

Doxology

Revelation 5:13

Louis Bourgeois and Thomas Ken

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

And Can It Be

Romans 8:1; Philippians 2:6-8; 1 Thessalonians 5:9
 Charles Wesley and Thomas Campbell

1. And can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Savior's blood?
 Died He for me, who caused His pain?
 For me, who Him to death pursued?
 Amazing love! How can it be
 That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

*Amazing love! How can it be
 That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?*

2. He left His Father's throne above,
 So free, so infinite His grace!
 Emptied Himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race!
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me.

3. 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:
 Who can explore His strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine!
 'Tis mercy all, let earth adore,
 Let angel minds inquire no more.

4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night.
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light!
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

*Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?*

5. No condemnation now I dread:
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

My Jesus I Love Thee

1 John 4:19

William R. Featherstone

1. My Jesus, I love Thee; I know Thou art mine.
 For Thee, all the follies of sin I resign.
 My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou;
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lovèd me,
 And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.
 I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
 And say, when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
 "If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

4. In mansions of glory and endless delight,
 I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
 I'll sing, with the glittering crown on my brow,
 "If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

Amazing Grace

Luke 15:4; 2 Corinthians 4:8, 9; Ephesians 2:8; Revelation 14:3

John Newton

1. 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.

2. T'was grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed!

3. The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be
 As long as life endures.

4. Through many dangers, toils and snares
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess within the veil
 A life of joy and peace.

6. 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've first begun.

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It Is Well With My Soul

Psalm 49:15

Horatio G. Spafford and Philip Paul Bliss

1. 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.”

*It is well (It is well)
With my soul, (With my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul.*

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
 Let this blest assurance control:
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate
 And hath shed His own blood for my soul!

3. My sin—O the joy of this glorious thought—
 My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more:
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4. And Lord, haste the day when my 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.

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

*Matthew 11:28; John 15:15; Ephesians 6:18; Philippians 4:6;
1 Peter 5:7*

Charles Crozat Converse and Joseph M. Scriven

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
 O what peace we often forfeit,
 O what needless pain we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer!

2. Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful
 Who will, all our sorrows, share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Savior, 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.

O Love That Will Not Let Me Go

*Genesis 9:16; Isaiah 60:19; Jeremiah 31:3; John 8:12;
Romans 8:38, 39*

Albert Lister Peace and George Matheson

1. O Love that will not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul in Thee.
 I give Thee back the life I owe,
That, in Thine ocean depths, its flow
 May richer, fuller be.

2. O Light that foll'west all my way,
 I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee.
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That, in Thy sunshine's blaze, its day
 May brighter, fairer be.

3. O Joy that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to Thee.
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.

4. O Cross that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee.
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

Come Thou Fount

Zechariah 13:1

John Wyeth and Robert Robinson

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace.
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2. Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come.
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3. O to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily, I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Holy Holy Holy

Isaiah 6:2, 3; Revelation 4:4, 6, 8, 10

John B. Dykes and Reginald Heber

1. 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!
2. Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
3. Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man, Thy glory, may not see,
Only Thou art holy. There is none, besides Thee,
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.
4. 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

Psalm 8:1, 3, 4; Romans 5:9; 8:32; 1 Thessalonians 4:16, 17

Stuart Hine

1. 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 power 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!*
2. When, through the woods and forest glades, I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees—
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze—
3. 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—
4. 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!”

Be Thou My Vision

1 Corinthians 1:30

Eleanor Hull and Mary E. Byrne

1. Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;
Nought be all else to me, save that Thou art—
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.
2. Be Thou my Wisdom and Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son,
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.
3. Be Thou my shield and my sword for the fight,
Be Thou my dignity, be Thou my might.
Thou my soul's shelter and Thou my high tower,
Raise, Thou, me heavenward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.
4. Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my Treasure Thou art.
5. High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

In The Garden

C. Austin Miles

1. 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.*

2. 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.

