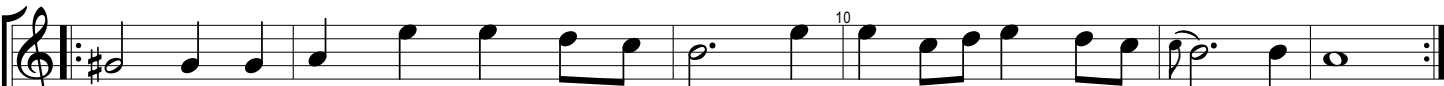


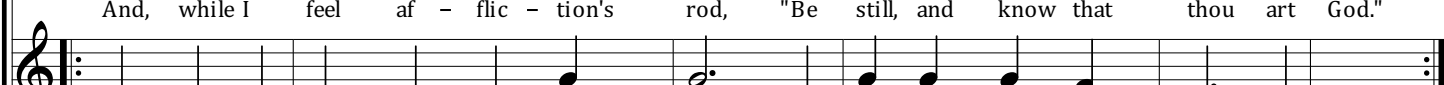
Tr.  1. Dost thou my earth-ly com - forts slay, And take be - lo - ved ones a - way?
2. Let me, thou sove-reign Lord of all, And Low at thy foot - stool hum - bly fall,

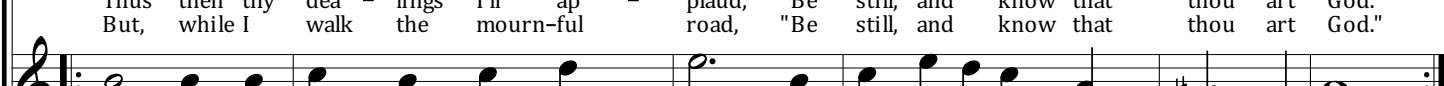
C.  3. Then be my tri - als great or small, There's sure a need be for them all;
4. Let me not mur - mur or re - pine, Un - der these try - ing strokes of thine,

T.  5. Thy love you'll make in heav'n ap - pear, In all I've borne or suf - fered here;
6. Then, when my hap - py soul shall rise To joys and Je - sus in the skies,

B. 

Tr.  10 Yet will my soul re - vere the rod, "Be still, and know that thou art God."
And, while I feel af - flic - tion's rod, "Be still, and know that thou art God."

C.  Thus then thy dea - lings I'll ap - plaud, "Be still, and know that thou art God."
But, while I walk the mourn-ful road, "Be still, and know that thou art God."

T.  8 Let me, till brought to that a - bode, "Be still, and know that thou art God."
I shall, as ran - somed by his blood, For - ev - er sing, "Thou art my God."

B. 