

319 O Lord, throughout These Forty Days

1 O Lord, through - out these for - ty days you
 2 You strove with Sa - tan, and you won; your
 3 Though parched and hun - gry, yet you prayed and
 4 Be with us through this sea - son, Lord, and

prayed and kept the fast; in - spire re - pen - tance
 faith - ful - ness en - dured; lend us your nerve, your
 fixed your mind a - bove; so teach us to de -
 all our earth - ly days, that when the fi - nal

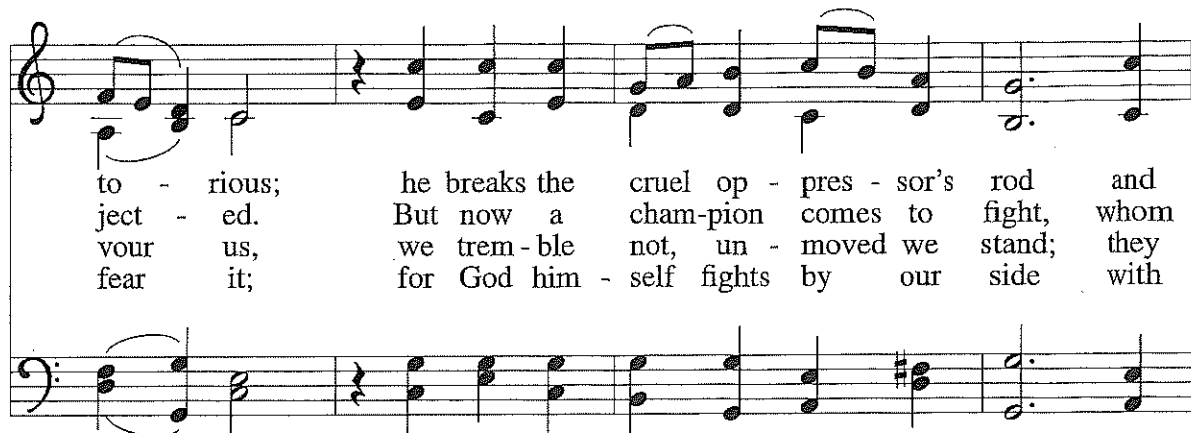
for our sin, and free us from our past.
 skill and trust in God's e - ter - nal word.
 ny our - selves that we may know God's love.
 Eas - ter dawns, we join in heav - en's praise.

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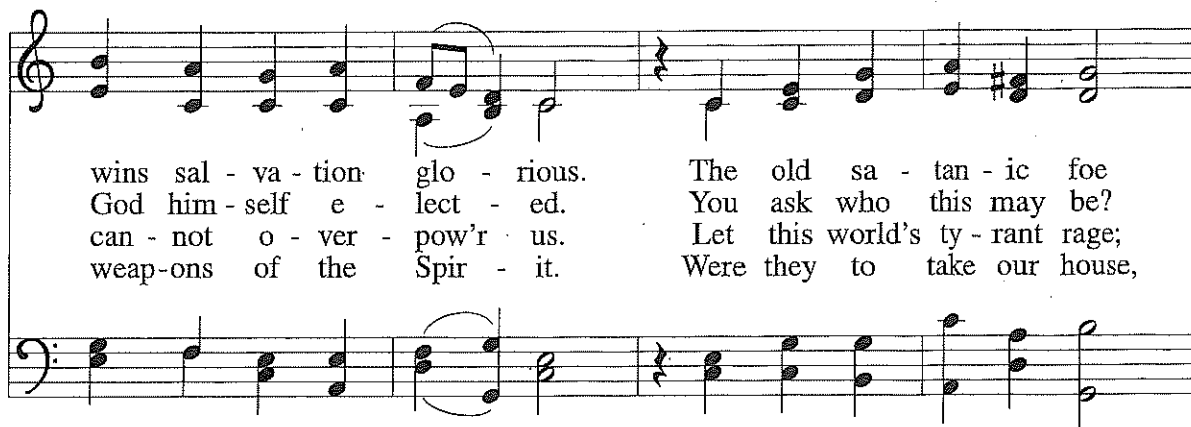
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



