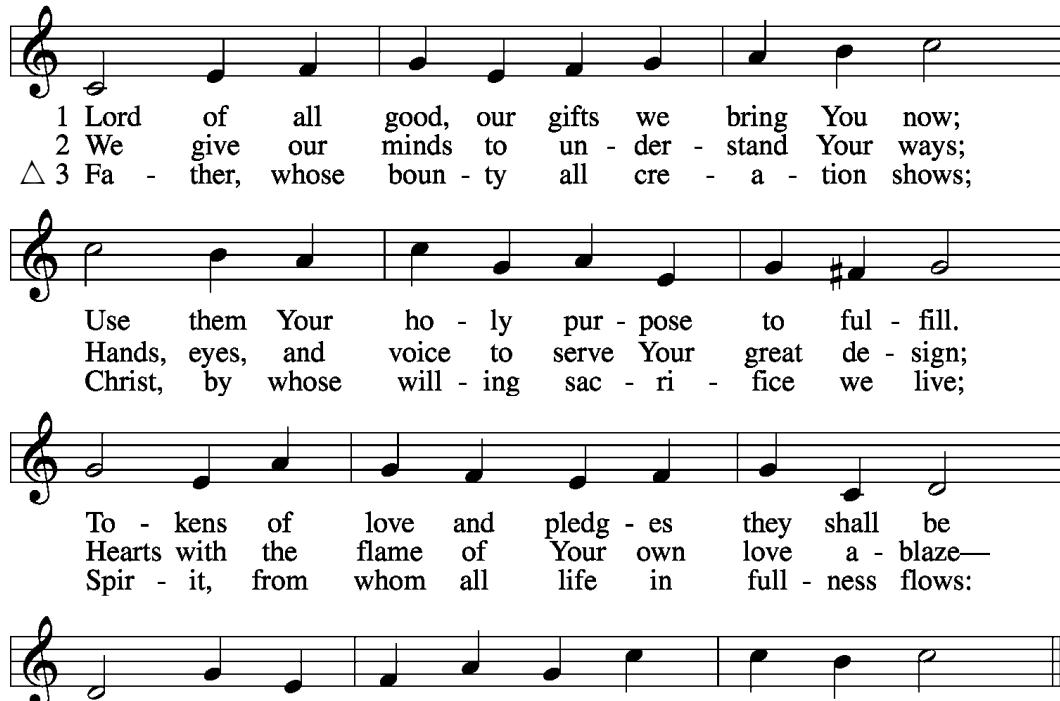


HYMNS

Lord of All Good

786



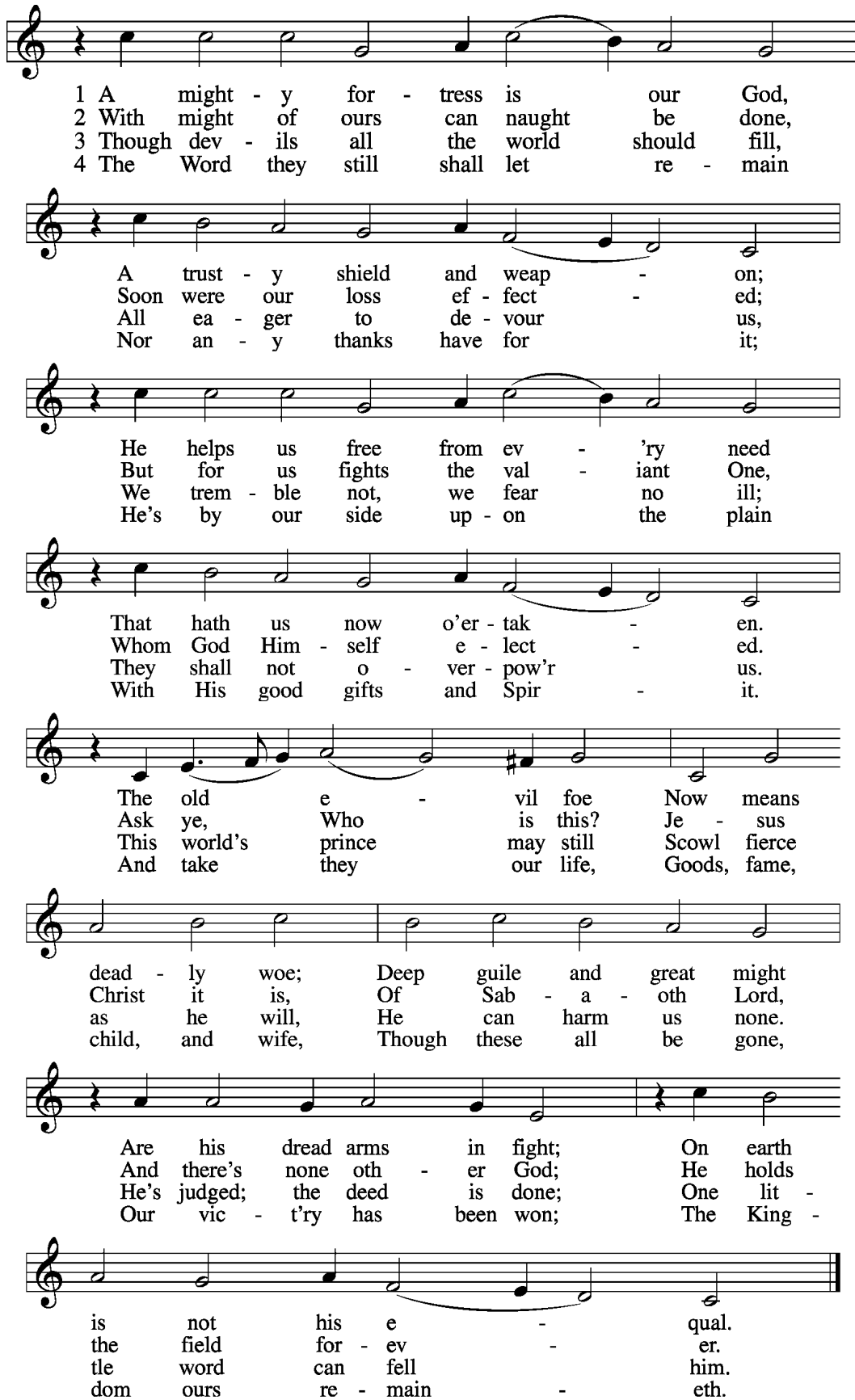
1 Lord of all good, our gifts we bring You now;  
2 We give our minds to un - der - stand Your ways;  
△ 3 Fa - ther, whose boun - ty all cre - a - tion shows;

