

HYMNS

Evening and Morning

726



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;
(sts. 1–2): tr. Richard Massie, 1800–87, alt.;
(sts. 3–4): tr. Hermann H. M. Brueckner, 1866–1942, alt.
Tune: Johann G. Ebeling, 1637–76
Text (sts. 1–2) and Tune: Public domain

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O Little Flock, Fear Not the Foe

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1 O lit - tle flock, fear not the foe Who mad - ly
2 Be of good cheer; your cause be - longs To Him who
3 As true as God's own Word is true, Not earth nor
4 A - men, Lord Je - sus, grant our prayer; Great Cap - tain,



seeks your o - ver - throw; Dread not his rage and pow'r.
can a - venge your wrongs; Leave it to Him, our Lord.
hell's sa - tan - ic crew A - gainst us shall pre - vail.
now Thine arm make bare, Fight for us once a - gain!



And though your cour - age some-times faints, His seem - ing
Though hid - den yet from mor - tal eyes, His Gid - eon
Their might? A joke, a mere fa - cade! God is with
So shall Thy saints and mar - tyrs raise A might - y



tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.
shall for you a - rise, Up - hold you and His Word.
us and we with God— Our vic - t'ry can - not fail.
cho - rus to Thy praise For - ev - er - more. A - men.

*Text: Jacob Fabricius, 1593–1654;
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
Tune: German, 1534, Nürnberg
Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 Je - sus, price-less trea - sure, Fount of pur - est plea - sure,
2 In Thine arms I rest me; Foes who would mo - lest me
3 Sa - tan, I de - fy thee; Death, I now de - cry thee;
4 Hence, all earth - ly trea - sure! Je - sus is my plea - sure,



Tru - est friend to me, Ah, how long in an - guish
Can - not reach me here. Though the earth be shak - ing,
Fear, I bid thee cease. World, thou shalt not harm me
Je - sus is my choice. Hence, all emp - ty glo - ry!



Shall my spir - it lan - guish, Yearn - ing, Lord, for Thee?
Ev - 'ry heart be quak - ing, Je - sus calms my fear.
Nor thy threats a - larm me While I sing of peace.
Naught to me thy sto - ry Told with tempt - ing voice.



Thou art mine, O Lamb di - vine! I will suf - fer
Light - nings flash And thun - ders crash; Yet, though sin and
God's great pow'r Guards ev - 'ry hour; Earth and all its
Pain or loss, Or shame or cross, Shall not from my



naught to hide Thee; Naught I ask be - side Thee.
hell as - sail me, Je - sus will not fail me.
depths a - dore Him, Si - lent bow be - fore Him.
Sav - ior move me Since He deigns to love me.

5 Evil world, I leave thee;
Thou canst not deceive me,
Thine appeal is vain.
Sin that once did blind me,
Get thee far behind me,
Come not forth again.
Past thy hour,
O pride and pow'r;
Sinful life, thy bonds I sever,
Leave thee now forever.

6 Hence, all fear and sadness!
For the Lord of gladness,
Jesus, enters in.
Those who love the Father,
Though the storms may gather,
Still have peace within.
Yea, whate'er
I here must bear,
Thou art still my purest pleasure,
Jesus, priceless treasure!

How Firm a Foundation

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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."

*Text: A Selection of Hymns, 1787, London, alt.
 Tune: Genuine Church Music, 1832, Winchester
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Hymn 743 (prev page)
*Text: Johann Franck, 1618–77;
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
 Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662
 Text and tune: Public domain*



1 Saints, see the cloud of wit - ness - es sur - round us;
 2 These saints of old re - ceived God's com - men - da - tion;
 3 They call to us, "Your tim - id foot - steps length - en;
 4 Come, let us fix our sight on Christ who suf - fered,



Their lives of faith en - cour - age and as - tound us.
 They lived as pil - grim - heirs of His sal - va - tion.
 Throw off sin's weight, your halt - ing weak - ness strength - en.
 He faced the cross, His sin - less life He of - fered;



Hear how the Mas - ter praised their faith so
 Through faith they con - quered flame and sword and
 We kept the faith, we shed our blood, were
 He scorned the shame, He died, our death en -



fer - vent: "Well done, My ser - vant!"
 gal - lows, God's name to hal - low.
 mar - tyred; Our lives we bar - tered."
 dur - ing, Our hope se - cur - ing.

- 5 Lord, give us faith to walk where You are sending,
 On paths unmarked, eyes blind as to their ending;
 Not knowing where we go, but that You lead us—
 With grace precede us.
- 6 You, Jesus, You alone deserve all glory!
 Our lives unfold, embraced within Your story;
 Past, present, future—You, the same forever—
 You fail us never!

Text: Stephen P. Starke, b. 1955

Tune: Dale Wood, 1934–2003

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We Sing for All the Unsung Saints

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1 We sing for all the un-sung saints, That count-less, name-less throng,
2 Though un-in-scribed with date or place, With ti-tle, rank, or name,
3 So we take heart from un-known saints Be-reft of earth-ly fame,



Who kept the faith and passed it on With hope stead-fast and strong
As liv-ing stones their sto-ries join To form a hal-lowed frame
Those faith-ful ones who have re-ceived A more en-dur-ing name:



Through all the dai-ly griefs and joys No chron-i-cles re-cord,
A-round the mys-t'ry in their midst: The Lamb once sac-ri-ficed,
For they re-veal true bless-ing comes When we our pride ef-face



For-get-ful of their lack of fame, But mind-ful of their Lord.
The Love that wrest-ed life from death, The wound-ed, ris-en Christ.
And of-fer back our lives to be The ves-sels of God's grace.

Text: Carl P. Daw, Jr., b. 1944

Tune: Henry S. Cutler, 1824–1902

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