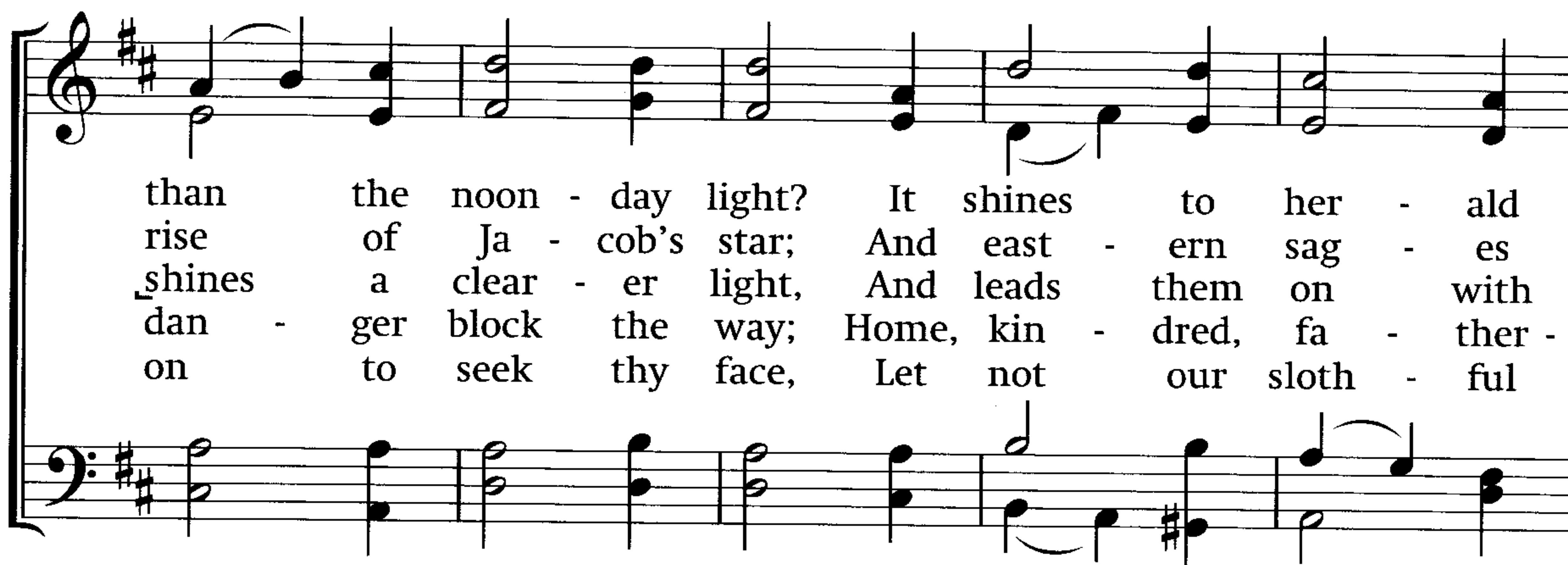
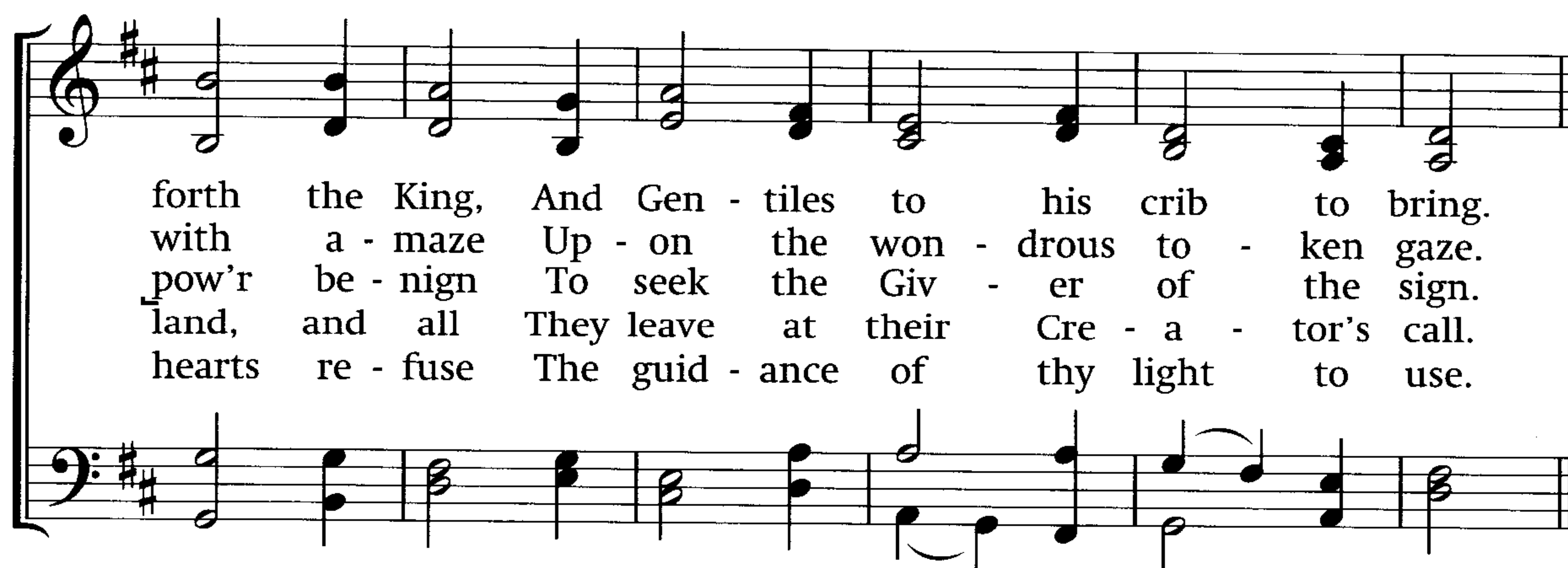


