

Be Still, My Soul

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

Music by Jean Sibelius, 1899
Arranged by Benjamin Esh

"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

D A D G A G A D

1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side.
2. Be still, my soul: thy God doth un - der - take
3. Be still, my soul: when dear - est friends de - part,
4. Be still, my soul: the hour is hast - 'ning on
5. Be still, my soul: be - gin the song of praise

D 0 0 1 0 3 3 1 1 3 3 1 0
A 3 0 3 3 3 0 0 1 1 0 3
D 2 1 2 3 2 1 2 0 1 1 2

5 A D G A G A D

Bear pa - tient - ly the cross of grief or pain.
To guide the fu - ture, as He has the past.
And all is dark - ened in the vale of tears,
When we shall be for - ev - er with the Lord.
On earth, be - liev - ing, to Thy Lord on high;

0 0 1 0 3 3 1 1 3 3 1 0
3 0 3 3 3 0 0 1 1 0 3
2 1 2 3 2 1 2 0 1 1 2

9 D A Bmin D A Emin

Leave to thy God to or - der and pro - vide;
Thy hope, thy con - fi - dence let noth - ing shake;
Then shalt thou bet - ter know His love, His heart,
When dis - ap - point - ment, grief, and fear are gone,
Ac - know - ledge Him in all thy words and ways,

0 0 4 4 5 0 0 0 0 0 1 1
5 4 4 5 1 3 5 5 0 0 1
4 4 4 5 2 2 4 4 1 1 3

13 Emin D G D G F#

In eve - ry change, He faith - ful will re - main.
All now mys - ter - ious shall be bright at last.
Who comes to soothe thy sor - row and thy fears.
Sor - row for - got, love's pur - est joys re - stored.
So shall He view thee with a well - pleased eye.

1 1 0 3 0 0 3 3 3 3 2
1 0 1 3 0 1 1 1 1 1 2
3 2 1 2 0 0 1 1 1 2 2

17 D A Bmin D A Emin

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 Je - sus can re - pay
 Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past
 Be still, my soul: the Sun of life di - vine

0—0—4—4—5—0—0—0—0—0—1—1
 5—4—4—5—1—3—5—5—0—0—1
 4—4—4—5—2—2—4—4—1—1—3

21 Emin D G D G A⁷ D

Through thorn - y ways leads to a joy - ful end.
 His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt be - low.
 From His own full - ness all He takes a - way.
 All safe and bless - ed we shall meet at last.
 Through pass - ing clouds shall but more bright - ly shine.

1—1—0—3—0—0—3—3—1—1—0
 1—0—1—3—0—1—1—0—0—0
 3—2—1—2—0—0—1—1—0—0