Forever in our Hearts



47
Years

Mad. Esther Akos Ablorh



BURIAL MASS AND MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE ESTHER AKOS ABLORH ON SATURDAY@ 9:00 AM



THE OFFICIATING CLERGY

• Very Rev'd Joseph Kingsley Bentum	-	SSC. Parish Priest Worawora.
• Rev'd Canon Prosper F.K. Deh	-	SSC. Acting Parish Priest, Ho
• Rev'd Canon Redeemer Semevor,	-	SSC. Parish Priest Agbozume
• Ven. Josiah Chukwudolue Ibeto	-	SSC. Area Dean Agbozume Penyi Deanery
• Rev'd Canon Sylvester Angelo Kumah.	-	SSC. Parish Priest Jasikan / Hohoe.
• Rev'd Fr. Peter Etse Sokpoli	-	SSC. Cathedral, Ho.
• Rev'd Canon Dennis Obidiegwu	-	Cathedral, Ho.
• Rev'd Justice Richardson Macarphuy	-	Parish Priest Penyi.
• Very Rev'd Simon K. Ablorh (RTD)		

CATECHISTS

- Mr. Eric Henordzi
- Mr. David McCoffie Atikor

WARDENS

- Mad. Peace Kponyo
- Mr. David McCoffie Atikor

PARTICIPATION IN WORSHIP

- St. Anthony's Anglican Church Congregation/Visitors
- St. Anthony's Anglican Church Choir
- St. Anthony's Anglican Church
- Altar Servers

AT THE ORGAN

- Mr. Julius Ahiable
- Miss Linda Adigo

ORDER OF SERVICE

PART ONE (1)

- Reception of the body @ the Entrance
- Processional Hymn: 290
- Introduction of the Mass / Collect
- First Reading: Daniel 12: 1-3 / Psalm 103:1-14
- Gradual Hymn
- Gospel: Matthew 24:42-44
- Biography of the deceased
- Anthem by the choir
- The Homily
- Intercession
- Exchange of peace
- Offertory of the mass
- Hymn A&M 265 / 196
- Liturgy of Mass



ORDER OF SERVICE

- Communion Hymn A&M 517, 176
- Offering for the family
- Tributes
- Anthem by the choir
- Notices / Vote of thanks by family member
- Hymn A&M 740
- Absolution of the dead
- Recessional Hymn A&M 266

PART TWO (2) @ THE GRAVE YARD

- Blessing of the grave
- Hymn A&M 27
- The committal
- Laying of wreath
- Vote of thank by family member
- Closing Hymn / Song A&M 401
- Final blessing / departure

Biography

OF THE LATE

MAD. ESTHER AKOS ABLORH



Esther Akos Ablorh was born on 6th May 1979 at Dzodze to the Very Rev. Simon Ablorh and Mother Theresa Yawa Ablorh. She was the third child of her parents and their only daughter, a special blessing to to the family whose presence brought unique warmth and joy.

Esther began her educational journey in 1985 at Kpando Tsakpe New Town L.A. Primary School. She later continued her primary education at Agbozume Anglican Primary School, where she completed in 1991. From 1992 to 1995, she attended "B Quarters B" Anglican Junior Secondary School in Ho. She subsequently gained admission to OLA Senior Secondary School, Ho, in 1996 and successfully completed her secondary education in 1999.

Determined to acquire a practical skill and establish herself professionally, Esther proceeded to learn hairdressing after secondary school. Following three years of dedicated training, she qualified as a professional hairdresser and took a bold step towards independence by establishing her own hairdressing salon at Kpando. Through this endeavour, she demonstrated her willingness to work hard, develop her talents and make a living through her own efforts.

In her journey through life, Esther found love and companionship in Mr. Richard Botsyoe, whom she married. Their union was blessed with three wonderful children: Richmond, Julia and Jude.

Esther was a woman whose life was connected to the Christian faith. She was baptized in the Anglican Church and continued to grow in her walk with God.

Her love for the church was expressed, among other ways, through music and service. She joined the Anglican Church Choir at Kpando and maintained her commitment to singing in the church choir even as life's journey took her to Ho and later to Penyi. Through her participation in the choir, she remained connected to the fellowship of believers and to the worship of God.

