“Praise ye the LORD.
Sing unto the LORD a new song,
and his praise in the congregation of saints.”

Psalm 149:1

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”

Colossians 3:16
Who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world. Gal. 1:4

Strasbourg Psalter, 1545

1. I greet thee, who my sure Redeemer art,
   My only trust and Saviour of my heart,
   Who pain didst undergo for my poor sake;
   I pray thee from our hearts all cares to take.

2. Thou art the King of mercy and of grace,
   Reigning omnipotent in every place.
   So come, O King, and our whole being sway;
   Shine on us with the light of thy pure day.

3. Thou art the Life, by which alone we live,
   And all our substance and our strength receive;
   O comfort us in death's approaching hour,
   Strong-hearted then to face it by thy pow'r.

4. Thou hast the true and perfect gentleness,
   No harshness hast thou and no bitterness;
   Make us to taste the sweet grace found in thee,
   And ever stay in thy sweet unity.

5. Our hope is in no other save in thee;
   Our faith is built up on thy promise free;
   O grant to us such stronger hope and sure
   That we can boldly conquer and endure. Amen.
Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us... Titus 3:5

Horatius Bonar, 1857

1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak gladness to this heart; They
2. Thy pains, not mine, O Christ, Up on the shameful tree, Have
3. Thy cross, not mine, O Christ, Has borne the awful load Of
4. Thy righteousness, O Christ, Alone can cover me: No

REFRAIN

tell me all is done; They bid my fear depart.
paid the law's full price And purchased peace for me.
sins that none in heav'n Or earth could bear but God. To whom, save
righteousness avails Save that which is of thee.

thee, Who canst alone For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee? Amen.
1. Not what my hands have done Can save my guilty soul;
2. Thy work alone, O Christ, Can ease this weight of sin;
3. Thy grace alone, O God, To me can pardon speak;
4. I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love divine;
5. I praise the God of grace; I trust his truth and might;

Not what my toiling flesh has borne Can make my spirit whole.
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace within.
Thy pow'r alone, O Son of God, Can this sore bondage break.
And with unrelenting lip and heart, I call this Saviour mine.
He calls me his, I call him mine, My God, my joy, my light.

Not what I feel or do Can give me peace with God;
Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to thee,
No other work, save thine, No other blood will do;
'Tis he who saveth me, And freely pardon gives;

Not all my prayers and sighs and tears Can bear my awful load.
Can rid me of this dark unrest, And set my spirit free.
No strength, save that which is divine, Can bear me safely through.
Each thought of unbelief and fear, Each lingering shade of gloom.
I love because he loveth me, I live because he lives. Amen.
God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Psalm 46:1

Martin Luther, 1529
Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

1. A mighty Fortress is our God; A Bulwark never failing;
2. Did we in our own strength con- side, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
3. And though this world, with dev- ils filled, Should threat-en to un-doo us,
4. That Word a-bove all earth-ly powers, 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-ump 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 are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is he, Lord Sab-a-oth his
The prince of dark-ness grim, We tremble 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, armored 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. A- men.
Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Psalm 90:1

ST. ANNE C. M.
Ascribed to William Croft
Supplement to the New Version, 1708

Isaac Watts, 1719

1. Our God, our Help in ages past, Our Hope for years to come,
2. Under the shadow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure;
3. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame,
4. A thousand ages in thy sight Are like an evening gone;
5. The busy tribes of flesh and blood, With all their lives and cares,

Our Shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal Home:
Sufficient is thine arm alone, And our defense is sure.
From everlasting thou art God, To endless years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.
Are carried downward by thy flood, And lost in following years. Amen.

6. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
   Bears all its sons away;
   They fly forgotten, as a dream
   Dies at the opening day.

7. Our God, our Help in ages past,
   Our Hope for years to come;
   Be thou our Guard while troubles last,
   And our eternal Home.
We know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us. 1 John 3:24

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

EVEN'TIDE (MONK) 10. 10. 10. 10.
William H. Monk, 1861

1. Abide with me: fast falls the evening; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide: When other helpers dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in grace can foil the tempter’s power? Who like thy-self my weight, and tears no bitterness. Where is death’s sting? where, gloom, and point me to the skies: Heaven’s morning breaks, and fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me. all around I see; O thou who changest not, abide with me. guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me. grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if thou abide with me. earth’s vain shadows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.