3. I'd stay in the garden with Him,
Though the night around me be falling,
But He bids me go; through the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Lamentations 3:22-23

Thomas Obediah Chisholm and William M. Runyan

1. 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 hast 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!*

2. 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.
3. Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thy own dear presence to cheer and to guide,
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow:
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside.

O The Deep Deep Love of Jesus

Samuel Trevor Francis and Thomas J. Williams

1. O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free!
 Rolling as a mighty ocean
 In its fullness over me!
 Underneath me, all around me,
 Is the current of Thy love;
Leading onward, leading homeward,
 To my glorious rest above!

2. O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Spread His praise from shore to shore!
 How He loveth, ever loveth,
 Changeth never, nevermore!
How He watcheth o'er His loved ones,
 Died to call them all His own;
 How for them He intercedeth,
Watcheth o'er them from the throne!

3. O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
 Love of every love the best!
 'Tis an ocean full of blessing,
 'Tis a haven giving rest.
O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
 'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me;
 And it lifts me up to glory,
 For it lifts me up to Thee!

Jesus Lover Of My Soul

Charles Wesley and Simeon B. Marsh

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 'Til the storm of life is past.
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
 Leave, O leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;
 All my help from Thee I bring.
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find.
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness.
 False and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin.
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity.

When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts and Lowell Mason

1. When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Crown Him With Many Crowns

Revelation 4:9–11, 5:13

George J. Elvey, Godfrey Thring and Matthew Bridges

1. Crown Him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon His throne.
Hark! How the heav'nly anthem drowns
 All music but its own!
 Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of Him Who died for thee
And hail Him as thy matchless King
 Through all eternity.

2. Crown Him the Lord of love!
 Behold His hands and side—
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
 In beauty glorified.
 No angel in the sky
 Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His wondering eye
 At mysteries so bright.

3. Crown Him the Lord of life,
 Who triumphed o'er the grave,
Who rose victorious to the strife,
 For those He came to save.

 His glories now we sing,
 Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring
 And lives that death may die.

4. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n:
 One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through Him giv'n
 From yonder glorious throne.

 All hail, Redeemer, hail!
 For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
 Throughout eternity.

Fairest Lord Jesus

Song of Songs 6:10

H.A. Hoffman von Fallersleben and Joseph A. Seiss

1. Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,
 O Thou of God and man, the Son:
 Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
 Thou my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2. Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands
 Robed in the blooming garb of spring.
 Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
 Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3. Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight,
 And all the twinkling, starry host.
 Jesus shines brighter; Jesus shines purer
 Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

4. Beautiful Savior, Lord of all the nations,
 Son of God, and Son of man:
 Glory and honor, praise, adoration
 Now and forevermore be Thine!

Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus

Romans 8:37
Helen H. Lemmel

1. O soul, are you weary and troubled?
No light in the darkness you see?
There's light for a look at the Savior,
And life more abundant and free!

*Turn your eyes upon Jesus,
Look full in His wonderful face,
And the things of earth will go strangely dim
In the light of His glory and grace.*

2. Through death into life everlasting
He passed, and we follow Him there;
O'er us sin no more hath dominion—
For more than conqu'rors we are!

3. His word shall not fail you—He promised;
Believe Him, and all will be well:
Then go to a world that is dying,
His perfect salvation to tell!

Joyful Joyful We Adore Thee

Henry van Dyke and Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee,
God of glory, Lord of love!
Hearts unfold like flow'rs before Thee,
Op'ning to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of doubt away.
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day!

2. All Thy works with joy surround Thee;
Earth and heav'n reflect Thy rays.
Stars and angels sing around Thee,
Center of unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Flowery meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird, and flowing fountain,
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

3. Thou art giving and forgiving,
 Ever blessing, ever blest,
 Wellspring of the joy of living,
 Ocean depth of happy rest!
Thou our Father, Christ our Brother;
 All who live in love are Thine.
Teach us how to love each other;
 Lift us to the joy divine.

