

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble. Ps. 46:1

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev - er
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be
 3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -
 4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them, a -

fail - ing; our help - er he a - mid the flood of
 los - ing; were not the right man on our side, the
 do us, we will not fear, for God hath willed his
 bid - eth; the Spir - it and the gifts are ours through

mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe
 man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be?
 truth to tri - umph through us. The prince of dark - ness grim,
 him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go,

doth seek to work us woe; his craft and pow'r are great;
 Christ Je - sus, it is he, Lord Sa - ba - oth his name,
 we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,
 this mor - tal life al - so; the bod - y they may kill:

HIS FAITHFULNESS

and armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.
 from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.
 for lo! his doom is sure; one lit - tle word shall fell him.
 God's truth a - bid - eth still; his king - dom is for - ev - er.

Based on Psalm 46
 Martin Luther, 1529
 Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

EIN' FESTE BURG 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.
 Martin Luther, 1529

Psalm 127

1. ¹Ex - cept the LORD shall build the house
 2. ²'Tis vain for you to rise be - times,
 3. ³Lo, chil - dren are the LORD's good gift;
 4. ⁵Who has his qui - ver filled with these,

The build - ers from lose their pain;
 Or late from rest to keep,
 Rich pay hap - ment are men's sons.
 O hap - py shall he be;

Ex - cept the LORD the ci - ty keep
 To eat the bread of toil; for so
⁴The sons of youth as ar - rows are
 When foes they greet with - in the gate

The watch - men watch in vain.
 He gives His loved ones sleep.
 In hands of might - ones.
 They shall from shame y be free.

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To God My Earnest Voice I Raise

I cry aloud to the LORD; I lift up my voice to the LORD for mercy. Ps. 142:1

1. To God my ear - nest voice I raise, to God my
 2. When gloom and sor - row com - pass me, the path I
 3. O Lord, my Sav - ior, now to thee, with - out a
 4. Be thou my help when trou - bles throng, for I am



voice im - plor - ing prays; be - fore his face my
 take is known to thee, and all the toils that
 hope be - sides, I flee, to thee, my shel - ter
 weak and foes are strong; my cap - tive soul from



grief I show and tell my trou - ble and my woe.
 foes do lay to snare thy ser - vant in his way.
 from the strife, my por - tion in the land of life.
 pris - on bring, and thank - ful prais - es I will sing.



From Psalm 142
The Psalter, 1912

ROCKINGHAM OLD L.M.
 Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790

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The Church's One Foundation

Christ Jesus himself as the chief cornerstone. Eph. 2:20

1. The church - 's one foun - da - tion is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. Though with a scorn - ful won - der men see her sore op - pressed,
 4. The church shall nev - er per - ish! Her dear Lord to de - fend,

she is his new cre - a - tion by wa - ter and the Word:
 her char - ter of sal - va - tion one Lord, one faith, one birth;
 by schis - ms rent a - sun - der, by her - e - sies dis - tressed,
 to guide, sus - tain, and cher - ish, is with her to the end;

from heav'n he came and sought her to be his ho - ly bride;
 one ho - ly name she bless - es, par - takes one ho - ly food,
 yet saints their watch are keep - ing, their cry goes up, "How long?"
 though there be those that hate her, and false sons in her pale,

with his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.
 and to one hope she press - es, with ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And soon the night of weep - ing shall be the morn of song.
 a - gainst or foe or trai - tor she ev - er shall pre - vail.

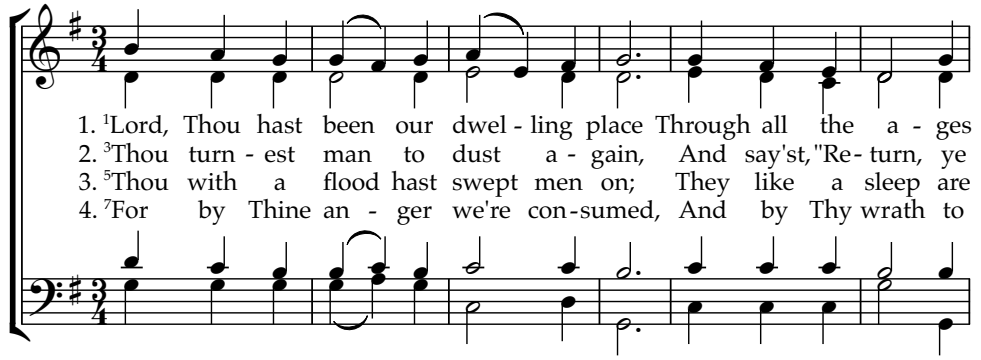
5. 'Mid toil and tribulation,
and tumult of her war,
she waits the consummation
of peace forevermore;
till with the vision glorious
her longing eyes are blest,
and the great church victorious
shall be the church at rest.

Samuel J. Stone, 1866

6. Yet she on earth hath union
with God the Three in One,
and mystic sweet communion
with those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
like them, the meek and lowly,
on high may dwell with thee.

