

G A7 E G D D

1 O Love that will not let me go,  
 2 O Light that fol - lowest all my way,  
 3 O Joy that seek - est me through pain,  
 4 O Cross that lift - est up my head,

D C G B D A G D7 F#

I rest my wea - ry soul in thee;  
 I yield my flick - ering torch to thee;  
 I can - not close my heart to thee;  
 I dare not ask to fly from thee;

G B7 F# B7 Esus Em

I give thee back the life I owe, that  
 my heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, that  
 I trace the rain - bow through the rain, and  
 I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, and

A7 G D D G D D7 G

in thine o - cean depths its flow may rich - er, full - er be.  
 in thy sun - shine's blaze its day may bright - er, fair - er be.  
 feel the prom - ise is not vain that morn shall tear - less be.  
 from the ground there blos - soms red life that shall end - less be.