1. What star is this, with beams so bright, More beau - teous  
 2. True spake the proph - et from a - far Who told the  
 3. The guid - ing star a - bove is bright; With - in them  
 4. Their love can brook no dull de - lay, Though toil and  
 5. O Je - sus, while the star of grace Im - pels us



than the noon - day light? It shines to her - ald  
 rise of Ja - cob's star; And east - ern sag - es  
 shines a clear - er light, And leads them on with  
 dan - ger block the way; Home, kin - dred, fa - ther -  
 on to seek thy face, Let not our sloth - ful



forth the King, And Gen - tiles to his crib to bring.  
 with a - maze Up - on the won - drous to - ken gaze.  
 pow'r be - nign To seek the Giv - er of the sign.  
 land, and all They leave at their Cre - a - tor's call.  
 hearts re - fuse The guid - ance of thy light to use.

6. To God the Father, heav'nly Light,  
 To Christ, revealed in earthly night,  
 To God the Holy Ghost we raise  
 Our equal and unceasing praise. Amen.



A - men.

1. Christ hath a gar - den walled a - round,  
 2. Like trees of myrrh his serv - ants stand,  
 3. A - wake, O wind of heav'n, and bear  
 4. That he may come, and lin - ger yet

A Par - a - dise of fruit - ful ground,  
 There plant - ed by his nur - turing hand,  
 Their sweet - est per - fume through the air;  
 A - mong the trees that he hath kept;

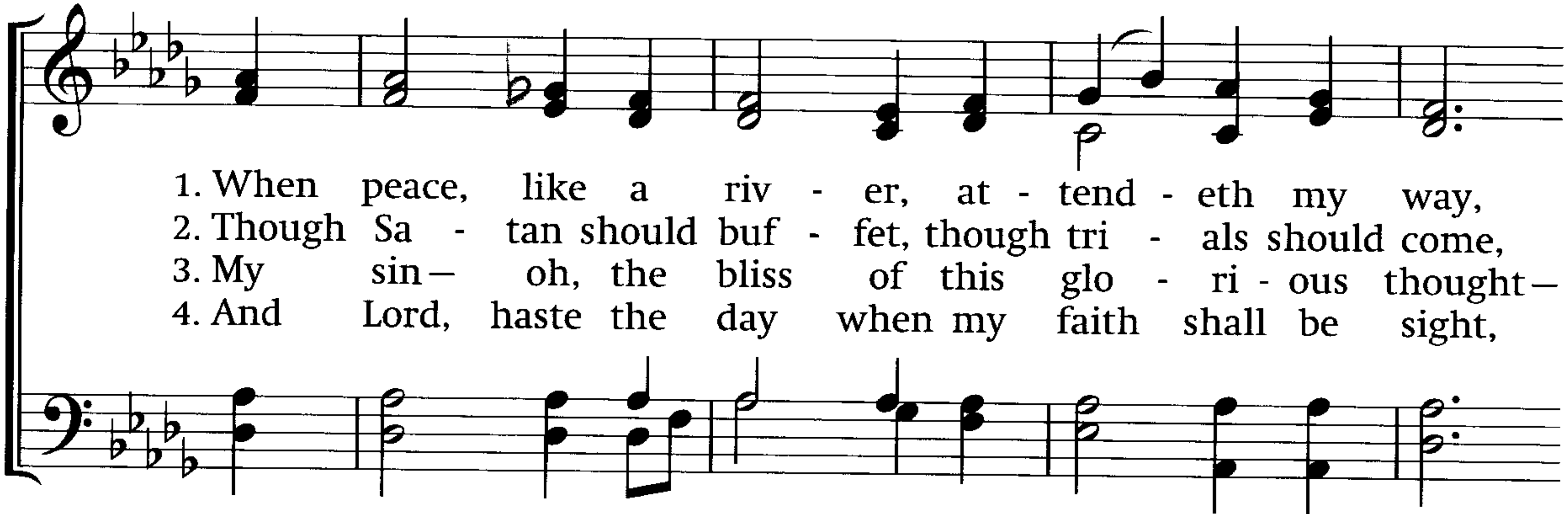
E - lect by love and fenced by grace  
 Their beau - ty fed by E - den's streams,  
 Stir up, O South, the boughs that bloom  
 That he may ev - er - more be seen

