

He's Got the Whole World in His Hands

Negro Spiritual



1 He's got the whole world in his hands, He's got the
 2 He's got the wind and the rain in his hands, He's got the
 3 He's got the lit-tle bit-sa ba-by in his hands, He's got the
 4 He's got you and me, broth-er, in his hands, He's got
 5 He's got ev-er-y-bod-y in his hands, He's got
 6 He's got the whole world in his hands, He's got the

whole world in his hands, He's got the whole world in his hands.
 sun and the moon in his hands, He's got the wind and the
 ti-my lit-tle ba-by in his hands, He's got the lit-tle bit-sa
 you and me, sis-ter, in his hands, He's got you and me,
 ev-er-y-bod-y in his hands, He's got ev-er-y-
 whole world in his hands, He's got the whole

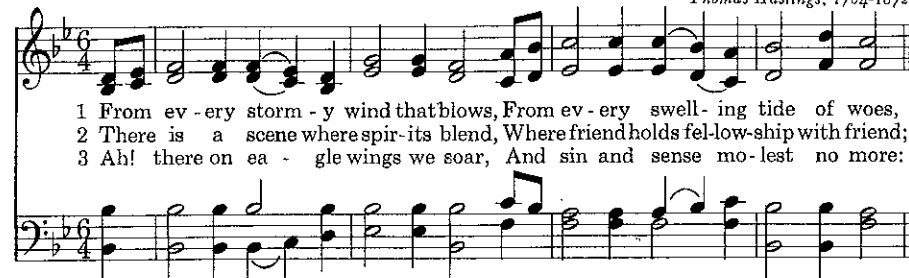
world in his hands, He's got the whole world in his hands.
 rain in his hands, He's got the whole world in his hands.
 ba-by in his hands, He's got the whole world in his hands.
 broth-er, in his hands, He's got the whole world in his hands.
 bod-y in his hands, He's got the whole world in his hands.
 world in his hands, He's got the whole world in his hands.

From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

Hugh Stowell, 1799-1865

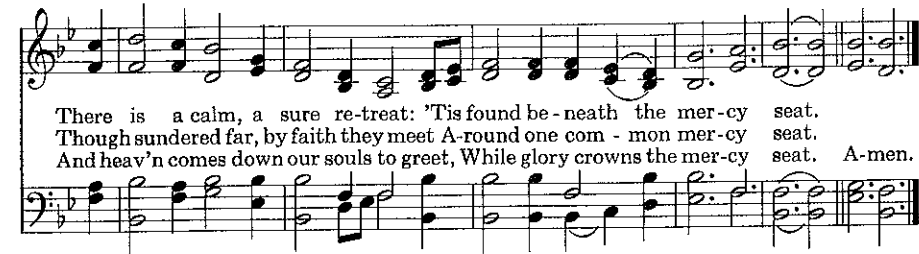
RETREAT L.M.

Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872



1 From ev-ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev-ery swell-ing tide of woes,
 2 There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
 3 Ah! there on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more:

GUIDANCE AND KEEPING



There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy seat.
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mer-cy seat. A-men.

Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love

SWEET PEACE L.M. with Refrain

Peter P. Bilhorn, 1865-1936

Peter P. Bilhorn, 1865-1936



1 There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re-frain;
 2 Thru Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid;
 3 In Je-sus for peace I a-bide, And as I keep close to his side,

I sing it a-gain and a-gain—Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 No oth-er foun-da-tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
 There's noth-ing but peace doth be-tide—Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

REFRAIN

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won-der-ful gift from a-bove! (a-bove!) O

won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

GUIDANCE AND KEEPING