Sadly, in 2023, Esther was taken ill and began receiving medical treatment at the Ho Teaching Hospital (Trafalga).
Despite the period of her illness and the challenges that accompanied it, Esther remained strong and a cherished member of her family and community.
Regrettably, her journey came to an end on Thursday, October 8, 2026.

THE MEMORIES SHE LEAVES BEHIND

Describing Esther in a few words can never fully capture the person she was or the memories she created in the lives of those who knew and loved her.
She was a friendly, humble, easy-going and straightforward person. Her approachable nature made it easy for people to relate to her.
She was someone whose presence will be remembered and whose absence will be deeply felt.

Today, we pause to reflect on a life that, though it seems to us to have ended too soon, has left behind memories that time cannot easily erase.

We have lost a dear sister
We have lost a beloved daughter
We have lost a loving mother
We have lost a cherished friend
We have lost a precious member of our family
We have lost Esther Akos Ablorh..

The pain of losing someone we love is difficult to put into words. There are memories that will bring smiles to our faces, even as tears fill our eyes. There are moments we will wish we could relive and conversations we will wish we could have again. But although we can no longer see her, the memories of her life will remain with us.

Esther's earthly journey has ended, but the love she shared, the relationships she built and the memories she leaves behind will continue to live in the hearts of her family, friends and all who had the privilege of knowing her.

As we bid her farewell, we take comfort in the hope and promise of God's eternal love. We are reminded by Scripture in Revelation 14:13:

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

Dear Esther, your departure has left a painful void in our hearts.

We may not fully understand why your journey had to end at this time, but we entrust you into the hands of the Almighty God.

You came into our lives, you became part of our stories, and you will forever remain in our memories.

Rest peacefully, dear Esther.
You will be greatly missed, but never forgotten

MAY YOUR GENTLE SOUL REST IN PERFECT PEACE. AMEN.





Tributes

BY PARENTS

Very Rev. Simon Ablorh and Mother Theresa Yawa Ablorh

6th May 1979 – 8th October 2026

Our beloved daughter, Esther Akos,

On the 6th of May, 1979, at Dzodze, God placed a precious gift in our arms. You were our only daughter, a beautiful flower and a joy of our home. We called you Akos, our Sunday-born blessing, and from that-day our house was never the same.

From the moment you could walk, you followed us everywhere. You followed us to church, and you followed us to the choir. You loved singing more than playing. Even as a little girl, your voice was always heard in the house, especially when you were washing, humming the hymns you had learned from us.

Akos, you were never a difficult child. You were humble. You were obedient. You were easy-going and straightforward, just as everyone says. You never gave us a single sleepless night, and you made parenting feel like a gift rather than a burden. You were also the backbone of this family, a commander who kept all your brothers in check, and they obeyed you, because underneath the firmness, they knew how much you loved them.

We watched you grow from primary school to Junior Secondary School, to Senior Secondary School, to learning hairdressing, to opening your own salon, to becoming a wife, and then to becoming a mother to Richmond, Julia and Jude. At every stage of your life, you made us proud. Every time we thought you had given us all the reasons to be proud, you gave us more.

When you fell sick in 2023, we prayed with you and we prayed for you. Your mother cried and prayed through many nights. We believed you would rise again, as you had always done. We bought medicine, we took you to hospital, and we fasted, laying every hope at the feet of God. But God had other plans..

On Thursday, 8th October 2026, at Ho Teaching Hospital, God called you home. Our only daughter left us. How do we carry this pain? A father should not have to bury his daughter. A mother should not have to bury her only daughter. Nothing prepares a parent for this. Our hearts are broken, and the home you filled with songs is quiet.

But who are we to question God? Even in tears, we hold on to the words of *Job 1:21: "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."*

You were His before you were ever ours. He lent you to us for forty-seven years, and for every one of them we say thank you.

Akos, we will miss you. We will miss your calls. We will miss the way you said "Father" and "Mother," with so much love and respect. We will miss seeing you in your choir robe, singing with all your heart. And in the days to come, when we hear a hymn, we will hear you in it.

Richmond, Julia and Jude, your mother loved you more than words can say. Her love does not end here. We will hold you close and remind you every day of the woman she was.

Go and rest, our daughter. Go and rest, Akos. Your work is done, and your song is complete.