Use them Your ho - ly pur - pose to ful - fill.  
Hands, eyes, and voice to serve Your great de - sign;  
Christ, by whose will - ing sac - ri - fice we live;

To - kens of love and pledg - es they shall be  
Hearts with the flame of Your own love a - blaze—  
Spir - it, from whom all life in full - ness flows:

That our whole life is of - fered to Your will.  
Thus for Your glo - ry all our pow'rs com - bine.  
To You with grate - ful hearts our - selves we give.

Text: Albert F. Bayly, 1901–84, alt.  
Tune: Henry Lawes, 1595–1662  
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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 er.  
 dom ours re - main him.  
 eth.




1 The Lamb, the Lamb, O Fa - ther, where's the sac - ri - fice?  
 2 The Lamb, the Lamb, One per - fect fi - nal of - fer - ing.  
 3 The Lamb, the Lamb, As way - ward sheep their shep - herd kill  
 4 He sighs, He dies, He takes my sin and wretch - ed - ness.  
 5 He rose, He rose, My heart with thanks now o - ver - flows.




Faith sees, be - lieves God will pro - vide the Lamb of price!  
 The Lamb, the Lamb, Let earth join heav'n His praise to sing.  
 So still, His will On our be - half the Law to fill.  
 He lives, for - gives, He gives me His own righ - teous - ness.  
 His song pro - long Till ev - 'ry heart to Him be - long.

*Refrain*



Wor - thy is the Lamb whose death makes me His



own! The Lamb is reign - ing on His throne!

*Text and Tune: Gerald P. Coleman, b. 1953*  
*Text and Tune: © 1987 and 1997 MorningStar Music Publishers.*  
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**Hymn 656**  
*Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546;*  
*tr. composite*  
*Tune: Martin Luther*  
*Text and Tune: Public domain*

# Jesus, Lead Thou On

718



1 Je - sus, lead Thou on Till our rest is won; And al-though the  
2 If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faith-less  
3 When we seek re - lief From a long-felt grief, When temp - ta - tions  
4 Je - sus, lead Thou on Till our rest is won. Heav'n-ly lead - er,



way be cheer-less, We will fol - low calm and fear-less.  
fears o'er - take us; Let not faith and hope for-sake us;  
come al - lur - ing, Make us pa - tient and en - dur - ing.  
still di - rect us, Still sup - port, con - sole, pro - tect us,



Guide us by Thy hand To our fa - ther - land.  
For through man - y a woe To our home we go.  
Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more.  
Till we safe - ly stand In our fa - ther - land.

# O Christ, You Walked the Road

424



1 O Christ, You walked the road Our wan-d'ring feet must go.  
2 No bread of earth a-lone Can fill our hun-g'ring hearts.  
3 No blind-ing sign we ask, No won-der from a-bove.  
4 When lures of eas-y gain With prom-ise bright-ly shine,  
5 O Christ, You walked the road Our wan-d'ring feet must go.



You faced with us temp-ta-tion's pow'r And fought our an-cient foe.  
Lord, help us seek Your liv-ing Word, The food Your grace im-parts.  
Lord, help us place our trust a-lone In Your un-swerv-ing love.  
Lord, help us seek Your king-dom first; Our wills with Yours a-lign.  
Stay with us through temp-ta-tion's hour To fight our an-cient foe.

## Hymn 718

Text: Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1700–60;  
tr. Jane L. Borthwick, 1813–97, alt.  
Tune: Adam Drese, 1620–1701  
Text and Tune: Public domain

## Hymn 424

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Tune: William Daman, c. 1540–91  
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