4. Mortals, join the mighty chorus
Which the morning stars began.
 Father love is reigning o'er us,
 Brother love binds man to man.
Ever singing, march we onward,
 Victors in the midst of strife.
 Joyful music lifts us sunward
 In the triumph song of life.

O For A Thousand Tongues To Sing

Revelation 5:11–14; Isaiah 35:5–6

Charles Wesley

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.
3. Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free.
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood availed for me.
5. Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

All Glory, Laud, And Honor

Matthew 21:9, 15–16; Revelation 5:11–14

Theodulph of Orleans; translated by John Mason Neale

1. All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring:
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed one!

2. The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply:
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

3. To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise:
Thou didst accept their praises—
Accept the praise we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

All Hail The Power Of Jesus Name

Exodus 29:1-9

Edward Perronet, John Rippon and Oliver Holden

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name;
 Let angels prostrate fall!
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Let every kindred, every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

4. O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song
 And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the everlasting song
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Immortal Invisible

John Robert and Walter Chalmers Smith

1. Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
 In light inaccessible, hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious: Thy great name we praise.

2. Unresting, unhasting, and silent as night,
 Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might:
 Thy justice, like mountains, high soaring above,
Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.

3. To all life Thou givest, to both great and small.
 In all life Thou livest—the true Life of all.
 Thy wisdom so boundless, Thy mercy so free,
Eternal Thy goodness—for naught changeth Thee.

4. Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
 Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight.
 All praise we should render; O help us to see
 'Tis only the splendor of light hideth Thee!

Take My Life And Let It Be

1 Corinthians 6:20

Francis Ridley Havergal and Henri A. César Malan

1. Take my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
 Take my moments and my days;
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2. Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee,
 Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3. Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King.
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee,
 Filled with messages from Thee.

4. Take my silver and my gold;
 Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every pow'r as Thou shalt choose,
 Every pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5. Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
It shall be Thy royal throne.
6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Christ The Lord Is Risen Today

Matthew 28:6; Mark 16:6; Luke 24:6; John 21:14;

1 Corinthians 15:55

Charles Wesley

1. Christ the Lord is risen today, Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say: Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high: Alleluia!
Sing, ye heavens and earth reply: Alleluia!
2. Lives again our glorious King: Alleluia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
Dying once, He all doth save: Alleluia!
Where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia!
3. Love's redeeming work is done: Alleluia!
Fought the fight, the battle won: Alleluia!
Death in vain forbids Him rise: Alleluia!
Christ hath opened paradise: Alleluia!
4. Sing we to our God above: Alleluia!
Praise eternal as His love: Alleluia!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host: Alleluia!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: Alleluia!

I Sing The Mighty Power Of God

Genesis 1:31; Psalm 136:4-9, 25-26; Romans 1:20

Isaac Watts

1. I sing the mighty pow'r of God
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command
And all the stars obey.

2. I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word
And then pronounced them good.
Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn my eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

3. There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne,
While all that borrows life from Thee
Is ever in Thy care,
And everywhere that man can be,
Thou, God, art present there.

All Creatures Of Our God And King

Psalm 103:22

St. Francis of Assisi; translated by William H. Draper

1. All creatures of our God and King,
Lift up your voice and with us sing:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam:

O praise Him! O praise Him!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
2. Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heav'n along:
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice;
Ye lights of evening, find a voice!
3. Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest man both warmth and light:
4. Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship Him in humbleness.
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One!

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Psalm 71:3-4
Martin Luther

1. 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.

2. 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 His name,
 From age to age the same;
 And He must win the battle.

3. And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us,
 We will not fear; for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.
 The prince of darkness grim—
 We trouble not for him.
 His rage we can endure,
 For Lo! his doom is sure:
 One little word shall fell him.
4. That word above all earthly pow'rs—
 No thanks to them—abideth.
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him Who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also,
 The body they may kill;
 God's truth abideth still.
 His kingdom is forever.