Until we meet again at the feet of Jesus, where there will be no sickness, no pain, and no goodbye.

We love you, but God loves you more.
Sleep well, our beloved daughter.

Your Father & Mother,
Very Rev. Simon Ablorh & Mother Theresa Ablorh





Tributes

BY CHILDREN

Our dearest Mummy

If we could write a letter to you in Heaven, Mummy, this is what we would say:

Thank you for being our mother, our comfort and our very first friend. Thank you for every morning you woke up early to care for us, for every meal you lovingly prepared, and for every little thing you did to make sure we were safe, clean, happy and ready for the day. Thank you for bathing us when we were little, taking us to school, caring for us when we were unwell, and surrounding our childhood with a love we will carry in our hearts forever.

We will always remember your gentle voice, your beautiful smile and the way you made ordinary moments feel special. We remember you singing in the choir, teaching us how to pray and reminding us that God must always have a place in our lives. Through your words and, even more, through the way you lived, you taught us kindness, humility, respect and the importance of doing what is right.

Mummy, you were more than a mother to us; you were our friend and our safe place. You had a humble and kind heart. You were easy-going and straightforward, and you did not allow anger to take root in your heart. The warmth you showed to us was also felt by the people around you. Those who knew you will remember Auntie Esther as a gentle soul whose presence brought comfort and whose kindness spoke louder than words.

Even when sickness came and your body was weak, you still tried to smile for us. You continued to encourage us to take our studies seriously, to respect our elders and to grow into good people. We saw how hard you fought, and we know how much you wanted to remain with us. Mummy, if love alone could have kept you here, you would never have left us.

Now that you are gone, the house feels different. We miss hearing your voice and calling out, "Mummy!" We miss the little things we once took for granted: your food, your laughter, your loving hands braiding our hair, and the comfort of knowing that you were always there. Sometimes, we may still expect to hear you answer when we call. Your absence leaves a space in our lives that nobody else can ever fill.

Although our hearts are broken, we find comfort in believing that you are resting in the loving care of God. We thank Him for the precious gift of having you as our mother, and for every moment, lesson and memory you gave us. We may not understand why we had to say goodbye so soon, but we will forever be grateful that we were blessed to be your children.

Mummy, we make you this promise: we will do our best to make you proud. We will take our education seriously, respect others, remain kind and hold firmly to the values you taught us. We will keep praying, keep growing and keep your love alive in the way we live.

We wish we could hug you one more time, hear you call our names one more time, and tell you just how much we love you. Since we cannot do that now, we will carry those words in our hearts every day.

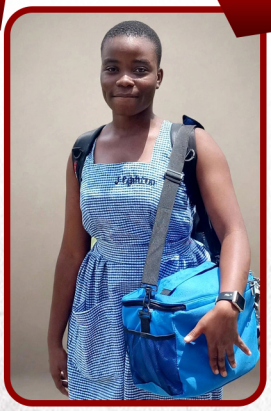
Rest peacefully, our sweet Mummy. Thank you for loving us so completely. Your hands may no longer hold ours, but your love will continue to guide us. You will always be our mother, our blessing and a part of us.

We love you, Mummy.
We miss you more than words can ever express, and we will love you forever.

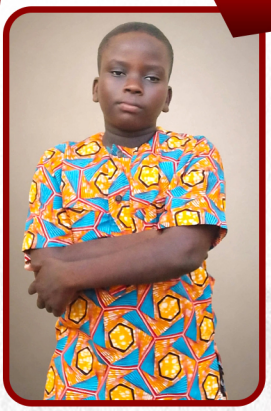
Your loving children,
Richmond, Julia and Jude



Richmond



Julia



Jude

Gallery



Gallery





Family Gallery





Tributes

BY BROTHERS

In Loving Memory of Our Dearest Sister, Esther

It is difficult to believe that we are standing here, trying to find the words to say goodbye to you

It is even harder to accept that we will no longer hear your voice, share your laughter, call your name and hear you answer. On Thursday, 8th of October, at just 47 years of age, you departed this world, leaving behind a pain that words can hardly express. Your departure was far too soon, far too sudden, and far too painful for our hearts to accept.