From out the world's wide wil - der - ness.  
 Their branch - es bathed in heav'n - ly beams.  
 Un - til their fair Be - lov - ed come,  
 To walk a - mid the spring - ing green.

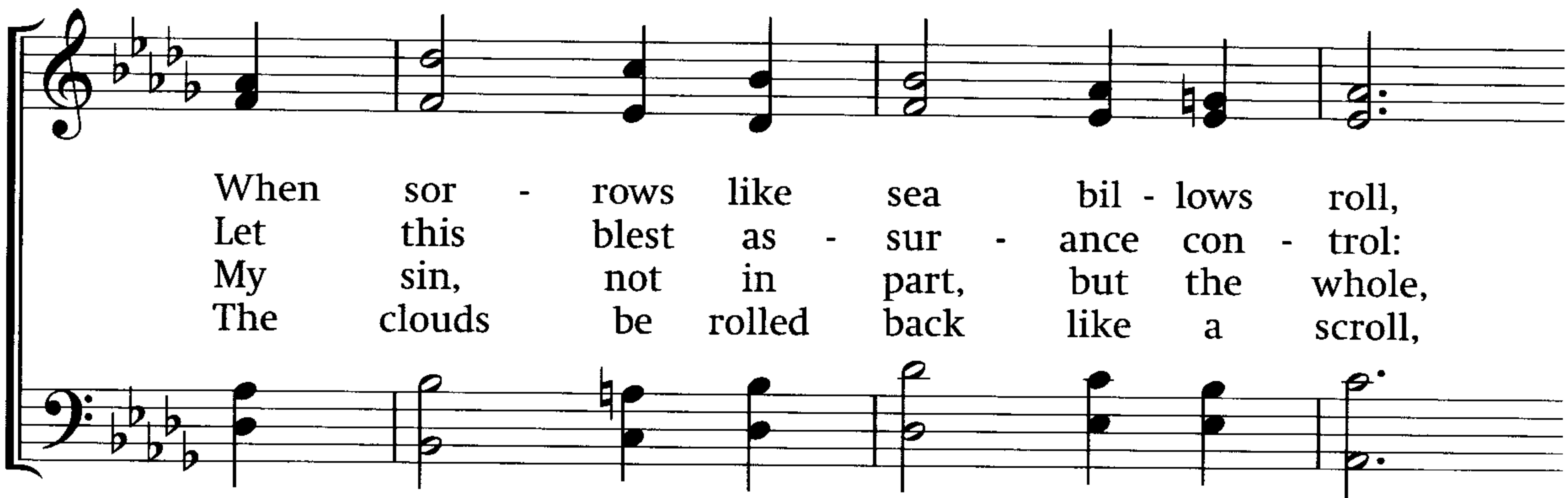
Text: from Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt.

