





# A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

MARTIN LUTHER

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Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;  
 2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing,  
 3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un-do us,  
 4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them a-bid-eth;

Our help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.  
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing.  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph thro' us.  
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours, Thro' Him who with us sid-eth.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sab-aoth is His.  
 The prince of dark-ness grim, We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en-  
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may

great, And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.  
 name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.  
 dure, For, lo! his doom is sure. One lit-tle word shall fell him.  
 kill; God's truth a bid-eth still. His king-dom is for-ev-er.

# My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER

LOWELL MASON

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry,  
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread,  
 4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul-len stream

Sav-our di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
 My zeal in-spire. As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my  
 Be Thou my Guide. Bid dark-ness turn to day; Wipe sor-row's  
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-our, then in love Fear and dis-

guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!  
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!  
 tears a-way; Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side!  
 trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove, A ran-somed soul!