

Twenty-first Sunday After Trinity

October 24, 2021

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **551** A mighty fortress is our God

Ein feste Burg

1. A mighty fortress is our God, / A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood / Of mortal ills prevailing;
For still our ancient foe / Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great, / And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.
2. Did we in our own strength confide, / Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side, / The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be? / Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his Name, / From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.
3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, / Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed / His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim, / We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure, / For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.
4. That word above all earthly powers, / No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours / Through him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go, / This mortal life also;
The body they may kill: / God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther, 1529; *Tr.* Frederick Henry Hedge, 1852, Melody: Martin Luther, 1529.

SEQUENCE HYMN **542** Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

Duke Street

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun / Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, / Till moons shall wax and wane no more
2. To him shall endless prayer be made, / And praises throng to crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise / With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of ev'ry tongue / Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim / Their early blessings on his Name.
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns; / The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest, / And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let every creature rise and bring / Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again, / And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719; Music: John Hatton, 1793.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, / I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe, / That in thine ocean depths its flow,
May richer, fuller be.
2. O Light that followest all my way, / I yield my flick'ring torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray, / That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.
3. O Joy that seekest me through pain, / I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain, / And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.
4. O Cross that liftest up my head, / I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead, / And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

William Cowper, 1768, Music: Albert Lister Peace, 1885.

1. Lead on, O King eternal, / The day of march has come;
Henceforth in fields of conquest / Thy tents shall be our home:
Through days of preparation / Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King eternal, / We lift our battle-song.
2. Lead on, O King eternal, / Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper / The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing, / Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy, / The heav'nly kingdom comes.
3. Lead on, O King eternal, / We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning / Where'er thy face appears.
Thy cross is lifted o'er us; / We journey in its light:
The crown awaits the conquest; / Lead on, O God of might!

Ernest Warburton Shurtleff, 1887, Music: Henry Smart, 1836