

# Give Up Your Anxious Pains

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*Paul Gerhardt, 1656*

*Transl. Madeleine Forell Marshall, 1994*

1 Give up your anx - ious pains, con - fu - sion, and re - morse,  
 2 All things con - form to please the faith - ful when they pray,  
 3 "Don't let us be dis - mayed by griev - ous so - cial wrong;

To God, who set and still main - tains cre - a - tion's com - plex course.  
 So fall up - on your trust - ing knees and all to - geth - er say:  
 Re - spon - sive, ac - tive, un - a - fraid, may we be brave and strong.

God leads what may ap - pear cha - o - tic, ran - dom, wild: So  
 "O faith - ful God of grace who rules the rag - ing storm, En -  
 Ex - tend your lov - ing care through all our live - long days; And

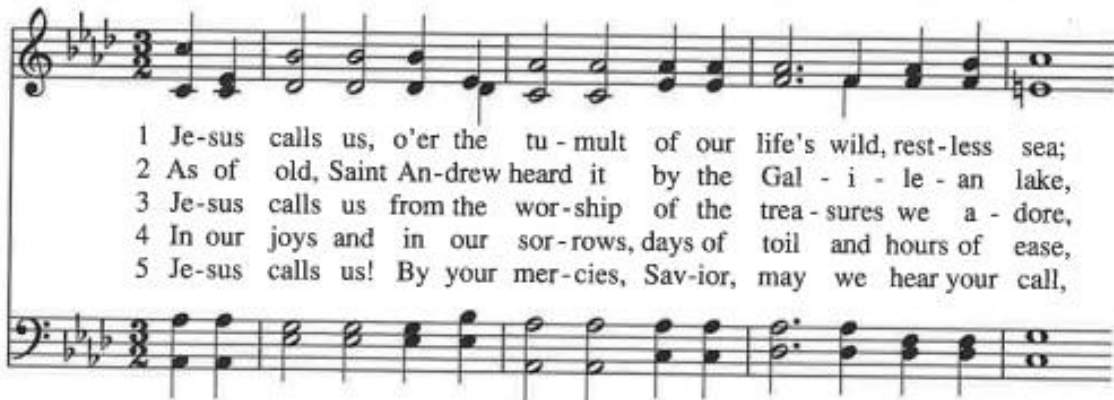
God has planned and will make clear a path for you, dear child.  
 light - en our poor mor - tal race; your prom - ised works per - form."  
 when we die, bring us to where bright an - gels sing your praise."

# Jesus Calls Us, o'er the Tumult

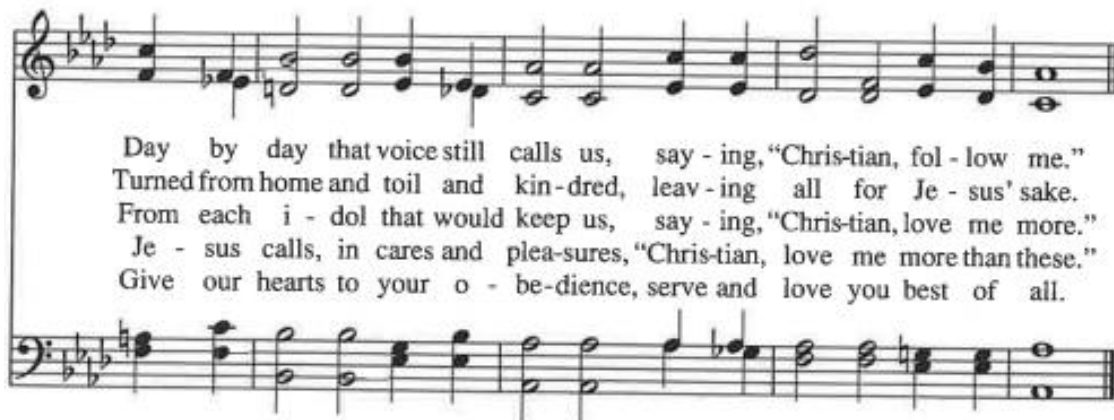
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Cecil F. Alexander, 1852; alt.

Matt. 4:18-22; Mark 1:16-20; John 21:15



1 Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult of our life's wild, rest-less sea;  
2 As of old, Saint An-drew heard it by the Gal - i - le - an lake,  
3 Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship of the trea - sures we a - dore,  
4 In our joys and in our sor - rows, days of toil and hours of ease,  
5 Je-sus calls us! By your mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear your call,



Day by day that voice still calls us, say - ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low me."  
Turned from home and toil and kin-dred, leav - ing all for Je - sus' sake.  
From each i - dol that would keep us, say - ing, "Chris-tian, love me more."  
Je - sus calls, in cares and plea-sures, "Chris-tian, love me more than these."  
Give our hearts to your o - be-dience, serve and love you best of all.

*Isa. 26:4; John 19:34**Augustus M. Toplady, 1776; alt.*

1 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, let me hide; my shel-ter be!  
 2 Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill your law's de - mands;  
 3 Noth-ing in my hand I bring, sim - ply to your cross I cling;  
 4 While I draw this fleet-ing breath, when my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wat - er and the blood, from your wound - ed side which flowed,  
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Na - ked, come to you for dress; help-less, look to you for grace;  
 When I soar to worlds un - known, meet you at your judg-ment throne,

Be of sin the dou-ble cure, cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
 All for sin could not a - tone; you must save, and you a - lone.  
 Stained, I to the foun-tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die!  
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, let me hide; my shel-ter be!