

THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST HYMNS

656 A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



1 A might - y for - tress is our God,
 2 With might of ours can naught be done,
 3 Though dev - ils all the world should fill,
 4 The Word they still shall let re - main



A trust - y shield and weap - on;
 Soon were our loss ef - fect - ed;
 All ea - ger to de - vour us,
 Nor an - y thanks have for it;



He helps us free from ev - 'ry need
 But for us fights the val - iant One,
 We trem - ble not, we fear no ill;
 He's by our side up - on the plain



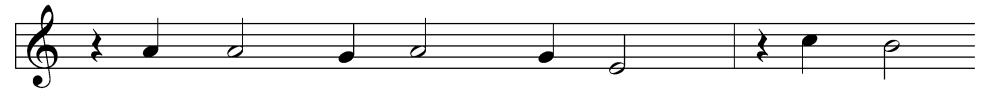
That hath us now o'er - tak - en.
 Whom God Him - self e - lect - ed.
 They shall not o - ver - pow'r us.
 With His good gifts and Spir - it.



The old e - vil foe Now means
 Ask ye, Who is this? Je - sus
 This world's prince may still Scowl fierce
 And take they our life, Goods, fame,



dead - ly woe; Deep guile and great might
 Christ it is, Of Sab - a - oth Lord,
 as he will, He can harm us none.
 child, and wife, Though these all be gone,



Are his dread arms in fight; On earth
 And there's none oth - er God; He holds
 He's judged; the deed is done; One lit -
 Our vic - t'ry has been won; The King -



is not his e - qual.
 the field for - ev - er.
 tle word can fell him.
 dom ours re - main eth.

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566 By Grace I'm Saved



1 By grace I'm saved, grace free and bound-less; My soul, be-lieve and
 2 By grace! None dare lay claim to mer - it; Our works and con - duct
 3 By grace God's Son, our on - ly Sav - ior, Came down to earth to
 4 By grace! This ground of faith is cer - tain; As long as God is



doubt it not. Why stag - ger at this word of prom - ise?
 have no worth. God in His love sent our Re - deem - er,
 bear our sin. Was it be - cause of your own mer - it
 true, it stands. What saints have penned by in - spi - ra - tion,



Has Scrip - ture ev - er false - hood taught? No! Then this word must
 Christ Je - sus, to this sin - ful earth; His death did for our
 That Je - sus died your soul to win? No, it was grace, and
 What in His Word our God com - mands, Our faith in what our



true re - main: By grace you too will life ob - tain.
 sins a - tone, And we are saved by grace a - lone.
 grace a - lone, That brought Him from His heav'n - ly throne.
 God has done De - pends on grace— grace through His Son.

5 By grace to timid hearts that tremble,
 In tribulation's furnace tried,
 By grace, in spite of fear and trouble,
 The Father's heart is open wide.
 Where could I help and strength secure
 If grace were not my anchor sure?

6 By grace! On this I'll rest when dying;
 In Jesus' promise I rejoice;
 For though I know my heart's condition,
 I also know my Savior's voice.
 My heart is glad, all grief has flown
 Since I am saved by grace alone.

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867 Let Children Hear the Mighty Deeds



1 Let chil - dren hear the might - y deeds Which God per -
 2 So make to them His glo - ries known, His works of
 3 Our sons and daugh - ters we shall tell And they a -
 4 O teach them with all dil - i - gence The truths of
 5 To learn that in our God a - lone Their hope se -



formed of old, Which in our youn - ger
 pow'r and grace; And we'll con - vey His
 gain to theirs That gen - er - a - tions
 God's own Word, To place in Him their
 cure - ly stands, That they may nev - er



days we saw, And which our par - ents told.
 won - ders down Through ev - 'ry ris - ing race.
 yet un - born May teach them to their heirs.
 con - fi - dence, To fear and trust their Lord,
 doubt His love But walk in His com - mands.

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524 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds



1 How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In
 2 It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole And
 3 Dear name! The rock on which I build, My
 4 O Je - sus, shep - herd, guard - ian, friend, My



a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes our sor - rows,
 calms the heart's un - rest; 'Tis man - na to the
 shield and hid - ing place; My nev - er - fail - ing
 Proph - et, Priest, and King, My Lord, my life, my



heals our wounds, And drives a - way our fear.
 hun - gry soul And to the wea - ry, rest.
 trea - sury filled With bound - less stores of grace.
 way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

5 How weak the effort of my heart,
 How cold my warmest thought!
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death!

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565 Thy Works, Not Mine, O Christ



1 Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak glad-ness to this heart;
 2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ, Can heal my bruised soul;
 3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ, Has borne the crushing load
 4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ, Has paid the ransom due;
 5 Thy righteous-ness, O Christ, Alone can cover me;



They tell me all is done, They bid my fear depart.
 Thy stripes, not mine, contain The balm that makes me whole.
 Of sins that none could bear But the incarnate God.
 Ten thousand deaths like mine Would have been all too few.
 No righteousness avails Save that which is of Thee.

Refrain



To whom save Thee, Who canst alone For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

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624 The Infant Priest Was Holy Born



1 The infant Priest was holy born For us un-
 2 This great High Priest in human flesh Was icon
 3 The holy Lamb undaunted came To God's own
 4 But death would not the victor be Of Him who



holy and forlorn; From fleshly temple
 of God's righteousness. His hallowed touch brought
 altar lit with flame; While weeping angels
 hung upon the tree. He leads us to the



forth came He, Anointed from eternity.
 sanctity; His hand removed impurity.
 hid their eyes, This Priest became a sacrifice.
 Holy Place Within the veil, before God's face.

5 The veil is torn, our Priest we see,
 As at the rail on bended knee
 Our hungry mouths from Him receive
 The bread of immortality.

6 The body of God's Lamb we eat,
 A priestly food and priestly meat;
 On sin-parched lips the chalice pours
 His quenching blood that life restores.

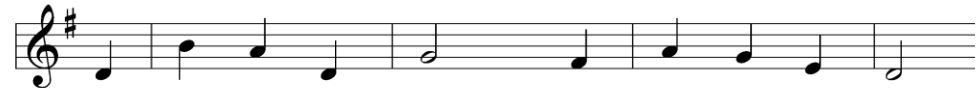
7 With cherubim and seraphim
 Our voices join the endless hymn,
 And "Holy, holy, holy" sing
 To Christ, God's Lamb, our Priest and King.

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665 Be Strong in the Lord



1 Be strong in the Lord In armor of light,
 2 Integrity gird You round to impart
 3 With eagerness shod Stand firm in your place,
 4 Though Satan presume To test you and try,
 5 So wield well your blade, Rejoice in its powers,



With helmet and sword, With shield for the fight;
 The truth of His Word As truth in your heart;
 Or go forth for God With news of His grace;
 In helmet and plume Your head shall be high;
 Fight on undismayed For Jesus is ours!



On prayer be dependent, Be belted and shod,
 His righteousness wearing As breast-plate of mail,
 No foe shall disarm you Nor force you to yield,
 Be set by temptation Be true to your Lord,
 Then in Him victorious Your armor lay down,



In breast-plate resplendent: The armor of God.
 His victory sharing, Be strong to prevail.
 No arrow can harm you With faith as your shield.
 Your helmet salvation And Scripture your sword.
 To praise, ever glorious, His cross and His crown.

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