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.D.
Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

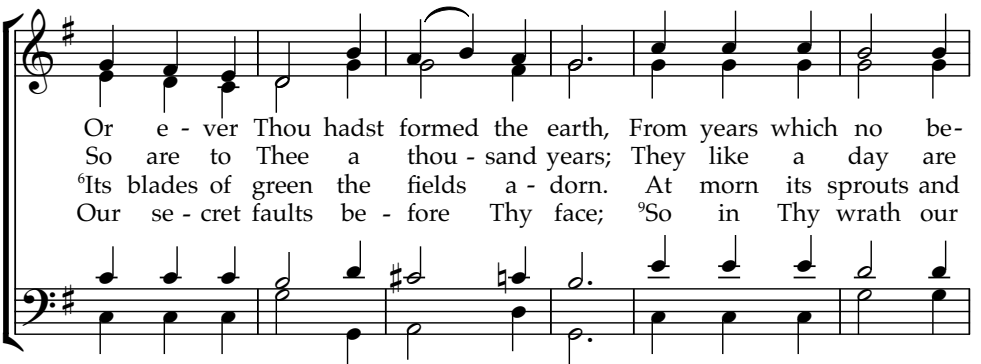
Psalm 90:1-9



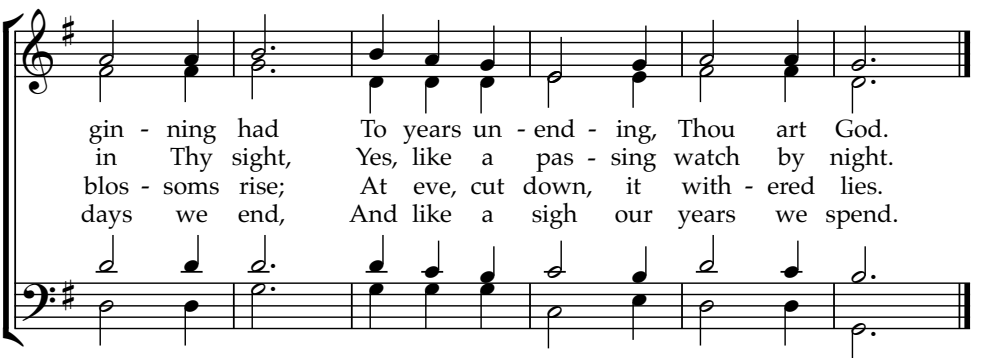
1.¹Lord, Thou hast been our dwell - ing place Through all the a - ges
 2.³Thou turn - est man to dust a - gain, And say'st, "Re - turn, ye
 3.⁵Thou with a flood hast swept men on; They like a sleep are
 4.⁷For by Thine an - ger we're con - sumed, And by Thy wrath to



of our race. ²Be - fore the moun - tains had their birth,
 sons of men." ⁴As yes - ter - day when past ap - pears,
 quick - ly gone. They are like grass which grows each morn;
 ter - ror doomed. ⁸Our sins Thou in Thy sight dost place,



Or e - ver Thou hadst formed the earth, From years which no be -
 So are to Thee a thou - sand years; They like a day are
⁶Its blades of green the fields a - dorn. At morn its sprouts and
 Our se - cret faults be - fore Thy face; ⁹So in Thy wrath our



gin - ning had To years un - end - ing, Thou art God.
 in Thy sight, Yes, like a pas - sing watch by night.
 blos - soms rise; At eve, cut down, it with - ered lies.
 days we end, And like a sigh our years we spend.

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Here, O My Lord, I See Thee Face to Face

I am the living bread that came down from heaven. John 6:51

Capo 3: ♭ (G) (D⁷) (G) (C) (Am⁷) (G) ♭ (Em) (F[♯])

1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; here would I
 2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God, here drink with
 3. This is the hour of ban - quet and of song; this is the
 4. I have no help but thine, nor do I need an - oth - er
 5. Mine is the sin, but thine the righ - teous - ness; mine is the

(Bm) (E⁷) (D/A) (A⁷) (D) (D⁷) (C)

touch and han - dle things un - seen, here grasp with firm - er
 thee the roy - al wine of heav'n; here would I lay a -
 • heav'n - ly ta - ble spread for me: here let me feast, and,
 arm save thine to lean up - on: it is e - nough, my
 guilt, but thine the cleans - ing blood; here is my robe, my

(D⁷) ♭ (G) (C) (G) (D⁷) (G) ♭

hand th'e - ter - nal grace, and all my wea - ri - ness up - on thee lean.
 side each earth - ly load, here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.
 • feast - ing, still pro - long the brief, bright hour of fel - low - ship with thee.
 Lord, e - nough in - deed; my strength is in thy might, thy might a - lone.
 ref - uge, and my peace, thy blood, thy righ - teous - ness, O Lord my God.

Horatius Bonar, 1855

MORECAMBE 10.10.10.
Frederick C. Atkinson. 1870

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O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

He was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities. Is. 53:5

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down;
 2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est Friend,

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
 for this, thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
 look on me with thy fa - vor, vouch - safe to me thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.