

## Hymn Lyrics – Large Font

### **Hymn 81 – Unto the hills around**

1. Unto the hills around do I lift up my longing eyes: oh whence for me shall my salvation come, from whence arise? From God the Lord doth aid, from God the Lord who heaven and earth hath made.
2. He will not suffer that thy foot be moved: safe shalt thou be. No careless slumber shall his eyelids close, who keepeth thee. Behold, he sleepeth not, he slumbereth ne'er, who keepeth Israel in his holy care.
3. Jehovah is himself thy keeper true, thy changeless shade; Jehovah thy defence on thy right hand him – self hath made, and thee no sun by day shall ever smite; no moon shall harm thee in the silent night.
4. From every evil shall he keep thy soul, from every sin: Jehovah shall preserve thy going out, thy coming in. Above thee watching, he whom we adore shall keep thee henceforth, yea, forever-more.

### **Hymn 228 - Spirit, come dispel our sadness**

1. Drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beauteous feet, which brought from heaven the news and Prince of Peace.
2. Cease not, wet eyes, his mercies to entreat; to cry for vengeance, sin doth never cease.
3. In your deep floods, drown all my faults and fears; nor let his eye see sin, but through my tears.

## **Hymn 676 – Jesus, lover of my soul**

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly, while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high: hide me, O my Saviour, hide, till the storm of life is past, safe into the haven guide; oh receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none; hangs my helpless soul on thee. Leave, ah! Leave me not alone; still support and comfort me. All my trust on thee is stayed; all my help from thee I bring; cover my defenceless head with the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in thee I find: raise the fallen, cheer the faint, heal the sick and lead the blind. Just and holy is thy name; I am all unrighteousness: false and full of sin I am; thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, grace to cover all my sin; let the healing streams abound; make and keep me pure within: thou of life the fountain art, freely let me take of thee; spring thou up with-in my heart, rise to all eternity.

## **Hymn 315 – A mighty fortress is our God**

1. A mighty fortress is our God, a refuge never failing, our helper sure amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing. For still our ancient foe seeks to work us woe with craft and power great and armed with cruel hate, on earth has not an equal.

2. Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing, were not a Saviour on our side, the One of God's own choosing. Who is this Saviour, who? Christ Jesus, living, true. Lord Sabbath by name, from age to age the same, already wins the battle.

3. And though this world, with evil filled, should threaten to undo us, we will not fear, for God has willed the truth to triumph through us: the powers of

death and hell our God will surely quell: their rage we can endure, for look!  
Their doom is sure: one little word will fell them.

4. That Word above all earthly powers – no thanks to them! – a bidding,  
ensures that all God's gifts are ours, through Christ in us residing, whose  
summon rings above all goods, all earthly love. Earth's powers waste away;  
God's word endures always, whose reign will last forever.