

HYMN SING RADIO – EPISODE FIFTEEN

**#1. “A Mighty Fortress”  
(Martin Luther)**

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 though this world,  
With demons 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 forever.

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**#2 “Yield Not To Temptation ”  
(Horatio Palmer)**

1. Yield not to temptation,  
For yielding is sin;  
Each victory will help you  
Some other to win.  
Fight manfully onward,  
Dark passions subdue;  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He will carry you through.

*Ask the Savior to help you,  
Comfort, strengthen and keep you;  
He is willing to aid you,  
He will carry you through.*

2. Shun evil companions,  
Bad language disdain,  
God's name hold in reverence,  
Nortake it in vain.  
Be thoughtful and earnest,  
Kinhearted and true;  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He will carry you through.

3. To Him that o'ercometh  
God giveth a crown;  
Through faith we shall conquer  
Though often cast down.  
He who is our Savior  
Our strength will renew;  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He will carry you through.

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**#3 “When We All Get To Heaven”  
(Eliza Hewitt)**

1. Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,  
Sing His mercy and His grace;  
In the mansions bright and blessed  
He'll prepare for us a place.

*When we all get to Heaven,  
What a day of rejoicing that will be!  
When we all see Jesus,  
We'll sing and shout the victory!*

2. While we walk this pilgrim  
pathway  
Clouds may overspread the sky;  
But when travelling days are over,  
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

3. Let us then be true and faithful,  
Trusting, serving every day;  
Just one glimpse of Him in Glory  
Will the toils of life repay.

4. Onward to the prize before us,  
Soon His beauty we'll behold;  
Soon the pearly gates will open,  
We shall tread the streets of gold.

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**#4 “When He Cometh”  
(William Cushing)**

1. When He cometh, when He cometh  
To make up His jewels,  
All His jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own;

*Like the stars of the morning,  
His bright crown adorning,  
They shall shine in their beauty  
Bright gems for His crown.*

2. He will gather, He will gather  
The gems for His Kingdom;  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,  
His loved and His own.

3. Little children, little children  
Who love their redeemer  
Are His jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.

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**#5 “And Can It Be?”  
(Charles Wesley)**

1. And can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Savior's blood?  
Died He for me who caused His pain,  
For me who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be  
That Thou, my God,  
Shouldst die for me?

2. He left His Father's throne above,  
So free, so infinite His grace,  
Emptied Himself of all but love  
And bled for Adam's helpless race.  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For, O my God, it found out me.

3. Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;  
I woke; the dungeon  
Flamed with light.  
My chains fell off,  
My heart was free,  
I rose, went forth,  
And followed Thee.

4. No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine.  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne  
And claim the crown,  
Through Christ, my own.