Esther, you were more than a sister to us. You were our first friend, our childhood companion, our confidante, our defender, and our adviser. We grew up together, sharing the joys and challenges of life under one roof. We shared childhood memories, laughter, secrets, disagreements, forgiveness, and countless moments that helped shape the bond we cherished. Through it all, we were bound together by a love that time can never diminish and distance can never weaken.

To the world, you were many wonderful things: a loving wife, a caring mother, a faithful woman of God, a treasured friend, and a valued colleague.

But to us, you were simply—and most dearly—our sister. You were our Esther, the sister whose presence brought warmth to our family, whose laughter brightened our days, and whose concern for our well-being reminded us that we were never alone.

You had a beautiful spirit and a heart full of love. You were kind, strong, generous, and full of life. You loved wholeheartedly and cared deeply. When you reached out to us, it was never merely out of duty; it was because you genuinely cared. You would call to check on us, offer advice, share a word of encouragement, or simply make us laugh when life became difficult. You carried your family in your heart, and you found ways, both great and small, to remind us how much we mattered to you.

That was the beauty of Esther. You did not need grand gestures to demonstrate your love. Your thoughtfulness, your concern, your words, and your presence spoke volumes. You had a way of making us feel remembered, valued, and loved.



These are the precious qualities we will forever hold close to our hearts.

Forty-seven years! How painfully short that now seems. There were still so many conversations to have, so many jokes to share, so many family gatherings to attend, and so many beautiful memories we expected to create together.

We imagined many more Christmas celebrations, family reunions, telephone conversations, and ordinary days in which we would simply enjoy having you around. Never did we imagine that a day would come when we would have to speak of you in the past tense.

Yet, in the midst of our grief, we turn to our faith in God. We may not understand why your journey on earth ended when it did, and we may never fully understand the mystery of your departure. But we take comfort in the assurance that God remains faithful, even when our hearts are broken and our understanding fails us. We entrust you to His loving care, trusting in His promise of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.

As your brothers, our hearts are broken in ways that words cannot adequately describe. Your absence has created an empty space in our family that no one else can fill. We will miss you at family meetings, during Christmas celebrations, in our everyday conversations, and in those unexpected moments when something happens and our first instinct is to pick up the phone and call you. We will miss your voice, your laughter, your advice, your warmth, and the simple comfort of knowing that you are there.

But even as we mourn your departure, we refuse to let grief erase our gratitude. We thank God for the precious gift of your life and for the 47 years He allowed us to share with you. We are grateful for every memory, every conversation, every act of kindness, and every expression of love. Death may have taken you from our sight, but it cannot take away the memories we hold, the lessons you taught us, or the love that will forever bind us together.

Esther, you made us proud to be your brothers. Your life was a blessing to us, and your memory will remain a treasure in our hearts. Though we can no longer reach you by telephone or embrace you in person, we will continue to carry you with us—in our stories, in our family traditions, in the lessons we pass on, and in the love we show one another.

The Bible reminds us in 1 Thessalonians 4:13–14 not to grieve as those who have no hope, because we believe that Jesus died and rose again. It is this hope that sustains us today.

We grieve because we loved you, and we will continue to love you even in your absence. But we also hold firmly to the hope that, in Christ, death is not the end of our story.

Our beloved Esther, if love alone could have kept you here, you would have lived with us forever. If tears could bring you back, we would have cried until you returned. But since we cannot change what has happened, we will honour you by cherishing the memories we shared, upholding the love you gave us, and keeping the bond of brotherhood and sisterhood alive in our family.

Rest peacefully, our dearest sister. Rest from the struggles of this earthly journey. May you find eternal rest in the presence of our Lord, and may the Lord comfort all who mourn your passing.

Until that glorious day when we shall meet again in the presence of our Saviour, know that you will always have a special place in our hearts.

We loved you then. We love you now. And we will love you forever

Goodbye for now, our dear Esther. You will be deeply missed, lovingly remembered, and forever cherished.

Esther, Esco, Moglama,
Rest well in the bosom of the Lord till we meet again.

With all our love,
Your Dear Brothers,
Stephen and Timothy



Timothy Dela Ablorh



Stephen Afenyo Ablorh



Tributes

TO MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED SISTER, ESTHER

BY A FRIEND, MAGGIE

"When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll,
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul."

Esther, Esther, Esther!

