

Hymn No. 110

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

- 1 A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;
our helper he amid the flood of moral ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;
his craft and power 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 tremble 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 powers, no thanks to them, abideth;
the Spirit and the gifts are ours, thru 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.

Hymn No. 470

My God, I Love Thee

(11 o'clock service ONLY)

- 1 My God, I love thee, not because I hope for heaven thereby,
nor yet because, if I love not, I must forever die.
- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me upon the cross embrace;
for me didst bear the nails and spear and manifold disgrace.
- 3 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ, should I not love thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven, nor of escaping hell.
- 4 Not with the hope of gaining aught, not seeking a reward,
but as thyself hast loved me, O everlasting Lord.
- 5 So would I love thee, dearest Lord, and in thy praise will sing;
because thou art my loving God and my eternal King.

Hymn No. 452

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

- 1 My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior Divine!
Now hear me while I pray, take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart strength to my fainting heart, my zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee
pure, warm, and changeless be, a living fire!
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, and griefs around me spread,
be thou my guide; bid darkness turn to day, wipe sorrow's tears away,
nor let me ever stray from thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream, when death's cold, sullen stream
shall o'er me roll; blest Savior, then in love, fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above, a ransomed soul!