

HYMNS

How Firm a Foundation

728

1 How firm a foun - da - tion, O saints of the Lord,
2 "Fear not! I am with you, O be not dis - mayed,
3 "The soul that on Je - sus has leaned for re - pose
4 "When through fi - ery tri - als your path - way will lie,
5 "Through - out all their life - time My peo - ple will prove

Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word!
For I am your God and will still give you aid;
I will not, I will not, de - sert to his foes;
My grace, all - suf - fi - cient, will be your sup - ply.
My sov - 'reign, e - ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love;

What more can He say than to you He has said
I'll strength - en you, help you, and cause you to stand,
That soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake,
The flames will not hurt you; I on - ly de - sign
And then, when gray hairs will their tem - ples a - dorn,

Who un - to the Sav - ior for ref - uge have fled?
Up - held by My righ - teous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er, for - sake!
Your dross to con - sume and your gold to re - fine.
Like lambs they will still in My bos - om be borne."

Eternal Father, Strong to Save

717

Also known as the Navy Hymn



1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the
2 O Christ, whose voice the wa - ters heard And hushed their rag - ing
3 Most Ho - ly Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os
4 O Trin - i - ty of love and pow'r, Our peo - ple shield in



rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its
at Thy word, Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep And
dark and rude, And bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, And
dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro -



own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we
calm a - mid its rage didst sleep: O hear us when we
give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace: O hear us when we
tect them where - so - e'er they go; Thus ev - er - more shall



cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
rise to Thee Glad praise from air and land and sea.

Note: stanzas 2 and 3 above are the original text
(on facing page in *LSB*).

*Text: William Whiting, 1825–78, alt.
Tune: John B. Dykes, 1823–76
Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 Eve - ning and morn - ing, Sun - set and dawn - ing, Wealth, peace, and
2 Fa - ther, O hear me, Par - don and spare me; Calm all my
3 Ills that still grieve me Soon are to leave me; Though bil - lows
4 To God in heav - en All praise be giv - en! Come, let us



glad - ness, Com - fort in sad - ness: These are Thy works; all the
ter - rors, Blot out my er - rors That by Thine eyes they may
tow - er, And winds gain pow - er, Af - ter the storm the fair
of - fer And glad - ly prof - fer To the Cre - a - tor the



glo - ry be Thine! Times with - out num - ber, A - wake or in
no more be scanned. Or - der my go - ings, Di - rect all my
sun shows its face. Joys e'er in - creas - ing And peace nev - er
gifts He doth prize. He well re - ceiv - eth A heart that be -



slum - ber, Thine eye ob - serves us, From dan - ger pre - serves us,
do - ings; As it may please Thee, Re - tain or re - lease me;
ceas - ing; These shall I trea - sure And share in full mea - sure
liev - eth; Hymns that a - dore Him Are pre - cious be - fore Him



Caus - ing Thy mer - cy up - on us to shine.
All I com - mit to Thy fa - ther - ly hand.
When in His man - sions God grants me a place.
And to His throne like sweet in - cense a - rise.

*Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76;
tr. Richard Massie, 1800–87, sts. 1–2, alt;
tr. Hermann H. M. Brueckner, 1866–1942, sts. 3–4, alt.
Tune: Johann G. Ebeling, 1637–76
Text (sts. 3–4): © 1930 Augsburg Publishing House.
Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110002193
Text (sts. 1–2) and Tune: Public domain*

When in the Hour of Deepest Need

615



1 When in the hour of deep - est need We know not
 2 Then is our com - fort this a - lone That we may
 3 For You have prom - ised, Lord, to heed Your chil - dren's
 4 And so we come, O God, to - day And all our
 5 O from our sins, Lord, turn Your face; Ab - solve us
 6 So we with all our hearts each day To You our



where to look for aid; When days and nights of
 meet be - fore Your throne; To You, O faith - ful
 cries in time of need Through Him whose name a -
 woes be - fore You lay; For sore - ly tried, cast
 through Your bound - less grace. Be with us in our
 glad thanks - giv - ing pay, Then walk o - be - dient



anx - ious thought No help or coun - sel yet have brought,
 God, we cry For res - cue in our mis - er - y.
 lone is great, Our Sav - ior and our ad - vo - cate.
 down, we stand, Per - plexed by fears on ev - 'ry hand.
 an - guish still; Free us at last from ev - 'ry ill.
 to Your Word, And now and ev - er praise You, Lord.