.

Little did I know that you would leave me this early. I was dumbfounded when Father informed me of your demise. But who am I to question God?

I met Esther in 2003 at Kpando, one fateful day, and from that moment, we began a friendship that would stand the test of time. Our bond grew beyond ordinary friendship through loyalty, sacrifice, genuine love and unwavering support for each other.

This bond was further strengthened by the fact that we shared the same profession, "Beauty Therapy".

Even our relocations could not weaken or diminish the bond we shared.

Distance was never a barrier to our friendship. We were always there for each other, regardless of the circumstances.

I vividly remember when I was planning to relocate to Ho and encountered difficulties securing accommodation. You simply made a call to a friend, and just like that, the problem was resolved. That gesture, among many others, remains a testament to the kind of person you were and the value you placed on our friendship.

We certainly had our differences from time to time, as every genuine relationship does, but no third party ever came between us. Our bond remained strong because we understood, valued and respected what we shared.

The vacuum created by your demise can never be filled. The memories we shared will remain with me for as long as I live. In moments like these, I draw strength from the words of the Psalmist in Psalm 121:1–2: I lift up my eyes to the mountains—where does my help come from? My help comes from the LORD, the Maker of heaven and earth.

Esther, May the Merciful God grant you eternal rest. Amen.



Tributes

FROM THE ST. ANTHONY'S ANGLICAN CHOIR

IN LOVING MEMORY OF OUR DEPARTED SISTER, ESTHER AKOS ABLORH.

Whatever Our Lot, Thou Has Taught Us To Say

It Is Well! It Is Well With Our Souls

Oh! Esther Akos Ablorh

How difficult it is to accept that you are no longer with us. How painful it is to imagine that the familiar face we once saw among us, the voice that joined our songs of praise, and your presence that brightened our fellowship are now memories we hold dear

Esther, you joined us in the 2013 after returning from Kpando, where you had already served as a chorister. Your love for music and the things of God was not new to you. You came with a heart already familiar with the joy and the responsibility of serving in God's vineyard.

We remember you as a committed and dedicated chorister. You were always punctual and regular at choir rehearsal, church services and other church programs until your Father retired and your family relocated to Dzodze.

As we bid you farewell today, our hearts are heavy but we find solace in assurance that you joined the heavenly choir, where angels sing everlasting praises to the Almighty God.

Though your earthly voice has been silenced, the memories of your songs, commitment and dedication will continually resonate in our hearts.

May the almighty God grant your soul eternal rest and comfort us as we mourn your exit. Farewell, our beloved sister, until we meet again at the feet of our Lord.

Sleep well, sister.
Dzudzɔ le ŋutifafame.
Rest in Perfect Peace!



HYMNS

♬ A&M 27

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; LORD, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil-the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD abide with me.

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.

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.

♬ A&M 401

Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls, that turn
TO the Cross their dying eyes
All the love of CHRIST shall learn
At his Feet in Paradise.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
CHRIST the LORD shall guard them well
He Who died for their release.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection-day
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.



HYMNS

♬ A&M 176

How sweet the name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded SPIRIT whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name, the rock on which I build
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

JESUS! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest Thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

♬ A&M 266

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me sure it still will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

♬ A&M 740

Farewell Service

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.

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;
'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.

HYMNS

♫ A&M 265

Thy way, not mine, O LORD,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my GOD,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine, so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth

Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my All.

♫ A&M 196

Guide me, O Thou great redeemer,
Pilgrim through this baren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me new and evermore,

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction
Land me safe on Canann's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

♫ A&M 517

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my GOD,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Uunnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.



HYMNS

♬ A&M 290

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my GOD shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the LORD with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

The Hosts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

O make but trail of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

O make but trail of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

♬ A&M 282

Be Thou my guardian and my guide,
And hear me when I call;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path I tread;
O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou quickener of the dead.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path I tread;
O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou quickener of the dead.

And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do Thou, O LORD, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.

Still let me ever watch and pray,
And feel that I am frail;
That if the tempter cross my way,
Yet he may not prevail.

♬ A&M 281

LEAD us, Heavenly FATHER, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our GOD our FATHER be.

SAVIOUR breathe forgiveness o'er us
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

SPIRIT of our GOD, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.