



*“Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is this:  
to visit orphans and widows in their trouble,  
and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.” (James 1:27)*

## LIFE-LINE CONVALESCENT MINISTRIES

Praise & Worship Songs

# Table of Contents

A Mighty Fortress .....	1	Just a Closer Walk with Thee .....	20
Amazing Grace.....	2	Just As I Am .....	21
America the Beautiful.....	3	My Country 'Tis of Thee .....	22
At the Cross.....	4	Near the Cross .....	23
Battle Hymn of the Republic .....	5	O' How I Love Jesus .....	24
Because He Lives .....	6	Onward Christian Soldiers.....	25
Blessed Assurance .....	7	Rock of Ages .....	26
Bringing in the Sheaves.....	8	Softly and Tenderly .....	27
God Be with You.....	9	The Everlasting Arms .....	28
God Will Take Care of You .....	10	The Old Rugged Cross.....	29
Great Is Thy Faithfulness .....	11	The Solid Rock .....	30
Holy, Holy, Holy .....	12	There Is Power in the Blood .....	31
How Great Thou Art.....	13	'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus ...	32
I Love to Tell the Story .....	14	Trust and Obey .....	33
I Need Thee Every Hour.....	15	Victory in Jesus.....	34
In the Garden.....	16	What a Friend .....	35
It Is Well with My Soul .....	17	When the Roll Is Called.....	36
Jesus Loves Me .....	18	When We All Get to Heaven .....	37
Jesus Paid It All.....	19	This Little Light of Mine .....	38

# A Mighty Fortress

Martin Luther, Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge

Martin Luther

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never  
failing;

Our Helper He, amid the flood of mortal ills  
prevailing;

For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;

His craft and pow'r are great, and, armed with  
cruel hate,

On earth is not His equal.

Did we in our own strength confide, our striving  
would be losing,

Were not the right Man on our side, the Man of  
God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He;

Lord Sabaoth is His name from age to age  
the same,

And He must win the battle.

# Amazing Grace

John Newton

Early American Melody

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a  
wretch like me.

I once was lost, but now am found; was blind but  
now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace  
my fears relieved.

How precious did that grace appear the hour I first  
believed.

Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares, I have  
already come.

'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, and grace  
will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years, bright  
shining as the sun,

We've no less days to sing God's praise than when  
we'd first begun.

# America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,  
for purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!

America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
and crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strife,  
who more than self their country loved, and mercy more than life!

America! America! May God thy gold refine 'til all  
success be nobleness, and ev'ry gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years,  
thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears!

America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
and crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea!

# At the Cross

Isaac Watts

Ralph E. Hudson

Refrain: Ralph E. Hudson

Alas, and did my Saviour bleed, and did my  
Sov'reign die?

Would He devote that sacred head for such a worm  
as I?

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light,  
and the burden of my heart rolled away,  
It was there by faith I received my sight, and now I  
am happy all the day.

Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut his  
glories in,

When Christ, the mighty Maker died for man,  
the creature's sin.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love  
I owe.

Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do.

# Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

American Melody

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the Lord,

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath  
are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift  
sword, His truth is marching on.

Glory! glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! glory! Hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
call retreat,

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;

O be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;

As He died to make men holy let us live to make men free!

While God is marching on.

# Because He Lives

Gloria Gaither  
William J. Gaither

William J. Gaither  
Final chorus arranged by Ronn Huff

God sent His son, they called Him Jesus,  
He came to love, heal and forgive;

He lived and died to buy my pardon. An empty grave is  
there to prove my Savior lives.

Because He lives I can face tomorrow, because He lives  
all fear is gone;

Because I know He holds the future and life is worth the  
living just because He lives.

How sweet to hold a newborn baby, and feel the pride,  
and joy He gives;

But greater still the calm assurance, this child can face  
uncertain days because He lives.

And then one day I'll cross the river, I'll fight life's final  
war with pain;

And then as death gives way to victory, I'll see the lights  
of glory and I'll know He lives.

# Blessed Assurance

Fanny J. Crosby

Mrs. Jos F. Knapp

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine. Oh, what a  
foretaste 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  
Saviour all the day long.

This is my story, this is my song. Praising my  
Saviour 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.

Perfect submission, all is at rest. I in my Saviour am  
happy and blest;

Watching and waiting, looking above, filled with  
His goodness, lost in His love.

# Bringing In the Sheaves

Knowles Shaw

George A. Minor

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;  
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping.  
We shall come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves.  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.  
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves.  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

# God Be with You

J.E. Rankin

W.G. Tomer

God be with you till we meet again, by His  
counsels guide, uphold you.

