

Praise the Savior Now and Ever

335

1. Praise the Sav-ior now and ev-er; praise him, all be-neath the skies;
 2. Man's work fail-eth, Christ's a-vail-eth; he is all our righ-teous-ness;
 3. Sin's bond sev-ered, we're de-liv-ered; Christ has bruised the ser-pent's head;
 4. For his fa-vor, praise for-ev-er un-to God the Fa-ther sing;

pros-trate ly-ing, suf-f'ring, dy-ing on the cross, a sac-ri-fice.
 he, our Sav-ior, has for-ev-er set us free from dire dis-tress.
 death no long-er is the strong-er; hell it-self is cap-tive led.
 praise the Sav-ior, praise him ev-er, Son of God, our Lord and King.

Vic-t'ry gain-ing, life ob-tain-ing, now in glo-ry he doth rise.
 Thro' his mer-it we in-her-it light and peace and hap-pi-ness.
 Christ has ris-en from death's pris-on; o'er the tomb he light has shed.
 Praise the Spir-it; thro' Christ's mer-it he doth us sal-va-tion bring.

Venantius H. C. Fortunatus, ca. 530-609
 Tr. Augustus Nelson, 1863-1949

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 Koralbok, 1697

91B

Who with God Most High Finds Shelter

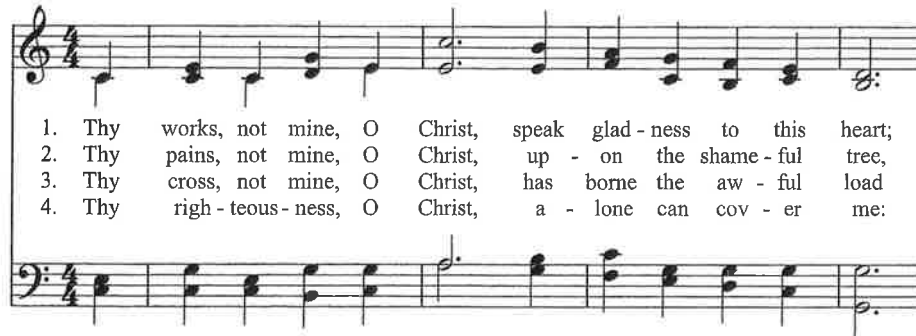
1. ¹Who with God Most High finds shel-ter, lives in God Al-might-y's shade.
 2. God's truth is your shield and buck-ler; ⁵you will fear no ill by night,
 3. ⁹You have made the LORD your ref-uge, God Most High your dwell-ing place.
 4. ¹³You shall tram-ple ser-pents, li-ons, tread on all your dead-ly foes.

²I will say to God, "My God, my for-tress where my trust is stayed."
 nor the shafts in day-light fly-ing, ⁶nor dis-ease that shuns the light,
¹⁰No-thing e-vil shall be-fall you; near your tent no scourge you'll face.
¹⁴"Since he loves me, I will save him, keep him, for my name he knows;

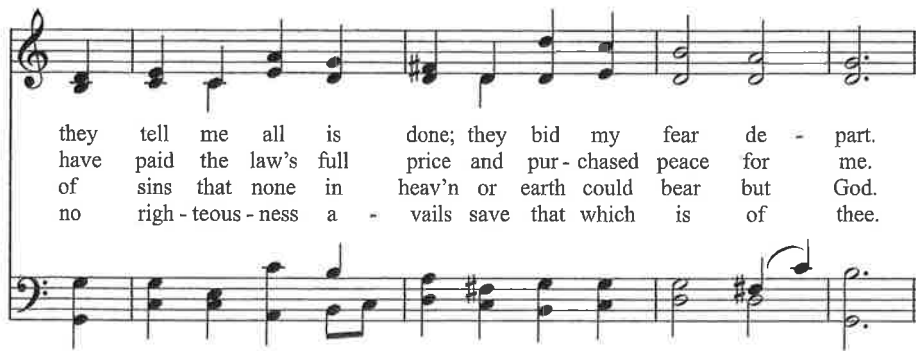
³From the fowl-er's snare he'll save you, from the dead-ly pes-ti-lence;
 nor the plague that wastes at noon-day. ⁷At your side ten thou-sand fall;
¹¹He will an-gels charge to keep you, guard you well in all your ways,
¹⁵I will hon-or, I will save him; when he calls, I will re-ply.

⁴Cov-er you with out-spread pin-ions, make his wings your con-fi-dence.
⁸you will on-ly see the judg-ment which the wick-ed will be-fall.
¹²bear you up with hands that hold you, lest your foot a stone should graze.
¹⁶I will show him my sal-va-tion, with long life will sat-is-fy."

