


# Go, My Children, with My Blessing


543




1 "Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, nev - er a - lone.  
 2 "Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure.  
 3 "Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, clos - er to me.



Wak - ing, sleep - ing, I am with you, you are my own.  
 Here you learned how much I love you, what I can cure.  
 Grow in love and love by serv - ing, joy - ful and free.



In my love's bap - tis - mal riv - er I have made you mine for - ev - er.  
 Here you heard my dear Son's sto - ry, here you touched him, saw his glo - ry.  
 Here my Spir - it's pow - er filled you, here my ten - der com - fort stilled you.



Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, you are my own."  
 Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure."  
 Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, joy - ful and free."

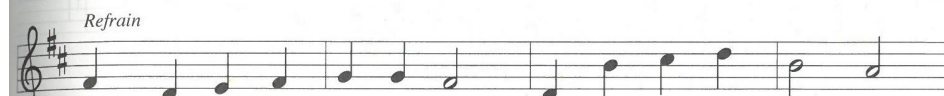
Text: Jaroslav J. Vajda, b. 1919, alt.  
 Music: Welsh traditional; arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958  
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AR HYD Y NOS  
 84848884

# Healer of Our Every Ill

612

*Refrain*




Heal - er of our ev - 'ry ill, light of each to - mor - row,  
 give us peace be - yond our fear, and hope be - yond our sor - row.



1 You who know our fears and sad - ness, grace us with your -  
 2 In the pain and joy be - hold - ing how your grace is  
 3 Give us strength to love each oth - er, ev - 'ry sis - ter,  
 4 You who know each thought and feel - ing, teach us all your

*Refrain*



peace and glad - ness; Spir - it of all com - fort, fill our hearts.  
 still un - fold - ing, give us all your vi - sion, God of love.  
 ev - 'ry broth - er; Spir - it of all kind - ness, be our guide.  
 way of heal - ing; Spir - it of com - pas - sion, fill each heart.

Text: Marty Haugen, b. 1950  
 Music: Marty Haugen  
 Text and music © 1987 GIA Publications, Inc.

HEALER OF OUR EVERY ILL  
 889 and refrain

# There Is a Balm in Gilead

614



There is a balm in Gil-e-ad to make the wound-ed whole;



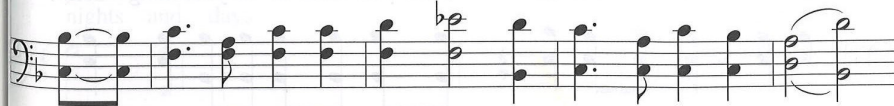
there is a balm in Gil-e-ad to heal the sin-sick soul.



1 Some - times I feel dis - cour - aged and think my work's in vain,  
2 If you can - not preach like Pe - ter, if you can - not pray like Paul,  
3 Don't ev - er be dis - cour - aged, for Je - sus is your friend;



but then the Ho - ly Spir - it re - vives my soul a - gain.  
you can tell the love of Je - sus and say, "He died for all."  
and if you lack for knowl-edge, he'll ne'er re - fuse to lend.



Text: African American spiritual  
Music: African American spiritual

BALM IN GILEAD  
Irregular

## Give Thanks

Give thanks with a grateful heart, give thanks to the Holy One.

Give thanks because he's given Jesus Christ, His Son.

Give thanks with a grateful heart, give thanks to the Holy One.

Give thanks because he's given Jesus Christ, His Son.

And now let the weak say I am strong, let the poor say I am

rich because of what the Lord has done for us.

And now let the weak say I am strong, let the poor say I am

rich because of what the Lord has done for us.

Give Thanks.