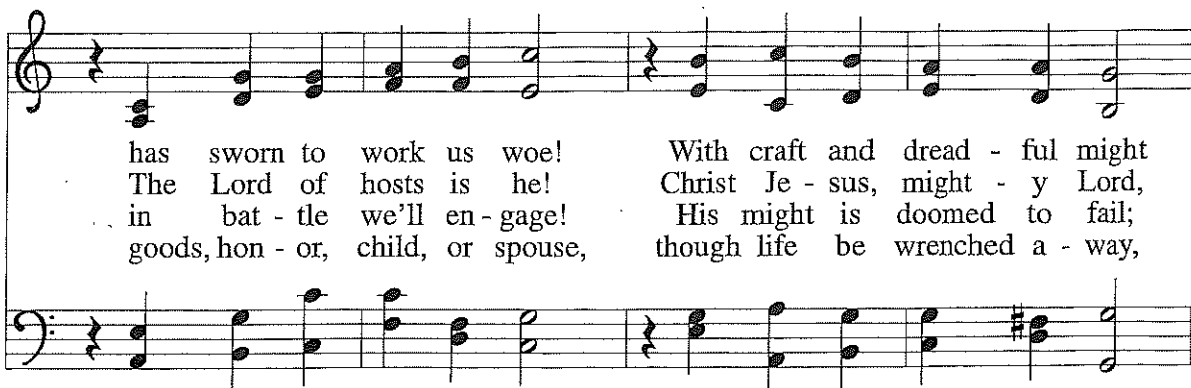
1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a sword and shield vic -
 2 No strength of ours can match his might! We would be lost, re -
 3 Though hordes of dev - ils fill the land all threat - ning to de -
 4 God's Word for - ev - er shall a - bide, no thanks to foes, who



to - rious; he breaks the cruel op - pres - sor's rod and
 ject - ed. But now a cham - pion comes to fight, whom
 your us, we trem - ble not, un - moved we stand; they
 fear it; for God him - self fights by our side with



wins sal - va - tion glo - rious. The old sa - tan - ic foe
 God him - self e - lect - ed. You ask who this may be?
 can - not o - ver - pow'r us. Let this world's ty - rant rage;
 weap - ons of the Spir - it. Were they to take our house,



has sworn to work us woe! With craft and dread - ful might
 The Lord of hosts is he! Christ Je - sus, might - y Lord,
 in bat - tle we'll en - gage! His might is doomed to fail;
 goods, hon - or, child, or spouse, though life be wrenched a - way,

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

WORD OF GOD



he arms him - self to fight. On earth he has no e - qual.
God's on - ly Son, a - dored. He holds the field vic - to - rious.
God's judg - ment must pre - vail! One lit - tle word sub - dues him.
they can - not win the day. The king - dom's ours for - ev - er!

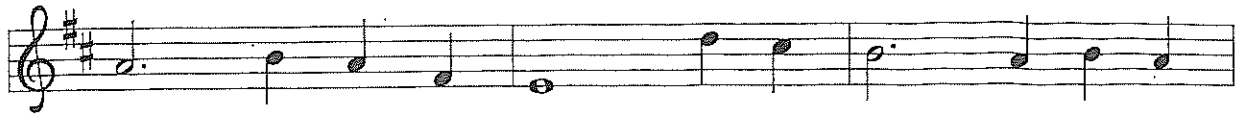


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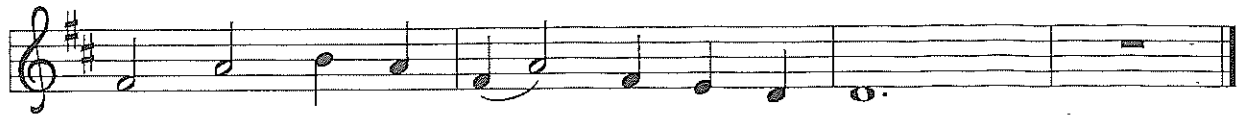
Come to Me, O Weary Traveler



- 1 "Come to me, O wea - ry trav - 'ler; come to
 2 "Do not fear, my yoke is eas - y; do not
 3 "Take my yoke and leave your trou - bles; take my
 4 "Rest in me, O wea - ry trav - 'ler; rest in



me with your dis - tress; come to me, you heav - y -
 fear, my bur - den's light; do not fear the path be -
 yoke and come with me. Take my yoke, I am be -
 me and do not fear. Rest in me, my heart is



bur - dened; come to me and find your rest."
 fore you; do not run from me in fright."
 side you; take and learn hu - mil - i - ty."
 gen - tle; rest and cast a - way your care."

Text: Sylvia G. Dunstan, 1955-1993

Music: William P. Rowan, b. 1951

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AUSTIN

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