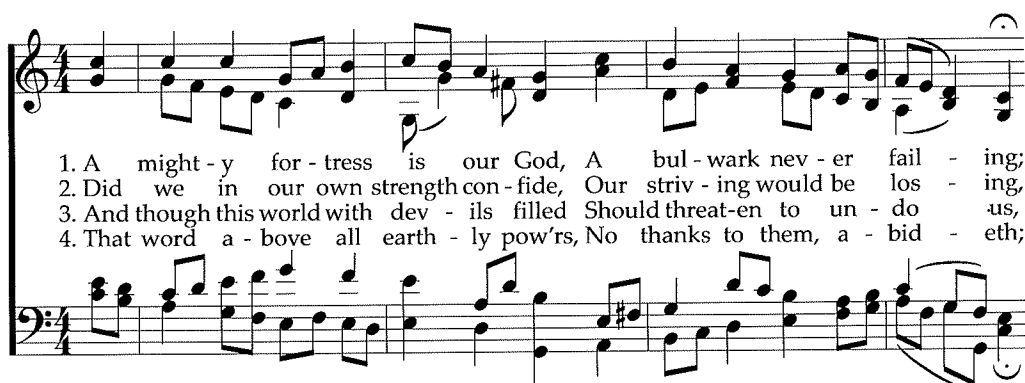


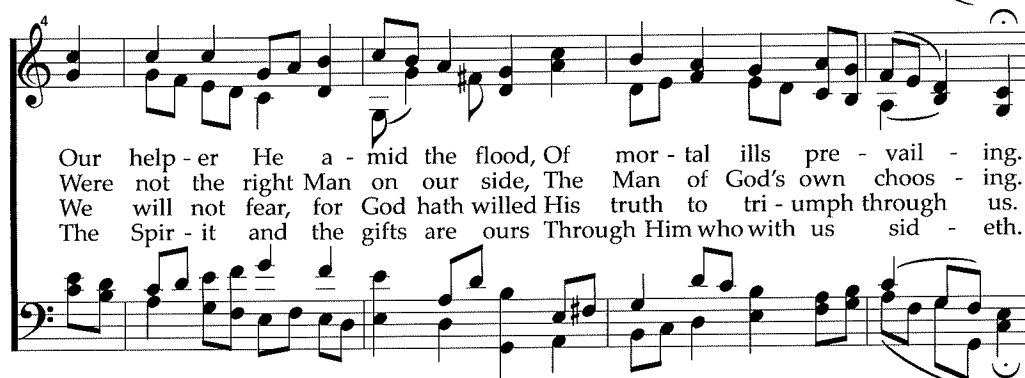
Sheet Music

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

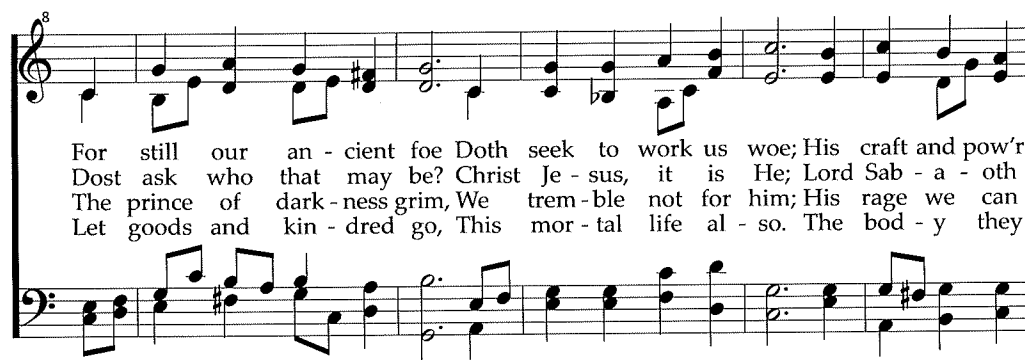
408



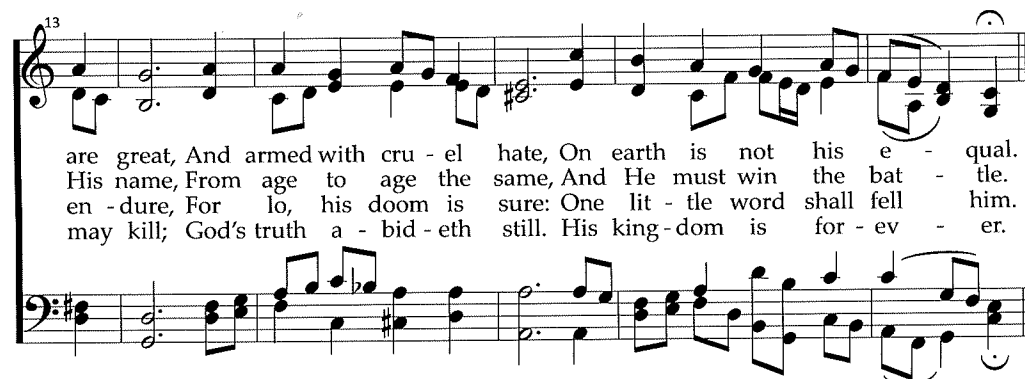
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing,
 3. And though this world with dev - ils filled Should threat - en to un - do us,
 4. That word a - boye all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - 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 through us.
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth.



