

LSB 741 Jesus Christ, My Sure Defense



1 Je - sus Christ, my sure de - fense And my Sav - ior, now is
 2 Je - sus, my Re - deem - er, lives; Like - wise I to life shall
 3 No, too close - ly I am bound By my hope to Christ for -
 4 I am flesh and must re - turn To the dust, whence I am



liv - ing! Know - ing this, my con - fi - dence
 wak - en. He will bring me where He is;
 ev - er; Faith's strong hand the Rock has found,
 tak - en; But by faith I now dis - cern



Rests up - on the hope here giv - en, Though the
 Shall my cour - age then be shak - en? Shall I
 Grasped it, and will leave it nev - er; E - ven
 That from death I shall a - wak - en With my



night of death be fraught Still with man - y an anx - ious thought.
 fear, or could the Head Rise and leave His mem - bers dead?
 death now can - not part From its Lord the trust - ing heart.
 Sav - ior to a - bide In His glo - ry, at His side.

**5 Glorified, I shall anew
 With this flesh then be enshrouded;
 In this body I shall view
 God, my Lord, with eyes unclouded;
 In this flesh I then shall see
 Jesus Christ eternally.**

**6 Then take comfort and rejoice,
 For His members Christ will cherish.
 Fear not, they will hear His voice;
 Dying, they will never perish;
 For the very grave is stirred
 When the trumpet's blast is heard.**

continued

- 7 Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave
And at death no longer tremble;
He, the Lord, who came to save
Will at last His own assemble.
They will go their Lord to meet,
Treading death beneath their feet.
- 8 O, then, draw away your hearts
From all pleasures base and hollow;
Strive to share what He imparts
While you here His footsteps follow.
As you now still wait to rise,
Fix your hearts beyond the skies!

LSB 666 O Little Flock, Fear Not the Foe



1 O lit - tle flock, fear not the foe Who mad - ly
2 Be of good cheer; your cause be - longs To Him who
3 As true as God's own Word is true, Not earth nor
4 A - men, Lord Je - sus, grant our prayer; Great Cap - tain,



seeks your o - ver - throw; Dread not his rage and pow'r.
can a - venge your wrongs; Leave it to Him, our Lord.
hell's sa - tan - ic crew A - gainst us shall pre - vail.
now Thine arm make bare, Fight for us once a - gain!



And though your cour - age some-times faints, His seem - ing
Though hid - den yet from mor - tal eyes, His Gid - eon
Their might? A joke, a mere fa - cade! God is with
So shall Thy saints and mar - tyrs raise A might - y



tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.
shall for you a - rise, Up - hold you and His Word.
us and we with God— Our vic - t'ry can - not fail.
cho - rus to Thy praise For - ev - er - more. A - men.

LSB 713 From God Can Nothing Move Me



1 From God can noth - ing move me; He will not step a - side
2 When those whom I re - gard - ed As trust - wor - thy and sure
3 The Lord my life ar - rang - es; Who can His work de - stroy?
4 Each day at His good plea - sure God's gra - cious will is done.



But gent - ly will re - prove me And be my con - stant guide.
Have long from me de - part - ed, God's grace shall still en - dure.
In His good time He chang - es All sor - row in - to joy.
He sent His great - est trea - sure In Je - sus Christ, His Son.



He stretch - es out His hand In eve - ning and in morn - ing,
He res - cues me from sin And breaks the chains that bind me.
So let me then be still: My bod - y, soul, and spir - it
He ev - 'ry gift im - parts. The bread of earth and heav - en



My life with grace a - dorn - ing Wher - ev - er I may stand.
I leave death's fear be - hind me; His peace I have with - in.
His ten - der care in - her - it Ac - cord - ing to His will.
Are by His kind - ness giv - en. Praise Him with thank - ful hearts!

5 Praise God with acclamation

And in His gifts rejoice.

Each day finds its vocation

Responding to His voice.

Soon years on earth are past;

But time we spend expressing

The love of God brings blessing

That will forever last!

continued

6 Yet even though I suffer
The world's unpleasantness,
And though the days grow rougher
And bring me great distress,
That day of bliss divine,
Which knows no end or measure,
And Christ, who is my pleasure,
Forever shall be mine.

△7 For thus the Father willed it,
Who fashioned us from clay;
And His own Son fulfilled it
And brought eternal day.
The Spirit now has come,
To us true faith has given;
He leads us home to heaven.
O praise the Three in One!