

On Jacob's God

1. My soul has made its fi - nal choice, Sal - va - tion now is sure;
2. Though in this de - sert waste I lie On stone in - stead of bed,
3. I walk with joy t'ward lands of light On paths both rough and dry,
4. With Ja - cob's God is joy and peace For young as well as old.

I rest with - in the Lord's own hand, My fu - ture is se - cure.
The Lord's own faith - ful - ness shall mark The path where I am - cure.
For I have heard His pro - mise clear: "I will not pass you led.
If you have ne - ver trus - ted Him, Come now, be brave and by." bold!

On Ja - cob's God I build my hope, On Him a - lone re - ly;

In sor - row's night and trou - ble's storm, He hears my ev - 'ry cry.

Words and music: Andrew L. Skoog (1856–1934), 1896

English translation and versification: ChatGPT (GPT-4-turbo), 2025

Adapted by Mark Hamilton Dewey (b. 1980), 2025: from 'På Jakobs Gud' as found in Jubelklängen, 1896, no. 33