Tune: *The Southern Harmony*, 1835; arr. © Andrew Dittman, 2016

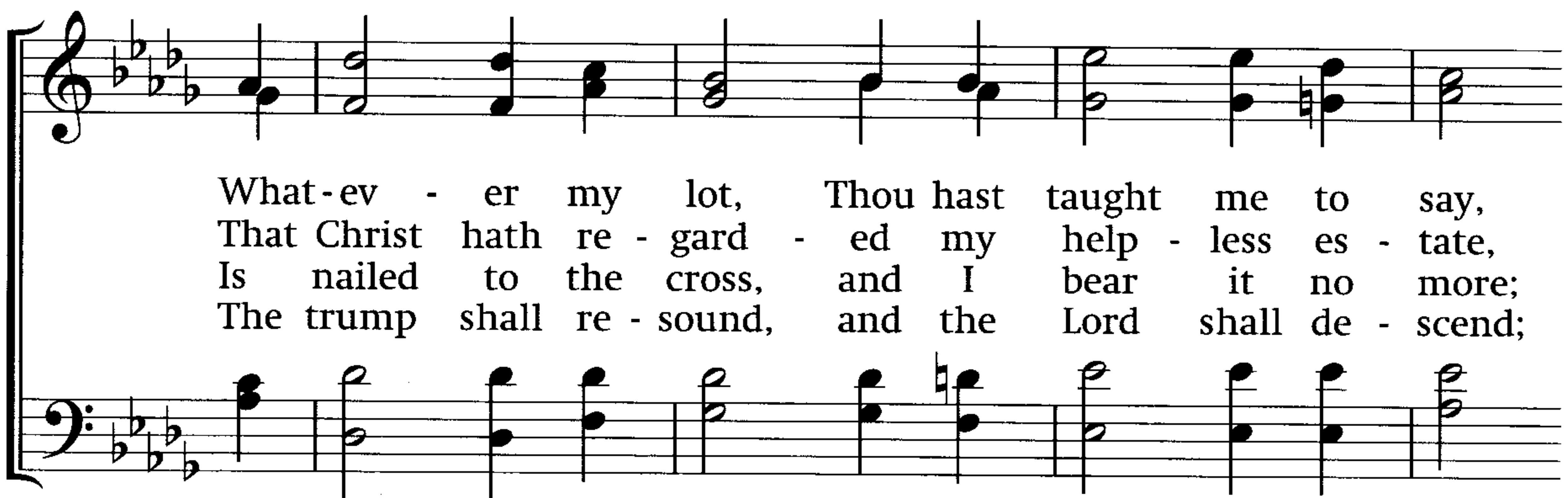
PROSPECT  
 LM



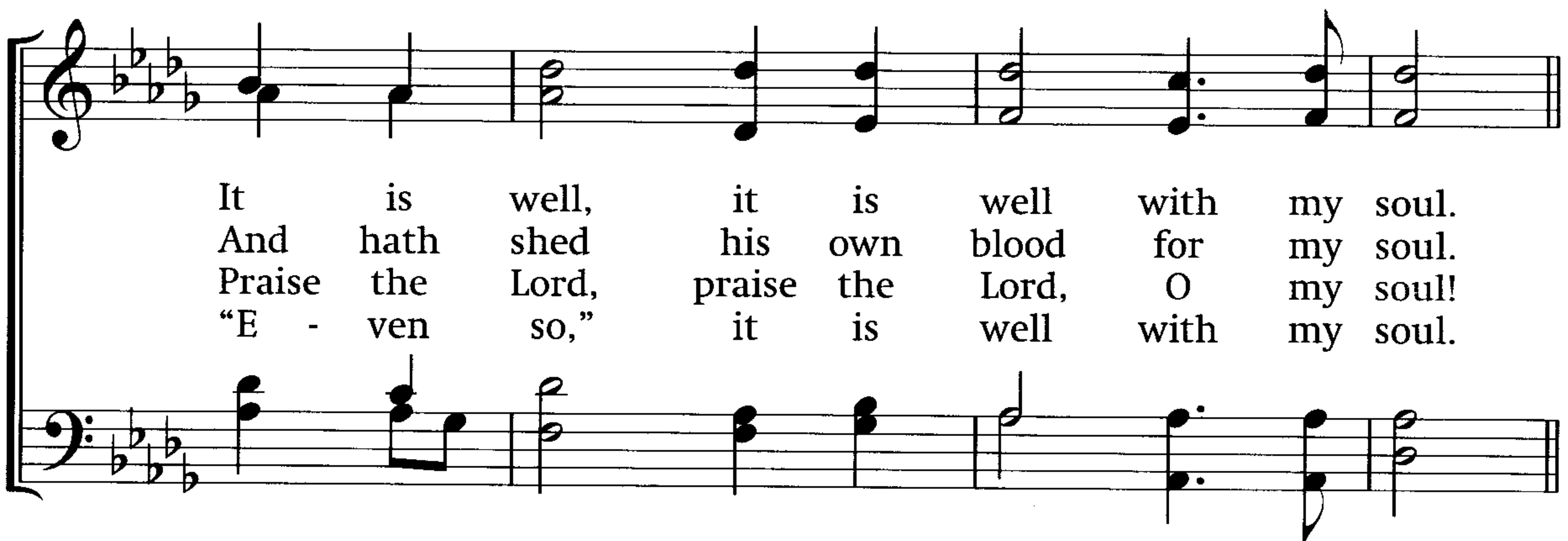
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way,  
 2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come,  
 3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought -  
 4. And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,



When sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll,  
 Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol:  
 My sin, not in part, but the whole,  
 The clouds be rolled back like a scroll,



What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
 That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,  
 Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more;  
 The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de - scend;



It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 And hath shed his own blood for my soul.  
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
 "E - ven so," it is well with my soul.

refrain

It is well (It is well) with my soul, (with my soul,)

It is well, it is well with my soul.

Text: Horatio G. Spafford, 1873  
Tune: Philip P. Bliss, 1876

VILLE DU HAVRE  
11.8.11.9 with refrain