Thy Works, Not Mine, O Christ

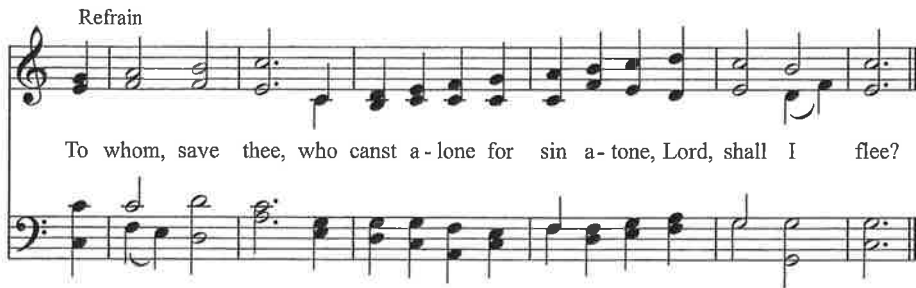


1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ, speak glad-ness to this heart;
 2. Thy pains, not mine, O Christ, up - on the shame - ful tree,
 3. Thy cross, not mine, O Christ, has borne the aw - ful load
 4. Thy righ - teous - ness, O Christ, a - lone can cov - er me:



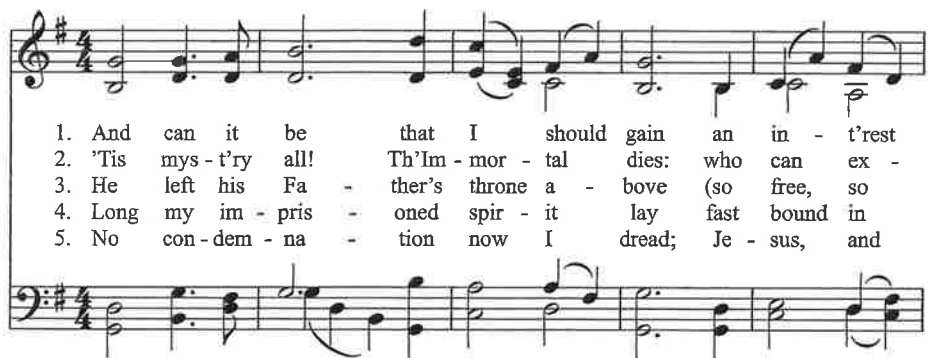
they tell me all is done; they bid my fear de - part.
 have paid the law's full price and pur - chased peace for me.
 of sins that none in heav'n or earth could bear but God.
 no righ - teous - ness a - vails save that which is of thee.

Refrain

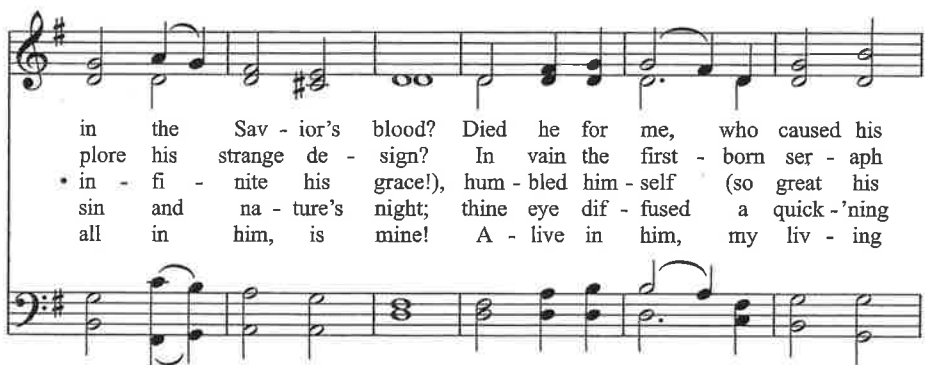


To whom, save thee, who canst a - lone for sin a - tone, Lord, shall I flee?