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

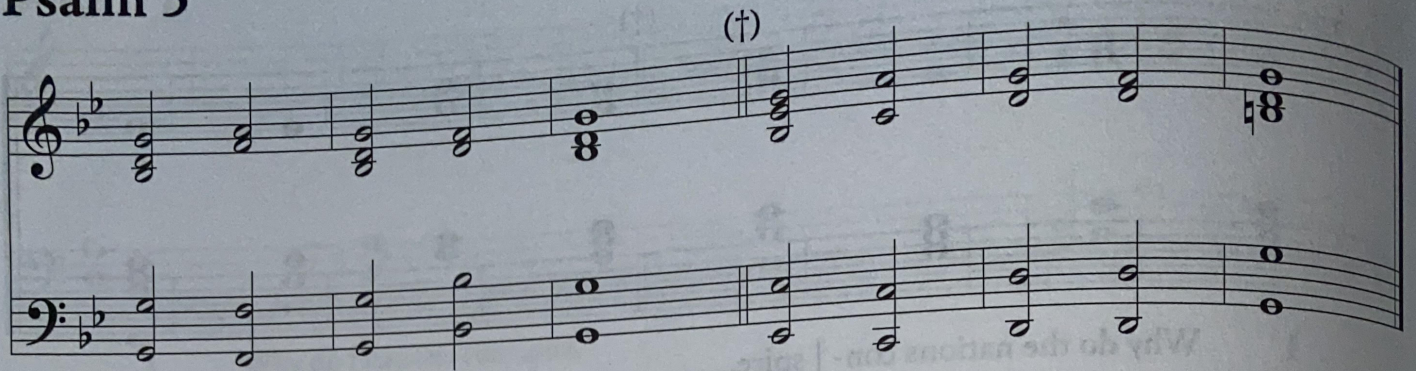


are great, And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 en - dure, For lo, his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
 may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still. His king - dom is for - ev - er.

Music: Martin Luther, 1529; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1628; alt.
 Text: Martin Luther, 1529; tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

EIN' FESTE BURG
 8 7. 8 7. 6 6. 6 6 7.

Psalm 3




A psalm of David, as he fled from the face of Absalom, his son.



- 1 Yahweh, how many are my | foes!
How many are rising | up a- | gainst me!
- 2 How many are saying of my | soul,
"There is no salvation for | him in | God."
- Selah* Yahweh, how many are my | foes!
How many are rising | up a- | gainst me!
- 3 But it is You, Yahweh, who are a shield a- | round me,
My Glory, and the One lifting | up my | head.
- 4 With loud voice to Yahweh I | cry,
And He hears me from His | holy | mountain.
- Selah* Yahweh, how many are my | foes!
How many are rising | up a- | gainst me!
- 5 I myself lie down and | sleep;
I awake because | Yahweh sus- | tains me.
- 6 I will not fear myriads of | people,
Who on all sides are | set a- | gainst me.
- 7 Arise, | Yahweh!
Deliver me, | O my | God!
For You have struck all my enemies on the | jaw;
The teeth of the un- | godly You have | broken.
- (†) 8 From Yahweh is the de- | liverance!
On Your people | is Your | blessing.
Blessed be Yahweh, the God of | Israel,
From everlasting and | unto ever- | lasting;
A- | men!
Yes! A- | men.

The Son of God Goes Forth to War



666





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 - phant 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 them that did the wrong! Who fol - lows in His train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.



The Church's One Foundation

AURELIA (7 6. 7 6. D.)

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1864

Samuel John Stone, 1866

1. The church - 's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;
 3. *The church shall nev - er per - ish!* Her dear Lord to de - fend,
 4. *Though with a scorn - ful won - der* Men see her sore op - pressed,
 5. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 6. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word.
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 To guide, sus - tain, and cher - ish, Is with her to the end:
By schis - ms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed:
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won,

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Though there be those who hate her, And false sons in her pale,
 Yet *saints their watch are keep - ing,* Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we

With His own blood He bought her And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 A - gainst or foe or trai - tor She ev - er shall pre - vail.
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song!
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.

