

When the storms of life are raging 558

STAND BY ME 83. 83. 77. 83

1 When the storms of life are rag-ing,
 2 In the midst of trib - u - la - tion,
 3 In the midst of faults and fail-ures, stand by me; (stand by me)
 4 In the midst of per - se - cu - tion,
 5 When I'm grow-ing old and fee - ble,

1 when the storms of life are rag-ing,
 2 in the midst of trib - u - la - tion,
 3 in the midst of faults and fail-ures, stand by me. (stand by me)
 4 in the midst of per - se - cu - tion,
 5 when I'm grow-ing old and fee - ble,

1 When the world is toss-ing me, like a ship up-on the sea,
 2 When the hosts of hell as-sail, and my strength be-gins to fail,
 3 When I've done the best I can, and my friends mis-un-der-stand,
 4 When my foes in war ar-ray, un-der - take to stop my way,
 5 When my life be-comes a bur-den, and I'm near-ing chil - ly Jor-dan,

1 thou who rul - est wind and wa - ter,
 2 thou who nev - er lost a bat - tle,
 3 thou who know - est all a - bout me, stand by me. (stand by me)
 4 thou who sav - ed Paul and Si - las,
 5 O thou Lil - y of the Val - ley,

Text: Charles A. Tindley, ca. 1906

Music: Charles A. Tindley, ca. 1906; arranged by William F. Smith, *The United Methodist Hymnal*, 1989

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Som'landela (We will follow) 40

SOM'LANDEL' UJESU 10 9. 10 10

Zulu: Som' - lan - de - la, som' - lan - del' u - Je - su.
 English: We will fol - low, we will fol - low Je - sus.

Som' - lan - de - la yo - nke in - da - wo.
 We will fol - low, ev - 'ry - where he goes.

Som' - lan - de - la, som' - lan - del' u - Je - su.
 We will fol - low, we will fol - low Je - sus.

La - pho E - ya - kho - na som' - lan - de - la.
 Ev - 'ry - where he goes — we will fol - low.


*Pronunciation: Sohmlahn-deh-lah, sohmlahn-dehl oo-Jeh-soo. Sohmlahn-deh-lah, yohn-keh een-dah-woh.
 Sohmlahn-deh-lah, sohmlahn-dehl oo-Jeh-soo. Lah-poh Eh-yah-koh-nah sohmlahn-deh-lah.

Text: Zimbabwean traditional



Music: Zimbabwean traditional

96 I'm pressing on the upward way


HIGHER GROUND LM with refrain



1 I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, new heights I'm
 2 My heart has no de-sire to stay where doubts a-
 3 I want to live a-bove the world, tho' Sa-tan's
 4 I want to scale the ut-most height, and catch a

gain-ing ev-'ry day; still pray-ing as I'm on-ward
 rise and fears dis-may; tho' some may dwell where these a-
 darts at me are hurled; for faith has caught the joy-ful
 gleam of glo-ry bright; but still I pray till heav'n I've




bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 bound, my prayer, my aim is high-er ground.
 sound, the song of saints on high-er ground.
 found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."




Refrain



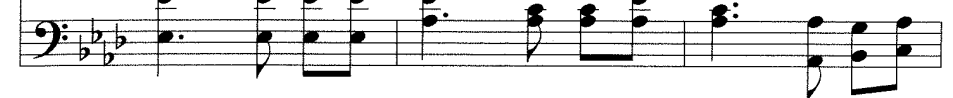
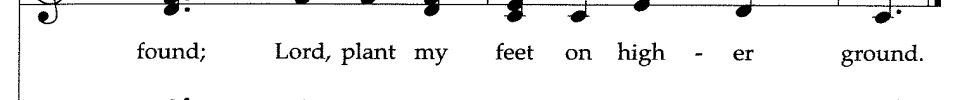
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, by faith, on




Text: Johnson Oatman, Jr.
 Music: Charles H. Gabriel, 1892



heav-en's ta-ble-land, a high-er plane than I have





found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



439 I want Jesus to walk with me


Irregular




1 I want Je-sus to walk with me.
 2 In my tri-als, Lord, walk with me.
 3 When I'm in trou-ble, Lord, walk with me.



I want Je-sus to walk with me.
 In my tri-als, Lord, walk with me.
 When I'm in trou-ble, Lord, walk with me.



All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney,
 When my heart is al-most break-ing,
 When my head is bowed in sor-row,



Lord, I want Je-sus to walk with me.
 Lord, I want Je-sus to walk with me.
 Lord, I want Je-sus to walk with me.

Text: African-American spiritual
 Music: African-American spiritual