

Children of the Heavenly Father

Tryggare kan ingen vara

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Tryg - ga - re kan ing - en va - ra än Guds lil - la bar - na - ska - ra,
1 Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly Fa-ther safe-ly in his bo - som gath - er;
2 God his own doth tend and nour-ish, in his ho - ly courts they flour-ish.
3 Nei - ther life nor death shall ev - er from the Lord his chil - dren sev - er;
4 Though he giv - eth or he tak-eth, God his chil-dren ne'er for - sak - eth;



stjär - nan ej på him - la - fäs - tet, få - geln ej i kän - da näs - tet.
nest - ling bird nor star in heav - en such a ref - uge e'er was giv - en.
From all e - vil things he spares them, in his might - y arms he bears them.
un - to them his grace he show - eth, and their sor - rows all he know - eth.
his the lov - ing pur - pose sole - ly to pre - serve them pure and ho - ly.



Text: Carolina Sandell Berg, 1832-1903; tr. Ernst W. Olson, 1870-1958

Music: Swedish folk tune

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TRYGGARE KAN INGEN VARA

L.M.

Here I Am, Lord

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1 "I, the Lord of sea and sky, I have heard my peo - ple cry.
 2 "I, the Lord of snow and rain, I have borne my peo - ple's pain.
 3 "I, the Lord of wind and flame, I will tend the poor and lame.



All who dwell in dark and sin my hand will save.
 I have wept for love of them. They turn a - way.
 I will set a feast for them. My hand will save.



I, who made the stars of night, I will make their dark-ness bright.
 I will break their hearts of stone, give them hearts for love a - lone.
 Fin-est bread I will pro-vide till their hearts be sat - is - fied.



Who will bear my light to them? Whom shall I send?"
 I will speak my word to them. Whom shall I send?"
 I will give my life to them. Whom shall I send?"

Refrain



Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord? I have heard you



call-ing in the night. I will go, Lord, if you



lead me. I will hold your peo - ple in my heart.

Canticle of the Turning



1 My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
 2 Though I am small, my . . . God, my all, you . . .
 3 From the halls of pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a
 4 Though the na - tions rage from . . age to age, we re -



God of my heart is great, and my spir - it sings of the
 work great . . things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the
 stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your
 mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
 depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
 jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant . . . from his throne.
 liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.



You fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my
 Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
 The hun - gry poor shall . . weep no more, for the
 This sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the



weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
 those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
 food they can nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry
 prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be



name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
 strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.



My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus-tice burn.



Wipe a-way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is a-bout to turn.



National Songs

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This Is My Song

1 This is my song, O God of all the na - tions,
 2 My coun - try's skies are blu - er than the o - cean,
 3 This is my prayer, O God of all earth's king - doms,

a song of peace for lands a - far and mine.
 and sun - light beams on clo - ver - leaf and pine.
 your king - dom come; on earth your will be done.

This is my home, the coun - try where my heart is;
 But oth - er lands have sun - light too, and clo - ver,
 O God, be lift - ed up till all shall serve you,

here are my hopes, my dreams, my ho - ly shrine;
 and skies are ev - 'ry - where as blue as mine.
 and hearts u - nit - ed learn to live as one.

but oth - er hearts in oth - er lands are beat - ing
 So hear my song, O God of all the na - tions,
 So hear my prayer, O God of all the na - tions;

with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.
 a song of peace for their land and for mine.
 my - self I give you; let your will be done.