

OPENING OF WORSHIP

# 214 He Has Made Me Glad (I Will Enter His Gates)

Enter His gates with thanksgiving and His courts with praise. Psalm 100:4

D G G#°7 D/A D

I will en-ter His gates with thanks-giv-ing in my heart; I will en-ter His

1 2 3

G A7 G/A A13 D G G#°7 D/A F# A# Bm Bm7

courts with praise. I will say, "This is the day that the Lord has made!" I

4 5 6

Em7 A7 G/A A7 D D G

will re-joice for He has made me glad. He has made me glad,

7 8 9

D/A Bm Bm7 1 Em7 A7 G/A A7 D A7/E D/F#

He has made me glad, I will re-joice for He has made me glad.

10 11 12

2 Em7 A7 G/A A7 D D/C Bb7 Ab/Bb Bb13

will re-joice for He has made me glad. I will

13 14

TEXT: Leona Von Brethorst  
MUSIC: Leona Von Brethorst

HE HAS MADE ME GLAD  
Irregular meter

OPENING OF WORSHIP

E $\flat$ 
A $\flat$ 
A $\circ$ 7
E $\flat$ / $\flat$ 
E $\flat$ 
A $\flat$

en-ter His gates with thanks-giv-ing in my heart; I will en-ter His courts with

B $\flat$ 7
A $\flat$ / $\flat$ 
B $\flat$ 13
E $\flat$ 
A $\flat$ 
A $\circ$ 7
E $\flat$ / $\flat$ 
G/ $\flat$ 
Cm
Cm7

praise. I will say, "This is the day that the Lord has made!" I

Fm7
B $\flat$ 7
A $\flat$ / $\flat$ 
B $\flat$ 7
E $\flat$ 
E $\flat$ 
A $\flat$

will re-joice for He has made me glad. He has made me glad,

E $\flat$ / $\flat$ 
Cm
Cm7
1 Fm7
B $\flat$ 7
A $\flat$ / $\flat$ 
B $\flat$ 7

He has made me glad, I will re-joice for He has made me

E $\flat$ 
B $\flat$ 7
E $\flat$ 
G
2 Fm7
B $\flat$ 7
A $\flat$ / $\flat$ 
B $\flat$ 7
E $\flat$

glad. will re-joice for He has made me glad.

Optional choral ending

E $\flat$ 
*f*
E $\flat$ / $\flat$ 
A $\flat$ 
Gm/ $\flat$ 
A $\flat$ 
Gm7
Fm7
Gm7
Fm7
*ff*
A $\flat$ / $\flat$ 
E $\flat$

I will re-joice for He has made me glad, made me glad!

## 457 I Greet Thee, Who My Sure Redeemer Art

TOULON 10.10.10

Attr. John Calvin  
 French Psalter, Strassburg, 1545  
 Trans. Elizabeth Lee Smith, 1868

Adapt. from Genevan 124  
 Genevan Psalter, 1551

1. I greet Thee, who my sure Re - deem - er art,  
 2. Thou art the King of mer - cy and of grace,  
 3. Thou art the life, by which a - lone we live,  
 4. Thou hast the true and per - fect gen - tle - ness,

My on - ly trust and Sav - ior of my heart,  
 Reign - ing om - nip - o - tent in ev - ery place:  
 And all our sub - stance and our strength re - ceive;  
 No harsh - ness hast Thou and no bit - ter - ness:

Who pain didst un - der - go for my poor sake;  
 So come, O King, and our whole be - ing sway;  
 Sus - tain us by Thy faith and by Thy power,  
 O grant to us the grace we find in Thee,

I pray Thee from our hearts all cares to take.  
 Shine on us with the light of Thy pure day.  
 And give us strength in ev - ery try - ing hour.  
 That we may dwell in per - fect u - ni - ty.

# 151 A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

*The Lord Almighty is with us; the God of Jacob is our fortress. Psalm 46:7*

C C/E C G Em Am DD<sup>7</sup>G Am Em F C AmDm GG<sup>7</sup>C

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;  
 2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing,  
 3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threat-en to un-do us,  
 4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-bid-eth;

C C/E C G Em Am DD<sup>7</sup>G Am Em F C AmDm GG<sup>7</sup>C

Our help-er He a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.  
 Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing.  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph thro' us.  
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid-eth.

C Am G/B DD<sup>7</sup>G C G/B C F B<sup>o</sup>/D Am E/G# Am E/B Am C DD<sup>7</sup>

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe- His craft and pow'r are  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He- Lord Sab-a-oth His  
 The prince of dark-ness grim, We trem-ble not for him- His rage we can en-  
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so- The bod-y they may

G F E/A C C<sup>7</sup> A#/C Dm E Am Em F C AmDm GG<sup>7</sup>C

great, And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.  
 name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.  
 dure, For lo, his doom is sure: One lit-tle word shall fell him.  
 kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still: His king-dom is for-ev-er.

## The Strife Is O'er

119

VICTORY 8.8.8 with alleluias

Latin, c. 1695

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, 1591

Trans. Francis Pott, 1861

Adapt. William Henry Monk, 1861

*Refrain (before stanza 1 and after stanza 4)*

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to -  
 2. The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their  
 3. The three sad days are quick - ly sped, Christ ris - es  
 4. Lord, by Your wounds on Cal - va - ry From death's dread

ry of life is won; The song of tri - umph  
 le - gions hath dis - persed: Let shouts of ho - ly  
 glo - rious from the dead: All glo - ry to our  
 sting Your ser - vants free, That we may live e -

has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 ter - nal - ly. Al - le - lu - ia!