For All the Saints

SINE NOMINE (10 10, 10 4)
Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

William Walsham How, 1864

Unison

1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress, and their Might;
 3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold,
 7. But lo! there breaks a yet more glo - rious day; The
 8. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast, Through

Thee by faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy
 Thou, Lord, their Cap - tain in the well - fought fight;
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old, And
 saints tri - um - phant rise in bright ar - ray: The
 gates of pearl streams in the count - less host,

(small notes st. 2 & 8)

Name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blessed.
 Thou, in the dark - ness drear, their one true Light.
 win with them the vic - tor's crown of gold.
 King of glo - ry pass - es on His way.
 Sing - ing to Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost:

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

Harmony

4. O blest com-mun-ion! fel - low-ship di-vine! We fee-bly strug-gle,
 5. And when the strife is fierce, the war-fare long, Steals on the ear the
 6. The gold-en eve-ning bright-ens in the west; Soon, soon to faith-ful

(small notes st. 6)

they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in Thee, for all are
 dis - tant tri - umph song, And hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are
 war - riors comes their rest:— Sweet is the calm of Par - a - dise the

Thine.
 strong.
 blessed.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

Psalm 127



A Song of the Ascents, of Solomon.

- 1 Unless | Yahweh • builds a • house,
In vain they | labor • who • build it.
Unless | Yahweh • guards a • city,
In vain the watchman | stays a-wake.
 - 2 It is vain for you being | early to rise,
Being late to | STAY up,
Eating the | bread of sorrows,
For He gives His be- | lov-ed sleep.
 - 3 Behold, a heritage from | Yahweh are children;
A reward is the | fruit of • the womb.
 - 4 Like arrows in the | hand • of a • warrior,
So are the children of | ONE's | youth.
 - 5 Blest and merry is the man whose | quiver • is • full of them.
They will not be shamed when they speak with | adversaries • in the • gate.
- Glory to the Father, | and to • the Son,
And to the | Ho-ly Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, is | now, and • ever • shall be,
Age after | age. A-men.

I Bind unto Myself Today

COMMISSION

Saint Patrick's Breastplate

unison

1. I bind un-to my-self to-day The strong name of the Trin-i-ty, By
in - vo - ca - tion of the same, The Three in One, and One in Three.

2. I bind this day to me for - ev - er, By pow'r of faith, Christ's
3. I bind un-to my - self the pow'r Of the great love of
4. I bind un-to my - self to - day The vir - tues of the
5. I bind un-to my - self to - day The pow'r of God to
6. A - gainst the de - mon snares of sin, The vice that gives temp -
7. A - gainst all Sa - tan's spells and wiles, A - gainst false words of

in - car - na - tion, His bap - tism in the Jor - dan Riv - er, His
cher - u - bim, The sweet "Well done" in judg - ment hour, The
star - lit heav - en, The glo - rious sun's life - giv - ing ray, The
hold and lead, His eye to watch, His might to stay, His
ta - tion force, The na - tural lusts that war with - in, The
her - e - sy, A - gainst the knowl - edge that de - files, A -

Music 1: ancient Irish hymn melody; arr. Charles Villiers Stanford, 1902

Music 2: ancient Irish melody; adapt.

Text: attr. Patrick of Ireland (372-466); tr. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1889

ST. PATRICK

8 8. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

DEIRDRE

8 8. 8 8. Trochaic

COMMISSION

30

death on the cross for my sal - va - tion, His burst - ing from the spic - ed
serv - ice of the ser - a - phim, Con - fes - sors' faith, a - pos - tles'
white - ness of the moon at e - ven, The flash - ing of the light - ning
ear to hear - en to my need, The wis - dom of my God to
hos - tile men that mar my course— Though few or man - y, far or
gainst the heart's i - dol - a - try, A - gainst the wiz - ard's e - vil

37

tomb, His rid - ing up the Heav'n - ly way, His com - ing
word, The pa - triarchs' pray'rs, the proph - ets' scrolls, All good deeds
free, The whirl - ing wind's tem - pes - tuous shocks, The sta - ble
teach, His hand to guide, His shield to ward, The word of
nigh - craft, A - gainst the death - wound and the burn - ing, The chok - ing

43

at the day of doom I bind un - to my - self to - day.
done un - to the Lord, And pu - ri - ty of vir - gin souls.
earth, the deep salt sea A - round the old en - dur - ing rocks.
God to give me speech, His Heav'n - ly host to be my guard.
fierce hos - til - i - ty I bind to me these ho - ly pow'rs.
wave, the poi - soned shaft, Pro - tect me, Christ, till Thy re - turn - ing.

50 harmony

8. Christ be with me, Christ with - in me, Christ be - hind me, Christ be - fore me,
Christ be - neath me, Christ a - bove me, Christ in qui - et, Christ in dan - ger,

54

Christ be - side me, Christ to win me, Christ to com - fort and re - store me,
Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stran - ger.

I Bind unto Myself Today

Cont'd

unison

59 9. I bind un - to my - self the name, The strong name of the

66 Trin - i - ty, By in - vo - ca - tion of the same, The

72 Three in One, and One in Three Of whom all na - ture

78 hath cre - a - tion: E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Spir - it, Word. Praise to the

85 Lord of my sal - va - tion; Sal - va - tion is of Christ the Lord.

734

Doxology

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1551; alt.
 Text: Thomas Ken, 1709

OLD HUNDREDTH
 8 8. 8 8.