

## How Firm a Foundation

FOUNDATION • 11.11.11.11.

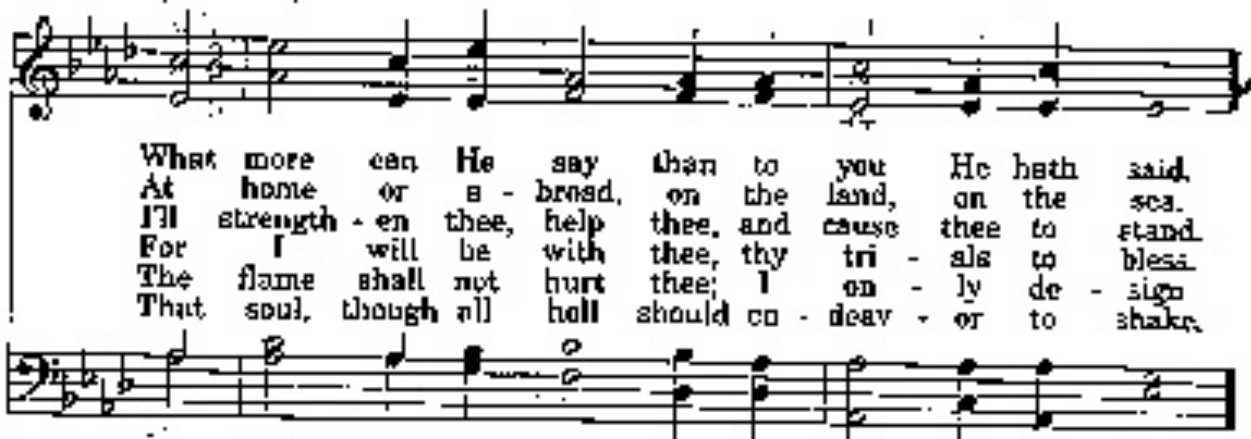
Rippon's Selection of Hymns, 1787

Joseph Frick's  
Genuine Church Music, 1832


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, yo saints of the Lord,  
2. "In ev - 'ry con - di - tion - in sick - ness, in health,  
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed,  
4. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,  
5. "When through fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall be,  
6. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose,



Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word,  
In pov - er - ty's vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth;  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;  
The riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow,  
My grace all - suf - fi - cient shall be thy sup - ply;  
I will not, I will not de - sert to his foes.



What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
At home or a - broad, on the land, on the sea,  
I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
For I will be with thee, thy tri - als to bless,  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign  
That soul, though all hell should con - deav - or to shake,



To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
As days may de - mand, shall thy strength ev - er be  
Up - held by My gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand,  
And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress,  
Thy dress to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine,  
I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake."

**How Oft, Alas! This Wretched Heart**  
**Anna Steele (to 70 O For A Heart to Praise My God!)**

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart  
Has wandered from the Lord!  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of His word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"  
Dear Lord, and may I come?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove?  
And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
To speak Thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power,  
How glorious, how divine!  
That can to life and bliss restore  
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Saviour, I adore:  
O keep me at Thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.



Thee; All things are pos - si - ble to me.  
 Thee; All things are pos - si - ble to me.  
 free, All things are pos - si - ble to me.  
 prove The sweet an - ni - pa - tence of love.

## No, Not Despairingly

535

REA • 5.4.5.4.6.5.4.

Horatius BONAY, 1808-1889

Judith W. Rea, b. 1959



1. No, not de - spair - ing - ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis -  
 2. Ah! mine in - i - qui - ty Crim - son has been, In - fi - nite,  
 3. Lord, I con - fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin; All I am  
 4. Faith - ful and just art Thou For - giv - ing all; Lov - ing and  
 5. Then all is peace and light This soul with - in; Thus shall I

trust - ing - ly Bend I the knee: Sin hath gone o - ver me,  
 in - fi - nite Sin up - on sin; Sto of not lov - ing Thee,  
 tell I Thee, All I have been; Purge Thou my sin a - way,  
 kind art Thou When poor ones call: Lord, let the cleans - ing blood,  
 walk with Thee, The loved Un - seen; Lean - ing on Thee, my God,

Yet is this still my plea, Je - sus hath died.  
 Sin of not trust - ing Thee, In - fi - nite sin.  
 Wash Thou my soul this day; Lord, make me clean.  
 Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.  
 Guid - ed a - long the road, Noth - ing be - tween.

