

495 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

CWM RHONDDA • 8.7.8.7.8.7.7.

William Williams, 1717-1791

Trans. Peter Williams, 1722-1796

John Hughes, 1873-1932

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing stream doth flow;
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;

I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;
 Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through;
 Death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side;

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and
 Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to

more, (want no more,) Feed me till I want no more.
 shield, (strength and shield,) Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Thee, (give to Thee,) I will ev - er give to Thee.

The Countless Multitude on High

48

L.M.D.

Archibald Rutherford, 19th C.

Sing to REDEMPTION GROUND, No. 47.

1. The countless multitude on high,
That tune their songs to Jesus' name
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.
Firm on the ground of sov'reign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The only song in that blest place,
Is "Thou art worthy! Thou alone."

2. With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
Heav'n's ceaseless universal psalm;

"Salvation's glory all be paid
To Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed;
Thou! Thou art worthy! Thou alone."

3. "For Thou was slain, and in Thy blood
These robes were washed so spotless pure;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God
Forever let Thy praise endure."
Let us with joy adopt the strain
We soon shall sing forever there:
"Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain,
Worthy alone the crown to wear."

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

49

ST. ANNE • C.M.

A Supplement to the New Version, 1708

Attr. to William Croft, 1678-1727

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "O God, Our Help in Ages Past". The score is written in 4/4 time and consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes a treble and bass staff with a piano (P) dynamic marking. The second system includes a treble and bass staff with various dynamic markings (f, sf, v, p, c, f). The third system includes a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some lines of text appearing between the staves. The lyrics are:

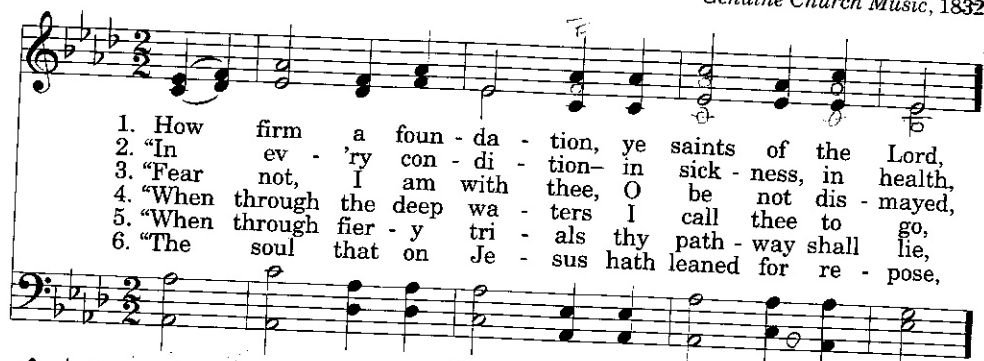
1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone;
5. Time, like an ev - er roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
They fly for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the o - p'ning day.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

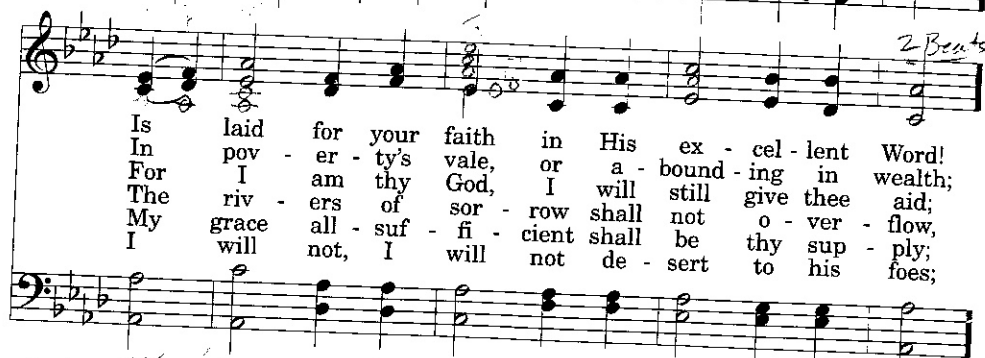
How Firm a Foundation

FOUNDATION • 11.11.11.11.

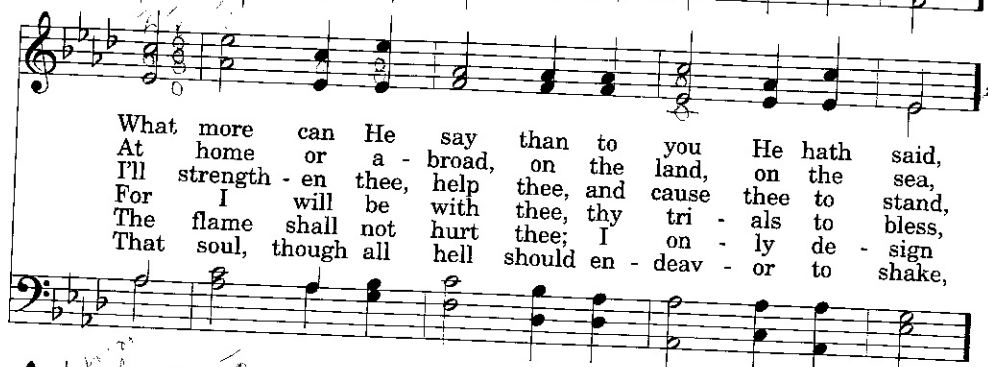
Rippon's Selection of Hymns, 1787

Joseph Funk's
Genuine Church Music, 1832


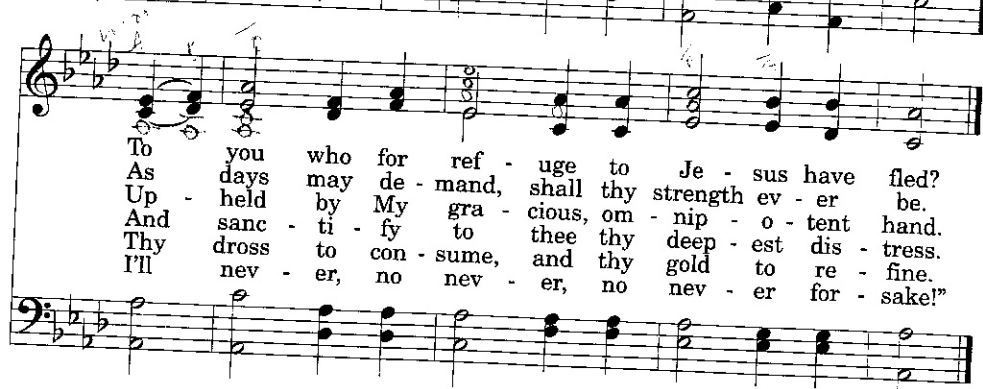
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
 2. "In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health,
 3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed,
 4. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
 5. "When through fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall lie,
 6. "The soul 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 en - 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 dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
 I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

588

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

EIN' FESTE BURG • 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.

Martin Luther, 1483-1546

Trans. Frederick H. Hedge, 1805-1890

Martin Luther, 1483-1546, alt.

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
 3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threat-en to un-do us,
 4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-bid-eth;

Our help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph thro' us.
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid-eth.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sa-ba-oth, His
 The Prince of Dark-ness grim- We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en-
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may

great, And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
 name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.
 dure, For lo, his doom is sure, One lit-tle word shall fell him.
 kill: God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er.