

Hymns for Funeral Service for Don Gutz

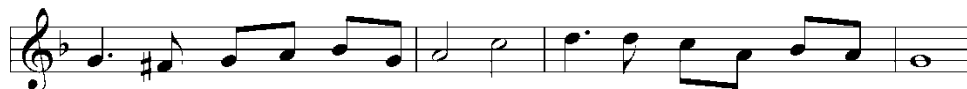
770 What a Friend We Have in Jesus



1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2 Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an - y-where?
3 Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour-aged— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit; Oh, what need-less pain we bear—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer.



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

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547 The Lamb

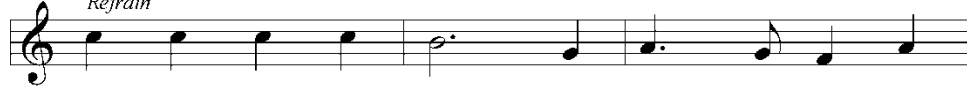


1 The Lamb, the Lamb, O Fa - ther, where's the sac - ri - fice?
2 The Lamb, the Lamb, One per - fect fi - nal of - fer - ing.
3 The Lamb, the Lamb, As way - ward sheep their shep - herd kill
4 He sighs, He dies, He takes my sin and wretch - ed - ness.
5 He rose, He rose, My heart with thanks now o - ver - flows.



Faith sees, be - lieves God will pro - vide the Lamb of price!
The Lamb, the Lamb, Let earth join heav'n His praise to sing.
So still, His will On our be - half the Law to fill.
He lives, for - gives, He gives me His own righ - teous - ness.
His song pro - long Till ev - 'ry heart to Him be - long.

Refrain



Wor - thy is the Lamb whose death makes me His



own! The Lamb is reign - ing on His throne!

805 Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all
crea - tures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly
host: Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

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878 Abide with Me

1 A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide.
2 I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
3 Come not in ter - rors, as the King of kings,
4 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
But kind and good, with heal - ing in Thy wings;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
Tears for all woes, a heart for ev - 'ry plea.
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.
Come, Friend of sin - ners, thus a - bide with me.
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.

5 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!

6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

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