

You Have Come Down to the Lakeshore

Tú has venido a la orilla



1	<i>Tú</i>	<i>has ve - ni - do a la o - ri - lla,</i>	<i>no has bus -</i>
1	You	have come down to the lake - shore	seek - ing
2	You	know full well what I have, Lord:	nei - ther
3	You	need my hands, my ex - haus - tion,	work - ing
4	You	who have fished oth - er wa - ters;	you, the



<i>ca - do</i>	<i>ni a sa - bios ni a ri - cos;</i>	<i>tan só - lo</i>
nei - ther	the wise nor the wealth - y,	but on - ly
trea - sure	nor wea - pons for con - quest,	just these my
love for	the rest of the wea - ry—	a love that's
long - ing	of souls that are yearn - ing:	O lov - ing



<i>quie - res</i>	<i>que yo te si - ga.</i>
ask - ing	for me to fol - low.
fish nets	and will for work - ing.
will - ing	to go on lov - ing.
Friend, you	have come to call me.

Refrain / Estribillo



<i>Se - ñor,</i>	<i>me has mi - ra - do a los o - jos;</i>	<i>son - ri - en - do,</i>
Sweet Lord,	you have looked in - to my eyes;	kind - ly smil - ing,



<i>has di - cho mi nom - bre.</i>	<i>En la a - re - na</i>	<i>he de - ja - do mi</i>
you've called out my name. . . .	On the sand I	have a - ban - doned my



<i>bar - ca;</i>	<i>jun - to a ti</i>	<i>bus - ca - ré o - tro mar.</i>
small boat;	now with you,	I will seek oth - er seas.

Lift High the Cross

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Refrain

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim till

all the world a - dore his sa - cred name.

1 Come, Chris - tians, fol - low where our cap - tain trod,
 2 All new - born ser - vants of the Cru - ci - fied
 3 O Lord, once lift - ed on the glo - rious tree,
 4 So shall our song of tri - umph ev - er be:

Refrain

our king vic - to - rious, Christ, the Son of God.
 bear on their brows the seal of him who died.
 as thou hast prom - ised, draw us all to thee.
 praise to the Cru - ci - fied for vic - to - ry!

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

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1 A might - y for - tress is our God,
 2 No strength of ours can match his might!
 3 Though hordes of dev - ils fill the land
 4 God's Word for - ev - er shall a - bide,



a sword and shield vic - to - rious;
 We would be lost, re - ject - ed.
 all threat - 'ning to de - vour us,
 no thanks to foes, who fear it;



he breaks the cruel op - pres - sor's rod
 But now a cham - pion comes to fight,
 we trem - ble not, un - moved we stand;
 for God him - self fights by our side



and wins sal - va - tion glo - rious.
 whom God him - self e - lect - ed.
 they can - not o - ver - pow'r us.
 with weap - ons of the Spir - it.



The old e - vil foe, sworn to work us woe,
 Ask who this may be: Lord of hosts is he!
 This world's prince may rage, in fierce war en - gage.
 If they take our house, goods, fame, child, or spouse,



with dread craft and might he arms him - self to fight.
 Christ Je - sus our Lord, God's on - ly Son, a - dored.
 He is doomed to fail; God's judg - ment must pre - vail!
 wrench our life a - way, they can - not win the day.



On earth he has no e - qual.
 He holds the field vic - to - rious.
 One lit - tle word sub - dues him.
 The king - dom's ours for - ev - er!