With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you  
till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet at Jesus  
feet;

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we  
meet again.

God be with you till we meet again; 'neath His  
wings protecting hide you.

Daily manna still provide you, God be with you till  
we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again; keep love's  
banner floating o'er you;

Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

# God Will Take Care of You

Civilla D. Martin

W. Stillman Martin

Be not dismayed whate'er betide; God will take  
care of you,

Beneath His wings of love abide; God will take  
care of you.

God will take care of you, thro' ev'ry day, o'er all  
the way.

He will take care of you; God will take care of you.

All you may need He will provide; God will take  
care of you.

Nothing you ask will be denied; God will take care  
of you.

No matter what may be the test, God will take care  
of you.

Lean weary one, upon His breast; God will take  
care of you.

# Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Thomas O. Chisholm

William M. Runyam

Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father!

There is no shadow of turning with Thee;

Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not;

As Thou has been Thou forever wilt be.

Great is Thy faithfulness, Great is Thy faithfulness,  
Morning by morning new mercies I see;

All I have needed Thy hand hath provided —

Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me!

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,  
sun, moon and stars in their courses above,

Join with all nature in manifold witness to Thy  
great faithfulness, mercy and love.

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,

Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide,

Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow—

Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

# Holy, Holy, Holy

Reginald Heber

John B. Dykes

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

Early in the morning, our song shall rise to Thee.

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty.

God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy, tho' the darkness hide Thee.

Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see.

Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee.

Perfect in pow'r, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and  
sky and sea.

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,

God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.

# How Great Thou Art

Stuart K. Hine

Stuart K. Hine

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder  
consider all the worlds\* Thy hands have made;  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling\* thunder, Thy  
pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee;  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee;  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,  
sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in –  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin!

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then I shall bow in humble adoration and there  
proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

# I Love to Tell the Story

Katherine Hankey

William G. Fischer

I love to tell the story of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story because I know 'tis true.

It satisfies my longings as nothing else can do.

I love to tell the story; 'twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story, for those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting to hear it like  
the rest,

And when in scenes of glory, I sing the new,  
new song,

'Twill be the old, old story that I have loved  
so long.

# I Need Thee Every Hour

Annie S. Hawks  
Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry

I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.

I need Thee, O I need Thee; every hour I  
need Thee!  
O bless me now, my Savior—I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour, stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain;  
Come quickly, and abide, or life is vain.

I need Thee every hour, teach me Thy will,  
And Thy rich promises in me fulfill.

# In the Garden

C. Austin Miles

C. Austin Miles

I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still  
on the roses;

And the voice I hear falling on my ear, the Son of  
God discloses.

And He walks with me, and He talks with me, and  
He tells me I am His own,

And the joy we share as we tarry there,  
none other has ever known.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice is so sweet  
the birds hush their singing;

And the melody that He gave to me within my  
heart is ringing.

I'd stay in the garden with Him tho' the night  
around me be falling;

But He bids me go thru the voice of woe,  
His voice to me is calling.

# It Is Well with My Soul

Horatio G. Spafford

Philip P. Bliss

When peace like a river attendeth my way,  
when sorrows like sea billows roll;

Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,  
“It is well, it is well with my soul.”

It is well with my soul.

It is well, it is well with my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious tho't—  
my sin—not in part, but the whole—

Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul.

And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be  
sight, the clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

The trump shall resound and the Lord shall  
descend. “Even so” – it is well with my soul.

# Jesus Loves Me

Anna B. Warner

William B. Bradbury

Jesus loves me, this I know,  
for the Bible tells me so.

Little ones to Him belong,  
they are weak but He is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me. Yes, Jesus loves me.  
Yes, Jesus loves me.  
The Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me, He who died.  
Heaven's gates to open wide.

He will wash away my sin,  
let His little child come in.

Jesus, take this heart of mine,  
make it pure and wholly Thine.

Thou hast bled and died for me.  
I will henceforth live for Thee.

# Jesus Paid It All

Elvina M. Hall

John T. Grape

I hear the Saviour say: “Thy strength indeed is  
small, child of weakness,

Watch and pray. Find in Me thine all in all.”

Jesus paid it all; all to Him I owe. Sin had left a  
crimson stain,

He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I whereby Thy grace  
to claim,

I’ll wash my garments white in the blood of  
Calv’ry’s Lamb.

And when before the throne I stand in Him  
complete,

“Jesus died my soul to save,” my lips shall still  
repeat.

