

*God . . . is my high tower, and my refuge, my saviour . . . II Sam. 22: 8*

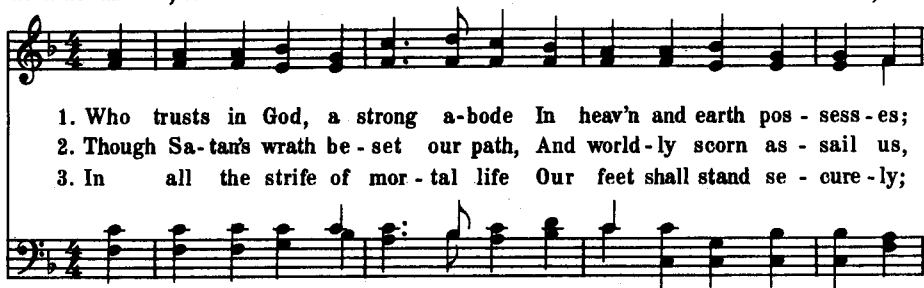
St. 1, Joachim Magdeburg, 1572; st. 2-3, anon., 1597

Tr. by Benjamin H. Kennedy, 1868; alt. by

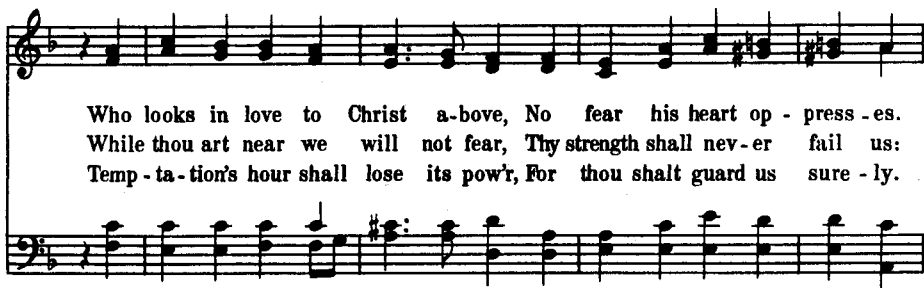
W. Walsham How, 1864

CONSTANCE S. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, 1875



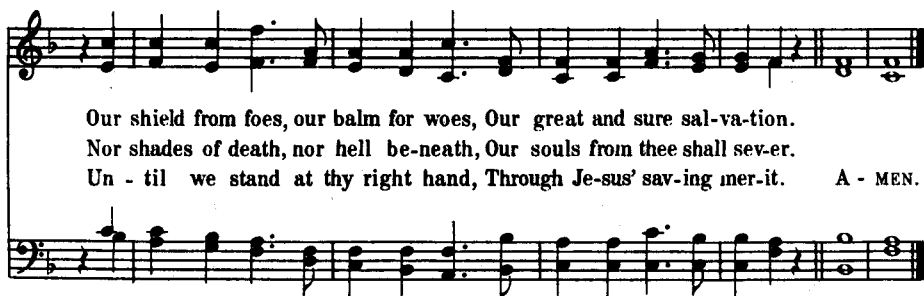
1. Who trusts in God, a strong a-bode In heav'n and earth pos - sess - es;  
 2. Though Sa-tan's wrath be - set our path, And world - ly scorn as - sail us,  
 3. In all the strife of mor - tal life Our feet shall stand se - cure - ly;



Who looks in love to Christ a-bove, No fear his heart op - press - es.  
 While thou art near we will not fear, Thy strength shall nev - er fail us:  
 Temp - ta - tion's hour shall lose its pow'r, For thou shalt guard us sure - ly.



In thee a - lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet hope and con - so - la - tion;  
 Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe, And guide our steps for ev - er;  
 O God, re - new, with heav'n - ly dew, Our bod - y, soul, and spir - it,



Our shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure sal - va - tion.  
 Nor shades of death, nor hell be - neath, Our souls from thee shall sev - er.  
 Un - til we stand at thy right hand, Through Je - sus' sav - ing mer - it. A - MEN.