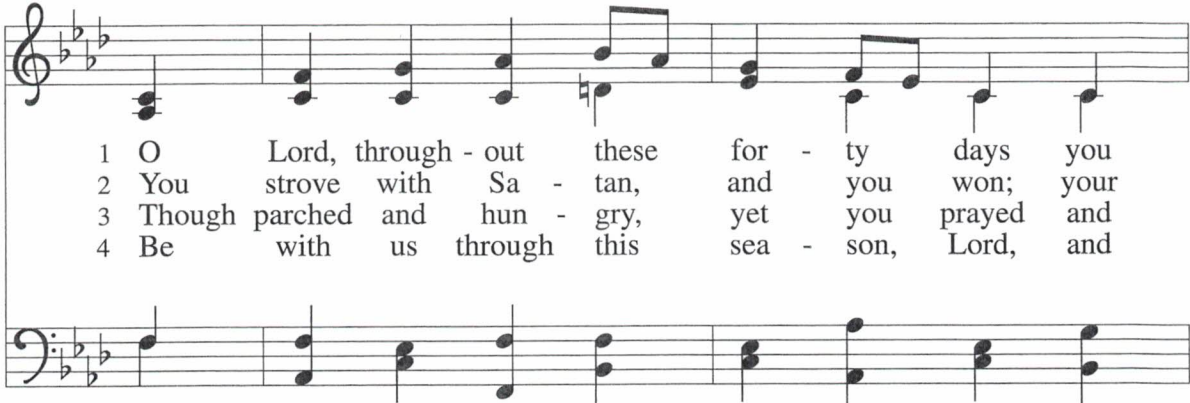
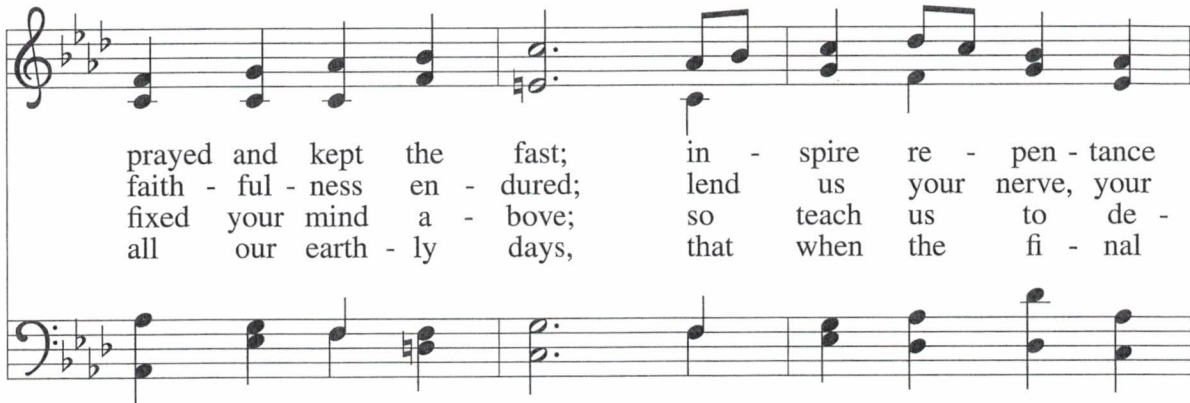



319 O Lord, throughout These Forty Days



1 O Lord, through - out these for - ty days you
 2 You strove with Sa - tan, and you won; your
 3 Though parched and hun - gry, yet you prayed and
 4 Be with us through this sea - son, Lord, and



prayed and kept the fast; in - spire re - pen - tance
 faith - ful - ness en - dured; lend us your nerve, your
 fixed your mind a - bove; so teach us to de -
 all our earth - ly days, that when the fi - nal



for our sin, and free us from our past.
 skill and trust in God's e - ter - nal word.
 ny our - selves that we may know God's love.
 Eas - ter dawns, we join in heav - en's praise.

I Want Jesus to Walk with Me

1 I want Je - sus to walk with me;
 2 In my tri - als, Lord, walk with me; walk with
 3 When I'm in trou - ble, Lord, walk with me;

me; I want Je - sus to walk with me;
 in my tri - als, Lord, walk with me; walk with
 when I'm in trou - ble, Lord, walk with me;

me; all a - long my pil - grim jour - ney,
 when my heart is al - most break - ing,
 when my head is bowed in sor - row,

Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me.
 Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me. walk with me.
 Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me.

504

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



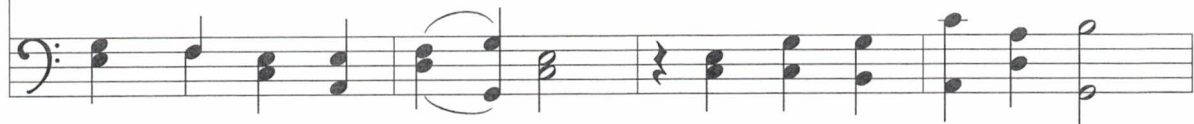
1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a sword and shield vic -
 2 No strength of ours can match his might! We would be lost, re -
 3 Though hordes of dev - ils fill the land all threat -'ning to de -
 4 God's Word for - ev - er shall a - bide, no thanks to foes, who



to - rious; he breaks the cruel op - pres - sor's rod and
 ject - ed. But now a cham - pion comes to fight, whom
 vour us, we trem - ble not, un - moved we stand; they
 fear it; for God him - self fights by our side with



wins sal - va - tion glo - rious. The old sa - tan - ic foe
 God him - self e - lect - ed. You ask who this may be?
 can - not o - ver - pow'r us. Let this world's ty - rant rage;
 weap - ons of the Spir - it. Were they to take our house,



has sworn to work us woe! With craft and dread - ful might
 The Lord of hosts is he! Christ Je - sus, might - y Lord,
 in bat - tle we'll en - gage! His might is doomed to fail;
 goods, hon - or, child, or spouse, though life be wrenched a - way,



he arms him - self to fight. On earth he has no e - qual.
 God's on - ly Son, a - dored. He holds the field vic - to - rious.
 God's judg - ment must pre - vail! One lit - tle word sub - dues him.
 they can - not win the day. The king - dom's ours for - ev - er!

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

505

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 A mighty fortress is our God,
 a bulwark never failing;
 our helper frees us from the flood
 of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe,
 forsworn to work us woe,
 with guile and dreadful might
 is armed to wage the fight:
 on earth there is no equal.</p> | <p>3 Though all the world with devils fill
 and threaten to devour us,
 we tremble not, we trust God's will:
 they cannot overpower us.
 Though Satan rant and rage,
 in fiercest war engage,
 this tyrant's doomed to fail;
 God's judgment must prevail!
 One little word shall triumph.</p> |
| <p>2 If we in our own strength confide,
 our striving turns to losing;
 the righteous one fights by our side,
 the one of God's own choosing.
 You ask who this may be:
 Christ Jesus, it is he,
 the Lord of hosts by name.
 No other God we claim!
 None else can win the battle.</p> | <p>4 God's Word shall stand above the pow'rs,
 shall end all their thanksgiving.
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours,
 for God with us is living.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 this mortal life also;
 though all of these be gone,
 they yet have nothing won.
 The kingdom's ours forever!</p> |