

# *SUNDAY MORNING LYRICS*

November 1, 2020

## *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*

by Martin Luther, tr. by Frederick H. Hedge

A mighty fortress is our God  
A bulwark never failing  
Our helper He, amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing.  
For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe—  
His craft and pow'r are great,  
And, armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing,  
Were not the right Man on our side,  
The Man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask Who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is He!  
Lord Sabaoth His name,  
From age to age the same,  
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,  
Should threaten to undo us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us.  
The prince of darkness grim,  
We tremble not for him—  
His rage we can endure,  
For lo! his doom is sure  
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly pow'rs,  
No thanks to them, abideth  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through Him Who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also—  
The body they may kill;  
God's truth abideth still!  
His kingdom is forever!

## ***Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing***

by Robert Robinson and John Wyeth

Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing  
Call for songs of loudest praise  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above!  
Praise the mount, I'm fix'd upon it,  
Mount of Thy redeeming love

Here I raise mine Ebenezer  
Hither by Thy help I'm come  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood

O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee!  
Prone to wander; Lord, I feel it  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart: O take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above

## ***Refiner's Fire***

by Brian Doerksen

Purify my heart  
Let me be as gold and precious silver  
Purify my heart  
Let me be as gold, pure gold

*Refiner's fire*

*My heart's one desire*

*is to be holy*

*Set apart for You, Lord*

*I choose to be holy*

*Set apart for You, my Master*

*Ready to do Your will*

Purify my heart

Cleanse me from within and make me holy

Purify my heart

Cleanse me from my sin, deep within

*Refiner's fire*

*My heart's one desire*

*is to be holy*

*Set apart for You, Lord*

*I choose to be holy*

*Set apart for You, my Master*

*Ready to do Your will, O Lord*

*Ready to do Your will*

## ***Give Us Clean Hands***

by Charlie Hall

We bow our hearts

We bend our knees

Oh Spirit, come make us humble

We turn our eyes

From evil things

Oh Lord, we cast down our idols

*Give us clean hands*

*Give us pure hearts*

*Let us not lift our souls to another*

*Give us clean hands*

*Give us pure hearts*

*Let us not lift our souls to another*

*Oh God, let us be*

*a generation that seeks,*

*that seeks Your face,*

*Oh God of Jacob*

*Oh God, let us be*

*a generation that seeks,*

*that seeks Your face,*

*Oh God of Jacob*