Be Still, My Soul

Words by Katharina A. von Schlegel, 1752; 
Translated by Jane L. Borthwick, 1855

"O LORD, there is none like you to help, between the mighty and the weak. Help us, O LORD our God, 
for we rely on you, and in your name we have come against this multitude. O LORD, you are our God; 
let not man prevail against you." 2 Chron. 14:11

Music by Jean Sibelius, 1899 
Arranged by Benjamin Esh

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Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heav’n-ly Friend
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past
Be still, my soul: the Sun of life divine

Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.
His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt below.
From His own full ness all He takes away.
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.
Through passing clouds shall but more brightly shine.

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