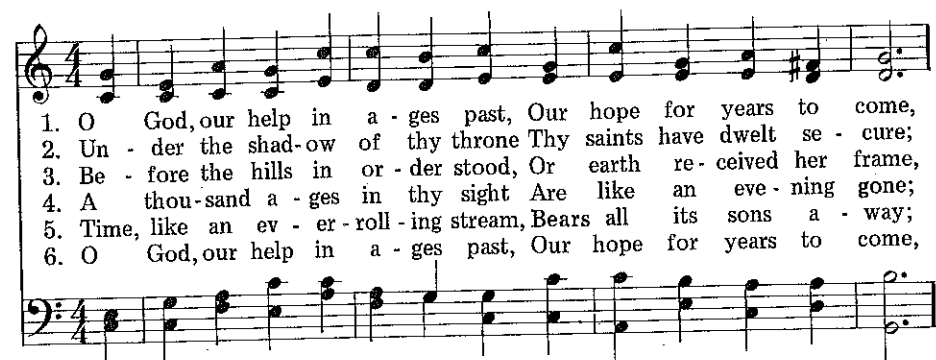


bless-ings, see what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,  
 bless-ings, see what God hath done; Count your many bless-ings,

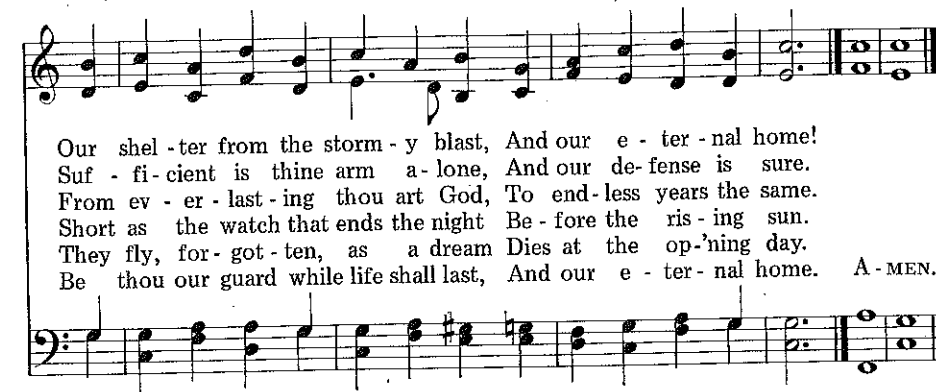


name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, see what God hath done.

## O God, Our Help in Ages Past



1. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
 2. Un-der the shad-ow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se-cure;  
 3. Be-fore the hills in or-der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,  
 4. A thou-sand a-ges in thy sight Are like an eve-ning gone;  
 5. Time, like an ev-er-roll-ing stream, Bears all its sons a-way;  
 6. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come,



Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e-ter-nal home!  
 Suf-fi-cient is thine arm a-lone, And our de-fense is sure.  
 From ev-er-last-ing thou art God, To end-less years the same.  
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be-fore the ris-ing sun.  
 They fly, for-got-ten, as a dream Dies at the op-'ning day.  
 Be thou our guard while life shall last, And our e-ter-nal home. A-MEN.

Psalm 90:1-5. Words, Isaac Watts, 1719. Tune ST. ANNE, William Croft, 1708.