

35 Praise Ye the Lord, the Almighty

1 Praise ye the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre -
 2 Praise ye the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous - ly
 3 Praise ye the Lord! O let all that is in me a -

a - tion! O my soul, praise him, for he is thy
 reign - eth, shel - ters thee un - der his wings, yea, so
 dore him! All that hath life and breath, come now with

health and sal - va - tion! All ye who hear, now to his
 gen - tly sus - tain - eth! Hast thou not seen how thy de -
 prais - es be - fore him! Let the a - men sound from his

tem - ple draw near; join me in glad ad - o - ra - tion!
 sires e'er have been grant-ed in what he or - dain - eth?
 peo - ple a - gain; glad - ly for aye we a - dore him.

This very strong 17th-century German hymn employs many phrases from the psalms, especially Psalms 150 and 103:1-6. It did not receive an effective English translation until the mid-19th century, but has remained popular ever since, thanks in part to its stirring tune.

694 Great God of Every Blessing

1 Great God of ev - ery bless - ing, of faith - ful, lov - ing care,
 2 Your Word is our sal - va - tion, the source of end - less grace,
 3 Your Spir - it is our teach - er, the light that guides our search,

you are the fount of good - ness, the dai - ly bread we share.
 in death and life ex - tend - ing your cov - e - nant em - brace.
 trans - form - ing bro - ken peo - ple in - to the ho - ly church.

How can we hope to thank you? Our praise is but a start:
 In Christ we are one bod - y; each mem - ber has a part:
 For feed - ing us with mer - cy, for wis - dom you im - part:

sin - cere - ly and com - plete - ly I of - fer you my heart.

Written for the 500th anniversary of John Calvin's birth, this text sums up his liturgical theology, ending each stanza with his motto: *Cor meum tibi offero, Domine, prompte et sincere.* By moving from plural to singular the stanzas show how corporate faith becomes personal piety.

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less 353



1 My hope is built on noth-ing less than Je-sus' blood and
 2 When dark-ness seems to hide his face, I rest on his un -
 3 His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sup - port me in the
 4 When he shall come with trum-pet sound, O may I then in



righ - teous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, but
 chang - ing grace; in ev - ery high and storm - y gale, my
 whelm-ing flood; when all a - round my soul gives way, he
 him be found, dressed in his righ - teous - ness a - lone, fault -



Refrain



whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; all
 then is all my hope and stay. less to stand be - fore the throne.



oth-er ground is sink-ing sand; all oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.



This hymn develops the imagery of Jesus' remark (Matthew 7:24-27/Luke 6:47-49) that those who believe in him and act on that belief are like someone who builds a house on a rock. The text is set to a tune created for it by a prolific 19th-century American composer and editor.