
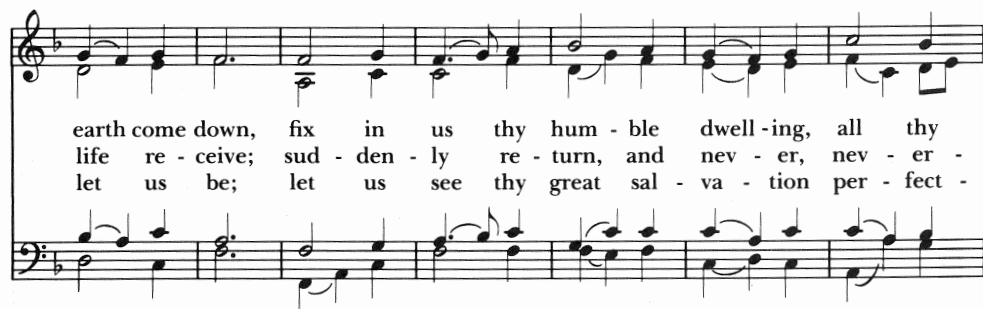


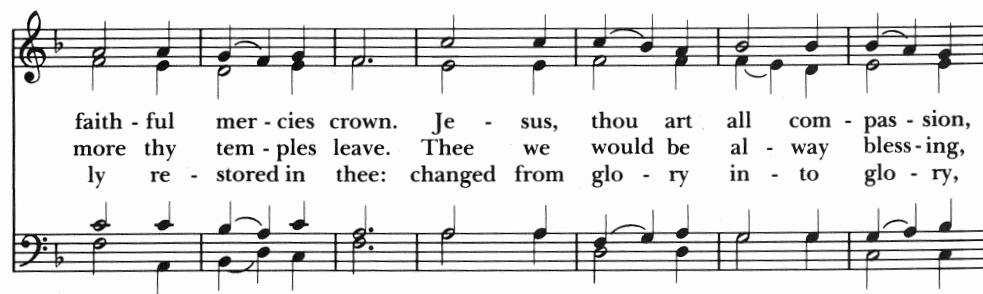
Verse 1



1 Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, joy of heaven, to
 2 Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, let us all thy
 3 Fi - nish then thy new cre - a - tion; pure and spot - less



earth come down, fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, all thy
 life re - ceive; sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, nev - er -
 let us be; let us see thy great sal - va - tion per - fect -



faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion,
 more thy tem - ples leave. Thee we would be al - way bless - ing,
 ly re - stored in thee: changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,



pure, un - bound - ed love thou art; vis - it us with
 serve thee as thy hosts a - bove, pray, and praise thee
 till in heaven we take our place, till we cast our

thy sal - va - tion, en - ter ev - ery trem-bling heart.
with - out ceas - ing, glo - ry in thy per - fect love.
crowns be - fore thee, lost in won - der, love, and praise.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The music is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
Music: *Hyfrydol*, Rowland Hugh Prichard (1811-1887)

$\text{♩} = 112$
87. 87. D

vv. 1, 4

1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark
 2 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing
 3 And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en
 4 That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to

nev - er fail - ing; our help - er he a - mid the flood
 would be los - ing; were not the right man on our side,
 to un - do us; we will not fear, for God hath willed
 them, a - bid - eth; the Spi - rit and the gifts are ours

of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing: for still our an - cient foe
 the man of God's own choos - ing: dost ask who that may be?
 his truth to tri - umph through us; the prince of dark - ness grim,
 through him who with us sid - eth: let goods and kin - dred go,

doth seek to work us woe; his craft and power are great,
 Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord Sa - ba - oth his Name,
 we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,
 this mor - tal life al - so; the bo - dy they may kill:

and, armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - - qual.
 from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - - tle.
 for lo! his doom is sure, one lit - tle word shall fell him.
 God's truth a - bid - eth still, his king - dom is for ev - - er.

Alternative tune: *Ein feste Burg* (isometric), 688.

Words: Martin Luther (1483-1546); tr. Frederic Henry Hedge (1805-1890); based on Psalm 46

Music: *Ein feste Burg*, melody Martin Luther (1483-1546);

harm. Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612), alt.

$\text{♩} = 100$

87. 87. 66. 66. 7