

If God Himself Be For Me

TRUST

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Verses 1-3, 7-9, 11-15 Translated by Richard Massie, 1856, alt.
 Verses 4-6, 10 Translated for Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book (Pittsburgh), 1907, alt.
 Music: 'Woodbird' or 'Es Flog Ein Kleins Waldvögelein' traditional German found in
 "Memminger Tabulaturbuche", 17th Century. Setting: George Ratcliffe Woodward, 1904.
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. If God Him - self be for me, I may a host de - - fy;
 2. This I be - lieve, yea, ra - - ther, Of this I make my boast,
 3. I build on this foun - - da - - tion, That Je - sus and His blood
 4. My Je - sus is my Splen - - dor, My Sun, my Light, a - - lone;
 5. He can - celed my of - - fen - - ses, De - - liv - ered me from death;

For when I pray, be - - fore me My foes, con - - found - ed, fly.
 That God is my dear Fa - - ther, The Friend who loves me most,
 A - - lone are my sal - - va - - tion, The true, e - - ter - nal good.
 Were He not my De - - fen - - der Be - - fore God's awe - full throne,
 He is the Lord who clean - - ses My soul from sin through faith.

If Christ, my Head and Mas - - ter, Be - - friend me from a - - bove,
 And that, what - e'er be - - tide me, My Sa - vior is at hand
 With - - out Him all that plea - - ses Is val - ue - less on earth;
 I nev - er should find fa - - vor And mer - cy in His sight,
 In Him I can be cheer - - ful, Bold, and un - daun - ted aye;

What foe or what dis - - as - - ter Can drive me from His love?
 Through storm - y seas to guide me And bring me safe to land.
 The gifts I owe to Je - - sus A - - lone my love are worth.
 But be de - stroyed for - - ev - - er As dark - ness by the light.
 In Him I am not fear - - ful Of God's great Judg - ment Day.

6. Naught, naught, can now condemn me Nor set my hope aside;
Now hell no more can claim me, Its fury I deride.
No sentence e'er reproves me, No ill destroys my peace;
For Christ, my Savior, loves me And shields me with His grace.
7. His Spirit in me dwelleth, And o'er my mind He reigns.
All sorrow He dispelleth And soothes away all pains.
He crowns His work with blessing And helpeth me to cry,
"My Father!" without ceasing, To Him who dwells on high.
8. And when my soul is lying Weak, trembling, and opprest,
He pleads with groans and sighing That cannot be exprest;
But God's quick eye discerns them, Although they give no sound,
And into language turns them E'en in the heart's deep ground.
9. To mine His Spirit speaketh Sweet word of holy cheer,
How God to him that seeketh For rest is always near
And how He hath erected A city fair and new,
Where what our faith expected We evermore shall view.
10. In yonder home doth flourish My heritage, my lot;
Though here I die and perish, My heaven shall fail me not.
Though care my life oft saddens And causeth tears to flow,
The light of Jesus gladdens And sweetens every woe.
11. Who clings with resolution To Him whom Satan hates
Must look for persecution; For him the burden waits
Of mockery, shame, and losses, Heaped on his blameless head;
A thousand plagues and crosses Will be his daily bread.
12. From me this is not hidden, Yet I am not afraid;
I leave my cares, as bidden, To whom my vows were paid.
Though life and limb it cost me And everything I won,
Unshaken shall I trust Thee And cleave to Thee alone.
13. Though earth be rent asunder, Thou'rt mine eternally;
Not fire nor sword nor thunder Shall sever me from Thee;
Not hunger, thirst, nor danger, Not pain nor poverty
Nor mighty princes' anger Shall ever hinder me.
14. No angel and no gladness, No throne, no pomp, no show,
No love, no hate, no sadness, No pain, no depth of woe,
No scheme of man's contrivance, However small or great,
Shall draw me from Thy guidance Nor from Thee separate.
15. My heart for joy is springing And can no more be sad,
'Tis full of mirth and singing, Sees naught but sunshine glad.
The Sun that cheers my spirit Is Jesus Christ, my King;
That which I shall inherit Makes me rejoice and sing.