

Dearest Jesus, at Your Word

1 Dear-est Je - sus, at your word We have come a - gain to
 2 All our knowl - edge, sense, and sight Lie in deep-est dark - ness
 3 Ra - diance of God's glo - ry bright, Light of light from God pro -
 4 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise to you and ad - o -

hear you; Let our thoughts and hearts be stirred And in
 shroud - ed Till your Spir - it breaks the night, Fill - ing
 ceed - ing, Je - sus, send your bless - ed light; Help our
 ra - tion! Grant us what we need the most: Your blest

glow - ing faith be near you As the prom - is - es here
 us with light un - cloud - ed. All good thoughts and all good
 hear - ing, speak - ing, heed - ing, That our prayers and songs may
 Gos - pel's con - so - la - tion, While we here on earth a -

giv - en Draw us whol - ly up to heav - en.
 liv - ing Come but by your gra - cious giv - ing.
 please you, As with grate - ful hearts we praise you.
 wait you, Till in heav'n with praise we greet you.

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1 A might - y for - tress is our God, A sword and shield vic -
 2 No strength of ours can match his might! We would be lost, re -
 3 Though hordes of dev - ils fill the land All threat -'ning to de -
 4 God's Word for - ev - er shall a - bide, No thanks to foes, who

to - rious; He breaks the cruel op - pres - sor's rod And
 ject - ed. But now a cham - pion comes to fight, Whom
 vour us, We trem - ble not, un - moved we stand; They
 fear it; For God him - self fights by our side With

wins sal - va - tion glo - rious. The old sa - tan - ic foe
 God him - self e - lect - ed. You ask who this may be?
 can - not o - ver - pow'r us. Let this world's ty - rant rage;
 weap - ons of the Spir - it. Were they to take our house,

Has sworn to work us woe! With craft and dread - ful might
 The Lord of hosts is he! Christ Je - sus, might - y Lord,
 In bat - tle we'll en - gage! His might is doomed to fail;
 Goods, hon - or, child, or spouse, Though life be wrenched a - way,

He arms him - self to fight. On earth he has no e - qual.
 God's on - ly Son, a - dored. He holds the field vic - to - rious.
 God's judg - ment must pre - vail! One lit - tle word sub - dues him.
 They can - not win the day. The King - dom's ours for - ev - er!

480 Oh, that the Lord Would Guide My Ways

1 Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his stat - utes still!
2 Or - der my foot - steps by your Word And make my heart sin - cere;
3 As - sist my soul, too apt to stray, A strict - er watch to keep;
4 Make me to walk in your com-mands, 'Tis a de - light - ful road;

Oh, that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!
Let sin have no do - min-ion, Lord, But keep my con-science clear.
And should I e'er for - get your way, Re - store your wan-d'ring sheep.
Nor let my head or heart or hands Of - fend a - gainst my God.

*Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, alt.
Tune: William H. Havergal, 1793-1870*

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