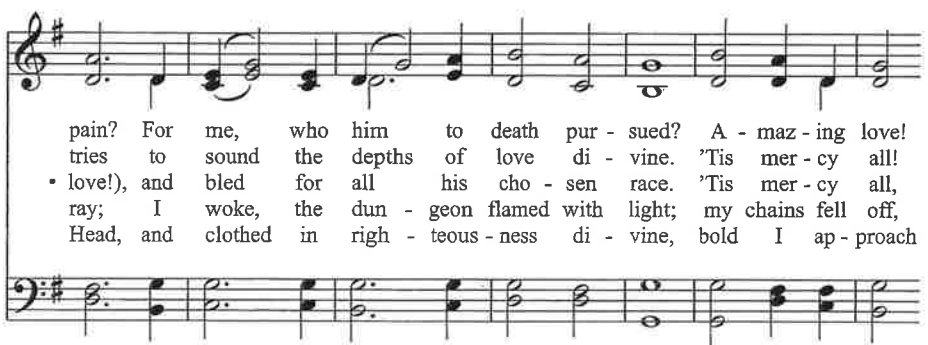
And Can It Be That I Should Gain



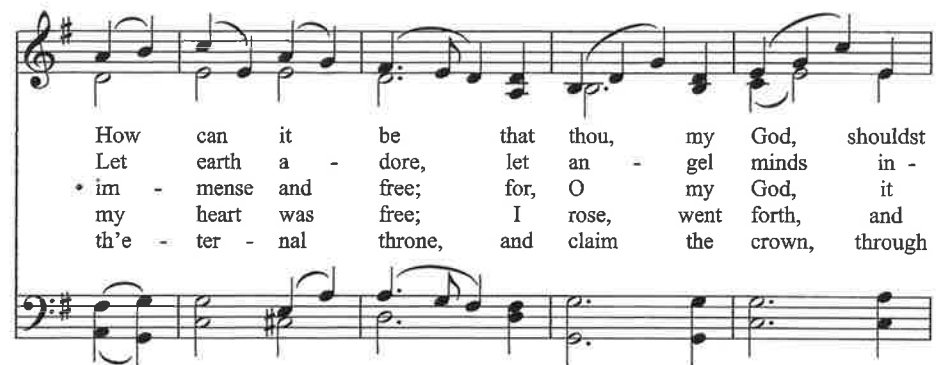
1. And can it be that I should gain an in - t'rest
 2. 'Tis mys - t'ry all! Th'Im - mor - tal dies: who can ex -
 3. He left his Fa - ther's throne a - bove (so free, so
 4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast bound in
 5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and



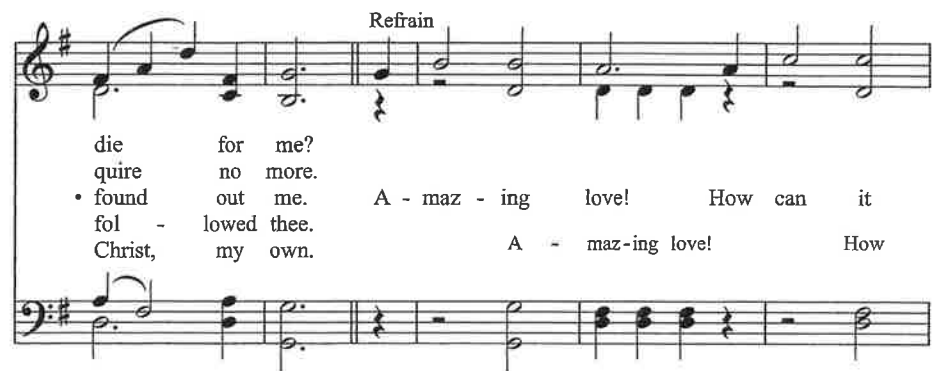
in the Sav - ior's blood? Died he for me, who caused his
 plore his strange de - sign? In vain the first - born ser - aph
 • in - fi - nite his grace!), hum - bled him - self (so great his
 sin and na - ture's night; thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning
 all in him, is mine! A - live in him, my liv - ing



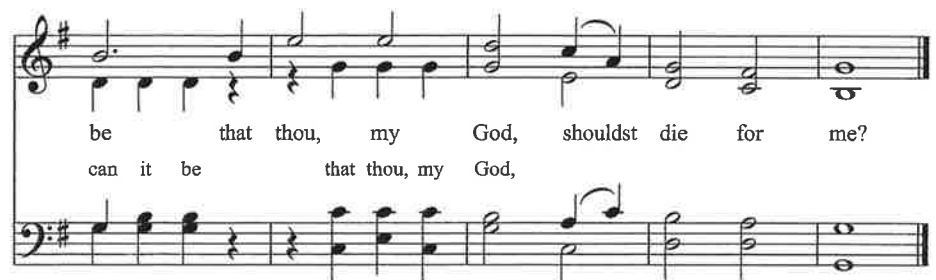
pain? For me, who him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love!
 tries to sound the depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy all!
 • love!), and bled for all his cho - sen race. 'Tis mer - cy all,
 ray; I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light; my chains fell off,
 Head, and clothed in righ - teous - ness di - vine, bold I ap - proach



How can it be that thou, my God, shouldst
 Let earth a - dore, let an - gel minds in -
 • im - mense and free; for, O my God, it
 my heart was free; I rose, went forth, and
 th'e - ter - nal throne, and claim the crown, through



Refrain
 die for me?
 quire no more.
 • found out me. A - maz - ing love! How can it
 fol - lowed thee. A - maz - ing love! How
 Christ, my own.



be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 can it be that thou, my God,