

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
O what a fore-taste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

This is my story; this is my song,  
praising my Savior all the day long;  
this is my story; this is my song,  
praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
visions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
angels descending, bring from above  
echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

This is my story; this is my song,  
praising my Savior all the day long;  
this is my story; this is my song,  
praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, all is at rest;  
I in my Savior am happy and blest,  
watching and waiting, looking above,  
filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

This is my story; this is my song,  
praising my Savior all the day long;  
this is my story; this is my song,  
praising my Savior all the day long.

Abide with me: fast falls the even-tide.  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day  
earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;  
change and decay in all around I see.  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;  
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting?  
Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks,  
and earth's vain shadows flee;  
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Precious Lord, take my hand;  
lead me on, help me stand;  
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.  
Through the storm, through the night,  
lead me on to the light;  
take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

When my way grows drear,  
precious Lord, linger near;  
when my life is almost gone,  
hear my cry, hear my call,  
hold my hand lest I fall;  
take my hand precious Lord, lead me home.