## 18 Thou, the God Who Changes Never

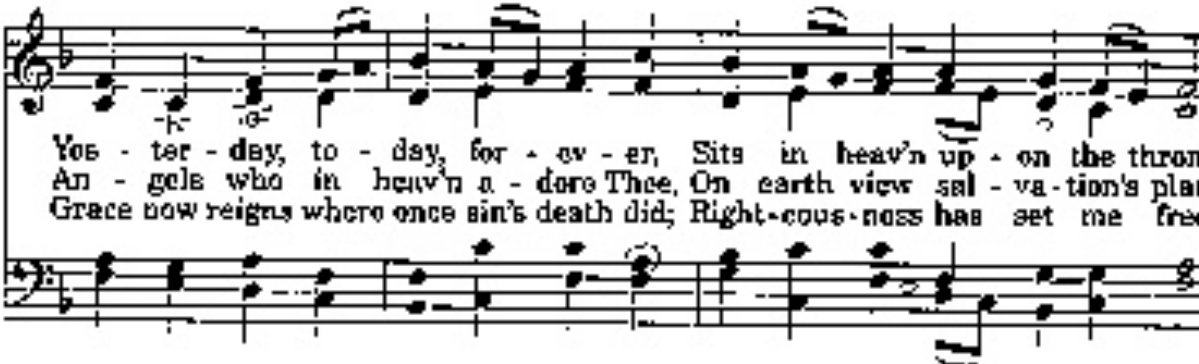
KIMBRO ♦ B.7.B.7.D.

Reginald C. Kimbro, b. 1962

Gregory H. Munger, b. 19



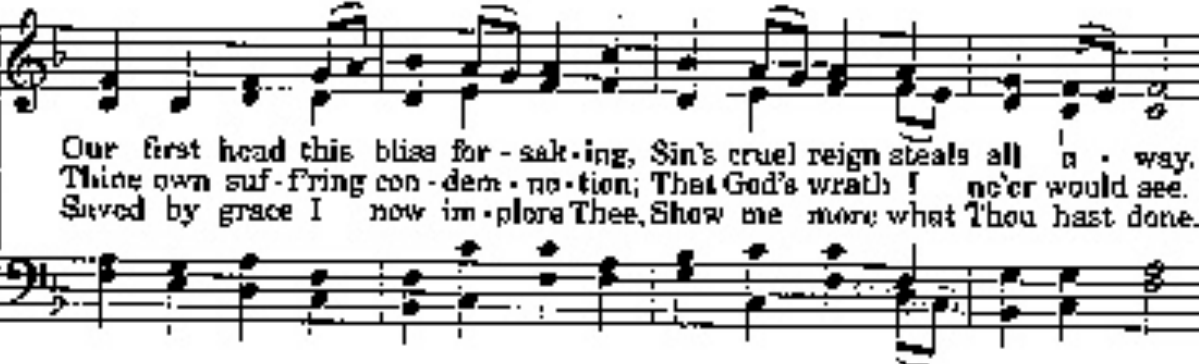
1. Thou, the God Who changes nev-er; Thou, whose glo-ry is Thine own  
 2. Christ-E-ter-nal Son of Glo-ry-Christ-In-car-nate Son of Ma-  
 3. Thou Who didst send out Thy Spir-it; Thou Who didst give life to me



Yes-ter-day, to-day, for-ev-er, Sits in heav'n up-on the thron  
 An-gels who in heav'n a-dore Thee, On earth view sal-va-tion's plan  
 Grace now reigns where once sin's death did; Right-eous-ness has set me free



Thine own pre-sence-E-den grac-ing; Walk-ing there in cool of day.  
 Thine own work of law's per-sec-tion; This o-bed-i-ance counts for me,  
 Thou Who wilt lead in-to glo-ry, Bring-ing with Thee man-y sons;



Our first head this bliss for-sak-ing, Sin's cruel reign steals all a-way.  
 Thine own suf-fring con-dem-no-tion; That God's wrath I nev-er would see.  
 Saved by grace I now im-plore Thee, Show me more what Thou hast done.