

HYMNS

Holy, Holy, Holy

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1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
2 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,  
3 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though the dark - ness hide Thee,  
4 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y!  
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,  
On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee,  
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y!



God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
Which wert and art and ev - er - more shalt be.  
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

# Rise! To Arms! With Prayer Employ You

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1 Rise! To arms! With prayer em-ploy you, O Chris-tians, lest the  
 2 Cast a - far this world's vain plea - sure And bold - ly strive for  
 3 Wise - ly fight, for time is fleet - ing; The hours of grace are



foe de-destroy you; For Sa - tan has de-signed your fall.  
 heav'n-ly trea - sure. Be stead-fast in the Sav - ior's might.  
 fast re-treat - ing; Short, short is this our earth - ly way.



Wield God's Word, the weap - on glo - rious; A - gainst all foes be  
 Trust the Lord, who stands be - side you, For Je - sus from all  
 When the Lord the dead will wak - en And sin - ners all by



thus vic - to - rious, For God pro-TECTS you from them all.  
 harm will hide you. By faith you con-quer in the fight.  
 fear are shak - en, The saints with joy will greet that day.



Fear not the hordes of hell, Here is Em - man - u - el.  
 Take cour - age, wea - ry soul! Look for - ward to the goal!  
 Praise God, our tri-umph's sure. We need not long en-dure



Hail the Sav - ior! The strong foes yield To Christ, our shield,  
 Joy a - waits you. The race well run, Your long war won,  
 Scorn and tri - al. Our Sav - ior King His own will bring



And we, the vic - tors, hold the field.  
 Your crown shines splen - did as the sun.  
 To that great glo - ry which we sing.

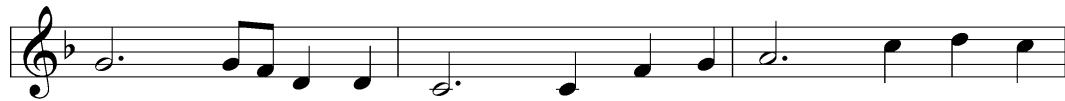
*Text: Wilhelm Erasmus Arends, 1677–1721;  
 tr. John M. Sloan, 1835–after 1890, alt.  
 Tune: Philipp Nicolai, 1556–1608  
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# The Tree of Life

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1 The tree of life with ev - 'ry good In E - den's  
 2 The still - ness of that sa - cred grove Was bro - ken,  
 3 What mer - cy God showed to our race, A plan of  
 4 Now from that tree of Je - sus' shame Flows life e -



ho - ly or - chard stood, And of its fruit so pure and  
 as the ser - pent strove With tempt - ing voice Eve to be -  
 res - cue by His grace: In send - ing One from wom - an's  
 ter - nal in His name; For all who trust and will be -



sweet God let the man and wom - an eat. Yet in this  
 guile And Ad - am too by sin de - file. O day of  
 seed, The One to fill our great - est need— For on a  
 lieve, Sal - va - tion's liv - ing fruit re - ceive. And of this



gar - den al - so grew An - oth - er tree, of which they  
 sad - ness when the breath Of fear and dark - ness, doubt and  
 tree up - lift - ed high His on - ly Son for sin would  
 fruit so pure and sweet The Lord in - vites the world to



knew; Its love - ly limbs with fruit a -  
 death, Its aw - ful poi - son first dis -  
 die, Would drink the cup of scorn and  
 eat, To find with - in this cross of



dorned A - gainst whose eat - ing God had warned.  
 played With - in the world so new - ly made.  
 dread To crush the an - cient ser - pent's head!  
 wood The tree of life with ev - 'ry good.

*Text: Stephen P. Starke, b. 1955*

*Tune: Bruce W. Becker, b. 1952*

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# In Adam We Have All Been One

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1 In Ad - am we have all been one, One huge re - bel - lious man;  
2 We fled Thee, and in los - ing Thee We lost our broth - er too;  
3 But Thy strong love, it sought us still And sent Thine on - ly Son  
4 O Thou who, when we loved Thee not, Didst love and save us all,



We all have fled that eve - ning voice That sought us as we ran.  
Each sin - gly sought and claimed his own; Each man his broth - er slew.  
That we might hear His Shep - herd's voice And, hear - ing Him, be one.  
Thou great Good Shep - herd of man - kind, O hear us when we call.

5 Send us Thy Spirit, teach us truth;  
Thou Son, O set us free  
From fancied wisdom, self-sought ways,  
To make us one in Thee.

△ 6 Then shall our song united rise  
To Thine eternal throne,  
Where with the Father evermore  
And Spirit Thou art one.

*Text: Martin H. Franzmann, 1907-76*  
*Tune: Southern Harmony, New Haven, 1835*  
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# I Walk in Danger All the Way

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1 I walk in dan - ger all the way. The thought shall nev - er  
 2 I pass through tri - als all the way, With sin and ills con -  
 3 And death pur - sues me all the way, No - where I rest se -  
 4 I walk with an - gels all the way, They shield me and be -



leave me That Sa - tan, who has marked his prey, Is  
 tend - ing; In pa - tience I must bear each day The  
 cure - ly; He comes by night, he comes by day, He  
 friend me; All Sa - tan's pow'r is held at bay When



plot - ting to de - ceive me. This foe with hid - den snares  
 cross of God's own send - ing. When in ad - ver - si - ty  
 takes his prey most sure - ly. A fail - ing breath, and I  
 heav'n - ly hosts at - tend me; They are my sure de - fense,



May seize me un - a - wares If I should fail to  
 I know not where to flee, When storms of woe my  
 In death's strong grasp may lie To face e - ter - ni -  
 All fear and sor - row, hence! Un - harmed by foes, do



watch and pray. I walk in dan - ger all the way.  
 soul dis - may, I pass through tri - als all the way.  
 ty to - day As death pur - sues me all the way.  
 what they may, I walk with an - gels all the way.

5 I walk with Jesus all the way,  
 His guidance never fails me;  
 Within His wounds I find a stay  
 When Satan's pow'r assails me;  
 And by His footsteps led,  
 My path I safely tread.  
 No evil leads my soul astray;  
 I walk with Jesus all the way.

6 My walk is heav'nward all the way;  
 Await, my soul, the morrow,  
 When God's good healing shall allay  
 All suff'ring, sin, and sorrow.  
 Then, worldly pomp, begone!  
 To heav'n I now press on.  
 For all the world I would not stay;  
 My walk is heav'nward all the way.

*Text: Hans Adolf Brorson, 1694–1764;  
 tr. Ditlef G. Ristad, 1863–1938, alt.  
 Tune: Geist-reiches Gesang-Buch, 4th ed., Halle, 1708  
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# Jerusalem, My Happy Home

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1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home,  
2 O hap - py har - bor of the saints,  
3 Thy gar - dens and thy gal - lant walks  
4 There trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit



When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows  
O sweet and pleas - ant soil! In thee no sor - row  
Con - tin - ual - ly are green; There grow such sweet and  
And ev - er - more do spring; There ev - er - more the



have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.  
pleas - ant flow'rs As no - where else are seen.  
an - gels dwell And ev - er - more do sing.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Savior stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

6 O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare  
For that bright home of love  
That I may see Thee and adore  
With all Thy saints above.

*Text: F. B. P., 16th cent., alt.  
Tune: American  
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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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