# Just a Closer Walk with Thee

Traditional

Spiritual

I am weak but Thou art strong—Jesus, keep me  
from all wrong; I'll be satisfied as long as I walk,  
dear Lord, close to Thee.

Thru this world of toil and snares, if I falter, Lord,  
who cares? Who with me my burden shares?  
None but Thee, dear Lord, none but Thee.

When my feeble life is o'er, time for me will be no  
more; guide me safely, gently o'er to Thy  
kingdom shore, to Thy shore.

Just a closer walk with Thee – grant it, Jesus, is  
my plea; daily walking close to Thee – let it be,  
dear Lord, let it be.

## Wonderful Peace

W.D. Cornell, alt.

Peace, peace, wonderful peace, coming down from  
the Father above!

Sweep over my spirit forever, I pray, in fathomless  
billows of love!

# Just As I Am

Charlotte Elliott

Wm. B. Bradbury

Just as I am, without one plea,  
but that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not,  
to rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, tho' tossed about,  
with many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

# My Country 'Tis of Thee

S.F. Smith

Henry Carey

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty,  
of thee I sing:

Land where our fathers died, land of the Pilgrims'  
pride, from ev'ry mountainside,  
let freedom ring.

My native country, thee, land of the noble, free,  
thy name I love.

I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed  
hills; my heart with rapture thrills like  
that above.

Our fathers' God, to Thee, author of liberty,  
to Thee we sing.

Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy  
light; protect us by Thy might, great God,  
our king.

# Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

Jesus, keep me near the cross. There a precious  
fountain.

Free to all, a healing stream, flows from Calv'ry's  
mountain.

In the cross, in the cross, be my glory ever, till my  
raptured soul shall find rest beyond the river.

Near the cross, a trembling soul, love and mercy  
found me;

There the bright and morning star sheds its beams  
around me.

Near the cross I'll watch and wait, hoping,  
trusting ever,

Till I reach the golden strand, just beyond the  
river.

# O, How I Love Jesus

Frederick Whitfield

American Melody

There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing  
its worth

It sounds like music in my ear, the sweetest  
name on earth.

O, how I love Jesus, O, how I love Jesus,  
O, how I love Jesus – Because He first loved me!

It tells me of a Savior's love,  
Who died to set me free,

It tells me of His precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells of One whose loving heart can feel my  
deepest woe,

Who in each sorrow bears a part that none can  
bear below.

# Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould

Arthur Sullivan

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus going on before.  
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe.  
Forward into battle, see His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Onward, then ye people, join our happy throng.  
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song.  
Glory, laud, and honor unto Christ, the King;  
This thro' countless ages, men and angels sing.

# Rock of Ages

Augustus M. Toplady

Thomas Hastings

Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself  
in Thee.

Let the water and the blood, from Thy wounded  
side which flowed,

Be of sin the double cure, save from wrath and  
make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow, could my zeal no  
languor know.

These for sin could not atone; Thou must save and  
Thou alone,

In my hand no price I bring; simply to Thy cross  
I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath, when my eyes  
shall close in death,

When I rise to worlds unknown, and behold Thee  
on Thy throne.

Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself  
in Thee.

# Softly and Tenderly

Will L. Thompson

Will L. Thompson

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, calling for you  
and for me.

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching,  
watching for you and me.

Come home, come home, ye who are weary,  
come home.

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, calling,  
"O, sinner come home."

Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,  
pleading for you and for me?

Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,  
mercies for you and for me.

Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised,  
promised for you and for me.

Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,  
pardon for you and for me.

# The Everlasting Arms

Elisha A. Hoffman

A.J. Showalter

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

What a blessedness, what a peace is mine  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;  
Leading, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.

Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

# The Old Rugged Cross

George Bennard

George Bennard

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
the emblem of suffering and shame.

And I love that old cross, where the dearest and  
best for a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
till my trophies at last I lay down.

I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
and exchange it someday for a crown.

Oh, the old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
has a wondrous attraction for me;

For the dear Lamb of God left his glory above,  
to bear it to dark Calvary.

To the old rugged cross, I will ever be true,  
its shame and reproach gladly bear;

Then He'll call me someday to my home far away,  
where His glory forever I'll share.

# The Solid Rock

Edward Mote

Wm. B. Bradbury

My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood  
and righteousness;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but wholly  
lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; all other ground  
is sinking sand;

All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to hide His face, I rest on  
His unchanging grace.

In ev'ry high and stormy gale, my anchor holds  
within the vale.

