How Firm a Foundation

Music Attributed to J. Ellis
Text Attributed to Robert Keen

Pictures from: The Ensign & Gospel Art Kit
How firm a foundation,
ye Saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith
in his excellent word!

Is laid for your faith
in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Savior, who unto the Savior, Who unto the Savior for refuge have fled?

Who unto the Savior, who unto the Savior, Who unto the Savior for refuge have fled?
In ev'ry condition—
in sickness, in health,

In poverty's vale
or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land or the sea—
As thy days may demand, so thy succor shall be.

As thy days may demand, as thy days may demand, As thy days may demand, so thy succor shall be.
Fear not, I am with thee;
    oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God
and will still give thee aid.
I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

Upheld by my righteous, upheld by my righteous, upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

Upheld by my righteous, upheld by my righteous,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
When through the deep waters
I call thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow
shall not thee o'erflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, and sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

And sanctify to thee, and sanctify to thee, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply.

My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply.
The flame shall not hurt thee;
I only design

Thy dross to consume,
Thy dross to consume,
Thy dross to consume
and thy gold to refine.
E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;

My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hair shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs shall they still, like lambs shall they still, Like lambs shall they still,
in my bosom be borne.

Like lambs shall they still, like lambs shall they still, Like lambs shall they still
in my bosom be borne.
The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes;

I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I’ll never, no never, I’ll never, no never, I’ll never, no never, no never forsake!

That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I’ll never, no never, I’ll never, no never, I’ll never, no never, no never forsake!