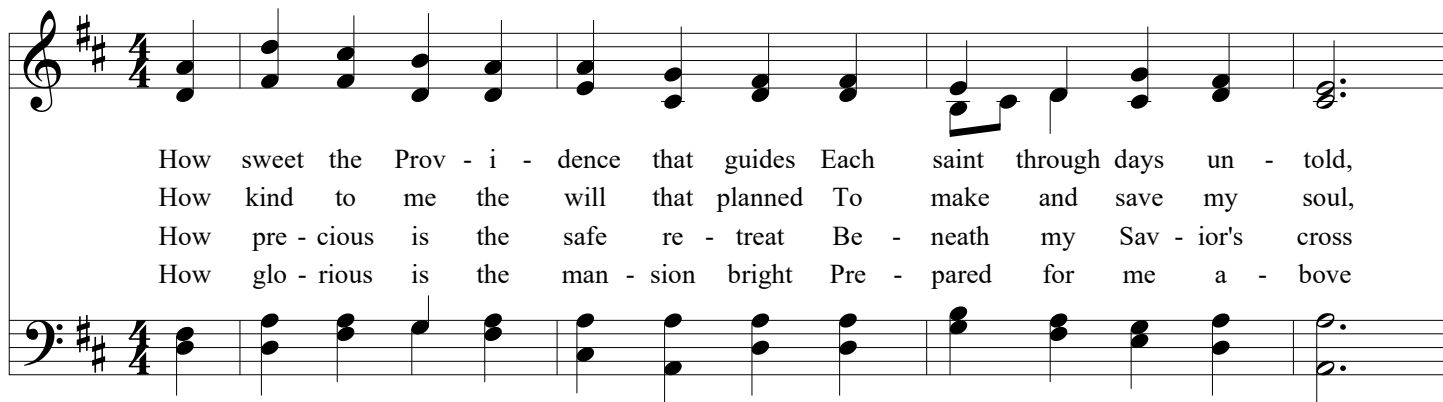



How Sweet the Providence that Guides

St. Peter



How sweet the Prov - i - dence that guides Each saint through days un - told,
How kind to me the will that planned To make and save my soul,
How pre - cious is the safe re - treat Be - neath my Sav - ior's cross
How glo - rious is the man - sion bright Pre - pared for me a - bove



The ev - er - last - ing grace that hides My soul with - in Christ's fold.
That loved me as the a - ges spanned And planned to make me whole.
Where though life's storms a - round me beat My soul will meet no loss.
Where I shall trade my faith for sight And see my Sa - vior's love.