

Holy God, We Praise Your Name

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Holy, holy, holy is the LORD Almighty; the whole earth is full of his glory. Is. 6:3

1. Ho - ly God, we praise your name; Lord of all, we bow be - fore you;
 2. Hark, the loud ce - les - tial hymn an - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;
 3. Lo! the ap - os - tol - ic train join your sa - cred name to hal - low;
 4. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three we name you;

all on earth your scep - ter claim, all in heav'n a - bove a - dore you.
 cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim in un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,
 proph - ets swell the glad re - frain, and the white-robed mar - tyrs fol - low;
 while in es - sence on - ly One, un - di - vid - ed God we claim you,

In - fi - nite your vast do - main, ev - er - last - ing is your reign.
 fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord: "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."
 and from morn to set of sun, through the church the song goes on.
 and a - dor - ing bend the knee, while we sing this mys - ter - y.

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble. Ps. 46:1

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev - er
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be
 3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -
 4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them, a -

fail - ing; our help - er he a - mid the flood of
 los - ing; were not the right man on our side, the
 do - us, we will not fear, for God hath willed his
 bid - eth; the Spir - it and the gifts are ours through

mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe
 man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be?
 truth to tri - umph through us. The prince of dark - ness grim,
 him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go,

doth seek to work us woe; his craft and pow'r are great;
 Christ Je - sus, it is he, Lord Sa - ba - oth his name,
 we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,
 this mor - tal life al - so; the bod - y they may kill:

and armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.
 from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.
 for lo! his doom is sure; one lit - tle word shall fell him.
 God's truth a - bid - eth still; his king - dom is for - ev - er.

Be Thou My Vision

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Whatever was to my profit I now consider loss for the sake of Christ. Phil. 3:7

Unison

1. Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart; naught be all
 2. Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word; I ev - er
 3. Be thou my bat - tle shield, sword for my fight; be thou my
 4. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise, thou mine in -
 5. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won, may I reach

else to me, save that thou art— thou my best thought by
 with thee and thou with me, Lord; thou my great Fa - ther,
 • dig - ni - ty, thou my de - light, thou my soul's shel - ter,
 her - i - tance, now and al - ways: thou and thou on - ly,
 heav - en's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun! Heart of my own heart, what -

day or by night, wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 I thy true son; thou in me dwell - ing, and I with thee one.
 • thou my high tow'r: raise thou me heav'n-ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.
 first in my heart, High King of heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 ev - er be - fall, still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Ancient Irish poem, ca. 8th cent.
 Tr. by Mary E. Byrne, 1905
 Versified by Eleanor H. Hull, 1912

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 Traditional Irish melody
 Arr. by David Evans, 1927