

O Christ, You Walked the Road

LSB 424



1 O Christ, You walked the road Our wan-d'ring feet must go.
2 No bread of earth a-lone Can fill our hun-g'ring hearts.
3 No blind-ing sign we ask, No won-der from a-bove.
4 When lures of eas-y gain With prom-ise bright-ly shine,
5 O Christ, You walked the road Our wan-d'ring feet must go.



You faced with us temp-ta-tion's pow'r And fought our an-cient foe.
Lord, help us seek Your liv-ing Word, The food Your grace im-parts.
Lord, help us place our trust a-lone In Your un-swerv-ing love.
Lord, help us seek Your king-dom first; Our wills with Yours a-lign.
Stay with us through temp-ta-tion's hour To fight our an-cient foe.

Text: Herman G. Stuempfle, Jr., 1923–2007

Tune: William Daman, c. 1540–1591

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A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

LSB 657



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 wins sal -
ject - ed. But now a cham - pion comes to fight, Whom God Him -
your us, We trem - ble not, un - moved we stand; They can - not
fear it; For God Him - self fights by our side With weap - ons



va - tion glo - rious. The old sa - tan - ic foe Has sworn to
self e - lect - ed. You ask who this may be? The Lord of
o - ver - pow'r us. Let this world's ty - rant rage; In bat - tle
of the Spir - it. Were they to take our house, Goods, hon - or,



work us woe. With craft and dread - ful might He
hosts is He, Christ Je - sus, might - y Lord, God's
we'll en - gage. His might is doomed to fail; God's
child, or spouse, Though life be wrenched a - way, They



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

Text: tr. Lutheran Book of Worship, 1978

Text and tune: Martin Luther, 1483–1546

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All Mankind Fell in Adam's Fall

LSB 562



1 All man - kind fell in Ad - am's fall; One com - mon
2 Through all our pow'rs cor - rup - tion creeps And us in
3 From hearts de - praved, to e - vil prone, Flow thoughts and
4 But Christ, the sec - ond Ad - am, came To bear our



sin in - fects us all. From one to all the
dread - ful bond - age keeps; In guilt we draw our
deeds of sin a - lone; God's im - age lost, the
sin and woe and shame, To be our life, our



curse de - scends, And o - ver all God's wrath im - pends.
in - fant breath And reap its fruits of woe and death.
dark - ened soul Seeks not nor finds its heav'n - ly goal.
light, our way, Our on - ly hope, our on - ly stay.

- 5 As by one man all mankind fell
And, born in sin, was doomed to hell,
So by one Man, who took our place,
We all were justified by grace.
- 6 We thank You, Christ; new life is ours,
New light, new hope, new strength, new pow'rs.
This grace our ev'ry way attend
Until we reach our journey's end.

Text: Lazarus Spengler, 1479–1534; tr. Matthias Loy, 1828–1915, alt.

Tune: Louis Bourgeois, c. 1510–61

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Our Father, Who from Heaven Above

LSB 766



1 Our Fa - ther, who from heav'n a - bove Bids all of us to
2 Your name be hal - lowed. Help us, Lord, In pu - ri - ty to
3 Your king - dom come. Guard Your do - main And Your e - ter - nal
4 Your gra - cious will on earth be done As it is done be -



live in love As mem - bers of one fam - i - ly And
keep Your Word, That to the glo - ry of Your name We
righ - teous reign. The Ho - ly Ghost en - rich our day With
fore Your throne, That pa - tient - ly we may o - bey Through -



pray to You in u - ni - ty, Teach us no thought - less words to
walk be - fore You free from blame. Let no false teach - ing us per -
gifts at - ten - dant on our way. Break Sa - tan's pow'r, de - feat his
out our lives all that You say. Curb flesh and blood and ev - 'ry



say But from our in - most hearts to pray.
vert; All poor de - lud - ed souls con - vert.
rage; Pre - serve Your Church from age to age.
ill That sets it - self a - gainst Your will.

5 Give us this day our daily bread,
And let us all be clothed and fed.
Save us from hardship, war, and strife;
In plague and famine, spare our life,
That we in honest peace may live,
To care and greed no entrance give.

6 Forgive our sins, Lord, we implore,
That they may trouble us no more;
We, too, will gladly those forgive
Who hurt us by the way they live.
Help us in our community
To serve each other willingly

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7 Lead not into temptation, Lord,
Where our grim foe and all his horde
Would vex our souls on ev'ry hand.
Help us resist, help us to stand
Firm in the faith, a mighty host,
Through comfort of the Holy Ghost.

8 From evil, Lord, deliver us;
The times and days are perilous.
Redeem us from eternal death,
And, when we yield our dying breath,
Console us, grant us calm release,
And take our souls to You in peace.

9 Amen, that is, so shall it be.
Make strong our faith in You, that we
May doubt not but with trust believe
That what we ask we shall receive.
Thus in Your name and at Your Word
We say, "Amen, O hear us, Lord!"

Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546; (sts. 1, 6, 8–9): tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.; (sts. 2–5, 7): tr. F. Samuel Janzow, 1913–2001, alt.

Tune: attr. Martin Luther, 1483–1546

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Jesus, Lead Thou On

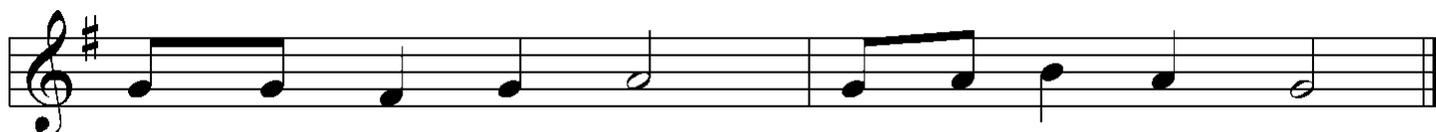
LSB 718



1 Je - sus, lead Thou on Till our rest is won; And al-though the
2 If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faith-less
3 When we seek re - lief From a long-felt grief, When temp - ta - tions
4 Je - sus, lead Thou on Till our rest is won. Heav'n-ly lead - er,



way be cheer - less, We will fol - low calm and fear - less.
fears o'er - take us; Let not faith and hope for - sake us;
come al - lur - ing, Make us pa - tient and en - dur - ing,
still di - rect us, Still sup - port, con - sole, pro - tect us,



Guide us by Thy hand To our fa - ther - land.
For through man - y a woe To our home we go.
Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more.
Till we safe - ly stand In our fa - ther - land.

Text: Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1700–60; tr. Jane L. Borthwick, 1813–97, alt.

Tune: Adam Drese, 1620–1701

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