*Text: Paul Eber, 1511–69;
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
 Tune: Louis Bourgeois, c. 1510–61
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Sing Praise to God, the Highest Good

819



1 Sing praise to God, the high - est good, The au - thor of cre -
 2 What God's al - might - y pow'r has made, In mer - cy He is
 3 We sought the Lord in our dis - tress; O God, in mer - cy
 4 He nev - er shall for - sake His flock, His cho - sen gen - er -
 5 All who con - fess Christ's ho - ly name, Give God the praise and



a - tion, The God of love who un - der - stood
 keep - ing. By morn - ing glow or eve - ning shade
 hear us. Our Sav - ior saw our help - less - ness
 a - tion; He is their ref - uge and their rock,
 glo - ry. Let all who know His pow'r pro - claim



Our need for His sal - va - tion. With heal - ing balm our
 His eye is nev - er sleep - ing. With - in the king - dom
 And came with peace to cheer us. For this we thank and
 Their peace and their sal - va - tion. As with a moth - er's
 A - loud the won - drous sto - ry. Cast ev - 'ry i - dol



souls He fills And ev - 'ry faith - less mur - mur stills:
 of His might All things are just and good and right:
 praise the Lord, Who is by one and all a - dored:
 ten - der hand, He leads His own, His cho - sen band:
 from its throne, For God is God, and He a - lone:



To God all praise and glo - ry!
 To God all praise and glo - ry!
 To God all praise and glo - ry!
 To God all praise and glo - ry!
 To God all praise and glo - ry!

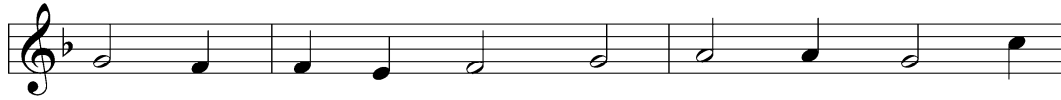
*Text: Johann Jacob Schütz, 1640–90;
 tr. Frances E. Cox, 1812–97, adapt., sts. 1–3, 5;
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, adapt., st. 4
 Tune: Melchior Vulpinus, c. 1570–1615
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Lord Jesus Christ, We Humbly Pray

623



1 Lord Je - sus Christ, we hum - bly pray That we may
2 Give us, who share this won - drous food, Your bod - y
3 By faith Your Word has made us bold To seize the
4 One bread, one cup, one bod - y, we, Re - joic - ing
5 Lord Je - sus Christ, we hum - bly pray: O keep us



feast on You to - day; Be - neath these forms of
bro - ken and Your blood, The grate - ful peace of
gift of love re - told; All that You are we
in our u - ni - ty, Pro - claim Your love un -
stead - fast till that day When each will be Your



bread and wine En - rich us with Your grace di - vine.
sins for - giv'n, The cer - tain joys of heirs of heav'n.
here re - ceive, And all we are to You we give.
til You come To bring Your scat - tered loved ones home.
wel - comed guest In heav - en's high and ho - ly feast.

*Text: Henry E. Jacobs, 1844–1932, alt.
Tune: Cationale Germanicum, Gochsheim, 1628
Text and Tune: Public domain*

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

661



1 The Son of God goes forth to war A king - ly crown to gain.
2 The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3 A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spir - it came,
4 A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his mas - ter in the sky And called on Him to save.
Twelve val - iant saints—their hope they knew And mocked the cross and flame.
A - round the Sav - ior's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed.



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um-phunt o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,
They met the ty - rant's bran-dished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane;
They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Through per - il, toil, and pain.



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low— He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for those who did the wrong— Who fol - lows in his train?
They bowed their necks their death to feel— Who fol - lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

*Text: Reginald Heber, 1783–1826, alt.
Tune: Henry S. Cutler, 1824–1902
Text and Tune: Public domain*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Created using Lutheran Service Builder © 2006 Concordia Publishing House.