When He shall come with trumpet sound, oh,  
may I then in Him be found;

Dressed in His righteousness alone, faultless to  
stand before the throne.

# There Is Power in the Blood

Lewis E. Jones

Lewis E. Jones

Would you be free from the burden of sin?  
There is pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;  
Would you o'er evil a victory win?  
There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r in  
the blood of the Lamb;  
There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r in  
the precious blood of the Lamb;

Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow?  
There is pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;  
Sin-stains are lost in its life-giving flow;  
There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

Would you do service for Jesus your King?  
There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood.  
Would you live daily His praises to sing?  
There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

# 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

Louisa M.R. Stead

William J. Kirkpatrick

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just to take Him at His word,  
Just to rest upon His promise,  
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him!  
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!  
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!  
O for grace to trust Him more!

How I love to trust in Jesus,  
Just to trust His cleansing blood,  
Just in simple faith to plunge me  
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood!

I'm so glad I learned to trust Him,  
Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend;

And I know that He is with me,  
He'll be with me to the end.

# Trust and Obey

J.H. Sammis

D.B. Towner

When we walk with the Lord in the light of  
His word, what a glory He sheds on our way.

While we do His good will, He abides with us still,  
And with all who trust and obey.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way  
To be happy in Jesus but to trust and obey.

Not a shadow can rise, not a cloud in the skies,  
But His smile quickly drives it away.

Not a doubt nor a fear, not a sigh nor a tear,  
Can abide while we trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet, we will sit at His feet,  
Or we'll walk by His side in the way.

What He says we will do; where He sends we will  
go; never fear only trust and obey.

# Victory in Jesus

Eugene M. Bartlett

Eugene M. Bartlett

I heard an old, old story, how a Savior came  
from glory,

How He gave His life on Calvary to save a wretch  
like me;

I heard about His groaning, of His precious  
blood's atoning,

Then I repented of my sins and won the victory.

O victory in Jesus, my Savior, forever! He sought me  
and bought me with His redeeming blood;

He loved me ere I knew Him, and all my love is due  
Him – He plunged me to victory beneath the  
cleansing flood.

I heard about a mansion He has built for me in glory,  
and I heard about the streets of gold beyond the  
crystal sea;

About the angels singing and the old redemption  
story, and some sweet day I'll sing up there the  
song of victory.

# What a Friend

Joseph Scriven

Charles C. Converse

What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and  
griefs to bear,

What a privilege to carry ev'rything to God in  
prayer.

Oh, what peace we often forfeit, oh, what needless  
pain we bear.

All because we do not carry ev'rything to God in  
prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a  
load of care?

Precious Saviour, still our refuge – take it to the  
Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the  
Lord in prayer.

In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt  
find a solace there.

# When the Roll Is Called

James M. Black

James M. Black

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and  
time shall be no more,  
And the morning breaks eternal, bright and fair;  
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the  
other shore,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the roll, is called up yonder, when the roll,  
is called up yonder,  
When the roll, is called up yonder, when the roll,  
is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning when the  
dead in Christ shall rise,  
And the glory of His resurrection share;  
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home  
beyond the skies,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

# When We All Get to Heaven

E.E. Hewitt

Mrs. J.G. Wilson

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus; sing His mercy  
and His grace.

In the mansions, bright and blessed, He'll prepare  
for us a place.

When we all get to heaven, what a day of rejoicing  
that will be!

When we all see Jesus, we'll sing and shout  
the victory!

Let us then be true and faithful, trusting, serving,  
ev'ry day.

Just one glimpse of Him in glory will the toils of  
life repay.

Onward to the prize before us. Soon His beauty  
we'll behold.

Soon the pearly gates will open, we shall tread the  
streets of gold.

# This Little Light of Mine

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.  
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine, let it shine.  
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine, let it shine.  
Let it shine, let it shine.

Won't let Satan blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine.  
Won't let Satan blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine.  
Won't let Satan blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine.  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Let it shine til Jesus comes, I'm gonna let it shine.  
Let it shine til Jesus comes, I'm gonna let it shine.  
Let it shine til Jesus comes, I'm gonna let it shine.  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Hide it under a bushel—No!, I'm gonna let it shine.  
Hide it under a bushel—No!, I'm gonna let it shine.  
Hide it under a bushel—No!, I'm gonna let it shine.  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Let it shine over the whole wide world. I'm gonna let  
it shine.

Let it shine over the whole wide world. I'm gonna let  
it shine.

Let it shine over the whole wide world. I'm gonna let  
it shine.

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.