

Song Lyrics for Sunday, July 12, 2020

A Mighty Fortress is Our God

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 his woe;
His craft and power 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 is 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 powers—
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 for ever.

Rejoice, the Lord is King

Rejoice, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing
And triumph evermore:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:

Jesus, the Savior reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains
He took His seat above:

He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet: