

[This appendix is supplemental to the Center's 2018 printed monograph—*Anna B. Hoppe: Her Life and Hymnody* by Elisabeth Joy Urtel. All of these texts are in the public domain.]

Appendix A

Anna Hoppe: *Songs for the Church Year* (1928)

(Editor's note: The following is the book, aside from the index, as it was originally published. Corrections have been made only for modern grammar and consistency.)

Songs for the Church Year

A Singer's Wish

O could I with a thousand tongues
Thy praise, my God, proclaim!
O could I pen a thousand songs
To magnify Thy Name!
O could I touch the ivory keys,
And in sublime accord
Create a thousand melodies
Adoring Thee, dear Lord!

Creation's wonder I behold
In earth, and sky, and sea;
Thy boundless Father-love untold
Beams forth from Calvary!
Saved, ransomed, pardoned, reconciled,
Thy Spirit bids me bring
A tribute worthy of a child.
O grant me grace to sing!

How dear to me is David's art:
Sweet, sacred psalmody!
Touch Thou the harpstrings of my heart
That I may sing for Thee!
Permit my faith to bring to earth
A breath from higher spheres,
And let my pen to song give birth
That comforts, strengthens, cheers!

What solace to the comfortless

A Christian anthem brings!
What balm to mortals in distress
When a believer sings!
What sound to burdened, troubled breast
Is sweeter than a psalm?
It lulls the weary heart to rest
And bids the storm be calm.

Thou Giver of all perfect gifts,
This boon on me bestow.
Grant me a song that gently lifts
A mourner's weight of woe.
Grant me a Spirit-guided pen
To write the message down.
That it may comfort others when
I pass from cross to crown.

O let me give Thy Church a song
That nevermore may die!
When with my Savior's ransomed throng
I sing Thy praise on high,
More sweet would be my bliss divine
Could I perceive and know
That in these humble words of mine
Saints worship Thee below!

ANNA HOPPE.

Note – For the kind endeavor to gratify this desire the author is most grateful to the publishers of this volume, and to the compilers of the new Hymnal of the Augustana Synod.

Advent, Christmas, New Year

Call to Repentance
Epistle Lesson Hymn for First Sunday in Advent
Romans 13:11-14

Wake, awake, ye sleeping Christians!
Jesus calls you; rise, arise!
Leave sin's dark pit; God's glorious light
Dispels the dismal gloom of night.
Salvation's beams illumine the skies;
From sleep of sin to life arise.
Waken! Waken! Waken!

Wake, awake, sin's night hath vanished;
Cast its wicked works away.
Ye dead in sin, arise with Christ;
Be not by Satan's lures enticed.
Awake from sleep, behold the day;
The Saviour's pleading call obey.
Waken! Waken! Waken!

Wake, awake, Christ's truth is shining;
Let your heart reflect its light!
The flesh is weak; the Spirit's shield
Of faith now grasp; His Sword now wield.
Extol the Cross on Calv'ry's height;
Fill earth's dark night with glory bright.
Waken! Waken! Waken!

Wake, awake, through Christ be blameless;
Fleshly lusts fulfill no more.
Put on the Spirit's armor bright,
And walk, as sons of God, in light.
Ye Spirit-born, all sin abhor;
Ye ris'n with Christ, His Name adore.
Waken! Waken! Waken!

Wake, awake, for Judgment morning
Soon shall dawn, the world's assize.
Prepare, your glorious goal is near;
Be watchful. Christ shall soon appear.
On Zion's mount the watchman cries:
"Ye sleeping Christians, rise, arise!
Waken! Waken! Waken!"

The Coming King
Gospel Lesson Hymn for First Sunday in Advent
Matthew 21:1-9

Rise, arise! Rise, arise!
Zion, rise to greet thy King.
Open wide the gates before Him;
Let the glad Hosannas ring;
Haste to worship and adore Him;
Hark, the watchman on the mountain cries:
"Rise, arise! Rise, arise!"

Weep no more! Weep no more!
Zion, dry thy bitter tears.
Cast aside all gloom and sadness,
For the Shiloh now appears
Who shall turn thy grief to gladness.
Day has dawned. Arise, the night is o'er.
Weep no more! Weep no more!

O rejoice! O rejoice!
Christ has come, as long foretold.
The Messiah long-expected,
The Incarnate Word behold!
Though by earthly kings rejected,
Hail Him Lord of all with mighty voice.
O rejoice! O rejoice!

Crown Him King! Crown Him King!
His exalted name confess.
From His heav'nly throne descending,
Jesus, Lord of righteousness,
Bringeth joy and peace unending.
O let heart and tongue His praises sing!
Crown Him King! Crown Him King!

Worship Him! Worship Him!
Zion, worship at His feet;
Hail the Son of God thy Saviour!
Haste, the longed-for Bridegroom greet;
Come, receive His kingly favor.
Zion, haste thy lamp of faith to trim.
Worship Him! Worship Him!

Christ shall reign! Christ shall reign!
Lord of lord, and King of kings!
He, the First-born of Creation,
An eternal scepter swings.
Shout, ye Heav'ns, in jubilation!
Echo back, O earth, the joyous strain:
"Christ shall reign! Christ shall reign."

In Him Shall the Gentiles Trust
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Second Sunday in Advent

Rom. 15:4-13.

Rejoice, ye Gentile nations,
With chosen Israel.
Let heart-born jubilations
Adore Immanuel.
The shadows all have vanished;
Fulfillment now has come.
God's glorious Light has banished
The night of dismal gloom.

The bars are rent asunder;
Naught shall henceforth divide.
O all-transcendent wonder!
The door is open wide.
How blest the proclamation:
Jehovah's love so true
Hath wrought full, free salvation
For Gentile and for Jew!

O Love past understanding,
How deep and wide art thou!
In magnitude expanding,
That Gentile knees might bow
In holy awe before Thee,
Thou Hope of Israel,
And give Thee praise and glory,
Who doest all things well.

O long-expected Saviour,
Sweet Root of Jesse, Thou!
With love's unbounded favor
Thy Church Thou dost endow.
Saved, ransomed, cleansed, forgiven,
Through Thy atoning blood,
With all the host of Heaven
Thy glorious grace we laud.

Thy Holy Word remaineth
A faithful witness true;
Its truth our hearts sustaineth
With comfort ever new.
O grant us through Thy Spirit

Hope, patience, faith, and love,
Till through Thy blood-bought merit
We reach our Home above!

The Judgment
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Second Sunday in Advent
Luke 21:25-36.

O day of judgment, dreadful day,
When earth and heaven pass away,
How fearful are thy wonders!
Rememb'ring Sodom's blazing fire,
Consuming in destruction dire,
Can mortals bear thy thunders?
O day of wrath, when as a scroll
The blazing skies together roll!

When signs appear in stars and moon,
And darkness clouds the sun at noon,
When heav'nly powers are shaking,
When ocean waters skyward soar,
When surges rise, and billows roar,
And all the earth is quaking,
Can ye who dwell on sin-cursed sod
Behold the Christ, the Son of God?

In power and glory He shall come
To lead His waiting Christendom,
The Bride His love elected,
To realms of bliss and pure delight.
But O, upon the worldling's sight
The Christ his scorn rejected
As Judge in vengeance shall appear,
And turn his laughter into fear!

Ye sinners haste, O come today,
The precious Gospel call obey,
Believe a pleading Saviour!
Repent of sin; His gracious will
Saves, justifies, and pardons still;
Receive His blood-bought favor.
O enter now the open door,
And haste, ere time shall be no more!

Dear Saviour, let Thy precious blood
That cleansing stream, that crimson flood,
Purge me from all transgression,
Till, saved by grace, through faith in Thee,
The gates of Paradise I see,
Grant me Thy intercession.
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness,
Let me Thy Name forever bless.

When at Thy Word the dead arise,
O let me greet Thee in the skies,
Thou ris'n, ascended Jesus!
Save Thou me from the sinners' doom
Let me in safety reach the Home
Where praise to Thee ne'er ceases.
O let me in the realms above
Forevermore extol Thy love!

Stewards of God's Mysteries
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Third Sunday in Advent
1 Corinthians 4:1-5

Bishop of souls, Lord Jesus Christ,
Protect Thy flock, we pray,
Lest into Satan's nets enticed,
We perish by the way.

Unto Thy blood-bought Church bestow
A godly ministry,
Intent Thy holy will to know,
Obedient unto Thee.

As stewards of Thy mysteries
May they ever faithful be
To teach Thy Word's divine decrees
In pristine purity.

Grant unto them Thy Spirit's power
The unction from on high.
Console them in the trial hour,
Assure them Thou art nigh.

The treasures Thy pure Word imparts
All to Thy love we trace.
Let us accept with grateful hearts
The riches of Thy grace.

Grant to Thy flock humility
And fervent love, dear Lord.
May we find joy in serving Thee
According to Thy Word.

Let us not judge before the time,
But leave all unto Thee.
Soon Thou wilt come in power sublime
Our righteous Judge to be.

Then wilt Thou bring, O Lord of lords,
The hidden things to light.
Then shall Thy servants reap rewards
In Salem's realm so bright.

Testimony that Jesus is the Christ
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Third Sunday in Advent
Matthew 11:2-10

Thou Virgin-born Incarnate Word,
Begotten of the Father,
Blest Son of Mary, David's Lord,
In Thy dear name we gather.
As Thou has promised, be Thou nigh,
And hear us as we testify:
"Thou art the Christ, our Saviour."

The herald in the wilderness
Prepares the way before Thee.
With him let us Thy name confess;
With him let us adore Thee.
Grant that we hearken to his cry:
"Repent, the Kingdom draweth nigh,"
And seek Thee, Christ, our Saviour."

Thou art indeed God's holy Son,
Belov'd of Him most dearly.
The mighty works that Thou hast done

Reveal Thy Godhead clearly.
The blind can see, the sick are healed,
The lips once dumb are now unsealed;
All power is Thine, dear Jesus.

The lame can walk, the deaf now hear,
And lepers, cleansed, adore Thee.
O Lord of life, when Thou art near,
Death bows in dust before Thee!
At Thy blest Word the dead are raised.
Immanuel. Thy name be praised;
Thou art indeed Messiah.

The Scriptures are fulfilled in Thee,
O Son of man, our brother!
In Thee the promised Christ we see;
Why should we seek another?
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
In Thee alone true peace we gain,
For Thou hast died to save us!

Thou art our Peace, our Righteousness,
The Rock of our salvation.
Clothed in Thy garb of holiness,
We fear no condemnation.
Thy blood has cleansed away our sin;
Through Thee eternal life we win.
O crucified Redeemer.

With Heaven's hosts we hail Thy birth,
Dear Saviour, blessed Jesus!
Send forth Thy Gospel o'er the earth,
From sin and death it frees us;
To ransom all, Thy blood sufficed.
Thou art the Christ! Thou art the Christ!
Praise to Thy name forever.

Rejoice in the Lord Always
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Fourth Sunday in Advent
Philippians 4:4-7

Rejoice in Christ, your Lord,
Ye Christians, sing with gladness!

His Spirit in His Word
Bids you dispel your sadness.
The Triune God above
Declares you all His own.
His boundless Father-love
In Jesus He makes known.

Ye who have come in tears,
Your sinfulness confessing,
Were freed from burdens, fears,
And gained His pardon's blessing.
For Jesus' precious blood
Hath washed away your sin;
The spotless Lamb of God
Hath died your souls to win.

Saved by the grace of God,
And free from condemnation,
Ye ransomed Christians, laud
The Lord of your salvation.
O lift in choral song,
In psalms, and hymns your voice!
With all the heav'nly throng
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!

O let not anxious care
Or troublous burdens press you;
Make known to God in prayer
The trials that distress you!
Your fears He can remove;
Your hearts' desires fulfill.
O thank Him for His love,
And bow to His blest will!

Unto all men below
Make know your lowly meekness;
To erring brethren show
Compassion in their weakness.
And let not earthly dross
Obscure your vision bright;
The pathway of the cross
Leads to the realms of light.

The peace your God imparts,
That passeth understanding,
Shall fill your minds and hearts,
All earth-born fears disbanding,
Till your ascended Lord
Returns to earth again.
O trust His glorious Word!
Rejoice! Rejoice! Amen.

The Voice in the Wilderness
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Fourth Sunday in Advent
John 1:19-28

“Repent, the kingdom draweth nigh,”
The herald of the Lord doth cry.
Ye sinners, lost through Adam’s fall,
Will ye not hearken to the call?

The King of glory draweth nigh,
The holy Son of God most high,
Make straight the way, for Shiloh waits!
O Israel, fling wide thy gates!

Repent, the gracious call believe;
Haste, His forgiveness to receive.
The Prince of life, Incarnate Word,
Life and salvation can afford.

Divine Redeemer, glorious King,
Repentant hearts to Thee we bring.
Thy holy blood for us was spilt,
Cleanse us from all the stains of guilt.

Drawn by Thy Spirit, through Thy Word,
Thy invitation we have heard,
In answer to Thy sweet request,
We come to Thee, O Christ, for rest.

Thy pardon, full, complete, and free,
Removes sin’s awful penalty.
Our Father’s love is now restored.
Thou hast redeemed us, dearest Lord.

Let us Thy name forever bless,
On earth Thy gospel truth confess,
Till, saved by grace, through faith in Thee,
The gates of Paradise we see.

The Light of the World is Jesus
(Translated from the German)
Hymn on the Christmas Epistle Lesson
"Dies ist die Nacht da mir erschienen." - C.F. NACHTENHOEFER
Titus 3:4-5

This night a wondrous revelation
Makes known to me God's love and grace.
The Child to whom hosts give adoration
Brings light to our benighted race,
And though a thousand suns may shine,
Still brighter beams that Light divine.

The sun of grace for thee is beaming,
Rejoice, my soul, in Jesus' birth;
The light from yonder manger streaming
Sends forth its rays o'er all the earth.
It drives the night of sin away,
And turns our darkness into day.

This glorious light thy gloom can banish.
Salvation's truth it clarifies.
When sun, and moon, and stars shall vanish,
Its rays shall still illumine the skies,
And throughout all eternity
This light thy heav'nly joy shall be.

Till then, let love shine out in splendor,
And faith beam forth with luster bright;
True homage to thy Father render;
His sun shall flood thy path with light!
If this celestial lamp be thine,
Thou canst no more in darkness pine.

Thou precious Sun of Christmas, Jesus,
Shine o'er me with Thy love, I pray.
Thy light my Christmas joy increases;
Teach me this holy Christmas day

How I may walk in light, and be
A Christmas beam reflecting Thee!

Praise to the Christ-Child
Hymn on the Christmas Gospel Lesson
Luke 2:1-20

Precious Child, so sweetly sleeping
In a virgin's fond embrace,
Heav'nly hosts their watch are keeping
Blest Messiah, newborn King,
Let my heart its tribute bring.

Anthems joyous now are ringing
In the skies of Bethlehem;
Angels their sweet song are singing,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
Precious Jesus, at Thy birth
Heaven's peace is brought to earth.

Sweetly rest, Thou promised Saviour,
By the prophets long foretold;
Brightly beams the Father's favor,
Now all men His love behold.
Virgin-born Immanuel,
Let my tongue Thy praises tell.

Promised Saviour, I adore Thee,
Son of David, Son of God!
What can mortals bring before Thee?
All is Thine on earthly sod.
Take my heart and let it be
Filled with love, dear child, to Thee.

Thou hast come to bring salvation
To this sin-cursed world below,
That Thy blood-redeemed creation
Thine abounding love might know.
Enter each believing heart;
Pardon, grace, and peace impart.

Naught on earth my love shall sever
From Thee, Thou Incarnate Word,

Let me worship Thee forever,
My Redeemer, and my Lord.
Blest Messiah, let me be
Thine alone eternally,

Take my humble adoration
While on earth below I dwell.
Let my songs in exultation
Of Thy boundless goodness tell,
Till in Heav'n above, my King,
Endless hymns of praise I sing.

Free Salvation
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Second Christmas Day
Titus 3:4-7

Wonderful tiding of free salvation
By grace through faith in Jesus Christ,
Granting me freedom from condemnation
Through Him whose precious blood sufficed
To purge away sin's every stain!
Praise God, my soul, in joyous strain!
Hallelujah!

He sent His well-belov'd Son from Heaven
A lost creation to redeem.
From the dominion of darkness riven,
All who believe have life in Him,
Mercy, forgiveness, cleansing, peace,
From hands of sin divine release.
Hallelujah!

To sinful mortals His true compassion
And loving kindness He made known.
Unbounded pardon for all transgression
Through the atonement of His Son
The blest Evangel doth impart.
Accept His grace; rejoice, my heart.
Hallelujah!

Naught have I done, O my God, to merit
Salvation's priceless gift from Thee!
Only the power of Thy Holy Spirit

Can kindle saving faith in me,
My Saviour's robe of righteousness
Is now my spotless, glorious dress.
Hallelujah!

Precious assurance of life eternal!
Reborn in Thy baptismal flood.
Heaven is mine with its joys supernal.
Thy Spirit in Thy Word, my God,
Declares me Thy beloved child,
Saved, ransomed, pardoned, reconciled!
Hallelujah!

Heavenly Father, be praised forever
For Thine unending love and grace!
Praise to Thy Name, Thou exalted Saviour
Who hast by death redeemed our race!
To Thee, blest Spirit, evermore
Anthems of grateful praise shall soar.
Hallelujah!

Christmastide

"His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God,
Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace," Isaiah 9:6.
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Second Christmas Day
Luke 2:15-20

Rejoice O Zion, shout and sing,
And praise Thy God in gladness;
Let joyous anthems loudly ring,
And hush the notes of sadness!
This day is born Immanuel,
The Christ of whom the prophets tell,
The Saviour long-expected,
The King, by God elected!

Behold the Godhead veiled in clay,
The child of virgin mother!
Be leaves the realms of endless day
To be in flesh thy brother.
The Son of man, Incarnate Word,
The Root of Jesse, David's Lord,
The First-born of Creation

Descends to bring salvation.

The Counsellor, the mighty God,
The Father everlasting
Comes as a babe to earthly sod;
The Prince of Peace is resting
In virgin mother's fond embrace.
The Wonderful who fills all space
Within a stall is sleeping.
While angels watch are keeping.

Behold the Star of Jacob rise
As long foretold in story!
The heavenly Dayspring from the skies
Now floods the earth with glory!
The Sun of righteousness now gleams;
Behold its radiant, glorious beams!
O hail with jubilations
The blest Desire of Nations!

O Virgin-born we hail Thee King,
Redeemer, Lord, and Saviour!
Accept, we pray, the praise we bring,
Grant us Thy Father's favor,
Forgiveness, grace, and peace bestow
To all Thy ransomed saints below.
Remove sin's condemnation;
O grant us Thy salvation!

Until our earthly course is o'er,
Messiah, we'll adore Thee,
And when on Heaven's peaceful shore
We cast our crowns before Thee,
With angels' songs our own shall blend,
Our worship nevermore shall end.
Redeemer, Lord, and Saviour,
Be glorified forever!

Incarnation

Translated from the German

("Herr Jesu Christ, dein Kripplein ist mein Paradise" – PAUL GERHARDT)

O Lord of all,

Thy manger small
Delights my soul with beams of Eden's portals.
The *Word* doth grace
This lowly place
Where mighty God lies garbed in flesh of mortals.

To wind and wave
Commands He gave
Who now assumes a servant's lowly meekness.
To earthly sod
The Son of God
Descends to share our poverty and weakness.

Thou Highest Good
Dost lift our blood
Up to Thy throne in lofty exaltation.
Eternal Might,
Thou dost unite
With mortal men in brotherhood's equation,

What can he do
Who would pursue
And wound our souls with fiendish venom galling,
Though Adam's fall
He doth recall,
And taunt us with our guilt and sin appalling?

Be silent, Foe!
My Friend, I know,
My flesh and blood now dwells in Heaven glorious.
What Thou hast slain
He raised again –
The Son of Jacob, Conqueror victorious!

His grace and light,
Make all things bright.
What is my loss compared to wealth supernal?
My Fount of joy
Doth hell destroy;
Immanuel hath crushed the Foe infernal.

Then, Christian true,
Take courage new,

And let no earthborn woe or sorrow move thee!
Since reconciled
Through God's dear Child,
Most tenderly His Father-heart doth love thee.

Sonship under God
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Sunday after Christmas
Galatians 4:1-7

How blest to call Thee "Abba Father,"
Creator of the universe,
And to be known as Thy dear children
Who countless blessings dost disperse!
Made heirs through Thy eternal love,
We journey to our Home above..

All that we lost in erring Adam
Thy grace, O Triune God, restored.
To death for our transgressions given,
Christ, Thy Incarnate Son, our Lord,
A full, complete atonement wrought.
His precious blood our ransom bought.

Thy Holy Law for us fulfilling,
The Sinless One our burden bore,
Redeemed us from the yoke of bondage,
Declared us free forevermore.
For us He conquered death and hell,
The ris'n, divine Immanuel.

Cleansed by the holy Blood of Jesus,
Garbed in His robe of righteousness,
Thy children by divine adoption,
Dear Father, Thy loved name we bless.
Thy Spirit in us witness bears
That of Thy Kingdom we are heirs.

Our daily needs Thy love supplieth,
And manna for our hungry souls
Thy Word abundantly bestoweth.
Thou guardest us from danger's shoals.
Thou healest our infirmities,
Dost pardon our iniquities.

Our Cov'nant God, we glorify Thee!
Reborn through Thy Baptismal grace,
And comforted by power supernal
In Jesus' Name our path we trace
To yonder realm, prepared above
By Thy unbounded Father-love.

Until we reach that land immortal
Where Thou wilt wipe all tears away,
Let us, renewed by Thy blest Spirit,
Increase in faith from day to day.
O may we Abba Father cry
Till we behold Thy face on high!

Jesus the Messiah
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Sunday after Christmas
Luke 2:33-40.

Jesus, Son of God the Father,
Blest Redeemer, Lord and King,
In Thy house of prayer we gather
Homage to Thy name to bring.
All our praise to Thee belongs,
Sanctify our hearts and tongues.
Precious First-born of Creation,
O accept our adoration.

Let us bring our hearts' Hosanna
To Thy throne, O Lord of all,
As did Simeon and Anna
In the hallowed temple hall!
Let us glorify Thy name,
And Thy boundless love proclaim.
Glorious King by God elected,
Thou art Shiloh, long-expected!

Grace. Forgiveness, life, salvation,
Thou dost grant abundantly.
Hear the prayers of supplication
Thy redeemed now bring to Thee.
O divine Immanuel,
Saviour of Thine Israel,

Grant us grace Thy Name to cherish,
Lest in unbelief we perish.

Though the sinful world decries Thee
With its blasphemies uncouth,
Though proud unbelief denies Thee,
Thou art very God in truth!
Word Incarnate, veiled in clay,
As the children of the day
Let us flee earth's sinful pleasure;
Own Thee as our highest Treasure.

Let the tidings of redemption
Spread o'er all the earth below.
Thou alone canst grant exemption
From sin's penalty of woe.
Thou alone canst save from sin;
Thou alone our peace can win.
Only through Thy blood-bought merit
Life eternal we inherit.

Let us praise Thee and adore Thee
While on earth below we dwell;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
O thrice-blessed Immanuel,
Let us tell a fallen race
Of Thy boundless, saving grace!
Ris'n, exalted, mighty Savior,
Glory to Thy Name forever!

Justification by Faith
Epistle Lesson Hymn for New Year's Day
Galatians 3:23-29

O Truth divine by Scripture taught,
Not by my toil or merit
Can pardon for my sins be bought
Nor can I life inherit,
Clad in the sin-stained, carnal dress
Of earthborn, fleshly righteousness!
God's holy law, my tutor stern
Revealeth my transgression,
Held captive, for release I yearn,

For freedom from oppression.
One Door alone is open wide,
Christ, my Redeemer crucified!

Though crimson-dyed may be the stain,
By Faith in Him confiding,
Forgiveness, cleansing, peace I gain;
In His true love abiding
The Curse of law can harm me not;
His blood can purge sin's every spot.

My gracious God His Spirit sent
From bonds of sin to win me.
Through His blest Word and Sacrament
He wrought His work within me.
How blest His Gospel to receive,
And to confess: "Lord, I believe!"

Free from the law, O joy divine,
Free from all condemnation,
I now rejoice, O Saviour mine,
In Thy complete salvation.
O blest relief, from death to flee,
And find eternal rest in Thee!

Baptized, O Christ, in Thy dear name,
I am God's child forever,
Joint heir with seed of Abraham!
Thy Spirit, precious Saviour,
Shall give me strength in faith to stand
Until I reach the Promised Land!

O glorious faith that justifies,
Built on the Rock of Ages,
Earth's every tempest it defies,
All sorrow it assuages!
Soon on its pinions I shall rise
To greet my Lord, in Paradise!

His Name Was Called Jesus
Gospel Lesson Hymn for New Year's Day
Luke 2:21.

Jesus, O precious Name,
By heaven's herald spoken;
Jesus, O holy Name,
Of love divine the token;
Jesus, in Thy dear Name
This new year we begin.
Bless Thou its op'ning door,
Inscribe Thy Name within.

Jesus, O precious Name,
Thou Fount of our salvation,
Jesus, O sweetest Name
In angels' adoration,
Forgiveness, mercy, grace,
And life abundant flow
From Thee, O Name divine,
To sinful men below.

Jesus, O precious Name,
In Thee our hopes are centered;
In Thee, O mighty Name,
This new year we have entered.
Though seasons come and go,
Thou, Lord, art still the same;
Immovable remains
That solid Rock, Thy Name.

Jesus, O precious Name,
Thou bringest peace and gladness;
Jesus, O worshiped Name,
Dispelling all our sadness;
In hallowed temple halls
Thy sacred echo rings,
While heaven's ransomed host
Thy praise in glory sings.

Jesus, O precious Name,
Thou Harbinger of glory;
Jesus, most sacred Name
In hallowed song and story!
Blest Name, in Thee we live,
Blest Name, in Thee we die!
Blest Name, we'll sing Thy praise

Eternally on high!

In the Hour of Trial
Sunday after New Year's Day
1 Peter 4:12-19

Think it not strange, ye saints of God,
When cares and sorrows come
To cast their shadows o'er the road
That leads to heaven's home.

In the Refiner's sev'nfold fire
Faith's precious gold He tries,
The hope divine that doth aspire
To mansions in the skies.

O envy not the godless throng
On earthborn pleasures bent!
Flee from the paths of sin and wrong,
The tempter's wiles resent.

If ye the victor's crown would wear
In realms of light on high,
Shun not on earth the cross to bear;
Fear not with Christ to die.

In God's eternal Word abide,
Kept by His Spirit's power.
The needed strength He can provide
When comes the trial hour.

Cleansed by your Saviour's precious blood,
Saved by His glorious grace,
With joy to Salem's blest abode
Your pilgrim pathway trace.
There clad in robes of righteousness,
His saints like stars shall shine,
And through eternal ages bless
The power of Love divine!

The Coming of the Wise Men
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Sunday after New Year's Day
Matthew 2:13-23

Why fearest thou, O Herod,
A pure and holy Child,
Born in a stable lowly,
Of Virgin undefiled?
He seeketh not thy scepter,
He strives not for thy crown,
Although He is a monarch
From Heaven's throne sent down.

Behold, the godly prophets
His coming long foretold,
And thousands prayed and longed for
His reign in times of old.
The watchman on Mount Zion
Now sounds his trumpet blast,
For lo, the promised Shiloh
Comes to His own at last!

In eastern skies resplendent
Wise men His star behold.
From distant lands they bring Him
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold.
With joy they kneel before Him,
O'er whose Epiphany
The heav'nly host rejoiceth,
For King of kings is He.

A newborn King, Thy coming
To Bethlehem fulfilled
The seer's unfailing promise
Penned as the Spirit willed!
Thy dwelling-place in Egypt
And Nazareth of old,
Thy virgin birth, dear Saviour,
The Scriptures long foretold.

Thou art indeed Messiah
As Heaven's hosts proclaim;
The promised Root of Jesse,
And Jesus is Thy name.
Thou comest to Thy Temple,
O long-expected Lord,

Accept, we pray, our homage,
Thou blest incarnate Word.

Our arms cannot enfold Thee,
Like Simeon of old,
Nor can we like the shepherds
Thy sacred form behold.
But O, accept, dear Jesus,
The songs of praise we bring;
Thrice welcome Guest, we hail Thee
Our One, our All, our King!

The Epiphany Season

Arise and Shine
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Epiphany
Isaiah 60:1-6.

Arise and shine, the Light is come!
O faithful Zion, rise!
Passed is the night of grief and gloom;
The day breaks in the skies!

The glory of the Lord appears;
His radiant beams behold;
Thy Saviour comes to dry thy tears;
He bringeth joy untold.

Deliv'rance from the power of sin,
Salvation full and free,
Eternal life in Heav'n's domain
His mercy offers thee.

Arise! Reflect the heav'nly glow
Of His Evangel's light.
That heathen realms His Truth might know,
Shine forth in splendor bright.

Thou chosen seed of Abraham,
Let earth Thy glory see.
Send forth the Light of Bethlehem,
The beams of Calvary.

O Church of Christ, arise and shine,
Thou City on the Hill!
Send forth the Gospel's rays divine,
The earth with radiance fill.

Till Jesus, Thy ascended Lord,
Returns to earth again,
O ransomed Church, proclaim His Word,

Arise and shine! Amen!

Adoration at the Manger
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Epiphany
Matthew 2:1-12.

“Unto you is born a Saviour,
Christ, the Promised King, is here,”
From the lips of heav’nly heralds
Comes the message, sweet and clear,
And believing shepherds hasten
Thrilled with joy to Bethlehem,
While resplendent skies reecho:
“Peace on earth, good will to men!”

“Unto you is born a Saviour!”
Lo, the wise behold His star,
And they bring their choicest treasures
From the Orient afar.
Kneeling in the lowly stable,
They adore the Holy Child,
Clasped in the embrace of Mary
Virgin mother, pure, and mild.

“Unto you is born a Saviour!”
Still today the message rings,
As His ransomed Zion hails Him
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Born to win the world’s redemption
From the ruin of the fall,
He bestows His free salvation,
Pardon, grace, and peace to all.

“Unto you is born a Saviour,”
God the Father’s gift of love.
To redeem a lost creation
He descended from above.
Word Incarnate, Thy blest Spirit
Bids us at the manger kneel,
And in humble consecration
As Thine own ourselves to heal.

“Unto you is born a Saviour!”

Precious Child, we own Thee King!
With the Wise Men humbly kneeling,
Royal tribute we would bring.
They who love Thee and adore Thee,
Know the true, sweet Christmas Joy,
Theirs indeed is rest abiding,
Peace, good will without alloy.

Present Your Bodies a Living Sacrifice
Epistle Lesson Hymn for First Sunday after Epiphany
Romans 12:1-5.

Thou who to me hast given
My body, soul, and mind,
Lord of the earth and heaven,
My Father, gracious, kind,
Accept in love's surrender
The life Thou gavest me;
Permit my heart to render
True homage unto Thee.

Thou who for me didst suffer
The pangs of Calvary,
Thou who Thy life didst offer
My soul from death to free,
Lord Jesus, my Salvation,
Accept my heart, I pray,
My all, in consecration,
At Thy blest feet I lay.

Thou who in love didst win me,
Blest Comforter divine,
Abide, I pray, within me,
And make my heart Thy shrine.
O sanctify, I pray Thee,
Each thought, and word, and deed;
In love let me obey Thee
And Thy blest counsel heed!
Grant me the blest endeavor,
Thou triune God above,
To serve Thee with the fervor
Of warm and faithful love.
Keep Thou me pure and lowly,

My faith-born zeal inspire;
To seek Thy glory solely
Shall be my heart's desire.

Saved, justified, forgiven,
Sustained by love divine;
By grace an heir to heaven,
Forever I am Thine!
All that my powers can render,
My talents, silver, gold,
In love to Thee I tender;
No gift let me withhold.
O place upon Thy altar
My life as sacrifice!
Dear Lord, let me not falter,
Let not the world entice
With snares of carnal pleasure
My love away from Thee.
My heart's divinest Treasure
Forever Thou shalt be.

The Christ-Child in the Temple
Gospel Lesson Hymn for First Sunday after Epiphany
Luke 2:41-52

A festal throng doth wend its way
In hallowed reverence deep,
To worship God in Temple halls,
His Passover to keep.

Thou followest the pious throng,
Dear Child of twelve, to pay
Thy homage sweet to Israel's God,
And in His courts to pray.

The scenes of dear Jerusalem
Now fall upon Thy sight,
And sojourn in Thy Father's house
Fills Thee with pure delight.

O Son of God, Thy lips o'erflow
With wisdom from the skies!
Thy knowledge, heaven-born, exceeds

The learning of the wise.

In humbleness Thou didst obey
Thy parents' every call,
And subject to their rule wast Thou,
Though King and Lord of all.

Let us increase, O Christ, like Thee,
In wisdom, truth, and grace;
O grant that with believing hearts
Thy teachings we embrace!

Born 'neath the law, Thou hast fulfilled
For us its hard demands.
Thy perfect righteousness, dear Lord,
Now as our ransom stands.

Thy Father's house, Thy Father's work
Shall be our hearts' delight;
We'll throng His earthly courts until
We reach His realms of light.

Rejoice in Hope
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Second Sunday after Epiphany
Romans 12:6-16.

Rejoice in hope, ye Christians,
While pilgrims here below.
Your gracious heav'nly Father,
Who loves His children so,
Shall all your needs supply;
Shall guide, console, defend you,
Eternal blessings send you,
No boon He shall deny.

Be patient, O ye Christians,
To follow Christ, your Lord.
His Spirit dwelling in you
Shall through His mighty Word
Endow you with the strength
To flee from all temptation, -
To joy in tribulation,
To overcome at length.

Be instant, O ye Christians,
In earnest, steadfast prayer,
Unto your loving Father
Your hearts' desire lay bare.
In faithful confidence
Trust in His promise ever;
Await His gracious favor.
He is your sure Defense.

Though earthborn clouds may darken
Your pathway threat'ningly,
His bright Shekinah glory
Can bid the shadows flee!
He harkens when you plead,
Look up, beyond the present.
To Salem's mountains pleasant
His people He shall lead.

Saved by His grace, in Jesus
Cleansed, pardoned, justified,
In loyal faith continue,
In fervent love abide;
While here your path ye trace,
Till by His power supernal
Ye enter life eternal
And see Him face to face.

The Marriage at Cana
Gospel Lesson Hymn for the Second Sunday after Epiphany
John 2:1-11.

O favored land of Galilee,
The Saviour deigns to come to thee.
Cease thou awhile thy weary toil;
Messiah stands upon thy soil.

The Word Incarnate, long foretold,
In humble manhood ye behold.
He hallows Galileean sod,
Who once the soil of Eden trod.

He by whose word the earth was made,

He who its firm foundations laid,
Who Eden's primal wedding blessed,
Now condescends to be your guest.

A mild command from lips divine,
And water reddens, lo, 'tis wine!
Can ye this wondrous change conceive?
He is the Christ! Believe! Believe!

Thou hast indeed made manifest
Thy glory, welcome Bridal Guest!
Thou art Messiah, we believe;
Our adoration, Lord, receive.

Be Thou our constant Guest, we pray;
O Friend of sinners, come to stay!
Our every need do Thou supply,
Till we become Thy guests on high.

Thou heavn'ly Bridegroom, haste, we pray,
That long-expected wedding-day,
When trumpets sound to call us home:
"The bridal of the Lamb hath come!"

Be Not Overcome of Evil
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Third Sunday after Epiphany
Romans 12:16-21

Dear Father, who in Christ, my Saviour,
Hast owned me Thy beloved child;
Grant unto me Thy Spirit's favor,
That Christian love, pure, undefiled,
Might from my thoughts and words proceed,
And permeate each kindly deed.

For Jesus' sake, Thou hast forgiven
My every sin, O Father mine!
From Satan's vile dominion riven,
Forevermore I now am Thine!
The blood that flowed on Calvary
Has reconciled me unto Thee.

Slay Thou in me the carnal nature,

Each day more fully may I grow
Into my loving Savior's stature.
Thy grace divine to me bestow
That from all evil I may flee
And live a life that pleaseth Thee.

Let me not seek in vengeful spirit
Evil for evil to bestow,
But grant me through my Savior's merit
The grace to love and bless a foe.
A merciful, forgiving heart,
My gracious God, to me impart.

The Word declares, in accents holy, -
Vengeance is Thine, Thou wilt repay.
In love's submission, humbly, lowly,
May I Thy righteous will obey.
Grant Thou me strength, while here I plod,
To overcome all ill with good.

Till, saved by grace, I enter Heaven,
Let me, O gracious Father mine,
Forgive, as I have been forgiven,
And glorify Thy love divine!
In yonder mansions evermore
Thy glorious Name I shall adore.

The Master at Capernaum
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Third Sunday after Epiphany
Matthew 8:1-13.

O blest Redeemer, precious Jesus,
Physician of Capernaum,
The power is Thine to heal diseases,
In faith before Thy throne we come.
Hear Thou our call of deep distress;
O Friend of sinners, heal and bless!

All power is Thine in earth and heaven,
Thou gracious Godhead, veiled in clay.
All might, all strength to Thee is given
To banish mortal ills away.
O mighty Saviour, at Thy will

Earth's every pain must vanish still.

Thou knowest, Lord, our sad condition,
Naught but corruption dwells within.
Be Thou, we pray, our soul's Physician,
Heal Thou the leprosy of sin.
Our wounded conscience do Thou heal;
To whom, but Thee, can we appeal?

Grant us, we pray, through Thy blest Spirit
A firm, unwav'ring faith in Thee;
O grant us through Thy blood-bought merit
Salvation full, complete and free!
Clothe Thou our carnal nakedness
With Thy blest robe of righteousness.

We humbly pray, increase and strengthen
Our love to Thee, Physician blest,
Until life's evening shadows lengthen,
And we are called to endless rest,
Till, saved forever by Thy grace,
We laud Thee, Saviour, face to face.

Love Is the Fulfillment of the Law
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Fourth Sunday after Epiphany
Romans 13:8-10.

O Lord my God, Thy holy law
My every sin reveals;
A mirror clear, without a flaw,
No blemish it conceals.

In thought, in word, in deed, my God,
Thy will I oft transgress;
Well I deserve Thy smiting rod,
And Thou dost claim redress.

But Jesus, Thy Incarnate Son,
Fulfilled the law for me;
His precious blood my pardon won,
And I from guilt am free.

In His dear name my contrite heart

For Thy compassion pleads.
Unbounded grace Thou dost impart
When Jesus intercedes.

Forgiven, grant that I forgive,
And love as Thou dost love;
In love's obedience may I live,
From Thy blest path ne'er rove.

The Christian love that works no ill,
Wrought by Thy Spirit's might,
Thy sacred precepts doth fulfill
With holy, pure delight.

Grant me this love, in Jesus' name,
While here below I dwell;
Then shall my life Thy grace proclaim,
My tongue Thy mercies tell.

The Storm at Sea
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Fourth Sunday after Epiphany
Matthew 8:23-27.

Fast asleep upon His pillow,
Undisturbed by breakers' foam,
Fearing not the raging billow,
Jesus rests from weary roam.
Louder is the tempest's roaring,
Mighty billows rise at will;
Higher are the breakers soaring,
But the Master sleepeth still.

"Save us, Master, or we perish!"
Cries the trembling, frightened crew.
He whose fellowship they cherish
Can the raging surge subdue.
He awakes! "Ye breakers, hear Me!
I command you, - peace, be still!
Men of little faith, why fear ye?
Billows must obey My will."

All is calm, the waves cease breaking;
Surges rise and fall no more,

And the ship its course is taking
Onward toward the welcome shore;
Passed the peril of disaster,
Sure to reach its destined goal,
For the mighty Lord and Master
Has the waters in control.

Saviour, when my faith doth tremble
On the rocks of doubt and fear,
When despair's dark clouds assemble,
Let me feel Thy presence near.
When the billows of temptation
O'er life's fragile vessel roll,
O Thou Captain of salvation,
Pilot Thou my helpless soul!

When the storm clouds of affliction
O'er Thy Church, dear Saviour, rise,
Send a ray of benediction
From Thy Lighthouse in the skies.
When the breakers of disaster
And the waves of trial roll,
Pilot her, O faithful master,
Safely to her heav'nly goal!

Stem the billows of denial
Ever on destruction bent;
Guide her through the storms of trial
By Thy Word and Sacrament,
Till the surges cease their tossing,
Till her anchor she can cast,
Till she passes Jordan's crossing
And is Home with Thee at last!

Christian Kindliness
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Fifth Sunday after Epiphany
Colossians 3:12-17.

O ye elect of God,
His chosen in Christ Jesus,
Put on while here ye plod
The royal garb that pleases
The King, whose name ye bear!

Remove sin's carnal dress;
Your Saviour bids you wear
His robe of holiness.

In humbleness of mind,
In love-born, lowly meekness
Be merciful and kind.
When brethren err in weakness,
Let charity forgive
And tenderness forbear.
Thus would He have you live
Whose Kingdom ye shall share.

Let peace rule in your hearts,
The peace divine from Heaven,
Which His free grace imparts,
Who hath your sins forgiven.
O praise Him for His grace,
And thank Him for His love!
With joy your pathway trace
To Salem's realm above.

In His blest Word abide,
Obedient to His Spirit.
Ye blood-bought saints, confide
In your Redeemer's merit.
Let faith-born works proclaim
The glory of your Lord;
Exalt His precious Name,
Praise Him in sweet accord!

Your God shall comfort you
In days of grief and sadness.
His mercy, ever new,
Shall fill you hearts with gladness,
From strength to strength proceed,
Kept by His Spirit's might.
His holy counsel heed,
Ye children of the Light!

O ye elect of God,
Adorned in princely raiment,
For which a Monarch's blood

Has tendered precious payment;
Cleansed, pardoned, sanctified,
Your Saviour's garment wear!
Perfected, glorified,
His heaven ye shall share!

The Sower
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Fifth Sunday after Epiphany
Matthew 13:24-30

Heav'nly Sower, Thou hast scattered
Precious seed upon Thy field,
That a harvest might be gathered
Rich and fruitful in its yield.
Gracious Lord, Thou hast defended,
Nurtured, watered, guarded, tended
This most precious seed of Thine
Springing up in soil divine.

Lo, Thy field its fruit has yielded
Where Thy Kingdom's seed was sown;
Gospel rain from drought has shielded,
Pentecostal winds have blown
Where Thy Sun of Grace in splendor
Shed its warming rays so tender,
There Thy seed has taken root;
There it blossomed into fruit.

From his regions, dark, infernal,
Satan views with scorn Thy toil,
Threatens to destroy Thy kernel
Ere it blossoms in the soil.
In his malice vigil keeping,
While the weary guards are sleeping,
He with scornful, cruel mien,
Sows his blighting tares between.

Guard Thy gospel field, dear Master;
Tares abound upon the soil.
Save Thy harvest from disaster;
Let no foe Thy seed despoil,
When upon thy glad returning,
Tares and chaff are doomed to burning,

Then within Thy garner, Lord,
May the precious wheat be stored!

The Shining Light of the Gospel
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Sixth Sunday after Epiphany
2 Peter 1:19-21

Shine out again in all Thy pristine splendor,
Thou glorious Gospel of the Crucified!
Reveal a Saviour's love, so warm and tender,
Who for a world of guilty sinners died.
Shine out! Flood heathen realms with heav'nly glory;
O'er land and see, o'er valley, plain, and hill.
That all mankind may know Salvation's story
The darkness with Thy light immortal fill.

Shine into hearts beneath sin's burden groaning,
Who fear the thund'rous roar of Sinai,
And sadly grieve, their wretchedness bemoaning,
Bid them on wings of faith to Calv'ry fly.
There flows the blood that grants them balm and healing;
There hangs the Lamb of God for sinners slain,
With outstretched arms His boundless love revealing,
No mortal e'er appealed to Him in vain!

Shine into hearted bowed down by grief and sorrow
O'er loved ones sleeping in the silent tomb.
Bid them with eyes of faith behold the morrow,
When Resurrection light shall banish gloom.
O precious Gospel, cheer the sick and weary
With tidings of the blest Physician's love!
Console the wand'ers in earth's desert dreary
With sweetest hope for endless rest above.

Strengthen the weak when comes their hour of trial,
With power divine, with unction from on high,
Lest Satan's arts beguile them to denial
Of Jesus, who alone can satisfy.
And to His own, who for His dear sake suffer
The persecutions of a godless world,
Patience divine and blest endurance offer
As they behold His banner high unfurled.

O fill the timid hearts with holy boldness!
Apply to speechless lips Thy holy flame,
And let Thy glowing warmth dispel the coldness
Of those who know, but love not Jesus' name.
Shine in resplendent glory ever brighter,
Till dawns the light of endless, perfect day,
And make the hearts of Christ's redeemed beat lighter,
As heavenward they wend their pilgrim way.

Shine on, O glorious Gospel, shine and strengthen
The tie that binds God's own in Christian love!
Shine on, until earth's evening shadows lengthen,
And Zion soars to Salem's realm above..
Shine on! Prepare the way for Christ's returning;
Illumine the path to His celestial home,
And keep believers' lamps in radiance burning,
Till sounds the bridal call: "The Lord hath come!"

The Transfiguration
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Sixth Sunday after Epiphany
Matthew 17:1-9

Beautiful Saviour, Thou Star of the Morning,
Son of the Highest, what glory is Thine!
Heavenly brightness, Thy raiment adorning,
Sheds o'er the hilltop its luster divine.
Beauty celestial encircles Thy brow;
Star of the Morning, how glorious art Thou!

Moses beheld Thee, Thou Godhead eternal,
Horeb and Sinai blazed in Thy light,
Faithful Elijah, in glory supernal
Sped on Thy chariots to realms of delight.
Glorious Immortals to Tabor descend,
Heavenly rays with Thy glory to blend.

Glorified Saviour, the Father beholds Thee,
Calls Thee His Loved One, declares Thee His Own!
Splendor celestial in beauty enfolds Thee,
Radiance beams from the heavenly throne;
Precious Redeemer, Thou Shiloh divine,
Star of the Morning, what glory is Thine!

Promised Messiah, O glorified Jesus!
Thou hast redeemed us on Calvary's heights.
Earth's carnal pleasures no longer can please us;
Sweeter and purer are Heaven's delights!
Pardoned, and ransomed, and purchased by thee,
Saviour of sinners, Thine, Thine we shall be!

Light of the Gentiles, O beautiful vision!
Foregleam of infinite glory to be!
Symbol of splendor in regions Elysian,
Where through the ages Thy face we shall see!
Jesus, Thou joy of the heavenly throng,
Thou art the theme of the Seraphim's song!

Saviour immortal, First-born of Creation,
Haste the bright dawn of that wonderful day,
When we shall share in Thy glorification,
Where pain and sorrow shall vanish away,
When we are changed and transformed by Thy power;
Glorified Jesus, O hasten the hour!

So Run That Ye May Obtain
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Septuagesima Sunday
1 Corinthians 9:24-27

So run that ye obtain the prize,
Ye blood-bought saints of God.
Your laurels wait beyond the skies,
In Salem's bright abode.

Then lay each earthly weight aside;
Put off besetting sin,
And run with Jesus as your Guide
A fadeless crown to win.

Though long and weary be the race,
Trust in His strength alone;
He shall sustain you by His grace
Until the goal is won.

Let not earth's fetters hold you fast,
Untie each cord and chain,
All carnal strivings from you cast,

A blest reward to gain.

Constrained by love of Christ, your Lord,
From sin's dominion free,
Cling to the Word, the Spirit's sword,
To keep the ministry.

In faith-born courage watch and pray,
Lest fiendish traps and snares
By Satan laid across your way
Shall fell you unawares.

So certain is the promised crown,
So sure the blest reward,
Lay every earth-born burden down,
Obedient to your Lord.

Ye saints of God, run bravely on,
Until the race is o'er,
Till, conflicts past and battles won,
Ye reach the Glory-shore!

The Lord's Vineyard
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Septuagesima Sunday
Matthew 20:1-16

O sweet contemplation, dear Saviour, to know
That called by Thy love to Thy service below,
Thy servants may toil in Thy vineyard for Thee!
O privilege blest, in Thy kingdom to be!
How glorious Thy service; how great Thy reward!
O make Thou us willing to serve Thee, dear Lord!

Endow us, dear Master, with strength from on high;
The toilers are few, and the harvest is nigh.
Arouse all who stand in Thy Zion at ease;
Awake them to action, their ardor increase.
Thy servants have toiled through the heat of the day;
The sun now is setting; for helpers we pray.

O hasten, ye idlers, no longer delay;
Let not love of leisure your crown take away!
Come, list to the Master's entreating, sweet voice,

And in the rewards of the toilers rejoice!
The Master is loving, and faithful, and true;
Deny not your service – He suffered for you!

Thou Triune Eternal, the vineyard is Thine;
Grant unto Thy toilers an unction divine.
Uphold us, we pray, by Thy might and Thy power;
Be Thou still our Refuge, our Fortress, our Tower!
Thy Spirit's sweet counsel and guidance retain;
Without Him our efforts to serve Thee are vain.

Lo, in the horizon the fast-setting sun
Now bids us to hasten the labor begun!
Thou crucified Saviour, in Thee we confide;
O save Thou the lost ones for whom Thou hast died!
The shadows are deep'ning, Thy pardon afford,
And save Thou the brands from the burning, dear Lord.

Send down, gracious Father, in Pentecost power
Thy blest Holy Spirit, for late is the hour!
Reward Thy dear Son for His anguish and toil,
And let not the foe Thy elect flock despoil.
O hasten their number, dear Lord, to complete,
And gather the fruits of Thy Gospel so sweet!

Look upward, ye toilers, the harvest is nigh;
The shout of the reapers resounds through the sky!
O faint not, toil on, your reward now is near;
Soon, soon will the Lord of the harvest appear!
O glorious repose in His mansions so fair!
The Saviour's beloved shall be satisfied there!

My Grace is Sufficient for Thee
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Sexagesima Sunday
2 Corinthians 12:9.

O Father mine, if I should fear
When griefs encompass me,
Sustain me with Thy Word of cheer:
"My grace sufficeth thee."

If on the pilgrim-way I faint,
And fail Thy hand to see,

With this sweet cordial me acquaint:
"My grace sufficeth thee."

Should Satan, world, and flesh assail,
To Thee my soul can flee,
Thy blest assurance shall not fail:
"My grace sufficeth thee."

Cleansed by my Saviour's precious blood,
From bonds of sin set free,
Thy love o'erwhelms me like a flood –
"Thy grace sufficeth me."

I can be strong, though frail and weak,
When comes adversity,
If Thou, my Strength, wilt gently speak:
"My grace sufficeth thee."

O, may Thy Spirit in me dwell,
My faithful Guide to be!
Then shall I heed Thy message well:
"My grace sufficeth thee."

I shall not fear the call of death,
When Jordan's brink I see,
But cling to Thy blest Word in faith:
"My grace sufficeth thee."

When with the blood-washed, ransomed, throng
Thy radiant face I see,
This theme shall be my endless song:
"My grace sufficeth thee."

The Seed of the Word
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Sexagesima Sunday
Luke 8:4-15.

A Sower goeth forth to sow
His seed of grain, so tender,
That it may rooted be, and grow,
And bring forth fruit in splendor.
By faith He sees His harvest field
Its fruitage in abundance yield.

Behold, the fields of golden grain
In harvest beauty growing!
The Sower's hopes are not in vain;
How blest His toilsome sowing!
In fruitful soil His seed found root,
And in abundance yielded fruit.

But by the wayside some was found,
Which eager birds devoured,
And some upon the thorny ground
And twixt the thorns was showered.
Nor soil of stone, nor thorny field
Could give it root, good fruit to yield.

Thou art the Sower, dearest Lord,
The world Thy field so spacious;
The seed Thou sowest is Thy Word,
Sown by Thy hand so gracious
From heav'n above to earth below,
That it may blossom, thrive, and grow.

If it should fall on hearts of stone,
O break the stone to pieces!
If by the wayside it be thrown,
Where Satan's theft ne'er ceases,
Then swing Thy mighty sword with speed,
And rescue Thy most precious Seed!

The world in wickedness is cloaked;
Its vain and worthless treasures
Like cruel thorns Thy Word have choked
In hearts e'er bent on pleasures.
O burn the thorns away, dear Lord,
And save Thy Word, Thy treasured Word.

Let us not merely hearers be,
But doers, blessed Saviour,
Who bring forth fruit abundantly.
Grant us Thy Spirit's favor
To treasure in believing hearts
The precious truth Thy Word imparts.

Increase our fruits of faith, we pray,
Incarnate Word eternal,
Until we reach the realms of day,
The Glory-land supernal,
Where we shall see Thee face to face,
And praise the wonders of Thy grace.

But Now Abideth Faith, Hope, Love
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Quinquagesima Sunday
1 Corinthians 13:1-13

Blest Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Thou gracious heav'nly Treasure,
Whose gifts at Pentecost
O'erflowed in boundless measure,
To Thee we humbly pray,
Divine, celestial Dove,
Grant to Thy Church to-day
The perfect gift of love!

Love, holy, undefiled,
Abounding in compassion;
Love, patient, lowly, mild,
Grant us as our possession.
Pure love, that thinks no wrong,
Upon Thy Church bestow;
Thank death itself more strong
May its devotion glow!

The shades of prophecy
Fade when in golden splendor
Fulfillment's dawn we see.
But love, pure, deathless, tender,
Abides forevermore
In realms of light above.
In meekness we implore,
Blest Spirit, give us love!

The mists that now portend
The beams of Heav'n shall banish;
Hope in delight shall end,
Faith into sight shall vanish!
But love, warm, Spirit-born,

Shall shed serener light
Where dawns eternal morn
In Paradise so bright!

Saved, pardoned, justified
Through Jesus' blood and merit,
Let faith and hope abide,
Till Heaven we inherit.
O lovely Paraclete,
May fervent prayer Thee move,
Grant us Thy gift so sweet,
Eternal, holy love!

The Way of the Cross
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Quinquagesima Sunday
Luke 18:31-43.

Thou goest to Jerusalem,
O Son of God, to suffer,
And for a world of sinful men
Thy spotless life to offer.
Thou bearest anguish, pain, and loss,
The mocker's scorn, the scourge, the cross,
To win for us salvation.

Before Thee is Gethsemane,
The scene of bitter anguish.
Thine eyes behold the Calvary
Where Thou in pain must languish.
The bleeding wounds, the bitter gall,
The crown of thorns, the judgment hall –
Thy burdened soul's affliction.

Though cruel death before Thee lies,
Thy tender love for others
Still hearkens to a beggar's cries
As to a pleading brother's:
"O Son of David, pass not by,
I pray Thee, hear my humble cry,
Restore my sight, dear Master!"

Thy tender love in mercy speaks,
Thy heart with pity burneth,

And unto Him who vision seeks,
The gift of sight returneth.
In Thee the poor compassion find,
Thou givest sight unto the blind,
And light to those in darkness.

The world is still a Jericho,
A Babel of confusion;
Lost in the darkness, filled with woe,
And steeped in vain illusion.
Helpless and wretched, poor and blind,
In Thee we still compassion find,
For Thou hast died to save us.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
We pray Thee, Master, lead us
Away from earth's vain, restless strife;
With heav'nly manna feed us.
Thou who hast died to save the lost,
Help us, dear Lord, to weigh the cost,
And follow Thee, our Saviour.

To the Jerusalem on high
Lead us, Thou Light eternal,
To mansions blest beyond the sky,
To realms of joy supernal.
There Thy redeemed like stars shall shine.
Clothed in Thy raiment, all divine,
And praise Thy love forever.

Passion, Eastertide, Ascension, Pentecost

The Ministry of Reconciliation

Epistle Lesson Hymn for First Sunday in Lent, or Invocavit

2 Corinthians 6:1-10

“O be ye reconciled to God,”
The Gospel herald cries;
“Redeemed with Jesus’ precious blood,
Accept redemption’s prize!”

Behold, salvation’s day is here!
O Church of Christ, proclaim
The joyous tidings far and near,
Exalt Jehovah’s name!

The time accepted now is come;
Declare Messiah’s reign.
God’s grace abounds, O Christendom,
Receive it not in vain!

Thou royal priesthood, chosen called,
Make know the path of peace.
Tell all the world, by sin enthralled,
Of Christ’s divine release.

With patience, kindness, pureness, love
His grace can fill each heart.
The wisdom coming from above
His Spirit can impart.

Should sore affliction be thy lot,
Should sorrow, pain, distress
Assail thee, He will leave thee not;
His Word abides to bless.

He is thy Wealth in poverty,
Thy Help in days of fear,
Thy Health when ills encompass thee,

Thy Life when death draws near.

He comforts thee when griefs assail;
He ever knows His own.
The foes that now in fury rail
Shall all be overthrown.

Cleansed by His blood, and sanctified,
Eternal life is thine.
In realms above, all glorified,
Thou as the stars wilt shine.

Preach on, O Church of Christ, declare
His saving grace to men.
Proclaim His message everywhere
Until He comes again.

Temptation

Gospel Lesson Hymn for First Sunday in Lent, or Invocavit
Matthew 4:1-11.

Rise, my soul, to watch and pray;
From thy sleep awaken.
Be not by the evil day
Unawares o'ertaken,
Lest the foe
Bring thee low
In his base endeavor,
Be thou watchful ever.

Wield the Spirit's trusty sword;
Bid the foe defiance.
In the armor of the Lord
Place thy firm reliance.
Human strength
Fails at length,
And will naught avail thee
When hell's hosts assail thee.

Jesus, who Thy blood hast shed
For my soul's salvation,
Who hast crushed the serpent's head,
Stay me in temptation.

Calm my fears,
Dry my tears,
Be my Shield and Tower
In the trial hour.

Earthly joys to-day may thrill,
But upon the morrow
Burdens, cares, and trials fill
Heart and soul with sorrow.
Earthly wealth,
Honor, health,
Which awhile I cherish,
Like the flowers perish.

All the wealth of man is vain,
Ne'er it satisfieth;
Though a kingdom his domain,
Soon he falleth, dieth.
But Thy Word,
Dearest Lord,
Shall abide forever,
Falleth, dieth, never.

Thou who art the Prince of life,
And from death hast freed me,
Help me conquer in the strife
As my Captain lead me,
Till at last
I have passed
Through the pearly portal
Into life immortal.

For This Is the Will of God
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Second Sunday in Lent, or Reminiscere
1 Thessalonians 4:1-7.

Dear Father mine in Heaven,
Thy tender mercy mild
Unbounded good hath given
To Thy unworthy child.
My life and every blessing
In love Thou dost impart;
Thy grace divine confessing,

Grant me a grateful heart.

Oft have my sins offended
Thy holiness, my God,
But Christ, Thy Son, descended
To cleanse me with His blood.
The curse of law He suffered
My pardon to obtain;
His spotless life He offered,
Thy Heav'n for me to gain.

Thy gracious Holy Spirit
In Sacrament and Word
Hath sealed to me the merit
Of Thy dear Son, my Lord.
His witness sweet assures me
Of Thy paternal love;
His fellowship secures me
In faith that naught can move.

For all Thy lovingkindness
I thank Thee, Father mine.
Forbid that carnal blindness
Should veil Thy gifts divine.
O sanctify me wholly
In body, soul, and mind,
And grant that in Thee solely,
My purest joy I find.

Remove from me the meanness
That seeks another's ill;
Purge me from all uncleanness,
Thy will in me fulfill.
Let earthborn, vain attraction
Not wean my heart from Thee.
O consecrate my actions,
And thoughts and words to Thee.

Dear Father, be Thou near me
To strengthen, heal, and bless;
In mercy do Thou cheer me
When griefs and fears oppress.
My faith increase and strengthen

Till life's last hour is come,
And when the shadows lengthen,
Bear Thou me safely Home.

The Reward of Faith
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Second Sunday in Lent, or Reminiscere
Matthew 15:21-28

O Love divine, Thou camest down from Heaven,
From realms of joy to this drear vale of tears;
To save the lost Thy precious life was given –
To ransom rebels from their trembling fears.
Thou camest down to bind the broken-hearted,
To free the captives from the prison cell,
To rescue those who from Thy fold departed,
To preach deliv'rance unto Israel.

Anointed One, the Spirit hath descended
In power on Thee, entreating Thee to seek
The sheep whose loss the Father apprehended,
Entrusting Thee with tidings for the meek.
But art Thou not the light of Gentile nations?
Is Thy redemption only for the Jew?
Ah, no, Thy love, Thy grace, Thy consolations,
Light of the World, are for the heathen, too!

Thou who didst heal Capernaum's afflicted,
Canst also heal in Sidon and in Tyre.
O Son of David, Shiloh long predicted,
A heathen child is vexed with Satan's ire,
Its burdened mother Thy dear name is calling.
O hark unto her oft-repeated cry!
Before Thy feet, dear Lord, she now is falling;
Light of the Gentiles, wilt Thou pass her by?

O wondrous faith! O courage still unbroken,
Though with the lowliest her lot is cast!
O to have heard the words of promise spoken
By Him who hear her pleading prayer at last!
"Great is thy faith," replies the Son of David,
"And even as thou wilt be unto thee!"
He came not to destroy the soul but save it,
And lo, from Satan's bonds the slave is free!

O for a faith that, constant in its pleading,
Content with crumbs that from the table fall,
Still follows on where Thou, dear Lord, art leading,
In hopeful trust that Thou wilt hear its call!
O for a faith, whose mountain height exploreth
The boundless realms of Thy eternal love,
And finding Thee, all earthly things ignoreth
To find its dwelling place, its rest above!

O for a faith that in its sore affliction,
Though all petitions seem of no avail,
Still sees through clouded skies Thy benediction,
And trusts the promises that never fail;
That soars in spirit to the realms Elysian,
To find in Thee the Fount of endless bliss!
Till dawns the day of glorious transition,
Grant us, O Nazarene, a faith like this!

Be Ye Therefore Followers of God
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Third Sunday in Lent, or Oculi
Ephesians 5:1-9.

Precious Jesus, Love divine,
Our Redeemer, Lord and Saviour,
Bid Thy light upon us shine.
Thou who dwell'st in light forever,
Flood with light our pilgrim way,
Turn the darkness into day.

Holy, pure, and undefiled,
Thou Thyself to God didst offer;
That we might be reconciled,
Thou the pangs of death didst offer;
O accept the love-filled praise
Thy redeemed in Zion raise!

Fill us with Thy holy love,
In Thy footsteps may we follow;
Grant us wisdom from above
To flee carnal pleasures hollow;
Cleanse us from impurity,
Envy, lust, idolatry.

Hallowed by Thy Spirit's might,
May our walk and conversation,
As the children of the light,
Praise Thee, Lord, of our salvation.
May The Word of our hearts confess
Bring forth fruits of righteousness.
Ransomed, pardoned, justified,
Through Thy holy blood and merit,
In Thy love may we abide,
Sanctify us by Thy Spirit.
Let our love's devotion glow,
That the world Thy love might know.

Till we join the saints at rest
In the Father's mansions yonder,
May we grace Thy kingdom blest
While as pilgrims here we wander,
That the world in us may see
Godliness reflecting Thee.

The Power of the Word
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Third Sunday in Lent, or Oculi
Luke 11:14-28

Thou camest down from Heav'n on high,
O Son of God the Father,
For this lost world to bleed and die,
The straying sheep to gather,
The works of Satan to destroy,
To turn our sorrow into joy.

In thee the blind receive their sight,
The lame in joy are leaping,
The sorrowful find pure delight,
The weary peaceful sleeping,
Thou givest speech unto the dumb,
And vibrant life to senses numb.

Thou who hast broken Satan's power,
Be e'er our Strength, dear Jesus,
Uphold us in the evil hour,
And from his might release us.

His kingdom is a stronghold still,
And legions hearken to his will.

Who can withstand his boasting flaunts?
With cruel wrath he burneth.
Though driven oft from former haunts,
In armor he returneth,
Endued with power sevenfold,
He strives anew his fort to hold.

But O, before Thy Word, dear Lord,
The Prince of Darkness trembles!
He quails before that two-edged sword,
When Thy armed host assembles.
O mighty Word, how great thy power;
Thou art our Refuge, Shield, and Tower!

Beneath the banner of Thy cross
Thy battling host has gathered.
Lord Jesus, guard from every loss,
Let none of Thine be scattered.
Help us to rally, Lord, with Thee,
And meet the foe defiantly!

That we may ever keep Thy Word,
That we with joy may hear it,
And thus be blest, O dearest Lord,
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit.
For all Thy mercies, evermore
Thy Holy Name we shall adore.

Freedom from the Law
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Fourth Sunday in Lent, or Laetare
Gal. 4:22-31.

Once crushed beneath sin's fearsome load,
But now unburdened, free,
My merciful and gracious God,
I render thanks to Thee.

Once fettered by transgression's chain,
But now released, unbound,
To Thee, my God, in sweet refrain,

My praises shall resound.

I trembled at the curse of law,
And fear encompassed me,
Till with the eyes of faith I saw
The Lamb of Calvary.

My precious Saviour bled and died
To purchase my release.
Redeemed, forgiven, justified,
I glory in Thy peace.

O liberty, sweet liberty,
Blest gift of love divine!
God's child and heir eternally,
Can greater bliss be mine?

Henceforth my highest joy shall be
To know and do Thy will;
Love's cords shall bind me fast to Thee,
Until my heart stands still.

Thy Holy Spirit witness bears
In Sacrament and Word
That I am numbered 'mongst Thine heirs
In Salem's realm, dear Lord.

Then with the blood-washed, ransomed throng,
O Triune God, I'll praise
Thy boundless love in ceaseless song
Through everlasting days!

The Bread of Life
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Fourth Sunday in Lent, or Laetare
John 6:1-15.

Behold, the King of kings is standing
Within your midst, O Israel.
No earthly throne is He demanding,
Though angels of His glory tell.
The mighty Lord of all creation
Now treadeth Galileean sod.
Your King has come to bring salvation

O Israel, behold your God!

He like a tender shepherd feedeth
The flock entrusted to His care.
He like a shepherd gently leadeth
His sheep to verdant pastures where
The stream of life in stillness floweth,
Where heav'nly manna doth abound.
O follow Him where'er He goeth,
In whom eternal life is found.

Why are ye filled with cares distressing,
Ye who have seen in Jesus' hands
The food which at His hallowed blessing
Increased to meet such great demands?
Is He who with so small a ration
Could satisfy a mighty throng
Not worthy of your adoration,
O multitude, five thousand strong?

O Israel, it is Messiah,
Who thus hath multiplied your bread,
The God of Moses and Elijah,
He who Sarepta's table spread,
He who with Heav'n's abundant manna
Your fathers in the desert fed,
Stands in your midst. O sing Hosanna;
God hath His people visited!

Then come to Him, in all afflictions,
All ye, with mortal ills oppressed,
Beneath His holy benedictions
Your heavy-laden souls find rest.
O come to Him, ye sick, ye weary;
O come, ye burdened sinners all,
Ye famished in earth's desert dreary,
Come, hearken to your Saviour's call.

Blest Bread of Life, we pray Thee, feed us
With gifts divine, with manna still.
Incarnate Word, we pray Thee, lead us
In safety through earth's vale, until
We reach that fair celestial portal

Which leadeth to the mansions bright
Where death gives way to life immortal,
And faith is changed to glorious sight.

Christ, Our Atoning High Priest
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Fifth Sunday in Lent, or Judica
Heb. 9:11-15.

The blood of beasts that crimsoned
The temple's mercy seat
Could nevermore the payment
Of sin's vast debt complete.
The offerings of contrition,
The altar's sacrifice,
Could not redeem lost sinners,
Nor pay the ransom price.

These were types and shadows
Of Christ, the Coming One,
Messiah, the Redeemer,
God's own incarnate Son,
The Lamb without a blemish,
Pure, holy, undefiled,
Through whose complete atonement
Man would be reconciled.

He came, the promised Shiloh,
The blest Immanuel,
He came, and ransomed mortals
From sin, and death, and hell.
The sinless High Priest Jesus
Shed His own precious blood;
The price of man's redemption
Is Calvary's holy flood!

He sealed our blood-bought pardon,
Arising from the grave.
The blest ascended Saviour
Lives evermore to save.
Our Mediator standeth
Before the Father's throne,
In mercy interceding
For all His ransomed own.

Our carnal works avail not
To give the conscience peace,
Thy blood alone, dear Saviour,
Can grant us sweet release.
Cleanse us from all transgression
In that most holy flow;
Wash us, divine Redeemer,
And make us white as snow.

O may our love-filled service,
Free, grateful, Spirit-born,
The fruit of Thy free pardon,
Our pilgrim life adorn,
Till, saved by grace, we enter
The goal of faith above,
And sing eternal praises
To Thy redeeming love!

The Holiness of Christ
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Fifth Sunday in Lent, or Judica
John 8:46-59

O First-born of Creation,
Incarnate Son of God,
Who for the world's salvation
This vale of tears hast trod,
Though carnal minds conceive not
The wonders Thou hast done,
Thou art, though men believe not,
The Father's only Son.

Though in Thy manhood lowly
No splendors Thee adorn,
All Heaven hails Thee holy,
O spotless Virgin-born!
Thou, who ere earth's beginning
In holiness didst reign,
Art free from human sinning,
Untainted by its stain.

Begotten of the Father,
His glory Thou didst seek;

His own Thou cam'st to gather,
His holy truths to speak.
Thou camest, as expected,
To do His holy will,
And though by men rejected,
The Father owns Thee still.

How Abraham in gladness
Rejoiced Thy day to see!
How Zion in her sadness,
Messiah, pined for Thee!
Thou virgin-born Eternal
Art still the Truth, the Way;
Before Thy light supernal
All darkness flees away.

O pure and sinless Saviour,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
Grant us Thy blood-bought favor,
As through earth's vale we plod.
O blest and holy Jesus,
Thou bearer of our sin,
From all its guilt release us,
And make us pure within.

Thy promise, still unbroken,
Upholds us in the strife,
Thou wilt, as Thou hast spoken,
Grant us eternal life.
Our hopes of Heav'n are centered,
O Crucified, in Thee;
Where Thou, dear Lord, hast entered,
Thine own shall follow Thee!

The Humility of Christ
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Palm Sunday
Philippians 2:5-11

Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour kind,
We pray Thee, grant to us the mind
That was Thine own, when Thou didst take
Our flesh and blood, for love's dear sake.

Though very God of very God,
With mortal creatures Thou didst plod.
Love bade Thee leave Thy throne on high,
For sinful man to bleed and die.

Thou didst not shun to suffer loss,
The crown of thorns, the scourge, the cross,
Privation, woe, and wretchedness,
Unfathomed grief, and sore distress.

Arisen from the gloomy grave
Thou livest evermore to save,
And now before the Father's throne,
Thou intercedest for Thine own.

To-day the cruel nail prints tell
Of Thy great love, Immanuel,
The love that made Thee condescend
To be the sinner's faithful Friend.

O may we meek and lowly be,
As Thou, O Lamb of Calvary!
Saved, ransomed, pardoned, justified,
In Thy great love may we abide.

As Thou in sweet humility
Didst serve Thine own, O thus may we
Unto the brethren here below
Compassion, love, and kindness show.

Grant us the strength to bear the cross,
To count all earthborn treasure dross,
Till, saved by grace through faith in Thee,
The pearly gates ajar we see.

Before Thee every knee shall bow,
Redeemer, Lord, and Saviour Thou!
Incarnate God, through endless days
Thy blood-bought Church shall sing Thy praise!

Palm Sunday

Translated from the German

"Hosianna, David's Sohn, Kommt in Zion eingezogen" – B. Schmolck

Matthew 21:19.

Hail Hosanna! David's Son
Enters Zion's festive portal.
O prepare an Honor throne;
Come, adore the Lord immortal!
Strew with palms His hallowed way.
To His name sweet homage pay.

Hail Hosanna! Come, dear Lord;
Come, Thy Zion longs to meet Thee!
All prepared through Thy blest word,
Thy redeemed with joy now greet Thee.
At Thy feet we long to bow,
Enter, welcome Saviour, now.

Hail Hosanna! Prince of Peace,
Mighty Hero, King victorious,
Thou didst bid the battle cease,
Thou didst grant us laurels glorious.
Justice Thy blest reign secures,
And Thy Kingdom e'er endures.

Hail Hosanna! Precious Guest,
Thou hast chosen us forever
Members of Thy kingdom blest.
Let it be our heart's endeavor
E'er to bow before Thy throne,
Reign in us, and reign alone.

Hail Hosanna, Near and far!
Haste, O Blest One, haste to enter!
See our welcome gates ajar;
All our hopes in Thee we center!
Hallelujah, Thou art come!
Sing Hosanna, Christendom!

They Sang a Hymn
Maundy Thursday
Mark 14:22-26.

They gathered in the upper room
When twilight's glimmer dim

Was all eclipsed by night's dark gloom,
And sang the Paschal hymn.

The sweetly solemn strains came forth
From hearts by sorrow wrung.
They kept the feast of precious worth
To which their faith still clung.

The Paschal lamb, prepared with care,
Upon the table lay.
He blessed the Bread; He breathed a prayer –
The Godhead veiled in clay.

“Take, my beloved, eat and drink,
My Body and My Blood.”
He stands at bitter Mara's brink,
The spotless Son of God.

O hallowed hour, the type is past,
Fulfillment draweth near!
The promised Christ has come at last,
The Lamb of God is here!

Before Him looms Gethsemane,
Deep sorrow's dismal night,
And in the distance Calvary
Comes plainly into sight.

They sang a hymn! Had song the power
To comfort, strengthen, bless?
To sweeten in that mournful hour
The cup of bitterness?

O ye, who bear His name, sing on,
Though dark may be the night;
Soon shall a sun-lit morning dawn,
And faith give way to sight.

Sing on, O blood-bought Church, sing on,
And praise the Lamb once slain.
Celestial choirs around His throne
Respond: “Amen! Amen!”

The Institution of Holy Communion
Maundy Thursday

“The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ?” 1 Cor. 10:16.

O precious Jesus, dearest Lord,
I come before Thee, kneeling.
As Thou hast promised in Thy Word,
Hark Thou to my appealing!
O Love divine, Messiah blest,
Who givest weary sinners rest,
Grant me Thy consolation.

A banquet Thou hast spread for me,
Thy flesh and blood containing.
Great is my heart's iniquity,
And sin my soul is staining.
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Let me Thy blood-bought pardon gain!
Absolve me, my Redeemer!

Remove my sin-stained, carnal dress
As I approach Thy table.
Grant me Thy robe of righteousness;
Dear Lord, make thou me able
To eat this manna worthily,
To drink the blood once shed for me
In deep, sincere contrition.

Garbed in Thy raiment, let me dine
With Thee, most loving Saviour.
This blest Memorial of Thine
Seals unto me Thy favor.
Forgiveness, mercy, grace, and peace,
And Life, which nevermore shall cease,
Thy heav'nly Feast bestoweth.

Thy body, O Thou Living Bread,
The food divine from Heaven,
And Thy blest blood, for sinners shed,
Thy love to me has given.
O purge me from all earthly dross!
The blood once shed on Calv'ry's Cross

Has made me Thine forever.

Let me with Thee united be
In sacramental union.
Until I rise to dwell with Thee
Grant me this sweet communion.
Thou blest Redeemer, Saviour, Priest,
How shall I praise Thy glorious Feast,
How laud Thy loving kindness?

I thirsted, Thou didst give me drink!
I hungered, Thou didst feed me!
Thy hand divine o'er Jordan's brink
To Cana's Land will lead me.
O grant me grace, Thou Lord of all,
To feast with Thee in Salem's hall
Through everlasting ages!

Jesus Washes His Disciples' Feet
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Maundy Thursday
John 13:1-15.

On Calv'ry's mountain crucified,
My blest Redeemer bled and died,
And with His holy, precious blood
He reconciled me unto God.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Cleansed me from sin's dark, crimson stain.
The curse of law for me He bore,
Declared me righteous evermore.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

He conquered death, and grave, and hell,
The risen Christ, Immanuel,
And now before His Father's throne
He intercedeth for His Own.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

His Word forevermore remains;
His Spirit's power my faith sustains.
In His dear Father's love I rest,
By boundless grace and kindness blest.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

His love divine removes all fears,
He dries my penitential tears,
Bids me in His pavilion hide,
When sorrows, griefs, and ills betide.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

When Jordan's billows o'er me roll,
My Pilot will receive my soul,
And guide me safe to Salem's shore,
Where ransomed saints His name adore.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

His blood-bought robe of righteousness
Shall be my spotless, glorious dress,
And with triumphant hosts I'll sing
Sublime Hosannas to my King.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

The Crucified Servant
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Good Friday
Isaiah 52:13-53:12.

Divine Messiah, bleeding, dying,
In agony on Calv'ry's tree;
In bitter grief and anguish sighing,
We trust our sin-sick souls to Thee.
For our transgressions Thou wast wounded,
Thy holy brow with thorns surrounded,
While cruel nails pierced hands and feet.
Blest Lamb of God, thus didst Thou suffer,
Thy blood for our redemption offer,
To pay the ransom-price complete.

All we like wand'ring sheep were straying,
O faithful Shepherd, from Thy way.
The call of deathless love obeying,
Thou camest down from realms of day,
Where angels laud Thee and adore Thee,
Where saints cast golden crowns before Thee,
To save Thy flock from endless death.
Upon thee fell the world's transgression,
The Law's dread curse, hell's vile oppression,
Thou sinless Christ of Nazareth!

By godless men despised, rejected,
Our griefs and sorrows Thou didst bear.
Most sorely stricken and afflicted,
Still didst Thou cling to God in prayer,
For vile transgressors interceding,
To gain our peace in fervor pleading,
That with Thy stripes we might be healed.
Then in the tomb in Joseph's garden,
As surety of our purchased pardon
Thy holy eyes in death were sealed.

Cleansed by Thy blood, redeemed, forgiven,
And justified through faith in Thee,
Saved by Thy grace, heirs of Thy Heaven,
Incarnate God, eternally
Thy ransomed Church shall praise and bless Thee,
With hosts in Salem's realm confess Thee,
Clad in Thy righteousness, - a Bride!
Then shall the story of salvation
Resound in songs of jubilation!
Then shall Thy soul be satisfied!

The Crucifixion
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Good Friday
Luke 23:32-43.

He did not die in vain,
My Saviour and my Lord,
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
The blest Incarnate Word.

Each drop of blood He spilt

Can healing balm bestow,
And sinners lose the stains of guilt
In that most holy flow.

He is the Truth, the Way;
Christ Jesus is His name.
The saints of old found Him their Stay,
The saints to-day the same.

What though His foes still rave?
He crushed the serpent's head.
He conquered death, and hell, and grave,
Arising from the dead.

Cleansed in His precious blood,
And justified by grace,
Forgiven by a righteous God
Our homeward way we trace.

Within His Father's house
Where many mansions be
His blood-bought Church, His glorious spouse,
Shall reign eternally.

Then every knee shall bow
And own Him Lord of lords.
His ransomed own He shall endow
With Heaven's blest rewards.

He did not die in vain!
While endless ages roll.
The fruits of all His grief and pain
Shall satisfy His soul.

His blood-washed throngs shall sing,
"Praise to the Lamb once slain;"
And evermore crown Him their King.
He did not die in vain.

Christ. Our Passover, Is Sacrificed for Us
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Easter Sunday
1 Cor. 5:7,8.

Precious Jesus, Saviour glorious,
Thou hast risen from the grave.
Over death and hell victorious,
Thou art mighty still to save!
Let me rise with Thee, I pray,
On this glorious Easter day;
Thou, my Life and Resurrection,
Let me laud Thy love's perfection.

Paschal Lamb, I yearn to love Thee
In sincerity and truth.
May Thy love's compassion move me
To flee wickedness uncouth.
With Thy blood upon my heart
From sin's Egypt I'll depart!
By the virtue of Thy passion
Cleanse me, Lord, from all transgression.

Purge away the leaven ever
That with sin's desire is rife.
O implant in me, dear Saviour,
Pure and holy Easter life!
Love Divine, Redeemer, Priest,
Let me keep This glorious feast,
Trusting in Thy blood-bought pardon,
Till I cross the banks of Jordan.

Precious surety of salvation,
Thy most holy blood sufficed
To remove all condemnation
From my soul, O risen Christ!
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Peace divine in Thee I'll gain;
In Thy holy wounds I rest me,
Thou hast loved me, saved me, blest me!

Glory, riches, honor, blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive.
Cherubim, Thy power confessing,
To Thy Name sweet homage give.
Spotless Lamb, eternally
Thy redeemed shall worship Thee,
And in fadeless Easter glory

Tell redemption's wondrous story.

May I, girded by Thy Spirit,
Keep the staff of faith in hand,
Till, rejoicing in Thy merit,
I behold the Promised Land.
There with all the blood-washed throng
I shall sing the triumph song,
And adore thee, risen Saviour,
With the angels' host forever.

Easter Joy
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Easter Sunday
Mark 16:1-8.

My Jesus lives!
He burst His rock-sealed tomb;
In vain the guarded door!
The morning dawns, all vanished is the gloom,
The dismal night is o'er.
At break of day He burst His prison,
The Lord of Life from death is risen!
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!
O death, where is thy sting,
Where, grave, thy victory?
In Salem's hall the triumph anthems ring.
From hell's dominion free,
O ransomed earth, rejoice in gladness,
Cast off thy prison garb of sadness!
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!
My pardon is complete,
For me He bled and died.
His thorn-crowned brow, His wounded hands and feet,
His stripes, His riven side,
Have paid the price of my salvation,
I fear no more sin's condemnation.
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!

O all-transcendent gain!
The law's dread curse He bore.
Behold, the Temple's curtain rent in twain!
The reign of death is o'er.
Now at the Mercy Seat He pleadeth.
His blood for sinners intercedeth.
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!
The lord, my Righteousness,
Has risen from the grave.
His blood-bought robe is now my spotless dress.
To me He freely gave
Abundant entrance into His Heaven.
O precious seal of sins forgiven,
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!
I, too, from death shall rise,
Saved by His glorious grace,
His own shall win redemption's glorious prize,
And see Him face to face.
What joy to enter Eden's portal,
And reign with Him in realms immortal!
My Jesus lives!

The Resurrection
Easter

He is risen! My Jesus is risen,
My precious Redeemer, my Lord!
He is risen; My Jesus is risen,
What joy this blest truth doth afford!
The tidings on angelic pinions
Are wafted o'er earth's wide domain;
All vanished are Satan's dominions.
The Crucified liveth again!

He is risen! My Jesus is risen,
The Saviour who suffered for me!
He is risen! My Saviour is risen,
And now evermore I am free.
Sin's fetters are broken that bound me;

The Victor has burst every chain!
He lives, who hath sought me and found me,
The Lamb who for sinners was slain.

He is risen! My Jesus is risen,
The promised Messiah and King!
He is risen! My Jesus is risen,
Whose praises the Seraphim sing,
In vain did the powers infernal
Against the Anointed One war.
The Virgin-born Godhead Eternal
Hath broken the sepulchre's door!

He is risen! My Jesus is risen,
His wonderful Name I confess.
He is risen! My Jesus is risen,
His righteousness now is my dress.
Forgiven is all my transgression;
Removed is sin's every stain,
And over His blood-bought possession,
The Lion of Judah shall reign.

He is risen! My Jesus is risen,
Who languished on Calvary's brow.
He is risen! My Saviour is risen,
Where, grave, is thy victory now!
The conquering hero of Edom
Is wafting His banner on high.
He lives, who has purchased my freedom,
And never again will He die!

He is risen! My Saviour is risen,
The Paradise Gates swing ajar,
He is risen! My Saviour is risen,
Messiah has broken the bar.
Wide open is Eden's bright portal;
A child of the Father I am,
And heir to the regions immortal,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb!

He is risen! My Jesus is risen,
I, too, shall arise from the dead.
He is risen! My Jesus is risen,

I'll follow my conquering Head
To regions of infinite splendor;
Redemption's sweet story I'll sing,
And praises eternally render
My risen and glorified King!

Eastertide
Matthew 28:6.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen, as He said.
Stony portals burst before Him,
Pilate's guardsmen all have fled,
Angels hasten to adore Him,
He is risen, as He said.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen, as He said.
He has kept His promise surely,
Though His precious blood was shed;
Though His grave was sealed securely,
He is risen, as He said.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen, as He said.
O ye mourners, cease your weeping;
Come, behold the empty bed
Where in death your Lord was sleeping.
He is risen, as He said.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen, as He said.
He has burst His rocky portal,
He has crushed the serpent's head,
Passed from death to life immortal.

He is risen, as He said.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen, as He said.
From the battlefield of Edom
In defeat the foe has fled.
Christ has won eternal freedom,
He is risen, as He said.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen, as He said.
He who suffered in the garden,
Bowed in death His thorn-crowned Head,
Lives to seal our purchased pardon,
He is risen, as He said.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen, as He said.
Hallelujah! Judah's Lion
All His foes hath captive led.
Tell the joyful news to Zion,
He is risen, as He said.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen, as He said.
Glorious seal of sins forgiven,
He who for our pardon bled,
Conquered hell and opened Heaven.
He is risen, as He said.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen, as He said.
Hell, we tremble not before thee;

Death, thy sting we do not dread,
For the Saviour triumphed o'er thee;
He is risen, as He said.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen, as He said.
Death can hold us but a season,
We shall rise, as did our Head,
And forever sing the reason:
He is risen, as He said!

The Faith That Overcometh
Epistle Lesson Hymn for First Sunday after Easter
or Quasimodo geniti
1 John 5:4-10.

In the name of Christ we gather
To adore and worship Thee,
Mighty God, Eternal Father,
Great Jehovah, One in Three.
Thy blest Spirit witness beareth
That we are Thy children dear.
Thy unfailing Word declareth
Thou in love our prayer will hear.

Grant us through Thy holy Spirit
Strong and overcoming faith,
Faith that rests in Jesus' merit
Firm, unwav'ring unto death;
Heav'nborn faith, that falters never.
Though world, flesh, and hell assail,
Faith securely grounded ever
On the Word that shall prevail.

In Thy Son, our risen Saviour,
Who by blood and water came,
Faith can safely anchor ever;
Glory to His precious Name!
Word incarnate, sinless, holy,
Baptized in the Jordan flood,
Our Messiah, humble, lowly,

He redeemed us with His blood!

Father, by Thy revelation
Thou didst own Him Thy dear Son.
On the Cross our full salvation,
Pardon, peace, and life He won!
Faith Thy Word of truth embraces,
Holy God of Israel.
Faith to Christ its author traces
Blessings more than tongue can tell.

May we while on earth we wander
Find in Thee our hearts' delight,
Till in Salem's mansions yonder
Faith gives way to glorious sight!
Then with overcoming legions
We shall bear the vict'ry palms,
And in Christ-illuminated regions
Laud Thy grace in endless psalms!

The Blessedness of Faith
Gospel Lesson Hymn for First Sunday after Easter
or Quasimodo geniti
John 20:19-31

Saviour, all-glorious,
Mighty, victorious,
Thou hast arisen
From death's dark prison,
Conquering Satan, and sin, and the grave.
Thy blest redemption
Doth grant exemption
From wrath eternal;
Thy power supernal Sinner from hell's dark dominion can save.

O precious Jesus,
Thy blood releases
From condemnation.
Thy free salvation
Grant us eternal life, pardon, and peace.
Son of the Father,
In love Thou dost gather
The lost and straying;

O hear Thou our praying!
Let Thy blest Spirit our weak faith increase!

Grant us, dear Saviour,
Thy blood-bought favor.
Let peace unending
From Heav'n descending,
Strengthen our feeble faith, banish all doubt.
In Thee believing,
Thy blest Word receiving,
Our Shield and Tower,
O grant us Thy power
To shed Thy Light o'er the darkness without.

Jesus, dear Saviour,
Be praised forever.
Though earth decry Thee,
We glorify Thee.
O Son of God, in Thy Name we believe!
Mighty Deliv'rer,
Thou art the blest Giver
Of life immortal;
Thy Heaven's bright portal
Is open wide Thy redeemed to receive!

In His Steps
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Second Sunday after Easter
or Misericordias Domini
1 Peter 2:21.

Thou bidst us follow Thee, O precious Jesus,
The while we sojourn in this vale below.
And Thou dost promise evermore to lead us
Where crystal streams of living waters flow.
We heard Thy call; O grant us grace to follow
Thy footsteps till our pilgrim days are o'er.
The joys of earth are fleeting, carnal, hollow;
In thee we find true bliss forevermore.

O let us follow Thee, Thou heav'nly Preacher,
And keep thy holy Word and doctrine pure;
Let us proclaim Thy truth, O blessed Teacher,
The truth that through all ages shall endure.

O let us follow Thee, belov'd Physician,
And bring Thy solace to the sick in need.
Let us relieve the sufferer's condition;
For grace to do Thy holy will, we plead.

O let us follow Thee, Thou loving Master,
And bring to sin-sick souls Thy healing balm!
The earth o'erflows with anguish and disaster,
Thy power alone the burdened hearts can calm.
Thou still canst heal our every affliction,
Thou still canst bid all pain and sorrow cease.
O spread Thy loving arms in benediction,
And grant the stricken ones Thy sweet release!

Thy blood hath bought us; we are Thine forever,
Saved by Thy boundless grace, so full and free.
Faith bids us look upon Thy cross, dear Saviour;
Our hope of life eternal rests in Thee!
Thy Spirit in Thy Word the witness beareth
That our Creator is a Father blest,
Who all our burdens, cares, and trials shareth,
In whose paternal bosom we may rest!

O let us follow Thee where'er Thou leadest,
Thou blest Redeemer, Saviour, Shepherd, King!
With bread of life Thy ransomed own Thou feedest;
To Thee in pure devotion let us cling!
Thou knowest, Lord, how fleeting are our powers,
And when we trust our feeble strength, we fail.
But o'er the arm of flesh Thy wisdom towers,
Forsake us not when doubts and fears assail.

O let us follow Thy divine commission,
And consecrate our lives, dear Lord, to Thee.
Bishop of souls, our Saviour, our Physician,
We would be Thine in all eternity!
Then take our talents, powers, and earthly treasure,
Our silver and our gold, our tender love!
O Precious One, grant us the holy pleasure
To follow Thee to paradise above!

The Good Shepherd
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Second Sunday after Easter

or Misericordias Domini
John 10:11-26

O dear Redeemer crucified,
Thou faithful Shepherd, who hast died
To save from death Thy helpless sheep,
We pray thee, risen Saviour, keep
In Thy secure protection still
Thy sheep who hearken to Thy will.

All we like sheep had gone astray
From thy blest fold, and lost our way,
Left pleasant pastures, verdant lands,
For barren wastes, and desert sands;
But O, Thy shepherd love so deep
Sought till it found Thy erring sheep.

O Shepherd Saviour, we rejoice
To be Thine own, to hear Thy voice.
Bought with a price, we now are Thine,
And known of thee, O Love Divine!
By grace unto Thy fold restored,
Let us not stray again, dear Lord.

And grant, Thou blest Incarnate Son,
That Jew and Gentile may be one,
Drawn by Thy Spirit through Thy Word
Into one fold to hail Thee Lord!
Salvation, pardon, grace bestow
Upon Thy blood-bought fold below.

Dear Lord, our eyes of faith behold
In truth one Shepherd and one fold,
Kept through the Spirit's bond of peace
In unity which ne'er shall cease.
As Thou has promised, we shall be
Thine own in all eternity.

Our Pilgrimage
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Third Sunday after Easter, or Jubilate
1 Peter 2:11-20.

Dear Father, in Thy Spirit's might,

Led by Thy Holy Word,
May we as children of the light,
E'er follow Christ, our Lord.

As strangers in this world's domain,
Bound for our heav'nly goal,
From fleshly lusts may we abstain
That war against the soul.

In righteousness, in love, unfeigned,
May we as Christians plod,
Obedient to the powers ordained
By Thee, our sovereign God.

O may our holy walk proclaim
The riches of Thy grace,
As in our risen Saviour's name
Our pilgrim path we trace.

And should we suffer for Thy sake,
May we endure the wrong;
Thy power, O mighty God, can make
Thy feeble Christians strong,

Redeemed with Jesus' precious blood,
Cleansed in that holy flow,
O may we love the brotherhood,
And serve Thee here below.

Pilgrims and strangers may we be,
Unspotted from the world,
As with the eyes of faith we see

Christ's banner high unfurled.

In Salem's Home we shall abide,
And there behold Thy face;
Saved, ransomed, pardoned, justified,
And glorified by grace.

Lead us, O Triune God of love,
And keep us by Thy might,
Until we reach our goal above

To dwell with Thee in light.

On yonder blissful glory shore
In robes of righteousness
Through endless ages, evermore
Thy boundless love we'll bless.

Jubilate

Gospel Lesson Hymn for Third Sunday after Easter, or Jubilate
John 16:16-22

Comforter of all who mourn,
Precious Jesus, risen Saviour,
Grant Thy loved ones, sad, forlorn,
Thy blest solace, peace, and favor.
Thou alone canst balm afford,
Dearest Lord.

When upon the cruel cross
Thou didst die in pain and sadness,
Thy disciples mourned their loss,
While the foes rejoiced in gladness.
Thus this world with wicked will
Scorns us still.

Saviour, wipe away our tears,
When if sin we make confession,
Thou canst calm our trembling fears,
Thou canst cleanse us from transgression
In the fountain of Thy blood,
Precious flood!

Though awhile the world annoys
With its unbelief and scorning,
Thou wilt grant us heav'nly joys,
Hush forevermore our mourning,
When our earthly course is run,
Risen One!

When the grave our friends doth take,
Sev'ring ties of deep affliction,
Cheer us, for Thine own dear sake,
O Thou Life and Resurrection!

Let us hear Thy loving voice,
And rejoice.

Thou wilt crown with joy divine
Thy redeemed, who now are weeping;
O'er the ransomed flock of Thine,
Thou in love true watch are keeping.
Let us in Thy Word so pure
Rest secure.

Safely through this vale of tears,
Tender Shepherd, do Thou lead us!
Thou alone canst calm our fears,
Thou with bread of life canst feed us.
Thou canst bid all tumult cease,
Prince of Peace!

Thy sure promise still remains,
Soon shall end our night of sorrow.
Thy blest Word our hope sustains,
Joy wilt come upon the morrow.
Then to Thy dear name we'll raise
Endless praise.

The Giver of Perfect Gifts
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Fourth Sunday after Easter, or Cantate
James 1:17-21.

Father of Lights, the Heav'ns proclaim
The power of Thy majestic name!
Sun, moon, and stars in splendor shine
To glorify Thy might divine.

The earth of Thy great wonders tells:
The fields and gardens, hills and dells,
And streams and plains show forth Thy might
To fill Thy children with delight.

Unto Thy creatures here below
Thy perfect gifts Thou dost bestow,
So limitless, so rich, so free,
For time and for eternity.

Created in Thy image blest,
In Thy paternal love I rest.
Clothed, sheltered, fed by Thy dear hand,
And guarded by Thy power, I stand.

Thy perfect gift, Christ, Thy dear Son,
On Calvary my ransom won,
My sinless Saviour died for me
From bonds of sin to set me free.

O may Thy loving kindness move
My heart to serve and bless and love!
Let thoughts, and words, and deeds proclaim
The glory of Thy precious name.

Thy perfect love abideth true,
Thy perfect grace, as morning-dew
Descends Thy ransomed own to bless
With perfect peace and happiness.

Thy Spirit in Thy perfect Word
Assures me Heav'n is mine, dear Lord.
My heart with gratefulness o'erflows
For all the gifts Thy love bestows.

Thy light illumines my pilgrim way,
And leads to realms of perfect day;
With saints perfected I shall praise
Thy grace through everlasting days.

The Sorrowing Disciples
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Fourth Sunday after Easter, or Cantate
John 16:5-15.

Why are ye filled with sadness,
Ye chosen few, why do ye mourn?
Has all the joy and the gladness
Of Easter's bright and glorious dawn
Now passed away forever,
When Christ, your Lord, departs,
Whose hallowed presence ever
Consoled your burdened hearts?
O grieve not! Though ye rather

Would see your Lord remain,
He goeth to the Father
At His right hand to reign.

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thy precious blood indeed sufficed
To purchase and release us
From Satan's bonds. Thou risen Christ,
Though all the world decrieth
Thy truth, and hides its face,
Thy Spirit still applieth
It through the means of grace
Unto Thine own who cherish
His presence sweet within,
That they might never perish
Whom Thou hast died to win.

Come, Holy Spirit, hasten
The Saviour's glorious name to bless.
Reprove the world, and chasten
Its sin and base self-righteousness.
Into all truth still guide us,
Blest Comforter, we pray,
Though all the world deride us,
And follow Satan's way
Of unbelief and pleasure.
Condemn its evil course!
Let Jesus be our treasure
Of all true joy the source.

Ascend, O risen Saviour,
Thy weary toil indeed is done;
The Father view with favor
The battle fought, the vict'ry won!
Forgiveness, peace, and pardon,
And life through Thee we gain.
Thy anguish in the garden,
Thy cross was not in vain!
He who from death did raise Thee
Greets Thee in Heav'n again!
Thy Spirit bids us praise Thee,
Exalted Christ, *Amen!*

Be Ye Doers of the Word

“Hearing and doing are inseparably bound together. Hearing without doing is characteristic of the hypocrite, and doing without hearing is the earmark of the self-righteous. Only by faithfully abiding in our Lord and Saviour may we learn both to hear and to do.” - Rev. F. Hammarsten.

Epistle Lesson for Fifth Sunday after Easter, or Rogate

James 1:22-27.

Eternal God, our Father,
In Jesus' Name we gather
To praise and worship thee.
Let hymns of adoration
And prayers of supplication
Like incense sweet arise to Thee.

Thy grace in Christ, confessing,
We come to seek the blessing
Thy Holy Word imparts.
Grant us through Thy blest Spirit
A fervent love to hear it,
And keep it in believing hearts.

Thy law's just accusation
Reveals our condemnation,
Defiled with sin are we.
Contrite, we make confession,
O cleanse us from transgression,
For Jesus' sake, hear Thou our plea.

Thy Son, our risen Saviour,
Hath gained for us Thy favor.
The curse of law He bore.
In Shepherd love He sought us,
With His own blood He bought us,
To grant us life forevermore.

Thy Gospel may we treasure,
And find our highest pleasure
In humbly serving Thee.
Grant us the blest endeavor
To keep with love-filled fervor
Thy perfect law of liberty.

Heirs of Thy free salvation,

May we bring consolation
To those in need and pain.
True to our Lord and Saviour,
May we as Christians ever
Unspotted from the world remain.

Thy Word our hearts sustaineth:
Its shining light remaineth
Our guide to realms above.
There we shall praise and bless Thee,
With angel hosts confess Thee,
And evermore extol Thy love.

The Blessedness of Prayer
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Fifth Sunday after Easter, or Rogate
John 16:23-33.

Eternal God, Thy promise still is sure,
And Thou art still the same;
In Thy blest Word we e'er can rest secure,
And ask in Jesus' Name
For every boon and blessing,
For every earthly need,
Our every want confessing,
For Thou our prayer wilt heed.

Blest privilege, to come before Thy throne,
To know it is Thy will
That we in faith make our desires all known,
Nor cease our prayer until
Thou all our wants suppliest.
Thy riches we may share;
Thou every bar defiest
To grant Thy children's prayer.

Keep us, dear Father, in Thy heav'nward way,
Do Thou our path prepare.
The cruel world its wicked traps doth lay
Thy children to ensnare.
Keep us in Thy protection,
O Thou eternal love,
And let our hearts' affection
Be placed on things above.

Do Thou the kingdom of Thy Christ extend
To every land and clime.
Let Thine almighty arm the truth defend
Until the end of time.
Make known Thy free salvation,
Through Christ, our risen Lord,
Till every land and nation
Has heard Thy glorious Word.

In days of grief be Thou our strength and stay,
And when, in doubt's dark night,
We pray Thee, Lord, to roll the clouds away,
Disperse them with Thy Light!
Be ever our physician,
Our refuge in distress,
Our solace in contrition,
Our aid in helplessness.

For health we pray, for strength, for daily bread,
For love to Thee and Thine.
Let us, dear Father, by Thy hand be led,
Thy grace upon us shine,
Till on the shores immortal
Our anchor we may cast,
Till heaven's pearly portal
Receives Thine own at last.

Ascend, Dear Lord
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Ascension Day

Ascend, dear Lord!
Thy earthly toil is done,
Thy pain and anguish o'er.
Fought is the fight; the victory is won!
Thy grave's once fast-sealed door
Is open; Thou hast burst its prison
Since Thou from death to life hast risen.
Ascend, dear Lord!

Ascend, dear Lord!
Redemption is complete,
For Thou hast paid the price!

Death, sin and hell lie vanquished at Thy feet.
O Lamb, Thy sacrifice
Grants us a blood-bought, free salvation,
Saves us from Satan's domination.
Ascend, dear Lord!

Ascend, dear Lord!
And send Thy Spirit blest,
Thy Comforter on high;
Let His sweet Word now strengthen the oppressed
With solace from the sky!
Thou who hast died for our transgression.
Grant us Thy promised intercession.
Ascend, dear Lord!

Ascend, dear Lord!
Accept Thy blood-bought crown!
Return to that blest land
From whence Thy love hath caused Thee to come down.
Reign at Thy Father's hand.
Exalted Savior, naught can sever
Thee from the right to rule forever.
Ascend, dear Lord!

Ascend, dear Lord!
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Thou blest High Priest, ascend!
O King of kings, in righteousness e'er reign!
Thy Kingdom hath no end!
Thy ransomed host on earth rejoices,
While angels lift in song their voices:
"Ascend, dear Lord!"

Ascend, dear Lord!
Ten thousand harps are strung
In Salem's palace-hall.
The triumph song of victory is sung.
The Father's love doth call
Thee to His bosom, Lamb victorious!
Earth, echo back the angel's chorus:
"Ascend, dear Lord!"

Go Ye into All the World

Mark 16:14-20.

Gospel Lesson Hymn for Ascension Day

O Church of the Word, by the Nazarene founded,
The truth of His wonderful Gospel proclaim!
On Scripture's foundation so firm thou art grounded,
O glorify Jesus, exalt His sweet name!

O Church of the Word, tell the nations the story,
How shall they believe, if they never have heard?
That others may see and give God all the glory,
Let deeds be the fruits of thy faith in His Word.

O Church of the Word, into hedges and highways
Thy risen Lord Jesus entreats thee to go!
Preach forth from the housetops, and enter the byways.
Behold, all the world His salvation should know.

O Church of the Word, get thee up to the mountain,
And tell all the world of the vision so bright;
Let others find cleansing at Calvary's fountain,
Call others from darkness to marvelous light.

O Church of the Word, let thy light shine in splendor,
That mortals in darkness its luster may see.
O tell them of Jesus, whose love is so tender,
Whose grace, and salvation, and pardon are free.

O Church of the Word, be thou true to thy Master!
Preach on, though false prophets in power assail.
Thy Saviour, so mighty, can save from disaster;
Thou hast His assurance: "Hell shall not prevail!"

O Church of the Word, by the Nazarene founded,
Ten thousandfold publish His Gospel of love!
O cease not to preach till the trumpet has sounded,
And "Well done" awaits thee in glory above!

The End of All Things Is at Hand
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Sixth Sunday after Easter, or Exaudi
1 Peter 4:7-11.

The end of all things is at hand

Thy Word, my God, declareth.
Dear Father, saved by grace I stand,
Thy Spirit witness beareth
That I am Thine since Christ Thy Son
On Calvary my ransom won.
Grant Thou me faith abiding.

The universe shall pass away,
But Thou abideth ever.
Grant that in faith I watch and pray;
Let me forsake Thee never.
Redeemed, forgiven, justified,
I need not fear whate'er betide,
In Thee I rest securely.

Earth's sorrows, fears and pains shall cease
When dawns the morn eternal.
Console my heart, my faith increase;
Kept by Thy power supernal
May I my pilgrim pathway trace,
Do Thou my heart's affection place
Upon the heav'nly treasure.

Grant me the Christlike charity,
The loveborn, lowly meekness
That tenders pardon willingly
When brethren err in weakness.
As Thou in love forgavest me,
O may I ever ready be
To love, forgive, and comfort.

For all Thy mercies manifold
Sincerest thanks I tender.
Accept my talents, silver, gold.
My all in love's surrender.
May all my life, while here I plod,
Be sanctified to Thee, my God –
A blessing to my neighbor.

Grant me until the hour of death
The witness of Thy Spirit,
The grace to trust in fervent faith
In my Redeemer's merit.

Prepared to meet my glorious King,
May I with joy His praises sing
And welcome His appearing.

The end of all things is at hand!
How yearns my soul for Heaven,
That blest, eternal, Glory-land
Thou to Thine own hast given!
What joy, when pilgrim days are o'er
To reach my home on Salem's shore
And dwell with Thee forever!

Ye Also Shall bear Witness
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Sixth Sunday after Easter, or Exaudi
John 15:26-16:4.

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
Belov'd Immanuel,
Thou camest to release us
From sin, and death, and hell.
From Heaven Thou descendest,
To Calv'ry's Cross Thou wendest
Thy path of pain and woe,
That earth Thy love might know.

We fear the grave's dark prison
No more since Thou hast died,
For Thou from death art risen,
Redeemer crucified!
Thy full, complete salvation
Frees us from condemnation.
Thy blood our peace hath won,
O Thou Incarnate Son.

Thy precious Word believing,
We come to Thee in prayer.
Redemption's gifts receiving,
O let us witness bear
To all the world, dear Saviour,
That Thou art Lord forever.
Blest King of righteousness,
Do Thou our witness bless.

O send Thy Holy Spirit,
Thou ris'n, ascended Lord!
Seal unto us Thy merit
In Sacrament and Word!
Though all the world decry Thee,
O may we ne'er deny Thee,
But faithful to the end,
Let us Thy truth defend.

Thou art, O precious Jesus,
The Way, the Truth, the Life.
From Satan's might release us;
Uphold us in the strife!
Grant that we leave Thee never;
May we bear witness ever
Unto Thy truth, dear Lord,
In thought, and deed, and word.

Grant that we keep, dear Saviour,
Thy Word and doctrine pure.
Guide Thou our whole behavior,
Let us in faith endure,
Till in the mansion glorious
We hail Thee, Lamb victorious;
Till with the saints above
We praise Thy boundless love!

Pentecost
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Whitsunday

O come, Thou precious Holy Spirit,
Bless with thy presence sweet my burdened heart!
With heav'nly solace do Thou cheer it,
Thy witness to the Word divine impart.
Beloved, come, with Pentecostal fire,
And let its warmth, I pray, my thoughts inspire.

My carnal mind is e'er demanding
A revelation other than Thine own,
By nature void of understanding
In truths divine, my reason e'er is prone
To seek in human wisdom truth and light,
And finding neither, lose itself in night.

O come, Thou Spirit long awaited,
My thirst and hunger for the truth assuage.
Bless Thou the Word, by Thee dictated,
The Word divine on Scripture's hallowed page.
Through Thee alone, my Comforter, my Guide,
I find the cross, I find the Crucified.

Enlighten Thou my mind and spirit,
Blest Counsellor, with wisdom from on high,
And through my risen Saviour's merit
My carnal strivings purge and sanctify.
O dwell within my heart, Thou heav'nly Dove,
And fill the darkness with Thy light and love!

Reveal the God of all Creation,
My heav'nly Father's tender love disclose.
Point out the way of my salvation;
Lead me to Christ, who suffered, died and rose,
And who ascended to the realms on high
To intercede for sinners, such as I.

Abide, Thou precious Holy Spirit;
My troubled heart Thy message sweet has heard.
Seal unto me my Saviour's merit,
Hold Thou my reason captive in Thy Word!
Till life shall cease, till Jordan's stream is crossed,
Grant me, Belov'd, the joy of Pentecost!

The Message of Pentecost
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Whitsunday
John 14:23-31.

Come, Thou promised Holy Spirit,
Messenger of light and love,
Witness of my Saviour's merit,
Waft His peace, Thou heav'nly Dove,
O'er this troubled heart of mine;
Flood my soul with light divine!

Come, and lead me to my Saviour,
Come, I plead, with me abide!
Come, bestow, the Father's favor,

Come! I need Thee, faithful Guide!
Come, O Holy Trinity,
Evermore to dwell in me!

Grant me, Father, through Thy Spirit,
Grace to keep my Saviour's word.
In remembrance let me hear it,
Treasure the sweet message heard!
Precious precepts, all divine,
Father, Jesus' word is Thine!

My Redeemer, I believe Thee,
Bid my troubled fears now cease.
Why should earthly strife still grieve me,
When, Belov'd, I have Thy peace,
Bought on Calv'ry's cross of pain,
Sealed when Thou didst rise again!

All in vain is earth's endeavor
To console and calm my heart.
O the world can never, never
Grant the peace Thou dost impart.
How can sinners rest until
Thou hast spoken: "Peace, be still!"

Thou hast gone to Thy loved Father,
O Thou well-beloved Son!
From Thy holy Word I gather
Solace till my course is run.
Holy Ghost, till life shall cease,
Grant me my Redeemer's peace!

The Trinity Season

Trinity

Epistle Lesson Hymn for Trinity Sunday

Romans 11:33-36.

O Depth of boundless riches,
How can I fathom Thee?
How can I grasp Thy wisdom,
Eternal Trinity?
Unsearchable Thy judgments,
Thy ways past finding out,
My reason at Thy greatness
Doth tremble, fear, and doubt!

No mortal e'er advised Thee,
Almighty God and Lord,
And naught hath man Thee granted
To merit a reward.
Can erring human reason,
Thou mighty One in Three,
E'er comprehend Thy knowledge,
Or sound eternity?

The planets in their orbits
Roll on through trackless space.
O, when my understanding
Thy footprints seek to trace
In wonders of creation,
In earth and sky and sea,
I stand amazed in wonder
At Thy Infinity!

I know Thy hand has made me
From dust of earthly sod;
I know Thou hast redeemed me,
Eternal, Triune God!
I know that Calv'ry's Fountain
Has cleansed my soul from sin;

I know Thy Spirit kindled
A joyous faith within.

Although I cannot fathom
With carnal reason's might
The wonders of Thy Being,
Faith fills me with delight.
With joy to Thy blest dwelling
My pilgrim path I trace;
I know I shall behold Thee
Forever face to face!

O Depth of boundless riches,
I cannot fathom Thee;
I cannot grasp Thy wisdom,
Eternal Trinity!
But Thy blest Word immortal
Is faith's bright, guiding star,
And I shall know Thee better
When I have crossed the bar!

The Mystery of Redemption
"Ye must be born anew." John 3:7.
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Trinity Sunday

O Triune God, my Maker,
Eternal Three in One,
With rev'rent awe I ponder
The wonders Thou hast done;
The glories of creation
With rapture I behold.
O how can creature measure
Thy boundless might untold!

More wonderful, more glorious
Is Thy stupendous plan
Conceived for the redemption
Of lost and fallen man.
Thy Word of revelation
Declares Thy love and grace;
In Holy Scripture's pages
Thy mysteries I trace.

Ah, once before Thy Presence
Man's visage did not pale,
When fearless, pure, and sinless,
He dwelt in Eden's vale;
But sin's infernal power,
The Tempter's cruel wrath
Brought to Thy fallen creatures
The penalty of death.

Conceived in sin, and sinning,
By Adam's guilt defiled,
Can I, a fallen mortal,
Again become Thy child?
All hidden is the mystery
From darkened mortals' view,
But Christ, my Lord, has spoken:
"Ye must be born anew!"

O blest regeneration,
Wrought by the Spirit's might.
O blest new birth, which brought me
Back to Thy kingdom bright!
I now can call Thee "Father";
Thy pure, baptismal flood
Has sealed the pardon purchased
With my Redeemer's blood.

To Thee be all the glory,
Thou Triune God above!
On earth I'll sing the praises
Of Thy surpassing love,
And when by grace I anchor
On Heaven's blissful shore,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
I'll laud Thee evermore!

God Is Love

Epistle Lesson Hymn for First Sunday after Trinity

"God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God and God abideth in him. Herein is love made perfect with us, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment" (1 Jn. 4:16-17).

God is love! Blest truth eternal,
My Creator loveth me!

God is love! O joy supernal!
Great Jehovah, One in Three,
Thy deep love's unfathomed ocean
And sublime, unbounded height
Kindles in my heart devotion,
Wonder, love, and pure delight!

Thou has sheltered, clothed, and fed me
In paternal love divine,
And Thy loving Hand hath led me,
Dear, devoted Father mine,
Thy blest Word assures me ever
Of Thy faithful, deathless love.
O let me forsake Thee never,
Nor from Thy blest pathway rove.

Thou hast sent Thy Son from Heaven
To redeem my soul from death.
Ransomed, saved, restored, forgiven,
May I cling to Him in faith.
On the cross my Jesus suffered
That from sin I might be free;
His pure, holy life He offered
To reveal Thy love to me.

Thy blest Spirit Thou hast given
As my Comforter and Guide.
By doubts, fears, and sorrows riven,
In His strength I can confide.
He the flame of faith sustaineth
By Thy Word's unbounded power;
He my faithful Friend remaineth
In the darksome trial hour.

In Thy Word securely grounded,
May my love, O Triune God,
E'er reflect Thy love unbounded,
While a pilgrim here I plod.
Grant me fervent love to others,
Christian love, warm, heaven-born,
That forgives the erring brothers,
And brings cheer to hearts forlorn.

Melt away all carnal coldness;
Let Thy love in me hold sway;
Then, with love-born, holy boldness
I shall face the Judgment Day.
Perfect Love, let me confess Thee,
Till my pilgrim days are o'er.
With the angels' host I'll bless Thee
In Thy mansion evermore.

Abraham's Bosom
Gospel Lesson Hymn for First Sunday after Trinity
Luke 16:19-31.

O glorious land, O realm of light supernal,
Thou peaceful haven of the saved and blest,
Where reigns the Triune God of love eternal,
Where weary pilgrims find their longed-for rest,
In thee abideth peace and endless gladness,
Thou art the dwelling place of joy and love,
When will I bid farewell to pain and sadness,
And enter thee, blest Canaan above?

How oft I long for the sublime transition
Which takes me to thy shores, O Paradise,
When faith beholds the glorious fields Elysian,
When my bound spirit for deliv'rance cries!
Eye hath not seen thy all-transcendent splendor;
No mortal tongue thy glory can define.
Ear hath not heard the songs thy choirs render,
Thou Eden fair, prepared by love divine!

How Zion longs to leave her desert dwelling,
And join with saints of old the heav'nly throng!
Still through earth's wilderness her song is swelling,
As once in Patmos' skies: "O Lord, how long?"
O how she yearns to mount on eagle's pinions,
To leave forevermore this vale of tears,
To reach, O Salem, thy sublime dominions,
And bid adieu to pain, and strife, and fears!

Thou precious Saviour, through Thy blood-bought merit
Grant that I reach that Canaan on high.
Let me by grace that blissful home inherit,

Jerusalem, beyond the starry sky.
Guide Thou me safely o'er death's frigid Jordan,
Hold Thou my hand, till I have passed the gloom;
Let the assurance of Thy purchased pardon
Illume the midnight darkness of the tomb.

Grant Thou me grace to flee earth's carnal pleasure,
Fill Thou my heart with love to Thee and Thine;
May Thy blest Word, dear Saviour, be my treasure,
Place my affections on the things divine;
Grant Thou me strength to overcome temptation,
Do Thou in mercy pardon all my sin.
Let me rejoice, O Christ, in Thy salvation,
And in Thy Spirit's strength the vict'ry win.

Thy Word has given me the blest assurance
That Eden's bliss eternal I may share.
Grant me through Thy blest Spirit firm assurance
In faith, in hope, in penitence, in prayer,
Till on the fiery chariots of Elijah
Thy Zion mounts to greet Thee in the skies,
Till with Thy Church triumphant, blest Messiah,
I praise Thee evermore, in Paradise.

Love One Another
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Second Sunday after Trinity

Jesus, Thy unbounded love
Fills my soul with awe and wonder!
Thou descendest from above
Bursting Satan's cords asunder,
That from bondage I might be
Ever free.

Thou hast shed Thy precious blood
To secure my soul's salvation.
Thou hast sealed my peace with God,
Freed me from all condemnation;
In Thy holy wounds I hide,
Justified.

Thou the curse of Law hast borne,
That from Death's dominion riven,

I might greet the Judgment morn
Ransomed, saved, restored, forgiven,
Cleansed in Calv'ry's holy flood, -
Son of God.

Saviour, may Thy love for me,
Thy soul's anguish, grief, and labor
Fill my heart with love to Thee,
And compassion toward my neighbor;
May I love to brethren show
Here below.

Let me love in deed and truth,
Though the world in hate revile me.
May its wickedness uncouth
Not distract me, nor defile me.
Keep Thou me in steadfast faith
Unto death.

Fill me with Thy love, dear Lord.
May Thy gracious Holy Spirit
Through Thy Sacrament and Word
Seal in me Thy blood-bought merit,
Till I see Thy radiant face, -
Saved by grace.

In Thy Father's house above
I shall laud Thy name, dear Saviour,
And extol Thy deathless love
With the angel's host forever.
O what bliss shall then be mine,
Love Divine!

All Things Are Ready
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Second Sunday after Trinity
Luke 14:16-24.

Son of God the heav'nly Father,
Jesus Christ, the Living Bread,
Thou hast beckoned us to gather
At a feast Thy love hath spread.
We have heard the invitation;
Gracious Lord of our salvation,

What a boundless love is Thine,
Asking sinners thus to dine!

This thy loving invitation
Calls the famished sinners home.
Precious, precious proclamation:
"Whosoever will may come!"
All is ready, haste, ye mortals,
Enter through the open portals,
Come, partake of heaven's feast,
Ere the gracious call hath ceased.

Bread of Life, for sinners broken,
Grant us grace to heed Thy call.
Love, of love divine the token,
Who hast died to save us all,
How can mortal dare refuse Thee?
How can sinner dare to lose Thee?
In obedience to Thy Word,
We are coming, dearest Lord.

Thou hast fed us, Bread of Heaven,
With the manna from above.
Living water Thou hast given
To Thine own, O Fount of Love;
Thou hast clothed us, dearest Saviour,
With Thy blood-bought robe forever.
Thou hast giv'n the weary rest,
Thou our troubled hearts hast blest.

Bread of Life, with manna feed us,
While we journey here below.
In Thy pleasant pastures lead us,
Where the living waters flow.
Shepherd, let us leave Thee never;
Keep us in Thy fold forever.
Grant us grace, Thou living vine,
With the heav'nly host to dine.

Casting All Your Care upon Him
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Third Sunday after Trinity
1 Peter 5:6-11.

My God, on Thee I cast my care.
Thou carest tenderly for me.
In humble, fervent, childlike prayer
I can make known my wants to Thee.
Thy love paternal, pure, divine,
Breathes courage to this heart of mine.

In true contrition I confess
The burden of my sins to Thee.
Cleanse me from all unrighteousness,
For Jesus' sake, who died for me.
His holy blood, on Calv'ry spilt
Can purge away the stains of guilt.

My humble heart in fervor pleads
For strength and guidance from above.
Let hallowed thoughts, and words, and deeds
Show forth the praises of Thy love.
Grant me the faith that can prevail
When Satan, world, and flesh assail.

Extend Thy comfort in distress,
Allay my cares, and woes, and fears;
Make sweet the cup of bitterness, heal Thou my wounds, and dry my tears.
When shadow-clouds encompass me,
In Thy pavilion hide Thou me.

Grant Thou me through Thy Spirit's power
The grace to trust Thy saving Word.
Uphold me in the trial hour;
Thy never-failing help afford;
Sustained by Thy almighty hand,
I journey to the Promised Land.

Earth's night of sorrow shall give way
To fadeless, bright, eternal morn.
In Salem's realm of endless day
A crown of glory shall adorn
Thy saints redeemed who here below
The thorny path of suffering know.

God of all grace, for Jesus' sake
Establish, strengthen, settle me,

Until it is Thy will to take
My ransomed soul to dwell with Thee.
Glory, dominion, power, and praise
Be Thine through everlasting days.

Jesus the Friend of Sinners
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Third Sunday after Trinity
Luke 15:1-10.

Love Divine, O precious Jesus,
Son of God, Redeemer blest,
Thou canst heal the world's diseases
Thou canst give the weary rest,
Faithful Shepherd, ever seeking
Wayward, lost, and erring sheep,
Let me hear when Thou art speaking,
Grant me grace Thy Word to keep.

Born in sin, and sinning ever,
Lost in deep depravity,
Man by mortal strength can never
Find the path that leads to Thee.
Vain is worldly wisdom's teaching,
Vain is carnal righteousness,
And too high for human reaching
Are the holy things that bless.

But Thy precious Holy Spirit
Bids me come, O Christ, to Thee.
He hath sealed Thy blood-bought merit
Through Thy glorious Word to me.
Pardon, peace, the Father's heaven,
Grace, salvation, all are mine.
Thou Thyself to me hast given;
How can tongue Thy love define?

Cleanse Thou me from all transgression
In the fountain of Thy blood.
Of my guilt I make confession;
Wash me in that cleansing flood.
Still in love Thou condescendest
Guilty sinners to receive;
Still the lost ones Thou befriendest,

Gently pleading, "Come! Believe."

I am sinful, helpless, lowly,
Still Thou deign'st to be my Friend.
Thou art spotless, mighty, holy,
Yet from heav'n Thou didst descend
Virgin-born, Incarnate Saviour,
To redeem my soul from death,
To grant me Thy Father's favor,
Precious Christ of Nazareth.
As the heav'nly host rejoices
When a sinner comes to Thee,
Let me, till I join their voices,
Point the lost to Calvary.
Let me praise Thy grace, Thy pardon,
And exalt Thy boundless love,
Till I cross the banks of Jordan,
And reach Canaan above.

The Coming Glory
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Fourth Sunday after Trinity
Romans 8:18-23.

Some day my trials will be over,
Some day I'll reach my heav'nly goal,
Some day I shall behold my Lover,
The precious Bridegroom of my soul.
No earthborn pain, or grief, or care,
With coming glory can compare.

While as a pilgrim here I wander,
Beset by sorrows, woes and fears,
Faith sees the glorious Homeland yonder
Where God shall wipe away all tears.
He who on Calv'ry died for me,
From every ill shall set me free.

A groaning, burdened pained creature
For freedom from its bondage cries;
In earnest, hopeful expectation
The creature for redemption sighs.
Some day the curse will be removed,
When Christ returns, my heart's Belov'd.

I know that my Redeemer liveth;
He from the grave my flesh shall call.
My heart this glorious truth believeth.
In Salem's festive Banquet-hall
Mine eyes the Bridegroom shall behold.
O joy divine! O bliss untold!

I praise Thee, Saviour, for Thy Spirit
Who through Thy Sacrament and Word
Hath sealed in me Thy perfect merit.
Divinest joy He doth afford,
Sweet foretaste of the realm afar
Where my dear Father's mansions are.

What though my pilgrim feet be weary?
Eternal rest shall soon be mine.
What though I walk through deserts dreary?
Thy lovely oases divine
Refresh and cheer my fainting heart.
O Saviour mine, how kind Thou art!

Some day the clouds shall all be rifted
By Thy bright beams, blest Morning Sun.
Some day the curtains shall be lifted,
And I shall see Thee, Precious One.
O how can mortal tongue declare
The glory that awaits me there!

Be Ye Merciful
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Fourth Sunday after Trinity
Luke 6:36-42.

O Father mine, whose mercies never cease.
Whose bounties toward Thy children e'er increase,
Create in me a heart whose tender love
Reflects Thine own, Thou gracious God above.

Thou bidst me call Thee "Father" since Thy Son
On Calv'ry's Cross my soul's redemption won.
Thy Holy Spirit witness sweet doth bear
That as Thy child, I all Thy love may share.
As Thou for Jesus' sake forgavest me,

So fill my heart with tender love to Thee,
That I condemn not others, but forgive,
And live as Thou, O God, wouldst have me live.

Let me not judge, O Father, keep my tongue
From evil; let no heart with sadness, wrung
E'er seek in vain for mercy's healing balm,
But grant me grace through Thee its fears to calm.

As Thou dost every perfect gifts bestow
So let me live that other hearts might know
Thy never-ceasing bounties, and confess
Thy grace, O Lord, in love and thankfulness.

Till I behold Thee in the realms above,
Let thoughts, and words, and deeds reflect Thy love,
That other hearts, O gracious Father mine,
May glory in the mercy that is Thine!

Ye Are Thereunto Called
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Fifth Sunday after Trinity
1 Peter 3:8-15/

Called, dear Father, by Thy love,
Endless blessing to inherit
In the Hone prepared above,
Grant us grace, through Thy blest Spirit,
Love and blessing to bestow
While we journey here below.

We are Thine since Christ, Thy Son,
With His holy blood hath bought us,
He our perfect pardon won,
Into Thy dear fold He brought us
Cleansed from sin, Thy sweet release
Fills our troubled hearts with peace.

Lest the foe our thoughts defile,
Shield us from his vile temptation.
Keep our lips from speaking guile,
Sanctify our conversation.
Rich in deeds wrought by Thy might,
May we walk in paths of light.

Make us merciful and kind,
Filled with love and true compassion;
Grant us lowliness of mind.
Should a brother's sore transgression
Wound us, may we willingly
Tender pardon, full and free.

Thou dost guide us with Thine eye,
Help unfailing Thou dost offer.
Thou dost heed our pleading cry.
When for Thy dear sake we suffer,
Thy paternal love imparts
Joy and courage to our hearts.

May we in all fearlessness
Give to every man a reason
Of the hope that dwells in us.
Let us in and out of season
Preach Thy Word in purity,
Leading weary souls to Thee.

Grant us boldness to confess
Christian faith while here we wander.
Clad in robes of righteousness
In the realm of glory yonder,
We shall render praise to Thee
Throughout all eternity.

Trusting in the Word
"At thy word I will let down the nets."
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Fifth Sunday after Trinity
Luke 5:1-11.

Lord Jesus Christ, Incarnate Word,
My Life, my Light, my King, my Lord,
My One, my All, my Saviour,
In love Thou leavest heav'n on high
On Calv'ry's Cross to bleed and die,
That I might live forever.
That peace and pardon I might gain,
Thou, Lamb of God, for me wast slain,
And from Thy grave Thou didst arise,

That I might dwell in Paradise.
O Crucified! O Love Divine!
Thou hast redeemed me, I am Thine.

O strengthen Thou my faith, dear Lord,
And let me trust Thy holy Word,
That priceless, heav'nly treasure.
On Thy blest promise I rely,
My every need Thou canst supply
In never-ending measure.
O why should burdens, trials, cares
Oppress me? Why should Satan's snares
Drive me to doubt Thy mighty power?
Thou art my Refuge, Shield, and Tower!
In Thy blest Word I rest secure;
Forevermore it shall endure.

Let all my toil be blessed by Thee,
And through Thy blessing may I be
A blessing to my neighbor.
Without Thee all my work is vain,
Through Thee alone I can obtain
Strength to pursue my labor.
Let all my toil, O gracious Lord,
Be done according to Thy Word.
With grateful heart let me defend
Thy Gospel truth unto the end.
Grant Thou me grace, whate'er betide,
To own Thy Holy Word my guide.

Upon Thy Word Thy Church still stands,
Upheld by Thy almighty hands,
Why should she fear and tremble,
When all the scoffing world without
Scorns her in unbelief and doubt
When Satan's hosts assemble?
In days of grief, in sore distress,
The power is Thine to save and bless.
Dear Lord, in all adversity!
Lead Thou Thine own, O mighty Love,
In safety to the home above.

Baptized into Christ Jesus

Epistle Lesson Hymn for Sixth Sunday after Trinity
Romans 6:3-11.

Baptized, O Christ, into Thy death,
Entombed with Thee, my Saviour,
Dead unto sin, in fervent faith
I grasp Thy blood-bought favor.
Reborn in Thy baptismal flood,
And ris'n with Thee, blest Son of God
In Thy new life I glory!

Death has no more dominion now;
I fear no condemnation
Since by Thy resurrection Thou
Hast sealed my soul's salvation.
A gracious Father's love is mine.
Thy Spirit, in Thy Word divine,
Declares me free forever.

From Satan's hellish cords released,
I now am heir of Heaven.
Thy sacrifice, O blest High Priest,
Sin from its power has riven.
The carnal flesh is crucified;
In strength divine, by Thee supplied,
I overcome temptation.

Grant me a pure and contrite heart
By virtue of Thy merit;
Thy sanctifying power impart
Through Thy indwelling Spirit.
A pilgrim in this world of strife,
O may Thy resurrected life
My faith increase and quicken.

The blest baptismal cov'nant, Lord,
Abounds in consolation.
Faith rests securely in Thy Word,
Blest surety of salvation!
Redeemed, forgiven, justified,
O let me in Thy grace abide
And flee all sinful pleasure.

Free from sin's bondage evermore
By faith with Thee united,
I journey to the Glory-shore
By love divine invited.
And while my upward path I trace
I'll glory in baptismal grace
Each day my vows renewing.

O may Thy life in holiness be in my life reflected,
Till in Thy robe of righteousness,
Saved, glorified, perfected,
In Thy pure likeness I shall dwell,
And praise Thee, blest Immanuel,
Forever and forever.

The Righteousness That Availeth

Gospel Lesson Hymn for Sixth Sunday after Trinity

“Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Matthew 5:20.

How can I enter, O my God,
The Kingdom of Thy Heaven,
From whose sublime and blest abode
Through Adam's fall I'm driven?
Conceived in sin, defiled within,
My carnal strength can never
That home regain where Thou dost reign
In holiness forever.

Cast from Thy presence, O Most High,
At Thy just wrath I tremble,
When o'er the heights of Sinai
Thy thunderclouds assemble.
Where can I flee, my God, from Thee,
Whose holy law I've broken?
Can I confess self-righteousness
When Thou the curse hast spoken?

A greater righteousness, my God,
Than Pharisee can render
Is Thy demand, ere the abode
Of heaven I may enter.
In thought, and word, and deed, dear Lord,

By nature I am solely
Defiled, impure. Canst Thou endure
This garb of mine, unholy?

To Thee, my Father, I confess
My manifold transgression.
Purge me from carnal righteousness.
Hear Thou the intercession
Of Thy dear Son, whose blood hath won
Forgiveness, life, salvation.
My guilt He bore, that I no more
Need fear Thy condemnation.

Thy love, O Saviour crucified,
Again has opened heaven.
Since Thou, O blest High Priest, hast died,
My sins are all forgiven.
Thy blood sufficed, O spotless Christ,
To meet the awful payment;
Thy righteousness is now my dress,
My pure and holy raiment.

I fear no more the flaming sword
Once sheathed in Eden's garden,
For Thy blest Sacrament and Word
Have sealed my purchased pardon.
Thy Kingdom's dorr is barred no more,
Wide open is its portal.
How blest to be, O Christ, through Thee
An heir to life immortal!

The Wages of Sin Is Death
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Seventh Sunday after Trinity
Romans 6:23.

My God, how fearful are the wages
Sin pays to mortals here below!
How mightily its terror rages!
A vast eternity of woe
In awfulness untold doth loom
For all the lost, - beyond the tomb.

E'en here its vile dominion bringeth

Suff'ring and sorrow in its wake:
Its poison like the adder stingeth,
Its ravage makes the bravest quake.
How cruel has been its ruthless sway
From Adam's fall until today!

I could not burst its cords asunder,
So firmly fast by Satan bound;
I could not hush the law's dread thunder
That in my conscience would resound.
Self-righteous works availed me not
To purge away the crimson spot.

Thou, only Thou, my God, couldst save me,
And Thou didst save, in boundless love.
Thy all-transcending mercy gave me
Thy only Son, from heav'n above.
My blest Redeemer Jesus died
That I might live, saved, justified!

Nailed to the cross on Calv'ry's mountain,
He bore the curse of law for me.
His blood is now the holy fountain
That washes, cleanses, purges me.
And O, my ris'n Immanuel
Has freed me from the chains of hell!

Now I can call Thee "Abba, Father,"
Forgiven by Thy grace divine!
When clouds of grief and trial gather
Upon Thy bosom I recline!
Thy Spirit witness sweet doth bear
That I am now Thy child and heir!

Thy Holy Word, the Light supernal,
Sheds o'er my path its radiant beam;
Thy gracious gift of Life eternal
Bids hope's bright star in splendor gleam
As with the eyes of faith I see
The Gates of Pearl ajar for me.

In peace I can commend my spirit
Into Thy hands, dear Father mine;

At rest in Jesus' blood-bought merit
With joy this mortal I resign.
For death the oarsman has become
O'er Jordan's stream to row me home!

The Lord Will Provide
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Seventh Sunday after Trinity
Mark 8:1-9.

Lord Jesus, let me praise Thy name
In humble adoration,
And let my tongue Thy love proclaim,
Thou Rock of my salvation.
For Thou hast died, O Crucified,
That I might be forgiven;
That I might dwell, Immanuel,
Forever in Thy Heaven.

O how can tongue Thy love define!
Thy gracious Holy Spirit
Seals unto me the truth divine
That through Thy blood-bought merit
My peace is won. Incarnate Son,
As child of God the Father,
I'll share Thy rest, when all the blessed
In heaven's home shall gather.

The Bread of Life indeed Thou art.
The Holy Scripture's pages
Food to my hungry soul impart;
Their living stream assuages
My thirst, dear Lord. Thy precious Word
Forevermore remaineth.
Thy food divine, O Saviour mine,
Thy ransomed own sustaineth.

My daily bread Thou canst provide
In measure overflowing.
With Thy belov'd Thou dost abide,
Thy gifts of love bestowing;
Thou grandest me abundantly
My earthly needs, dear Master.
When Thou art near, why should I fear

The storm clouds of disaster?

Thy help is sure, and will not fail,
I trust Thy mighty power.
When troubles, griefs, and fears assail,
Thou art my Shield and Tower.
I need but flee, dear Lord, to Thee,
In moments of affliction.
How sweet to hear, O Saviour dear,
Thy loving benediction!

O let me ever praise Thy name,
Thou Rock of my salvation;
Let heart and tongue Thy love proclaim
In deepest exultation.
Unto my heart do Thou impart
A love that never ceases
Thy praise to sing, and hail Thee King,
My God, my Lord, my Jesus!

Victory in Christ
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Eighth Sunday after Trinity
Romans 8:12-17.

Free from bonds of sin forever,
From the claims of flesh set free,
Jesus, my victorious Saviour,
I sing praises unto Thee.
Free from utter condemnation,
From the cords of hell unbound,
I rejoice in Thy salvation,
In whom blest release I found.

Thou didst die on Calv'ry's mountain.
Blest Redeemer, Son of God.
Thou didst wash me in the fountain
Of Thy holy, precious blood.
That from death's dominion riven,
Life eternal I might gain,
That redeemed, restored, forgiven,
I with Him might ever reign.

Thy blest Spirit tells me clearly

In the pages of Thy Word,
That the Father loves me dearly –
Sweetest message ever heard!
Yea, Thy ever-present Spirit
To my heart doth witness bear
That by virtue of Thy merit
I am God's dear child and heir.

Nevermore can I repay Thee
The tremendous debt I owe!
Grant me ardor to obey Thee,
Joy to serve Thee here below,
Fervent love that will not falter,
Though the hell-bound world entice;
O accept upon Thy altar
My poor life as sacrifice!

Through humility to glory,
From the cross unto the crown
Thou didst blaze the path before me,
Thou the Heav'nward way hast shown.
Sighs shall change to jubilation,
Toil to rest, and death to life,
When, O Lord of my Salvation,
I shall leave this world of strife.

Till in Salem's blest expansions
Hope shall end in pure delight,
Till within the Father's mansions
Faith gives way to glorious sight,
Grant me unction to confess Thee,
Through the godless foes deride.
With the saints redeemed I'll bless Thee, -
Saved, perfected, glorified!

An Admonition to Watchfulness
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Eighth Sunday after Trinity
Matthew 7:15-21.

Church of Jesus, wake! awaken!
To arms! Let not your faith be shaken
By Satan's fearful power and might.
Clad in armor of the Spirit,

Unsheathe thy sword, the foe doth fear it;
He trembleth when thy weapon bright,
The Word of God, is shown. This mighty sword alone
Can defend thee.
In power wield this mighty Shield
Upon the earth's vast battle field.

Heed the Master's solemn warning,
Beware of wolves in sheep's adorning,
Who oft their garments bright display.
By their fruits, O Zion, know them,
Until the day of wrath shall show them
Cast out from yonder realm of day.
O trust the Master still! Do Thou the Father's will,
Church of Jesus!
And rest secure; His Word so sure
Through endless ages shall endure.

Bid all error firm defiance!
False doctrine, in the guise of Science
Still stalks unbridled through the land.
Battle heresy's pollution,
And human reason's vain illusion,
On Christ, the Rock of Ages, stand.
When earthly tempests rage, let Holy Scripture's page
Be thy anchor.
When billows roll behold thy goal!
O Church of Christ, the cross extol!

Saved by grace, through faith in Jesus,
O spread His Truth, though ne'er it pleases
Self-righteous men, who mock and scorn.
Bring the tidings of salvation
Through Jesus' blood to every nation
Till dawns the resurrection morn!
Then Christ will bid Thee rise, blest Zion, to the skies,
Hallelujah!
Through endless days thou then wilt raise
The triumph song of ceaseless praise.

Master, Master; Dearest Master!
Guard Thou Thy Zion from disaster;
O grant her vic'try in the fight!

While the Judgment day is nearing
False prophets are so oft appearing
Like Lucifer, disguised in light.
O keep Thy Church, dear Lord, e'er steadfast in Thy Word,
Through Thy Spirit.
Grant her Thy peace. Her faith increase
Till, battles won, all strife shall cease.

On the Way to Canaan
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Ninth Sunday after Trinity
1 Cor. 10:6-13.

From the bondage land of Egypt
Through the dreary desert vast
Thou didst lead Thy chosen nation
Into Canaan at last.
O omnipotent Jehovah,
Thy divine, almighty hand
Turned the Red Sea's surging waters
Into dry and solid land.

By Thy fiery, cloudy pillar
Thou didst guide them day and night;
Kept by Thy divine compassion,
They beheld each morning light.
Thou didst grant them daily manna,
Crystal streams abundantly.
Faithful God, how could Thy people
Loveless, faithless, thankless be?

Thou hast led the Church, Thy Zion,
From the bondageland of sin,
Hast prepared a habitation
For Thy own to enter in,
The Jerusalem up yonder,
Bought for us with Jesus' blood.
Thou guide, while onward, upward,
Through earth's wilderness we plod.

Thy sure Word, our glorious pillar,
Floods with light our pilgrim road.
Heav'nly manna, streams celestial
Thou suppliest, gracious God.

Grant us through Thy Holy Spirit
Grateful hearts Thy love to bless,
Grace to laud Thy tender mercies,
Thy compassion to confess.

Quench in us the earth-born yearning
For the fleshpots left behind.
Purge the heart, keep clean the conscience,
And illumine the carnal mind.
In temptation's hour of trial
Grant us overcoming faith.
We are frail, but Thou art mighty.
Keep us loyal unto death.

O remain our Rock and Fortress
In the days of storm and stress!
Shelter us in Thy pavilion,
When hell, world, and flesh oppress,
Till we join the Church Triumphant
In the Canaan above,
And in everlasting praises
Laud Thee for Thy boundless love.

Stewardship
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Ninth Sunday after Trinity
Luke 16:1-9.

My Father, I adore Thee
With heart and tongue
O let me come before Thee
In prayer and song.
Since Thy dear Son, my Saviour
Has died for me,
Thou grantest me Thy favor
Eternally.

Thy precious Holy Spirit
Doth witness bear
That through my Saviour's merit
I now may share
Redemption's boundless blessing
Forevermore.
Let me, Thy gifts possessing,

Thy Name adore.

Forgiveness, life, salvation,
And peace are mine.
O Lord of all creation,
What love is Thine!
My cup is overflowing
With gifts from Thee,
And still Thou art bestowing
Abundantly.

Bless Thou my toil and labor,
And let me be
A blessing to my neighbor,
Dear Lord, through Thee.
O make me ever willing
Thy will to do.
Thy law of love fulfilling,
Let me be true.

O grant me wisdom ever,
And righteousness;
Let me in all endeavor
Thy love confess.
Thy gifts of copious measure
Are but a trust;
As steward o'er Thy treasure
Let me be just.

That others may confess Thee,
And praise Thy name,
My heart and tongue shall bless Thee
And e'er proclaim
In word, and deed, and spirit
Thy grace, dear Lord,
Till Heaven I inherit,
Thy blest reward.

God's Gifts of Grace
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Tenth Sunday after Trinity
1 Corinthians 12:1-11.

O Father mine, to Thee I raise

My heart-born song in grateful praise,
For mercy, kindness, goodness, love,
For blessings showered from above,
For faith that by Thy grace is mine.
For Thy blest Spirit gift divine!

Thy Son descended from on high
On Calvary's Cross to bleed and die
That I might live forevermore
On yonder blissful Glory-shore!
From bonds of law, from sin set free,
Saved by Thy grace, I joy in Thee!

Thy Holy Spirit in Thy Word
Bids me rejoice in Christ, my Lord.
His light illumines my pilgrim way,
And turns the darkness into day.
I praise Thee for the faithful Guide
Through whom my heart is sanctified!

All that I have is Thine, my God;
Grant Thou me grace, while here I plod,
To consecrate all I possess
To Thee in love and gratefulness.
Take Thou my talents, silver, gold,
No gift or boon let me withhold.

Take Thou the strength of mind and hand,
The power Thy truth to understand;
Whate'er of wisdom be my lot
Is Thine, and I withhold it not!
O let me give myself to Thee
In time and in eternity!

Set Thou my heart with zeal aglow
To build Thy Zion here below,
May Thy blest Spirit make me meet
To render love-filled service sweet.
And when Thy temple shall be done,
May I be found a living stone!

The Weeping Saviour
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Tenth Sunday after Trinity

Luke 19:41-47.

O'er Jerusalem Thou weapest
In compassion, dearest Lord,
Love divine, of love the deepest,
O'er Thine erring Israel poured,
Crieth out in bitter moan:
"O loved city, hadst thou known
This thy day of visitation,
Thou wouldst not reject salvation."

Love Divine, for sinners weeping,
O anoint my blinded eyes.
Waken me from sin's deep sleeping,
Bid my soul from slumber rise.
Through Thy Sacrament and Word,
Let Thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
E'er reveal my lost condition.
Grant me, Saviour, true contrition.

By the love Thy tears are telling,
O Thou Lamb on Cal'vry slain,
Make my heart Thy temple dwelling,
Purged from every guilty stain.
Oh, forgive, forgive, my sin;
Cleanse me, cleanse me, Lord, within!
I am Thine since Thou hast sought me,
Since Thy precious blood hath bought me.

O Thou Lord of my salvation,
Grant my soul Thy blood-bought peace!
By Thy tears of lamentation
Bid my faith and love increase.
Grant me grace to love Thy Word,
Grace to keep the message heard,
Grace to own Thee as my Treasure,
Grace to love Thee without measure.

Father, when in deep repentance,
Thy blest mercy-seat I seek,
When Thy law's so awful sentence
Its dread curse o'er me would speak,
Let my Saviour's bitter tears

Shed for sinners, calm my fears.
Grant his prayer of intercession,
And forgive Thy child's transgression.

Triune God, henceforth forever
Thou alone my All shalt be.
Father, let Thy Spirit ever
Lead and guide and comfort me.
Purge Thou me of earthly dross,
Let me cling to Cal'vry's cross,
Till, by grace, through Jesus' merit,
Life eternal I inherit.

The Gospel of Salvation
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Eleventh Sunday after Trinity
1 Corinthians 15:1-10.

Great God, Thy Word eternal
Illumes my pilgrim way.
Its glorious rays supernal
Turn darkness into day.
With never-failing beams
It guides me to the portal
Of yonder realm immortal
Where light celestial gleams.

By Thy blest Spirit given
To holy men of old,
It points the way to heaven.
Thy truth it doth unfold.
The pure prophetic page
Messiah's banner raises,
That through earth's dismal mazes
Shines on from age to age.

He came, Thy Son, my Saviour,
Christ Jesus, veiled in clay,
The cords of hell to sever,
Death's sting to take away.
The law's dread curse He bore,
That ransomed, saved, forgiven,
From sin's dominion riven,
I might live evermore.

He bore the world's transgression
On Calv'ry's cross-crowned hill;
His death and holy passion
The Scripture did fulfill.
My blest Redeemer died,
That through His perfect merit
His own might life inherit,
Perfected, glorified.

He rose, my Saviour glorious,
In triumph from the grave.
O'er death and hell victorious,
He lives to bless and save.
Before God's heav'nly throne
My High Priest intercedeth;
In love divine He pleadeth
For all His blood-bought own.

Upon Thy Word eternal,
My faithful God, I stand.
No hell-born power infernal
Can wrest me from Thy hand.
Thy sweet Evangel blest
Shall be my consolation,
Till, heir to Thy salvation,
I enter into rest.

Contrition
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Eleventh Sunday after Trinity
Luke 18:9-14.

Eternal, gracious God,
Before Thee I appear,
Burdened with sin's great load,
Permit me to draw near.
Thy love, Thy grace, Thy favor
Are mine in Christ, my Saviour.
Dear Father, hearken to my plea:
"Be merciful to me."

I am conceived in sin,
With stains untold defiled.

Great is the guilt within,
O do not scorn Thy child!
Thou knowest my transgression,
Hear Thou Thy child's confession;
With contrite heart I come to Thee,
Be merciful to Thee.

O naught have I of good
To grace this mortal clay,
And only Jesus' blood
Can wash my sins away.
The law that I have broken
Its curse o'er me has spoken.
From Sinai in fear I flee,
Be merciful to me.

Do Thou Thy grace impart
For my dear Saviour's sake.
And from my troubled heart
This heavy burden take.
Let Thy blest Holy Spirit
Seal unto me the merit
My Lord secured on Calvary.
Be merciful to me.

Clothe me, O Father mine,
In Jesus' righteousness,
That spotless garb divine
And robe of holiness.
I cannot grant Thee payment
For this so precious raiment,
But Thou dost grant it graciously.
Be merciful to me.

Thy pardon full and free,
Thy mercy, tender, mild,
Thy grace, so lovingly
Bestowed upon Thy child –
These fill my heart with gladness,
And hush all fear and sadness.
Till Eden's pearly gates I see,
Be merciful to me.

The New Covenant
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Twelfth Sunday after Trinity

The blinding rays of Sinai
In splendor bright portrayed
The glory of the Lord Most High
In garbs of light arrayed

The beams divine that Moses saw
Upon the flaming hill,
Reflected Him whose perfect law
Reveals His holy will.

But yonder cov'nant passed away
When Christ, the Crucified,
The Godhead veiled in mortal clay,
For fallen mankind died.

He kept the law we could not keep,
Its dreadful curse He bore.
The Shepherd died for straying sheep
The wand'ers to restore.

A cov'nant, everlasting, sure,
His glorious Gospel brings, -
Salvation free, complete, secure,
A hope for better things.

Divine Redeemer, Son of God,
Let us in Thee abide,
Washed in the fountain of Thy blood,
Saved, pardoned, justified.

From sin, and death, and hell released,
Free from the law's demands,
Thy sacrifice, O blest High Priest,
Now as our surety stands.

In Thee we find sufficiency,
Life, wisdom, solace, peace;
Thy cov'nant grants us joy in Thee,
Bids fears and sorrows cease.

More glorious far that Sinai
The gleams of Calv'ry shine,
To guide us to the realms on high
Where beams the Light divine.

Blest Saviour, by Thy Spirit's might
Keep us in cov'nant grace.
And lead us in the paths of light
Till we behold Thy face.

I Am the Lord That Healeth Thee
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Twelfth Sunday after Trinity
Mark 7:31-37.

As Thou didst heal in Galilee,
The sufferers all who came to Thee
In illness and affliction,
Thus canst Thou still Thy balm afford
To all who seek in faith, dear Lord,
Thy promised benediction.
Do Thou endow with Thy favor,
Dearest Saviour,
All appealing
To Thy love for balm and healing.

By nature deaf to things divine,
My ears hear not this Word of Thine,
The gospel of salvation.
By nature dumb to speak Thy praise,
My carnal tongue doth fail to raise
A song of adoration.
Heal Thou me now, blest Physician,
In contrition
I beseech Thee,
Let my prayer and pleading reach Thee.

I thank Thee, dear Redeemer mine,
That Thou in love and power divine
Thy healing Word hast spoken;
Thy Word indeed doth balm afford,
And Thy forgiveness, dearest Lord,
The power of sin hath broken.
Thy Word, dear Lord, still endureth,

And assureth
Me, O Saviour,
Of Thy everlasting favor.

Indeed Thou doest all things well,
Incarnate God, Immanuel.
Thou promised Saviour, Jesus.
My ears can hear Thy Word divine,
My lips can praise that power of Thine
Which healeth all diseases.
Till I sing Thy praise in glory
Let the story
Of salvation
Be my theme of adoration.

Precious Promises
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity
Galatians 3:16-22.

Trusting in Thy promise sure,
Gracious God, my Father.
I can ever rest secure,
Though the storm clouds gather.
Thou art mine,
I am Thine,
Naught from Thee shall sever
My saved soul forever.

Christ, Thy holy Son, came down
From His throne of glory,
Laid aside His royal crown,
My transgressions bore He.
Dying, He
Ransomed me!
In pure love He sought me;
With His blood He bought me.

Thy blest Spirit witness bears
In Thy Word eternal
That Thou hearest all my prayers!
Thy deep love paternal
Calms my fears,
Dries my tears,

All my wants supplieth
No true boon denieth.

Free from Sinai's demand,
Free from condemnation,
On Thy promises I stand,
Surety of salvation.
Saved, forgiv'n,
Heir of Heav'n,
Satan cannot harm me.
Why should death alarm me?

Thy sure promises I know
Will endure forever.
Let me while I dwell below
Glory in Thy favor.
Thy blest Word,
Dearest Lord,
Guides me to the portal
Of the realm immortal.

There, by joy celestial thrilled,
Sweetest songs I'll sing Thee,
And, for promises fulfilled,
Endless homage bring Thee!
Salem's shore
Evermore
Shall resound with praises
Thy loved Zion raises!

What Shall I Do to Inherit Eternal Life?
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity
Luke 10:25.

Precious Jesus, dearest Saviour,
Bearer of the Father's favor,
Bread of life, for mortals broken,
Love, of Love divine the token,
Blest Messiah, long-expected,
King of kings, by God elected,
Wilt Thou hark to my appealing,
As before Thee I am kneeling?

Burdened down with countless errors,
Trembling at the law's dread terrors,
Filled with sin and ill behavior,
Thus I seek Thee, blessed Saviour!
O, my own good deeds can never
Give me peace. My best endeavor
Still deserves but condemnation.
Only Thou canst grant salvation!

Dare I, naught but guilt revealing,
Come before Thee, humbly kneeling?
Sinai's dread judgment tasting,
Dare I seek life everlasting?
Faith reveals I'm lost without Thee?
How can reason dare to doubt Thee?
Pardon from Thy lips receiving,
Let me leave Thy throne, believing.

Thou hast died, O dearest Saviour,
That Thine own might live forever.
Thou hast burst the grave's dark prison;
Mighty Victor, Thou hast risen!
Open now is Heaven's portal;
In that glorious realm immortal
Life eternal I inherit
Through Thy sacrificial merit.

Fill my heart, O dearest Jesus,
With a love that never ceases
To bestow good will and kindness.
Purge my heart from carnal blindness.
Grant Thou me the joy to labor
For the welfare of my neighbor
Thy blest law of love fulfilling,
To serve others make me willing.

Naught but death and hell deserving,
Oft from Thy blest pathway swerving,
Still Thy grace, O Love supernal,
Freely grants me life eternal!
Till I cross the banks of Jordan,
I'll extol Thy blood-bought pardon,
And in Salem's realms forever

Praise Thy boundless love, my Saviour!

Walking in the Spirit
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity
Galatians 3:16-24.

Walk ever in the Spirit,
Ye ransomed saints of God,
And trust in Jesus' merit
While here below ye plod.
Free from sin's condemnation,
Free from the law's demands,
Rejoice in His salvation
Whose Word forever stands.

Arrayed in Gospel armor,
The hell-bound world defy;
The earth-born, lustful clamor
Of carnal flesh decry;
Its vile desires fulfill not,
The Spirit's armor take,
Fight in His Name, Who will not
His battling saints forsake.

Washed in the blood of Jesus,
Saved, pardoned, justified,
Select the path that pleases
Your faithful heav'nly Guide.
Flee from the world's transgression,
Walk in the narrow way.
Yield not to fleshly passion,
Nor Satan's wiles obey.

Strength to o'ercome temptation
His Holy Word imparts.
Ye saints, in consecration
Yield Him your minds and hearts.
Then love, joy, peace, long-suff'ring,
Shall flow from holy faith.
O pledge your life an off'ring
To Jesus unto death!

Walk ever in the Spirit,

Ye ransomed saints of God,
Until ye shall inherit
Your Father's blest abode.
Made perfect in your weakness
His strength divine shall be.
O follow Him in meekness
Till dawns eternity!

The Blessed Physician
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity
Luke 17:11-19.

O Friend of sinners, Son of God,
Who this drear vale of tears hast trod,
Thou blest Immanuel,
To Thee in faith we now appeal,
The power is Thine to bless and heal,
Thou doest all things well.

The deaf, the dumb, the halt, the blind,
In Thee, Incarnate God, did find
Relief in their distress;
And lepers, pleading aid divine,
Found healing in a word of Thine,
For Thou canst heal and bless.

From heaven's throne Thou didst descend,
O Lamb of God, Thou sinners' Friend,
To suffer in our stead;
That we with sin's vast guilt defiled,
Might be forgiv'n and reconciled,
Thy precious Blood was shed.

Our grateful prayers ascend to Thee,
For Thou hast healed sin's leprosy,
And cleansed us from its stain.
O blest Physician, Thou hast still
A cure for every mortal ill,
A balm for every pain.

Our lives we consecrate to Thee,
Thou spotless Lamb of Calvary;
Let us be wholly Thine!

Cleansed, pardoned, ransomed, healed by Thee,
O grant us grace eternally
To praise Thy love divine.

The Church Militant
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity
Ephesians 6:10-18.

The great Jehovah is Thy God,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
His love bestoweth boundless good,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
He sent His Son to earthly sod;
The Saviour shed His precious blood
That heaven might be Thy abode,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.

Bought with a price, thou art His own,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
O cleave in faith to Him alone,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
The crown of life for thee He won,
And Thou wilt share His royal throne,
When pilgrim days on earth are done,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.

The martyrs feared not fire and sword,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
They fled not when the lions roared,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
Clad in the armor of the Lord,
Their mighty shield His Holy Word,
They bravely faced Rome's cruel horde,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.

Be ever faithful to hy trust,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
The Spirit's sword can never rust,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
Remember Luther's mighty thrust,
And never cower in the dust,
Fight bravely on! Thy cause is just,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.

Though Satan, world and flesh oppress,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
The Gospel's precious truth confess,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
Clothed in thy Bridegroom's spotless dress,
His blood-bought robe of righteousness,
Cease not His glorious name to bless,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.

Soon all thy conflicts shall be o'er,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
To Salem's mansions Thou wilt soar,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
On yonder blissful Glory shore
In endless rapture evermore
The Lamb once slain Thou wilt adore,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.

Seek First the Kingdom
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity
Matthew 6:24-34.

Seek first the kingdom, ye saints of God,
As led by faith through earth's vale ye plod,
Though earthly treasure beckon and nod,
Walk in the narrow way.
God has promised every boon to you;
His unbounded grace is ever new.
Ye saints of God, His blest word is true;
Let naught your choice dismay.

Behold the lilies in beauty grow!
He whose dear hand such charm can bestow,
Whose Word declares that He loves you so,
Can all your wants supply.
Fear not what tomorrow's sun may bring,
To the winds your cares and troubles fling;
For all your needs in faith trust your King
Who reigns in Heav'n on high.

The sparrows trust Him for all supplies,
He sendeth rain and dew from the skies,
In golden splendor His sun doth rise,

He is a God of love!
O let faith ascend the mountain peak!
Hear the word your gracious Lord doth speak,
In Jesus' Name, O fear not to seek
His Mercy Seat above.

His Son descended from Heav'n on high
On Calv'ry's cross to suffer and die.
Eternal treasures wealth cannot buy
His boundless love bestows.
Grace, salvation, pardon, life and peace
Come from Him whose love doth never cease;
His countless blessings ever increase,
All your desires He knows!

O spread the Gospel truth far and wide!
Tell all the world a Saviour has died.
Extol the cross; preach Christ crucified;
His holy Name adore!
Till ye see the Master face to face,
O exalt Him; praise His glorious grace!
Proclaim His love to a fallen race,
Till time shall be no more.

Seek first the kingdom! O battle on,
Till saved by grace, a crown ye have won!
Till Jesus greets you with His "Well Done"
Before the Judgment throne!
Clothed in garbs of righteousness divine,
As the stars in glory ye shall shine;
In Heaven's Kingdom evermore dine,
When Christ receives His own.

The Blessed Privilege of Prayer
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity
Ephesians 3:13-21.

Dear Father of my Saviour Jesus Christ,
How blest to bow the knee in prayer to Thee,
And plead His name, whose precious blood sufficed
From bonds of sin and death to set me free.

The breast on which my Saviour could recline,

The words of love, the fond, paternal care,
The open ear, the outstretched arms of mine,
All that Thy name implies, in Him I share.

Forgiveness, mercy, solace, peace and joy,
Blessings for time and eternity
Thy boundless love doth grant without alloy,
The love divine, revealed on Calvary.

Grant Thou me grace, in Thy blest Spirit's might,
With all the saints Thy love to comprehend,
Love deep and high, of untold breadth and length,
That to poor sinners deigned to condescend.

My every need Thy bounty can supply,
And Thou hast balm for every mortal pain;
Thou hearest when in penitence I cry,
In days of grief Thy comfort sweet I gain.

When fears, and cares, and trials give alarm,
When sore temptations fill me with distress.
I need but seek the shelter of Thine arm,
For Thou wilt comfort, strengthen, save, and bless.

Filled with Thy fullness while I dwell below,
What holy joy, O Father dear, is mine,
The all-embracing love of Christ to know,
To hear Thy Spirit whisper, "I am Thine!"

Thy Church shall laud Thee while the ages roll.
On earth below, till time shall be no more;
In heav'n above, her home, her glorious goal,
To Thee eternally her song shall soar!

I Am the Resurrection and the Life
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity
Luke 7:11-17.

Thou Author of my soul's salvation,
Thou blest Redeemer, Jesus Christ,
In Thee I find sweet consolation;
Thy precious blood indeed sufficed
To purchase my complete redemption

And to secure complete exemption
From sin's eternal penalty:
Through Adam's fall cast out from heaven,
Into hell's dark domain I'm driven,
But Thou hast died to set me free.

Thou art indeed the promised Saviour,
Thou Virgin-born Immanuel.
Anointed One, Thy Father's favor
Doth evermore upon Thee dwell.
My every hope in Thee I center,
For through Thy blood Thou bidst me enter
The home above, regained by Thee.
O Crucified, since Thou hast found me,
Since Thou hast loosed the chains which bound me,
I'm Thine through all eternity.

The law o'er me its curse has spoken
In thunder tones of Sinai.
Since I my God's commands have broken,
In justice I'm condemned to die.
But O, on Calv'ry's cross-crowned mountain
A flood divine, a blood-filled fountain,
Cleansed me from sin, and now I live!
O my Redeemer, naught can sever
My soul from Thee! I'm Thine forever,
For life eternal Thou canst give.

I fear not death, since Thou hast spoken
Thy blest "Arise" at Nain's gate.
Why should my heart be bruised and broken!
Thy "Weep not" doth all grief abate.
O what is death, but peaceful sleeping,
When my saved soul is in Thy keeping
In yonder blissful Paradise!
Why should I fear the grave's dark prison?
Since Thou from death's cold grasp hast risen,
O Prince of life, I, too, shall rise!

Thou art indeed the consolation
Of Israel, O dearest Lord!
Thou hast assured me of salvation
In Thy Sacrament and Word!

O precious Word, how sweet to hear it,
Since Thou hast sent Thy Holy Spirit
To be my Guide through earthly strife!
The comfortless Thou still sustainest;
O Love Divine, Thou still remainest
The Resurrection and the Life!

Walking Worthy of Our Calling in Christ
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity
Ephesians 4:1-6.

Called before the world's foundation,
Gracious God, to be Thine Own,
Chosen heirs of Thy salvation
In Christ Jesus, Thy dear Son,
Grant that, worthy of our calling,
We may walk the pilgrim road;
Keep our trembling feet from falling
While we plod to Thine abode.

With all lowliness and meekness,
With longsuff'ring, patience, love,
Let us bear another's weakness,
True and faithful may we prove
To retain the Spirit's union
In the holy bond of peace;
Grant unto Thy saints' communion
Joy in Thee without surcease.

Thou hast sealed us Thine forever
In the blest Baptismal flood,
Since Thy Son, our Lord and Saviour,
Bought us with His precious blood.
Grant us through Thy Holy Spirit
Oneness in the saving faith,
Faith that trusts in Jesus' merit,
Firm and steadfast unto death.

Father Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou Eternal One in Three,
Till Thy heaven we inherit
Grant us peace and unity,
Peace, through all the world around us

Rage in tumult, strife, and war;
In Thy Word and doctrine ground us;
O forsake us nevermore.

Ransomed, saved, redeemed, forgiven,
Justified and cleansed from sin,
From hell's vile dominion riven,
Blest with unity within,
Thy loved Zion shall confess Thee
While she plods her pilgrim way,
And with hosts celestial bless Thee
In the realms of endless day.

Beware of the Leaven of the Pharisees
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity
Luke 14:1-11.

O Virgin-born Immanuel,
O blest Messiah, Jesus;
Thou Victor over death and hell,
Thou healer of diseases,
Before Thy mercy seat we come,
O hear Thy pleading Christendom;
The power to save ne'er ceases.

Thou hast fulfilled the law of God,
O holy, sinless Saviour,
And Thou hast borne our sin's great load,
That Thy dear Father's favor
On fallen mankind might descend.
Thou deign'st to be the sinner's Friend
To heal our ill behavior.

Man cannot keep the holy law.
Conceived in sin, he faileth
To hold its claims in rev'rent awe
When Satan's dart assaileth.
All trust in empty form is vain,
For carnal strength can ne'er obtain
The peace for which he wailleth.

Melt Thou our coldness, dearest Lord,
With Thy warm love eternal.

Unto Thy Church the power afford
To crush the foe infernal.
Do Thou upon our darkness shine,
Fill earth's dark night with light divine;
Thou art the Light supernal!

Thy love has found us. We are Thine.
Thy precious Holy Spirit
Seals to our hearts the truth divine
That through Thy blood-bought merit
Our peace with God has been restored.
O grant us faith in Thy blest Word,
Till we Thy heav'n inherit.

Cleanse us from base self-righteousness,
From carnal works, unholy.
Let us our sinfulness confess
With contrite hearts, and lowly.
Shield us from vain hypocrisy,
Let us in true humility
Trust in Thy merits solely.

Fill us with unction from above,
Let it be our endeavor
To speak Thy Gospel truth in love.
O may we leave Thee never,
Until before Thy throne we stand,
Until we reach the Glory land,
And praise Thy grace forever.

Riches in Christ
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity
1 Corinthians 1:4-8.

My God, I praise Thee for Thy grace
In Christ, Thy holy Son,
To whom Thy pardon's boon I trace,
Who hath my ransom won.

Conceived in sin, with sin defiled,
I wandered far from Thee,
But now, redeemed and reconciled,
Thy bosom welcomes me.

Thy Spirit in Thy Word divine
Assures me Thou art nigh,
Bids me to Thee my cares resign
And "Abba, Father" cry,

The riches that are mine in Christ
No mortal tongue can name.
His holy, precious blood sufficed
Lost sinners to reclaim.

When, burdened with the guilt of sin,
My heart for cleansing pleads,
All that I seek, and more, I win,
For Jesus intercedes.

Forgiveness, rest, and joy, and peace,
And wisdom from on high
Thou grandest me without surcease
My soul to satisfy.

And Thy blest Word bids me behold
The Glory land afar,
The gates of pearl, the streets of gold,
Where many mansions are.

O keep, and sanctify Thou me
Until my dying breath;
Establish, strengthen, settle me
In overcoming faith.

My faithful God, may I be found
Blameless unto the end,
When Christ, my Lord, in glory crowned,
From heaven shall descend.

Garbed in His robe of righteousness,
And sinless in Thy sight,
Thy grace forevermore I'll bless
In Salem's realm of light.

Law and Gospel
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity

Matthew 22:34-46.

Jesus Christ, Thou pure and holy
Virgin-born, Incarnate God,
In the garb of manhood lowly
Thou this sin-cursed earth hast trod.
Thou art the Redeemer, the promised Messiah,
The Lord of King David, the hope of Elijah!
O sweet Root of Jesse, the prophets of old,
Inspired by the Spirit, Thy coming foretold.

Lost in Adam, all creation
Under sin's dread curse doth sigh;
Justice thunders condemnation
From the heights of Sinai.
Conceived in iniquity, dead in transgression,
Of what can man glory, of what make confession?
All vain is the self-righteous Pharisee's boast!
When Sinai thunders, all mankind is lost.

By the deeds of law, dear Jesus,
Can no flesh be justified!
From its bonds Thy blood releases,
I am free since Thou hast died.
By faith I lay hold of Thy finished salvation!
Thy righteousness now is my justification.
The Law, my dread taskmaster, threatens with loss;
From Sinai's mountain I flee to the cross!

Thou, O Lord of my salvation,
Hast fulfilled the law for me,
Thou hast borne its condemnation
On the cross of Calvary.
In Thee, Thee alone, O Thou crucified Saviour,
My God in His justice can grant me His favor,
The curse is removed, and my Father can bless,
For Thy garb of holiness now is my dress.

Grant me grace to love, dear Saviour,
Thy blest law of love divine.
Grant Thou me Thy blood-bought favor,
Cleanse this carnal heart of mine.
Thy beautiful precepts of "Love one another,"

“Love God above all,” “as thyself love thy brother,”
Engrave, O dear Lord, in the depths of my heart,
And from Thy blest truth may I never depart.

Hear my heart’s sincere confession,
Jesus, blest Redeemer mine.
Thou hast pardoned my transgression,
Washed me in Thy blood divine.
I’m justified freely, by grace, O my Saviour,
Through faith in Thy name I am ransomed forever.
I know I am Thine through Thy Spirit-breathed Word,
Thou art my Redeemer, my King, and my Lord!

Putting on the New Man
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity
Ephesians 4:22-28.

Made in Thy holy image, Lord, my God,
I pray Thee, grant me grace while here I dwell
To magnify Thy glorious Fatherhood;
Of Thy paternal mercies let me tell.

All that I lost in Adam, I regained
When Christ, Thy Son, my Saviour, died for me.
From sin and hell my ransom He obtained,
From bonds of law His death delivered me.

Baptized in Thy dear name, and born again,
Thy Spirit in Thy Word doth testify
That as Thy child and heir I shall obtain
Eternal life with Thee in realms on high.

Renew me in the spirit of my mind
That I put off the carnal man within.
In Thee alone the strength divine I find
To conquer flesh and stem the power of sin.

Forbid that heartless words my tongue defile,
Let not the sun go down on loveless wrath.
Shield Thou my heart from hatred, envy, guile,
From strife’s remorseful, bitter aftermath.

O may I e’er the brethren’s welfare seek!

Stir me with holy zeal to do Thy will.
Let not the flame of faith grow dim and weak,
But with Thy Spirit's oil the vessel fill.

True to the precepts my Redeemer taught,
With love-born service may my life o'erflow,
And let the holiness Thy Spirit wrought
In hallowed thoughts, and words, and actions glow.

Saved, justified, and sanctified by Thee,
Grant me a grateful heart Thy grace to praise,
Till, glorified, Thy radiant face I see
And laud Thy love through everlasting days.

The Deity of Jesus
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity
Matthew 9:1-8.

Who art Thou, lowly Nazarene?
Whence comes Thy wondrous power?
Who art Thou, at whose hallowed mien
The foes defeated cower?

The pleading blind receive their sight.
The lips once dumb, now speak.
The lame can leap in pure delight,
And praise Thy love, so meek.

The sick are healed, and palsied men
Their erstwhile health regain;
The dead are raised to life again,
The weak new strength obtain.

But O, how canst Thou pardon sin,
Thou sinless Virgin-born?
Art Thou, Who madest lepers clean,
Divine, of glory shorn?

Can mortal answer? Dare I say
What eyes of faith can see?
Thou art the Godhead veiled in clay,
Thou Christ of Galilee!

Thy might hand, Incarnate God,
Has formed my mortal clay.
The earth to Thy command must nod,
Sun, moon, and stars obey!

Complete atonement Thou hast made,
And thou hast set me free.
Thy blood the ransom-price has paid
On cross-crowned Calvary.

How could I doubt Thy Godhead, Lord?
Let carnal mind rebel.
In faith I trust Thy flawless Word,
Divine Immanuel!

I pray Thee, pardon all my sin,
Thou sinless Nazarene!
Let Thy blest Spirit dwell within;
O make and keep me clean.

Thou art my God! Let me repeat
The glorious truth again.
O let me worship at Thy feet
Forevermore! Amen.

The Spirit-filled Life
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Twentieth Sunday after Trinity
Ephesians 5:15-20.

Lord Jesus, blest Immanuel,
Grant that Thy Word may richly dwell
In each believing, contrite heart,
Eternal blessing to impart.

Permit the rays of Truth divine
Upon Thy faithful own to shine.
Light of the world, then shall we be
Unfailing lights reflecting Thee.

Thy Word shall evermore remain
To comfort, strengthen, bless, sustain,
A light open our pilgrim way
That leads us to the realms of day.

When Satan, world, and flesh assail,
Thy Word, our armor, shall prevail.
Upon this shield we can rely
And all the hosts of hell defy.

Saved by Thy grace, and justified,
Let us by faith in Thee abide,
Then shall Thy praise fill hearts and tongues
With psalms, and hymns, and sacred songs.

Grant us, Thou Fount of boundless love,
The wisdom coming from above,
And holy boldness to confess
Thy glorious Gospel's blessedness.

Kept by Thy holy Spirit's might,
May we, dear Saviour, walk in light,
Till in the Father's house on high
Thy precious name we glorify.

The Call to the Great Supper
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Twentieth Sunday after Trinity
Matthew 22:1-4.

Have ye heard the invitation,
Sinners, ruined by the fall?
Famished souls, who seek salvation,
Have ye heard the loving call?
Hark! A herald of the Father
Bids you of His supper taste.
Round the banquet table gather;
All is ready; sinners, haste!

God hath sent His Son from Heaven,
Jesus Christ, the living Bread.
That this Supper might be given,
His own precious blood was shed.
Peace forgiveness, life, salvation,
At this glorious Feast abound;
Joys that know no limitation
At this festive Board are found!

O ye chosen, have ye slighted
This sweet call to you proclaimed?
Lo! The King has now invited
All the halt, the blind, the maimed.
“Come, ye poor, from out the highways,
Come, a feast awaits you, come!
Leave the hedges and the byways,
Hasten to the Father’s home.”

We have heard Thee call, dear Father,
In Thy Word and Sacrament.
Round Thy festal board we’ll gather,
Till our life’s last day is spent.
Ours the risen Saviour’s merit,
Ours the bounties of Thy love,
Ours Thy peace, till we inherit
Endless life in heav’n above.

Hungry, Thou in love has fed us;
Thirsty, Thou hast giv’n us drink.
Wayward, Thy blest Spirit led us
Safely from destruction’s brink.
Naked, Christ to us has given
His pure robe of righteousness.
Till we dine with Thee in Heaven,
Lord, Thy Gospel feast we’ll bless.

Living in the Spirit
Epistle Lesson Hymn for the Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity
Galatians 5:25-6:10.

Thou Triune God, our Father dear,
Whose blessings never ceasing
Are poured upon Thy children here.
Our Heav’n-born joy increasing;
We pray Thee, fill us with Thy love
That we may ever grateful prove.

Saved by Thy grace in Jesus Christ,
Our ris’n ascended Saviour,
Whose precious blood alone sufficed
To win Thy pardon’s favor;
Grant Thou us strength to conquer sin,

And o'er the flesh the vict'ry win.

Endow us with Thy Spirit's power
O God our salvation!
Grant us, when comes the trial hour,
Thy holy consolation.
Redeemed, forgiven, justified,
In Thy pure word may we abide.

Receiving boundless love from Thee,
O may our love to others
Pure, selfless, loyal, fervent be.
To weak and erring brothers
May we in humbleness of heart
Forgiveness, counsel, hope impart.

Another's burden's may we bear
In meekness, ever willing;
Another's cup of sorrow share,
Christ's law of love fulfilling.
Shield us from vain self-righteousness,
Vain-glory, envy, bitterness.

O let us never weary prove
In doing well, dear Father,
Till in the glorious home above,
Saved by Thy grace, we gather.
What joy to reap what we have sown,
And bring the sheaves before Thy throne!

Faith in Christ
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity
John 4:46-54.

How blest are they, who through the power
Of heaven-kindled faith,
Confide in Thee each day and hour,
O Christ of Nazareth!

The mighty works Thy hand hath wrought
The glorious truth convey,
Thou art what Thy blest lips have taught –
The Godhead veiled in clay.

Beyond the sphere of mortal sense
Mere human strength doth fail
To trust Thy power in confidence
When ills and fears assail.

But Thy blest Spirit can impart
A saving faith in Thee.
O send Him to each troubled heart;
Then every doubt will flee.

Grant us a firmer stronger faith,
In Thee, O Crucified.
In joy, in pain, in life, in death
With Thy redeemed abide.

Thy pardon, full, complete, bestow,
Upon Thy ransomed own,
That all the Father's love may know,
And trust Thy grace alone.

What joy when faith is changed to sight,
And Heaven's gates we see
To laud Thy name in mansions bright
Through all eternity!

Till then, O Thou Physician blest,
Our feeble faith increase,
O may we find in Thee our rest,
And fill us with Thy peace!

He Who Began a Good Work in You
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity
Philippians 1:6.

Father dear, in Christ our Saviour
Thou hast chosen us Thine own
Grant us Thy blest Spirit's favor
That all evil we may shun.

All our sins are purged, forgiven,
Since Messiah shed His blood;
Thou hast sealed us heirs of heaven

In Thy blest baptismal flood.

The good work begun within us
Thou wilt well perform, we know.
Love that thus could woo and win us
Nevermore will let us go.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
May the faith that we confess,
In Thy Word and doctrine grounded,
Bring forth fruits of righteousness.

Keep Thy Zion blameless, lowly,
Till the day of Christ, her Lord.
Guide her homeward by Thy holy,
Everlasting, perfect Word.

Grant unto Thy saints' communion
Wisdom, solace, joy, and peace;
Keep us in Thy Spirit's union,
Faith, and hope, and love increase.

Let us, by Thy Word directed,
Grow in grace unceasingly,
Till, all glorified, perfected,
Like our Saviour we shall be.

O what holy joys await us
At the bridal of the Lamb!
Endless glories shall elate us
As we laud His precious name!

A Plea for Pardon
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity
Matthew 18:23-35.

Before Thy Presence, O my God,
I come in true contrition.
Far from Thy path my feet have trod,
Behold my sad condition!
Invited by Thy Word divine,
I come to Thee, O Father mine,
In deep, sincere repentance.

Forgive, forgive Thy wayward child,
Let me again be reconciled,
Withhold Thy righteous sentence.

Conceived in sin, my words, my deeds,
My thoughts can please Thee never.
My carnal heart Thy cleansing needs.
All vain is my endeavor
To keep Thy holy law, my God!
How can I cast away sin's load,
How pay the debt I owe Thee?
Vain is my carnal righteousness,
My lost condition I confess.
Wilt Thou in love still own me?

For Jesus' sake, pass me not by,
Forgive Thy child's transgression,
Remove the curse of Sinai!
Hear Thou the intercession
Of Thy dear Son, who died for me,
Who bled on Calv'ry's cruel tree
To purchase my salvation!
O Father, let the crimson flood
Of my Redeemer's precious blood
Remove Thy condemnation!

What all-transcendent grace is Thine
To pardon my transgression!
Till life shall cease, O Father mine,
My heart shall make confession
Of Thy so boundless, mighty love,
And when I reach Thy throne above
My songs of jubilation
Through all eternity I'll raise
To Thee in everlasting praise
And endless adoration!

Let me forgive as Thou hast done,
Grant me Thy Holy Spirit.
Teach me to love the erring one,
And through my Saviour's merit
Purge me from all ungodly wrath.
O let me walk the narrow path

Which leads to Thy blest heaven.
Let me forgive, O gracious God,
Until I reach that blest abode
And enter there – forgiven!

The Bible Stands
Reformation Day Song. Revelation 14:6-7.

The Bible stands;
The holy Word of God
By inspiration giv'n,
A shining light upon our pilgrim road,
To guide our souls to Heav'n!
Although the rocks and hill may tumble,
Although the earth may shake and crumble,
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands;
A Bulwark all divine,
A Fortress that shall stay,
When sun, and moon, and stars shall cease to shine,
When earth shall pass away,
Unmoved, unchanging, pure, eternal,
It floods the world with light supernal.
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands!
Ye saints, be unafraid.
The sure Foundation Stone
By prophets and apostles firmly laid,
Cannot be overthrown.
All vain the battling foes' endeavor;
The Word of God abides forever!
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands!
Ye servants of the Lord,
Fear not what man may do,
Securely rest on His unfailing Word,
Whose Spirit's witness true
Shall grant you courage, consolation,
And strength to conquer in temptation.
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands!
Its Author shall return,
His cause to vindicate.
In quenchless fire the godless foes shall burn,
Who now His teaching hate.
Amid the peal of Judgment thunder,
His saints shall shout in rapture's wonder:
"The Bible stands"!

The Bible stands!
O blood-bought Church of Christ,
Lift high the Saviour's Cross!
Be not into the sceptics' nets enticed;
Count earthly laurels dross!
Till thou shalt enter Salem's portal,
Tell all the world this truth immortal:
"The Bible stands."

The Triumphant Word
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Reformation Day
(A Reformation Meditation). Matthew 11:12-15.

The Word of God shall triumph;
O Church of Christ, fight on!
Though dark the night of conflict,
Soon shall the morning dawn.
The armor of the Spirit
In battle shall prevail;
Ye struggling saints, despair not,
Though gates of hell assail.

The Word of God shall triumph,
Though unbelief abounds,
Though worldly wisdom's error
O'er all the earth resounds,
Though vain, deceitful pleasures
In carnal hearts hold sway,
And godless, taunting scorners
Deride the narrow way.

The Word of God shall triumph,
Though sorrows, trials, cares

Becloud Thy path, O Christian,
Though steadfast, earnest prayers
Appear unheard, unanswered,
Bow to His holy will.
His truth abides forever,
He loves His children still.

The Word of God shall triumph;
Ye saints, do no despond.
With eyes of faith look upward
To Salem's realm beyond.
Built on the Rock of Ages,
Your hope doth rest secure;
In God's true love abiding,
Trust in His promise sure.

The Word of God shall triumph.
When judgement trumpets call,
Sun, moon, and stars shall vanish,
The earth in ruins fall.
But through eternal ages
His truth divine shall stand,
The theme of sons victorious
In yonder Glory land.

The Word of God shall triumph;
O blood-bought Church, rejoice!
Led by His holy Spirit,
Lift up in song thy voice.
Soon shall thy vile oppressors
Be overthrown, cast down,
And thine shall be the Kingdom,
The glory, and the crown.

The Coming of the King

Epistle Lesson Hymn for Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity

"For our citizenship is in heaven; whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation that it may be conformed to the body of His glory according to the working whereby He is able even to subject all things unto Himself." Philippians 3:20-21.

He is coming! I know He is coming,
My Jesus, my Savior, my Lord!

He is coming! I know He is coming;
He promised me so in His Word.
Let the world scoff and mock if it pleases,
Its taunts are all useless and vain.
He is coming, my crucified Jesus,
As the King of all kings to reign.

He is coming! I know He is coming,
My glorious Redeemer, my King!
He is coming! I know He is coming,
And to His blest promise I cling.
Not again as a babe in a manger,
Not again to Bethlehem's stall;
Not as Nazareth's lowliest Stranger,
But as Victor and Lord of all!

He is coming! I know He is coming,
The Lamb who for sinners was slain.
He is coming! I know He is coming
To rule o'er His blood-bought domain.
He who writhed in Gethsemane's garden,
He who died on Calvary's tree,
He who rose to assure me of pardon,
Has a Home in the skies for me!

He is coming! I know He is coming;
My King in His beauty I'll see!
He is coming! I know He is coming,
His own from earth's fetters to free.
Then all sorrow and weeping shall vanish,
Life's trials and burdens shall cease,
And my precious Redeemer shall banish
Pain and strife from His realm of peace.

He is coming! I know He is coming,
My Jesus in glory and power!
He is coming! I know He is coming,
Concealed is the day and the hour.
But I know that blest moment is nearing,
By prophets so clearly foretold,
And I'll watch for His glorious appearing
Till the portals of pearl unfold.

The Christian Citizen

Gospel Lesson Hymn for Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity

“Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s; and unto God the things that are God’s.”
Matthew 23:21.

Ancient of days, Eternal God on high,
Creator, Lord of all,
To Thee in humble, fervent prayer we cry;
O hearken to our call!
Thou Lord of all creation,
Before Thy throne we stand;
Hear Thou our supplication,
Defend our native land!

Almighty One, preserve our liberty,
That boon so dearly bought,
Grant us the freedom e’er to worship Thee
As Thy blest Word has taught.
God of our Fathers, hear us,
Our native country bless;
O Lord of hosts, be near us,
Save us in all distress.

Vain is the trust we place in carnal strength,
In might of gun and sword.
Our boasted power and greatness fails at length;
Forgive our pride, dear Lord!
The arm of flesh doth fail us,
Man crumbles into dust;
Grant us, when foes assail us,
The grace in Thee to trust.

Oft when in bitter strife mid cannon’s roar,
We prayed and sighed for peace,
A word of Thine removed the scourge of war,
And bade the tumult cease.
O let us leave Thee never,
Thou Refuge in distress!
Grant that our rulers ever
Serve Thee in righteousness.

Grant Thou us grace to heed Thy Word’s command;
Obedient to Thy will,

May we the claims of our dear native land
In righteousness fulfill.
In Christian spirit serving
The powers ordained by Thee,
From Thy blest path ne'er swerving,
Thus may our service be.

But as Thy children, may we render Thee
The glory, Thine alone.
Thou art our Father from eternity
In Jesus Christ, Thy Son.
Accept while here we wander
Our feeble hymns of praise,
Till in the Homeland yonder
The triumph song we raise.

The Saints' Inheritance
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity
Colossians 1:9-12.

Dear Father in heaven, we praise Thee and bless Thee
For all that is ours in Christ Jesus, Thy Son.
Thy Spirit of Truth bids us laud and confess Thee,
Our songs of thanksgiving ascend to Thy throne.

Our choicest, divinest, and holiest Treasure,
Our Alpha, and our blest Omega Thou art,
The Source of abiding, true, undefiled pleasure.
A foretaste of Heaven Thy smile doth impart.

How sweet is the nectar that streams from the pages
Of Thy everlasting, most excellent Word!
Our pilgrim sorrows and fears it assuages,
And strength from on high the blest Fount doth afford.

Redeemed by the blood of Christ Jesus, our Saviour,
And cleansed from all sin in that life-giving flow,
O may we rejoice in Thy pardon's free favor,
And bear fruits of faith as we journey below.

Released from the thralldom of hell's domination,
Called out from the darkness of sin's dismal night,
With joy we partake of Christ's blood-bought salvation,

And enter with saints His blest Kingdom of Light.

O grant us true wisdom, divine understanding!
With love, joy, and patience our hearts do Thou fill.
Then faith will behold earth's dark storm clouds disbanding,
And see the bright sun of Thy grace beaming still/

Lead, guide, and direct us by Thy Holy Spirit,
And ne'er from the path of Thy truth may we rove,
Till saved by Thy grace Salem's Home we inherit,
And dwell evermore in the mansions above.

O Triune Eternal, Thy Zion shall bless Thee,
The Heavens with sweet Hallelujahs shall ring!
Our anthems of triumph shall laud and confess Thee
Forever and ever our God and our King.

Christ the Lord of Life and Death
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity
Matthew 9:18-26.

Thou Lord of life and death,
Blest Son of God the Father,
Jesus, in humble faith
Before Thy throne we gather.
Thy Spirit bids us come
In fervent prayer to Thee.
O bless Thy Christendom
Now and eternally.

From heav'n Thou didst descend,
Thou First-born of creation,
To be the sinners' Friend,
To die for our salvation.
From Sinai's dreadful curse,
Thy death hath set us free;
The thunder clouds disperse
When Calv'ry's cross we see.

The wonders Thou hast done
Reveal Thy Godhead truly.
Grant us, Incarnate Son,
Grace to adore Thee duly.

At Thy almighty Word
The dead to life arise;
The sick are healed, dear Lord;
Thy power all ills defies.

Restore our sin-sick souls,
O Thou divine Physician.
Ere judgment thunder rolls
Grant us sincere contrition.
Cleave us from every stain,
Save us in all distress,
Till heaven's home we gain
Clothed in Thy righteousness.

Thou speakest but a word,
And lo, the dead awaken!
Hush Thou our sorrow, Lord,
When those we love are taken
From this drear vale of tears
To realm of bliss above.
O calm our griefs and fears,
Thou Fount of boundless love.

When Judgment trumpets wake
All who in death are sleeping,
To Salem's mansions take
The saved in Thy love's keeping.
When at Thy blest "Arise"
We greet Thee, risen King,
The realms beyond the skies
With endless praise shall ring.

Concerning Them Which Are Asleep
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity
1 Thessalonians 4:13-18.

"And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." John 11:26.

Why call it death?
A tiny seed we leave
All hidden in the earth.
Why should we mourn? Why should we sadly grieve
While it awaits new birth?
It fears not darkness, nor decaying,

It hides while winter's cold is staying.
Why call it death?

Why call it death?
When balmy springtime comes
To kiss the frozen ground,
The kernel sown sprouts forth in lovely blooms,
The sunbeams flit around,
And summer with its fruits and flowers
Rewards the sower's waiting hours.
Why call it death?

Why call it death?
The dormant worm that hides
Within its prison bed
The glorious morn of resurrection bides.
Then with bright wings outspread
It bursts the chrysalis asunder,
And soars aloft in joy and wonder.
Why call it death?

Why call it death?
In chrysalis of clay
The soul awhile is pent,
Till dawns the joyous, long-awaited day
When from its tenement
It soars to yonder realm eternal,
To glory in the light supernal.
Why call it death?

Why call it death?
The body glorified,
In likeness to its Lord,
Shall house the soul across the Great Divide.
In Salem's harbor moored,
Where sin and sorrow enter never,
We shall behold His face forever.
Why call it death?

Why call it death?
O dry those bitter tears;
The grave can naught destroy!
The risen Christ bids us allay our fears,

And sing with hope and joy!
His "many mansions" now await us,
And life eternal shall elate us.
Why call it death?

Longing

Gospel Lesson Hymn for Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity
Matthew 24:15-28.

Art Thou coming soon, my Jesus?
Art Thou coming soon, my King?
Wilt Thou hasten Thy appearing,
To my heart true joy to bring?
O how long, how long, my Saviour,
Ere the Gates of Pearl unfold?
Ere from heaven Thou descendest,
As the prophets long foretold?

Wilt Thou come when Easter lilies
Breathe their hope o'er Calv'ry's gloom,
When the sweetest meditations
Cluster round Thy empty tomb?
Wilt Thou come when summer roses
With their fragrance fill the air,
Or when bright autumnal blossoms
Show their glorious hues so rare?

Art Thou coming in the winter,
When the Christmans carols tell
Of Thy lowly birth, my Saviour;
When o'er hill and vale and dell
Sweetly sounds the angels' chorus:
"Peace on earth; Good will to men";
When my faith, O blest Messiah,
Takes its flight to Bethlehem?

Thou hast purchased my salvation
On the Cross of Calvary;
That my sins might be forgiven
Thou in love hast died for me.
O dear Lord, through endless ages
Thy great love I shall confess,
When the pearly gates I enter

In Thy robe of righteousness.

Should I pass through death's dark shadows,
Like the righteous let me die!
In Thy likeness I'll awaken
When Thy light illumines the sky.
Should I, changed within a moment,
See Thee and not taste of death,
I'll rejoice in Thy appearing,
Precious Christ of Nazareth.

Then I'll see the many mansions,
Then I'll walk the streets of gold,
Then the dear departed loved ones
Face to face I shall behold!
As the thirsty hart is panting
For the crystal brooks at noon,
Thus I pine for Thee, my Saviour;
Loved One, art Thou coming soon?

The Longing of Zion
Epistle Lesson Hymn for Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity
2 Peter 3:3-13

Wilt Thou not come, my Lord, my King, my Master,
Wilt Thou not come, Thou Bridegroom of my soul?
The earth o'erflows with ruin and disaster,
O'er troubled seas the restless billows roll.
Thy Zion's wail resounds from shore to shore:
"O faithful watchman, is the night soon o'er?"

She mourns, and pines, and sighs for Thy appearing
At dawn of day, at noon, at eventide.
Wilt Thou not come? O, is the day not nearing
When Thou wilt claim Thy faithful, waiting bride?
Weary of earth, she longs to cross the bar,
Longs for the home where many mansions are.

She heeded, Lord, Thy holy admonition,
Thy Word has ever been her only Sword,
And faithful to her heav'n appointed mission,
She spread o'er all the earth Thy truth, dear Lord.
Thy Gospel truth, through Luther brought to light,

Still sheds its rays in heathendom's dark night.

The Word has reached the islands of the ocean,
The message sweet has gone to distant lands.
Midst cannon's roar, through tumult and commotion,
It spread from frozen wastes to tropic strands.
From pole to pole, from Hecla's ice and snow,
To summer climes, where balmy breezes blow.

By Satan's hosts despised, denounced, derided,
By wrongs oppressed, by sad divisions torn,
Thy Zion's hopes are still in Thee confided,
Though all her foes cease not their cruel scorn.
O how she trusts Thy promise, sweet and true:
"Surely, I quickly come, my Love, to you!"

Blest is her peace, that passeth understanding,
The peace within, which Satan cannot mar,
Though hell its widespread borders is expanding,
Though all the world is armed, prepared for war.
For Thou didst bid Thy waiting bride rejoice,
And trustingly she heeded, Belov'd, Thy voice.

"O my belov'd, cease thou thy lamentation,
Soon shall the watchman sound the midnight cry!
O dry thy tears, behold, the consummation,
Rejoice, for thy redemption draweth nigh!
Await with holy joy His "Welcome Home,"
For Thy belov'd will tarry not, but come.

When He Comes
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity
Matthew 25:1-13.

Christ, my Saviour, bids me meet Him
When He comes,
And with holy rapture greet Him
When He comes.
He my ris'n, ascended King
Everlasting bliss shall bring.
In pure ecstasy I'll sing
When He comes!

I shall join the saints in glory
When He comes,
And proclaim redemption's story
When He comes.
He, the Lamb on Calv'ry slain,
Cleansed me from sin's crimson stain.
Saved by grace, life's crown I'll gain,
When He comes!

All my earthborn fears He'll banish
When He comes,
And my sorrows all shall vanish
When He comes.
Nevermore shall cares annoy;
Salem's pure, celestial joy
Shall be mine without alloy
When He comes.

His believers shall adore Him
When He comes,
And all-glorious stand before Him
When He comes.
All who died in faith shall rise
To soar upward in the skies,
Endless life shall be the prize
When He comes.

He has promised me His Spirit
Till He comes.
I shall trust His blood-bought merit
Till He comes,
His blest robe of righteousness
Is my spotless, glorious dress.
His sure Word I shall confess
Till He comes.

Hope shall fill me with elation
Till He comes,
And in holy expectation,
Till He comes,
Faith's bright, burning lamp I'll trim,
That its lustrous beams might gleam,
Shining radiantly for Him,

Till He comes!

Maranatha

Epistle Lesson Hymn for Twenty-seventh Sunday after Trinity
1 Corinthians 16:22

Com'st Thou at evening, Saviour mine?
Belov'd, will the shadows be falling
When Zion beholds Thee in garbs divine,
All glorious, as trumpets are calling?

Com'st Thou at midnight, dearest Lord?
Will angels in infinite number
Descend to fulfill Thy unfailing Word
When mankind is wrapped in deep slumber?

Com'st Thou at dawn, Thou Morning Star,
To flood earth with glory supernal,
To take Thy redeemed to the realms afar
Where dwelleth the Godhead eternal?

Com'st Thou at morn, O Lamb once slain,
When day o'er the hilltops is breaking?
O com'st Thou as King of all kings to reign
When nature from sleep is awaking?

Com'st Thou at noontide, glorious King,
Thine own to Thy Paradise taking,
While angels their anthems of triumph sing
And earth at Thy presence is shaking?

Come, O come quickly, Groom blest;
The Church for her Loved One is yearning!
O grant her Thine own everlasting rest
And hasten Thy glorious returning!

The Bridegroom of My Soul

Gospel Lesson Hymn for Twenty-seventh Sunday after Trinity

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, who took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom." Matthew 25:1-13.

He came from realms eternal,
The Bridegroom of my soul,

Where floods of joy supernal
Through endless ages roll.
Where life's eternal river
In crystal beauty flows,
In whose domain forever
Unknown are earthly woes.

He left those fields Elysian,
Where hosts His name extol,
To share my sad condition -
The Bridegroom of my soul.
He, rich, exalted, holy,
O Monarch's royal Child,
Found me, poor, wretched, lowly,
With sin's vast guilt defiled.

He died in grief and anguish,
The Bridegroom of my soul;
In sin He saw me languish,
With death and hell my goal.
But O, He burst my prison,
He burst His grave's sealed door!
And since my Lord is risen,
My bondage night is o'er.

He purchased my salvation,
He paid the price for me.
O joyous contemplation,
I'm free! Forever free!
And now He intercedeth
For me at Heaven's throne.
His blood my pardon pleadeth.
I am His own! His own!

It fills my soul with pleasure
To know He'll come again.
His promise sweet I treasure,
Although I know not when.
Faith's lamp is brightly burning,
At morn, at night, at noon;
His Word hath hushed my yearning:
"Belov'd, I'm coming soon!"

What though my way be dreary,
He sure will come, I know,
Though oft the watch is weary.
Because I love Him so,
All vanished is my sadness;
His heaven is my goal,
And I await with gladness
The Bridegroom of my soul!

The Sacraments, the Creed, Etc.

On the Baptism of an Infant

(See also hymn for Sixth Sunday after Trinity touching on Baptism).

Into Thy arms this tender child we place;
Clasp it, dear Father, in Thy fond embrace.
Thou who hast willed that it Thine image bear,
We pray Thee, hear our fervent, pleading prayer.

Thy son hath bought it with His precious blood.
Seal it Thine own in this baptismal flood!
Though in the flesh with Adam's guilt defiled,
Adopt it, father, as Thy cov'nant child.

Let Thy blest Spirit to its infant heart
His precious gift of saving faith impart.
Cleanse Thou, for Jesus' sake, the heart from sin,
And may Thy Spirit ever dwell within.

Purchased by blood, by water born anew,
Through Thy blest Spirit, in Thy Word so true,
Grant it Thy grant till life's last hour is spent,
As Thou hast promised in this Sacrament.

Protect from harm Thy frail and helpless child,
Let it not stray upon earth's desert wild.
Shepherd, Thy lamb in verdant pastures lead;
Supply, O Comforter, its soul's deep need.

Keep us, dear Father, to this Cov'nant true,
Let us each day baptismal vows renew.
Of sin's vast guilt each day our conscience tells;
Within our flesh no good things ever dwells.

Naught can redeem us but the Saviour's blood;
Cleanse us each day within that crimson flood.
Buried with Christ, and henceforth dead to sin,
Let us each day a holy life begin.

Baptized into Thy name, Thy name we'll bless,
And to our journey's end this faith confess.
Grant us each day renewed baptismal grace,
Until, O Triune God, we see Thy face!

Baptismal Covenant Hymn

In Thy eternal name,
O Triune God,
I Thy dear child became.
Thy holy flood,
Baptismal water pure
Hath made adoption sure,
Sealed me Thy child secure,
Giver of good.

Let me, O Father mine,
To Thee be true;
Daily in strength divine,
My vows renew.
World, flesh, and Satan still
Seek to control my will;
Grant me the conquest till
My home I view.

Thou who hast died for me,
On Cal'vry's mount,
To Thy pure blood I flee,
That cleansing fount,
Wash me of every stain,
If I Thy peace obtain,
Earth's fleeting, carnal gain
As loss I count.

Thou Holy Comforter,
Remain my Guide.
Without Thy strength I err
Or wander wide.
Keep Thou me in the faith
Until my dying breath,
And in the hour of death
With me abide.

Baptized in Thy dear name,
Immanuel,
Let me Thy love proclaim,
Thy mercies tell.
Keep me in Cov'nant grace,
Till I behold Thy face,
Till, saved alone by grace
With Thee I dwell!

The Lord's Supper

O love whose boundless ocean
No mortal strength can sound,
To Thee in pure devotion
Thy ransomed own are bound!
Invited by Thy grace divine,
We come, O Friend of sinner,
At Thy blest board to dine.

Thou givest us, dear Saviour,
Thy body and Thy blood.
How glorious is Thy favor,
How heavenly this food!
O Bread of life! O living Vine,
We merit not the mercy
That bids Thee own us Thine!

Thy sweet compassion sought us,
Who strayed from Thy dear fold;
The love that found us, bought us
With ransom price untold.
O spotless Lamb of Calvary,
Thy precious blood redeemed us,
Forever Thine are we!

The Law that we have broken
Condemns us evermore;
Its wrathful curse is spoken,
Its thunder o'er us roar.
But Thou hast borne our sin's great load,
Forgiving our transgression,
Most holy Son of God.

Thy mercy, so appealing, hast called us to this feast.
Before Thy altar kneeling,
Redeemer, Saviour, Priest,
We take Thy body and Thy blood,
And praise Thy lovingkindness,
Thou Giver of all good.

Blest pledge of sins forgiven,
Sweet balm for troubled hearts!
A foretaste of Thy heaven
Thy feast, dear Lord, imparts.
O grant us grace to reach that shore,
And be, with saints perfected,
Thy guests forevermore!

The Sacrament of the Altar
Translated from the German "Ach Gnad ueber alle Gnaden"
Anna Sophia, Countess von Hesse Darmstadt.

Grace beyond all contemplation,
Streaming down from Heav'n above!
Jesus gives us invitation
To the Banquet of His love.
He bids us His guest to be,
That from every care set free,
And from sin and sorrow riven,
We might know the joys of heaven.

Jesus Christ desires to feed us,
He Himself the food will be;
To His Table He doth lead us,
Tenderly and lovingly,
Dearest Saviour, Love divine,
What unbounded grace is Thine!
How can sinful mortals ever
Comprehend so great a favor?

Thou Thyself for us didst offer
On the cross of Calvary.
Pangs we well deserved to suffer
Thou didst bear to set us free.
And the power of Thy great love

Thy devoted heart doth move
To bestow Thy body holy
And Thy blood to sinner lowly.

How sublime, O Lord, Thy mission!
Thy great love doth Thee compel
To be our divine Physician,
And our healing balm as well;
Thus Thy kindness is revealed.
That our wounds might all be healed
Thou from heaven's throne descendest
And our sin-sick souls befriendest.

I am coming, dearest Saviour,
Since Thy love hath welcomed me,
To partake of Thy blest favor
At the Feast prepared for me.
Faith accepts Thy grace divine,
Hungry, I have come to dine,
Thirsty, to receive refreshing
From Thy holy Cup of blessing.

Feed me, O my gracious Saviour,
With Thy precious Bread of Life.
Let Thy consolation ever
Grant me strength to bear the strife.
In Thy life-bestowing flow

Wash me, make me white as snow.
Thy unbounded grace I cherish;
Save me, Jesus, or I perish!

Henceforth take as my oblation
This my weary, burdened heart;
Cheer it with Thy consolation,
And Thy healing balm impart.
Blest Physician, none but Thee,
From my sin can set me free;
By the merits of Thy passion
Heal the wounds of my transgression.

Confirmation

Like Enoch, let me walk, dear Lord, with Thee;
Let me, like Mary, kneel at Thy blest feet.
Let me hold fast Thy truth, like Timothy,
And keep the faith, like Paul, all pure, complete.

Let me, like John, stay close to Thy dear heart;
Like Andrew, at the Galilean Lake,
From kindred father than from Thee depart;
Let me, like Peter, bold confession make.

Like Stephen, grant me grace for foes to pray,
And when for me, life's eventide draws nigh,
Then may Thy angels bear my soul away
To dwell with Thee forevermore on high.

My Maker, Pilot Me
Translated from the German, "Mein Schoepfer, steh mir bei."

My Maker, pilot me,
Be Thou my life's blest light,
And guide me with Thine eye,
Till death ends mortal sight.
My heart in consecration
I give Thee as oblation.
All that my powers can render
To Thee and Thine I tender.
Thou wilt that I Thine own should be,
My Maker, pilot me.

My Saviour, wash Thou me
In Thy most precious blood,
That cleanseth every stain,
And worketh boundless good.
My soul in peace abideth
When in Thy wounds it hideth,
From sin and condemnation
Thy grace grants free salvation.
Defiled, I know no fount but Thee,
My Saviour, wash Thou me.

Blest Spirit, grant me know
To stem temptation's tide.
Rule Thou my heart's desires

When toward the world they glide.
Teach me to know my Saviour,
And own Him Lord forever.
Let me, His Word receiving,
E'er walk His paths, believing.
I need Thy strength each passing hour.
Blest Spirit, grant me power.

Thou Triune God on high,
My One and All Thou art;
Implant Thine image blest
Deep in my mind and heart.
O may my soul be ever
A temple of Thy favor;
Reveal in me, poor, lowly,
Thy love's compassion holy.
To own Thee mine, how lest am I,
Thou Triune God on high.

Be Thou Faithful unto Death
Translated from Praetorius "Sei getre."
"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of love."

Be thou ever true to Jesus,
Faithful even to the end;
Though the battle's heat increases,
Loyally His cause defend.
O, the burdens thou dost bear
Here below cannot compare
With the endless glory given
To the Lord's redeemed in heaven.

Be thou true in faith, O never
Rest thy soul on doubtful sand;
Thy baptismal bond ne'er sever,
Let the cov'nant firmly stand.
O break not the solemn vow,
Ne'er to base denial bow!
He the loss of Heaven beareth,
Who this sacred vow forswearth.

Be thou true in love unending
To thy God, who loves thee so.

Though thy brother be offending,
Still let love's devotion glow.
Learn with Christ for foes to pray,
God has cleansed thy sin away;
Loving Him, in love-filled labor
Seek to reconcile thy neighbor.

Be thou true in all affliction,
Let not sorrow, pain, or loss
Hide Thy Saviour's benediction,
Murmur not beneath the cross.
Can impatience balm obtain?
Doth it profit to complain?
He who patiently endureth
Comfort from on high secureth.

Be thou faithful in endurance,
Let God have His way with thee,
Rest in His benign assurance;
Not in vain thy trust shall be.
When thou callest, He is nigh.
Love Divine will heed thy cry,
Firmly trust His Word forever,
Godly hope can shame thee never.

Be thou true! O battle onward!
Cling to Christ in fervent faith!
Battle on till thou hast conquered
Satan, flesh, and sin and death.
Christ will grant thee strength divine,
And the conquest shall be thine.
Lo, the crown of life is given
To the victors in His heaven.

I Believe in God the Father

In God the Father I believe,
Who made the earth and heaven,
By whose sustaining power I love,
Who hath my being given.
Created in His image blest,
In His paternal love I rest;
He is my gracious Father.

His mercy grants me daily bread,
Health, shelter, comfort, raiment.
His angel's wings o'er me are spread.
Ne'er could I grant Him payment
For all the gifts His grace bestows.
He soothes away my earthborn woes
And guards me from all evil.

I merit not His love's caress,
His mercy and compassion,
For I am all unworthiness
And laden with transgression.
But He forgives when I implore,
Remembers sin and guilt no more,
And showers me with blessing.

For all the kindness shown to me,
O Lord of all creation,
I owe Thee fervent loyalty,
Obedience, adoration.
Dear Father, let my heart and tongue
Give thanks to Thee in prayer and song!
Fill me with love to serve Thee.

I Believe in God the Son

My heart in Jesus Christ believes
And owns Him Lord and Saviour.
True God and perfect man, He lives
Enthroned on high forever.
The Virgin-born Immanuel,
The promised Hope of Israel
Is my divine Redeemer.

He left the realms of endless day
To purchase my salvation.
Lost in the mire of sin I lay
In bonds of condemnation.
He paid the price and set me free,
From death and hell He ransomed me,
But not with gold and silver.

His holy, precious blood He shed,
Unfathomed woe He suffered.
In anguish for my sins He bled,
His spotless life He offered
Upon the cross of Calvary,
That I His Own might ever be
And serve Him in His kingdom.

He rose, triumphant o'er the tomb,
Ascended into heaven,
From whence in glory He shall come.
All power to Him is given
To judge the living and the dead
As His eternal Word hath said.
Dear Lord, haste Thy appearing!

I Believe in God the Holy Spirit

In God's blest Spirit I believe,
Who led me to the Saviour.
My earthborn strength could not receive
The dear Redeemer's favor.
Conceived in sin, my carnal mind
Salvation's pathway fails to find –
All vain my best endeavor.

He came, the precious heav'nly Dove,
The gracious Holy Spirit,
My carnal blindness to remove
That I might life inherit.
He led me on, my Light, my Guide,
To Christ, my Saviour crucified,
And kindled faith within me.

Kept by His sanctifying might,
My heart in faith abideth,
With the Evangel's glorious light
The Church of Christ He guideth.
Saved, ransomed, pardoned, justified,
Sustained in faith, and sanctified,
How blest the saints' communion!

The dead in Christ shall rise again

To enter life eternal,
And join the angels' triumph strain
In Salem's realm supernal.
Faith's goal attained! O joy divine!
Blest Comforter, what grace is Thine!
To God be all the glory!

Marriage

Thou Who in Eden at dawn of creation
Didst breathe Thy blessing on husband and wife.
Bless this pair, kneeling in holy elation,
Bless their espousal, Thou Giver of life.

In bonds of purity do Thou unite them,
Grant them the sweet benediction they seek.
With Thine own love, gracious Father, delight them,
As in Thy presence their vows they now speak.

Grant them Thy grace to perform every duty
For Thine own glory, Thou Fount of all love.
Then will their home bloom in Edenic beauty,
Showered with blessings that come from above.

Precious Lord Jesus, in hallowed communion
With these, Thy wedded believer, abide.
Bid them rejoice in the heavenly union
Joining Thee ever to Zion, Thy bride.

Blest Holy Spirit, O grant them Thy favor,
Hallow their bonds through Thy heaven-born Word.
Keep Thou them loyal to Jesus, their Saviour;
Faith, love, and concord Thy Truth can afford.

O Triune God, bless their gladness, their sorrow,
Help them to bear every burden to come,
Till dawns the morn of that bright fadeless morrow,
Till, saved by grace, they reach heaven, their home.

The Church of God

Translated from G. Meissner's German version,
"Zion's Burg ist meine Freude."

Zion's Fortress is my Treasure,
Glorious City of my God!
Here my soul finds endless pleasure,
Pastures green adorn its sod.
When I view its splendor bright,
And behold God's power and might,
My heart thrills with pure elation
At the wonders of salvation.

Sweetest praises to Thee bringing,
Zion lauds Thee, O Most High!
Teaching, hearing, praying, singing
Thy blest precincts sanctify.
To and from Thy House I go;
If such joy I here may know,
With what bliss shall I adore Thee
When in Heav'n I stand before Thee?

Church Dedication

Translated from A. Knapp's German version,
"Gott Vater aller Dinge grund."

Thou whom as Lord of all we own,
Withint these hallowed courts make know
Thy Father name immortal.
How blest and holy is this place,
Our hearts Thy Holy Word embrace;
Thy House is Heaven's portal!
Dwell thus with us,
Pardon sinners,
Make us winners
Of salvation,
Ever Thine in consecration.

Thou Lord of glory, Son of God,
This house of prayer is Thine abode,
O may it bring Thee pleasure!
Thy living Word shall here resound,
And blessings manifold abound,
Peace, joy in endless measure.
Oneness, cleanness
Grant us ever,
Gracious Saviour,

Do Thou bless us,
Let not pain and fear distress us.

O Holy Spirit, precious Light,
Reveal Thy glorious visage bright,
Illume us with its splendor;
Descend on us in fire divine,
That we on earth as lights may shine,
And faithful service render.
Hear us! Cheer us!
Guide our teachers;
Lead our preachers,
Gracious Spirit,
Till Christ's Kingdom we inherit.

O Triune God, we sing Thy praise!
Here young and old their hymns shall raise
To glorify and bless Thee.
We thank Thee for this gift divine,
To Thee we dedicate this shrine;
Hearts, hands, and tongues confess thee.
May we sing Thee
Songs victorious,
Anthems glorious,
While we wander
Till we reach Thy temple yonder.

Church Dedication

O Triune God, before Thee
We bow in humble, fervent prayer,
Our hearts and tongues adore Thee
Within this hallowed temple, where
Thy sacred presence dwelleth.
To laud Thy boundless love
Our praise-filled anthem swelleth
Unto Thy throne above.
Accept in dedication
This house of prayer, we plead;
Unto our supplication,
Dear Father, give Thou heed.

Blest Son of God, our Saviour,

Who art the Head and Corner stone,
Thy Zion's help forever,
Whose love hath found Thy Church in one,
O condescend to enter
These hallowed courts today!
Our hopes in Thee we center,
Abide with us, we pray!
Thou Lord of our salvation,
In Thee we rest secure;
Thou art our rock Foundation,
Immovable and sure.

Thy Shepherd love hath sought us,
And brought us unto Thy dear fold.
Thy precious blood hath bought us,
And paid the ransom price untold.
On Cal;vry's mountain dying,
Our pardon Thou hast won.
In faith on Thee relying,
Thou ris'n, ascended Son,
We journey on to heaven,
Clad in Thy righteousness;
Saved, reconciled, forgiven,
Thy glorious name we bless.

To Thee, O Holy Spirit,
Our fervent prayers ascend to-day.
Through Jesus' blood-bought merit
Guide us upon our pilgrim way.
Grant us the consolation
Of Word and Sacrament;
In love-born consecration
May all our life be spent
O sanctify us wholly,
Thou precious heav'nly Dove!
Set our affection solely
Upon the things above.

O Lord of Hosts Immortal,
Thou mighty, omnipresent God,
We open wide the portal,
Come, make this house Thy blest abode!
Our hearts would be Thy altar,

Erect therein Thy shrine;
Forbid that we should falter
To give Thee what is Thine.
Till with the saints in glory
The triumph song we raise,
Our anthems shall adore Thee
And flood Thy courts with praise.

Installation Hymn

Almighty God, eternal Father,
Thou ever-present, gracious God,
In this Thy house of prayer we gather
To worship Thee, to hear Thy Word.
As Thou hast promised, be Thou near us,
For Jesus' sake, we pray Thee, hear us.
Let Thy blest Spirit witness bear
Unto our hearts that Thou dost hearken.
O suffer not faith's lamp to darken!
Abba, dear Father, hear our prayer!

O grant unto our congregation
A loyal shepherd, dearest Lord!
Bless Thou, we pray, His ministration
Of Thy pure Sacraments and Word.
With heav'nly manna do Thou feed us,
In Scripture's verdant pastures lead us.
Lord of the Church, forsake us not!
Guard us from unbelief's disasters;
Give strength unto Thy faithful pastors
To preach the truth, by Jesus taught.

O keep in Thy divine protection
The ministry, ordained by thee.
Guard Thy pure doctrine from infection,
Stem worldly wisdom's tyranny.
O grant us grace Thy Truth to cherish,
Let reason's vain conceptions perish,
Hold Thou us captive in Thy Word,
Preserve, we pray, that priceless treasure!
Thy power divine, in boundless measure
The strength to battle can afford.

Protect Thy Church! Protect her altars!
Sustain her pastors by Thy might.
Our feeble faith so often falters,
O spread the tidings of salvation
O'er all the earth, till ev'ry nation
Hails Christ, Thy Son, its Lord and King.
Awaken those who idly slumber;
Send toilers in abundant number,
And let Thy vineyard fruitage bring.

Bless Thou, we pray, Thy faithful preachers!
Thy Holy Spirit be their Guide,
And grant them strength, as loyal teachers,
To glory in the Crucified!
O keep them true in all oppression,
And steadfast in Thy Word's confession.
May they not heed the world's complaints.
Illumine their path, Thou Light supernal!
Preserve, O Thou divine Eternal,
The faith delivered to the saints!

The Lord's Day
Translated from Kaspar Neumann's German version,
"Grosser Gott von alten Zeiten."

God of ages everlasting,
Thy Hand rules the world so wide,
Of Thy love I'm ever tasting,
Thou since youth hast been my Guide.
As this Lord's Day morning breaks,
My heart to devotion wakes.

How I love these hours so holy,
Feast Day of my risen Lord!
He gives comfort to the lowly,
Sweetest rest He doth afford,
His blest Spirit leads the way
Unto life, and realms of day.

Not the ease that idlers treasure,
Not the hollow pride of dress
Can afford Thee joy and pleasure,
All this wanes to nothingness!

Lord, I bring myself alone;
Only take me as Thine own.

O be praised for this glad morning,
That bestoweth boundless good.
Hallowed thoughts, my mind adorning,
Soar on wings of prayer to God,
And my heart delights to sing
Songs that o'er the clouds shall ring.
What is nobler than to serve Thee?
What is sweeter than Thy Word?
Like the bees, let nothing swerve me
To obtain the honey, Lord!
Blest are they who day and night
Strive for Heav'n in pure delight.

Speak Thy Amen, God our Father,
For Thy very own are we!
To adore Thy name we gather
To exalt Thy majesty.
Let our anthems worship Thee
Till in heav'n Thy face we see.

Brotherhood Song

Thou gracious Father dear,
As we are gathered here
In rev'rent mood,
Our grateful hearts confess
Thy love and tenderness.
We pray Thee, do Thou bless
Our Brotherhood.

Blest Son of God divine,
Lord Jesus, we are Thine,
Bought with Thy blood.
True zeal on us bestow,
To serve Thy Church below.
Thy grace shall bless, we know,
Our Brotherhood.

Blest Spirit, we implore
Lead Thou us evermore

While where we plod.
Sustain us through the Word
In Christian love's accord;
Thy fellowship afford
Our Brotherhood.

Thou Triune God above,
The promise of Thy love
Has firmly stood.
Thy glorious name we praise,
Each heart Thee homage pays,
Direct in wisdom's ways
Our Brotherhood.

Our Orphans

Lord Jesus Christ, the Children's Friend,
To Thee the orphans we commend;
Do thou their every need supply
Until they reach their home on high.

Thou pleadest still so tenderly,
"Let little ones come unto Me."
O grant us grace to do Thy will,
Our hearts with love and mercy fill.

Bless Thou the fatherless, we pray;
Abide with them from day to day.
Feed Thou Thy lambs, O dearest Lord,
In verdant pastures of Thy Word.

Grants that we heed Thy Word's commands,
And give us willing hearts and hands;
Let us our gifts of love bestow
That they Thy boundless love may know.

Bless all who in the parents' stead
Provide these little ones with bread;
Bless all who shield with loving arms
These helpless ones from all alarms.

O precious Saviour, hear our prayers,
Protect Thy lambs from earthly snares!

Be Thou their Guide, O heav'nly Friend,
Until they reach their journey's end.

There Was No Room for Them in the Inn
Luke 2:7.

O ye who have knelt at the Bethlehem manger
To worship the Christ Child reposing within;
O ye who have opened your hearts to the Stranger,
When there was no shelter for Him in the inn;
Will ye not declare Him your Saviour and Lord?
Ye bear His dear Name, - is it not your endeavor
To love and to cherish His excellent Word?

How great was His love when from heav'n He descended!
The heavenly Shepherd so loved His lost sheep,
That even to Calv'ry His pathway He wended
To die, that His flock He forever might keep,
I will ye not bring Him your heart's adoration,
Proclaim Him your God, and your One and your All?
O will ye not hasten, in joyous elation
To gather His lambs with the sheep in His stall?

Blest, blest are indeed the dear lambs He doth gather
Close, close to His bosom in baptismal grace!
Blest, blest are the homes where the heavenly Father
Is lauded by children in carols of praise!
How Jesus, the Shepherd, so fondly caressed them,
Entreating: "Let little ones come unto Me!"
How lovingly, tenderly, kindly He blessed them!
Indeed a true Friend of the children is He!

O ye who have heard the dear Lord's admonition:
"Who receives one such child, receives even Me,"
Will ye not conceive it your holiest mission
To show to the helpless His love pure and free?
O can ye withhold the great mercy ye tasted
From poor, homeless waifs who in Christ are your kin?
O dare ye, as stewards, let talents be wasted,
And answer Him: "There is no room in the inn?"

O shelter these little ones, clothe them, and feed them.
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," ye know.

In evergreen pastures of Bible truth lead them,
Thus praising your Savioiur, who loves children so!
What joy, when ye reach heaven's beautiful mansion,
A life everlasting and full to begin,
To view is sweet rapture the endless expansions,
And know there is room in the Paradise inn!

Blest Friend of the children, Redeemer, and Saviour,
Grant Thou us, we pray, loving hearts, willing hands,
That we bestow kindness, and mercy, and favor
To these helpless lambs, as Thy Gospel commands.
Grant us, through Thy Spirit, the earnest endeavor
Home comforts for shelterless children to win.
And heeding Thy Word, let us answer Thee ever:
"Dear Lord, there is room for them all in the inn."

Homeland Longing
Translated from "Nach der Heimath suesser Stille."

For the homeland peace and stillness
Longings fill my wewary heart.
Joy awaists me there; all illness,
Pain, and tears fore'er depart.

In the homeland yonder dwelleth
Peace the world cannot bestow;
There the Seraph's anthem telleth
Of the bliss the angels know.

In the homeland joy aboundeth
That no mortal heart hath known;
There no sigh of sadness soundeth,
Endless glory crowns God's own.

To the homeland, blest, immortal,
From the earth I long to go.
O'er that fair, celestial portal
Stars of gold forever glow.

To the homeland, to my Saviour,
I shall come redeemed by grace,
And with blood-bought throngs forever
See the radiance of His face.

I Must Be About My Father's Business

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Luke 2:49. (King James Version).

I must be about my Father's business,
Filial duty calls to faithful toil.
Well He merits all my heart's devotion,
Should proud self-will cause me to recoil?
Nevermore! In childlike, true obedience
Willing hands I place upon the plow;
His paternal love shall e'er constrain me
To His sovereign, holy will to bow.

I must be about my Father's business,
He has made me in His image blest,
And He sent His holy Son from Heaven
To obtain for me eternal rest.
My Redeemer died on Calv'ry's mountain
To secure salvation full and free.
O how blest to know my sins forgiven,
And to know His Spirit dwells in me!

I must be about my Father's business,
Of His grace my willing tongue must tell;
And my feet must go to bring the straying
Back to Him who loves His flock so well.
I must give the Living Bread from heaven
To the hungry hearts who pine below;
I must lead the thirsty to the Fountain
Where the streams of Living Waters flow.

I must be about my Father's business,
Harvest fields are white and toilers few!
Soon the shades of eventide will gather,
What His Word commands me I must do.
Not until His wheat is in the garner
Will the earth-embracing task be done;
Not until He calls me home to glory
Will the crown He promised me be won.

I must be about my Father's business!
Earthly pleasures, power, and wealth, and pride

Are not mine to strive for, or to covet,
Since for me my Saviour bled and died.
O, I'll be about my Father's business
Till this mortal clay lies cold in death!
Sweet will be my rest in mansions yonder
With the risen Christ of Nazareth!

The Harvest Call

Lift up your eyes, the fields behold
Unto the harvest white!
The full-blown, ripened sheaves unfold
As dawns the morning light.
In Jesus' name your task begin;
O haste to thrust the sickle in,
And gather His grain in the garner!

In holy expectation sown,
God's seed to life has sprung.
His raindrops fell, His sunbeams shone
On fruitful lands, far-flung.
Ye faithful saints, who love His Word,
Extol the kindness of your Lord,
And gather His grain in the garner!

Toil on, with love-filled zeal aglow,
Obey your Lord's behest.
A rich reward will He bestow
When comes the eve of rest.
Toil on, while beams the Gospel light,
Ere sunlit day gives way to night,
And gather His grain in the garner!

Toil in the homeland, toil abroad
For Christ, the Crucified,
And own Him Lord and King and God
Who on Mount Calv'ry died.
Redemption's price His blood has paid;
The fruits are His! Toil undismayed,
And gather His grain in the garner!

In prayer beseech the harvest Lord
To bless His gleaners true.

His Spirit's power He will afford,
And grant your courage new.
Toil on, until the Lord shall come,
Till safe within His harvest home
He finds all His grain in the garner!

Here Am I, Lord, Send Me

Here am I; Lord, send me wherever Thou wilt.
Speak, master, Thy servant Thee heareth.
Thy blood for all mankind on Cal'vry was spilt;
The dawn of the Judgment day neareth,
But lost thousands perish without Thee.

Thou Lord of the harvest, Thy field is so white,
The shaves for the reapers are waiting.
O send out Thy toilers while yet it is light
To serve Thee with zeal unabating,
And gather the wheat in Thy storehouse.

I pray, touch my lips and consume all the dross,
The gold in Thy furnace refining.
In faith let me kneel at the foot of Thy cross,
My all in surrender resigning,
And fill me with ardor to serve Thee.

O'er mountain, and valley, and plain I will go,
And cross the expanse of the ocean,
To reap in the field of Thy harvest below,
To serve Thee in fervent devotion.
Here am I! Lord, send me; Lord, send me!

Fill Thou me with zeal that I mind not the cost,
And let me not fail Thee nor falter.
In spirit I hear the loud wail of the lost;
O place Thou my all on the altar,
And lead me, my precious Lord, lead me!

Blest Lamb, Thou wilt taste of Thy travail of soul,
And Thou wilt be satisfied, knowing
That throngs whom the power of Thy blood hath made whole
Shall praise Thee, their hearts overflowing
With love and thanksgiving, in glory.

O let me proclaim Thy Evangel of love,
And tell of Thy blood-bought salvation,
Till, saved my Thy grace, I reach Heaven above
To praise Thee in holy elation
With Thy ransomed myriads forever!

Remember Them That Are in Bonds

O precious Saviour, heal and bless
The sufferers in affliction.
Thou knowest, Lord, their helplessness;
Look down in benediction
Upon the sick who seek Thine aid,
Let them in faith, all unafraid,
Rest in Thy tender mercy.

“Remember them that are in bonds,”
Thy Word so gently pleadeth.
Thy mercy to our prayers responds,
Thy kindness intercedeth.
Fill us with love, O Love Divine!
Toward all who in affliction pine
May we reflect Thy patience.

O dearest Lord, remember those
In bonds of dread diseases.
Incarnate God, Thy wisdom knows
The balsam that releases.
Thou bleeding Lamb of Calvary,
Let the afflicted hide in Thee,
And in Thy wounds find healing.

Fill Thou their souls with Thine own peace,
The boon of sins forgiven.
Give them, when earthly pain shall cease,
The heritage of heaven.
O grant them, till their course is run,
The grace to say, “Thy will be done,”
In faith-filled, meek surrender.

Abide with us; console us still,
O Thou divine Physician;

Fill us with joy to do Thy will,
Grant us a meek submission.
"Remember them that are in bonds,"
Thy Word entreats. Each heart responds:
"Amen, dear Saviour, Amen!"

Jesus Our Physician

O Thou who once in Galilee
Didst bid the deaf to hear,
The mute to speak, the blind to see,
Blest Son of God, be near.

And hark unto the faith-born prayer
Of Thy afflicted own;
Bid them on Thee to cast their care,
Thy grace to them make known.

The speechless tongue, the lifeless ear
Will vibrate at Thy Word.
Thy "Ephphatha," O Saviour dear,
Can still new life afford.

But if it be the Father's will,
May they endure the cross;
Grant them Thy grace, with patience still
To suffer earthly loss.

Far darker than the sightless eye
Is sin's abysmal gloom;
More real the soul's infirmity,
Than senses lost illumine.

Unto the deaf the list'ning ear
Of Heav'n-born faith impart;
Though sealed the lips, Thy love can hear
The praises of the heart.

Unto the blind the inward light
Of Thy blest Word bestow,
The lamp that shines away the night
With beams of heav'nly glow.

Redeemed with Thy most precious blood,
Saved, pardoned, justified,
Until they reach Thy blest abode
May they in Thee confide.

Grant them to hear Thy Shepherd voice,
With ears of faith, dear Lord,
Then they shall know Thee, and rejoice
In Thy eternal Word.

Some day, when in the Glory land
A fadeless crown they gain,
Earth's passing loss they'll understand,
For Thou wilt make it plain!

A Prayer for Israel

Before Thy throne, O gracious God, we kneel;
Dear Father, hearken Thou to our appeal!
Thy Spirit in Thy Word the witness bears
That Thou in Christ wilt hear Thy children's prayers.

We pray Thee, let Thy Gospel's glorious light
Dispel the gloom in Israel's dark night.
Bless Thou the preaching of Thy holy Word;
Unto Thy servants strength divine afford.

With burdened hearts we plead for Israel;
O grant us grace to Jews Thy truth to tell!
Remove their blindness; Father, let them see
Christ, their Messiah, slain on Calvary!

Thy Gospel calls so sweetly, "Jesus saves";
Still countless thousands sink in Christless graves!
O fill our hearts with holy zeal, we pray,
And let us show the lost salvation's way.

As Thou didst lead Thine Israel of old,
O lead them now! Let them in faith behold
Thy boundless mercy, loving, tender, mild;
Through Jesus' blood may they be reconciled.

Thy grace has saved us, pardoned all our sin,

Through faith in Christ eternal life we win.
Thy love will hear, when our desires we tell;
Save Israel, we plead, save Israel!

We praise Thee for the grace that bids us meet
To place our burdens, Father, at Thy feet,
And knowing that Thou doest all things well,
We trust in Thee to save lost Israel.

Jewish Missions

We come in fervent prayer, O gracious Father,
To plead with Thee in Jesus' precious name,
Thy lost and straying Israel to gather,
That to the world Thy Truth they might proclaim.

Lift Thou the veil that blinds them, we beseech Thee,
As of Messiah's love Thy servants tell;
For His dear sake, let our petition reach Thee
Dispel the gloom enshrouding Israel.

Wild branches we, yet by Thy mercy grafted
Into Thine Israel's true olive tree;
O may Thy Spirit's breath o'er them be wafted,
And graft them in again to bloom for Thee!

Break Thou their hardened heart, and melt their coldness;
Grant them Thy Spirit's unction from on high,
That, born again, with fervent, holy boldness
Of Christ, their Shiloh, they may testify.

Restore them to Thy love, Thy grace, Thy favor,
Let them find cleansing in the Calv'ry flood,
That they with us might glorify the Saviour
Who has redeemed them with His precious blood.

What will their fullness be, when through their falling
Salvation's gift unto the Gentiles came?
O grant them grace to heed Thy Gospel's calling,
That they again may magnify Thy name!

And when again in Palestine they gather,
May they sing praise to Christ's redeeming love!

Lead them with us, for Jesus' sake, dear Father,
To the Jerusalem that is above!

God Is Able to Graft Them in Again
Romans 11:23.

We come, gracious heavenly Father, to Thee,
To plead for Thy people, Thy true olive tree.
Deliver the branches, now trodden by men;
O graft them in again!

Long has Thy loved Israel wandered in night,
Remove Thou their blindness, and grant them Thy light.
Unbind them from unbelief's merciless chain;
O graft them in again!

Through them we received all Thy oracles true!
The Bible we have is a gift from the Jew.
Thy Spirit assures us we plead not in vain;
O graft them in again!

Fulfillment has come: all their types now have ceased;
They have no oblation, no altar, no Priest;
They know not that Christ rent the curtain in twain.
O graft them in again!

They seek in their blindness to walk, gracious God,
Where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob have trod.
Lead them to the Lamb who for sinner was slain.
O graft them in again!

Christ Jesus, Thy Son, full atonement has made,
The price of redemption Messiah has paid.
Believing in Him, may they pardon obtain.
O graft them in again!

The blood of the Saviour on Calvary spilt
Can cleanse them from sin, and can purge all their guilt,
Can free them from death and from hell's dark domain.
O graft them in again!

O Israel, still thy God's promises stand,
Engrave thou art in the palm of His hand!

Thy exile shall end in a jubilee when
He grafts Thee in again!

For Israel's Salvation

Jesus, blest Immanuel,
Save Thy people Israel!
Long has been their dismal night,
Bid them see Thy Gospel light
Let Thy blood, for sinner spilt,
Purge away their crimson guilt.

Though they oft have brought Thee grief
By their sin and unbelief,
Though they nailed Thee to the tree,
On the heights of Calvary,
Still Thy dying power doth tell
Thy great love for Israel.

Thou their true Messiah art;
Faith and love to them impart.
Through Thy Spirit born anew,
May they Thy salvation view.
O remove the veil that blinds,
And illumine their darkened minds!

Intercede for them, we pray,
That with contrite hearts they may
Come to Thee, O Lamb once slain,
Pardon, grace, and peace to gain.
Graft the branches in again,
That are trodden down by men.

Thou dost promise in Thy Word,
Thou wilt gather them, dear Lord,
Haste, we pray, the glorious day,
When Thy Gospel they obey!
Justified through faith in Thee,
May they praise the Trinity.

May Thy robe of righteousness
Be their spotless, glorious dress,
And with all Thy blood-bought throng

May they sing redemption's song.
Jesus, blest Immanuel,
Save Thy people Israel!

Thanksgiving

For all the wonders of Thy fair creation,
For all the glory in the skies above.
For Thy paternal care and preservation,
For all the tokens of Thy tender love,
For food and raiment, health, and home, and friends,
For all the aid Thy mighty arm extends,
For peace and freedom in this blessed land,
For all the bounties of Thy gracious hand,
I thank Thee, my Creator.

For all the love that wrought Thy incarnation,
For Thy laborious sojourn here below,
For all Thy pain to win my soul's salvation,
For all Thy sorrow, agony, and woe,
For martyr death, and triumph o'er the grave,
For all Thy toil a dying world to save,
For intercession at Thy Father's throne,
For all that made me Thine, and Thine alone,
I thank Thee, my Redeemer.

For all Thy guidance and Thy consolation,
For all the faith Thy toil in me hath wrought,
For all my carnal mind's illumination,
For all the understanding Thou hast brought,
For all the joy God's holy Word imparts,
For all the peace it brings believing hearts,
For strength to bear the burden of the strife,
For that most precious hope, eternal life,
I thank Thee, Holy Spirit.

O Glorify and Praise the Lord
Translated from C. Guenther's "Bring her dem Herren Lob und Her."

O glorify and praise the Lord
In holy jubilation,
To our majestic God afford
Thanksgiving, adoration.

O laud His grace, His goodness bless,
And praise His Name forever.

Praise God. With holy awe behold
The wonders of Creation;
His wisdom and His power unfold
In nature's revelation.
The world is governed by His might,
Preserved by Him who dwells in light;
Praise to His Name forever.

Praise God, who has created us,
Soul, body, life, and spirit,
Whose Father love elated us
With gifts of priceless merit.
His angels guard us on our way,
His grace supplies our wants each day.
Praise to His Name forever.

Praise God, who gave His only Son
To die for our salvation;
Eternal life for us He won
By virtue of His passion,
He conquered hell, removed sin's load,
And reconciled us unto God.
Praise to His Name forever.

Praise God, whose Spirit through the Word
Created faith within us;
Who untold blessings doth afford
For Christ to woo and win us;
Who guides, enlightens, sanctifies,
And day by day new strength supplies.
Praise to His Name forever.

Praise God, who shall complete at length
The work of His good pleasure.
He who gave faith will give us strength
To gain the heav'nly treasure
Prepared for His believers all
In Salem's glorious banquet hall
Praise to His Name forever.

Praise God, ye mighty Seraphim,
In song His glory telling!
Praise Him in anthem, psalm, and hymn,
Ye who on earth are dwelling.
All that has breath His mercy laud;
Adore and glorify your God,
And praise His Name forever.

Ebenezer

“Hitherto hath Jehovah helped us.” 1 Samuel 7:12.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us
Brethren, let us praise His name,
And in songs of holy gladness
His most glorious grace proclaim!
Hitherto His hand hath led us
Where the living waters flow.
He with bread of life hath fed us
In this wilderness below.

Thanks to Thee, O gracious Father,
For Thy faithful, tender care.
In the precious name of Jesus
Thou hast heard Thy children’s prayer.
In an overflowing measure
All our needs Thou hast supplied,
Thy blest Word, that heav’nly treasure
Still remains our staff and guide.

Thanks to Thee, divine Redeemer,
For Thy holy, precious blood.
Through the power of Thy passion
We are reconciled to God.
O preserve, Thou gracious Saviour,
Thy pure Sacraments and Word.
Grant us still Thy glorious favor,
Pardon, grace, and peace afford.

Thanks to Thee, Thou precious Spirit,
For Thy fellowship divine!
O sustain us in pure doctrine,
Strength omnipotent is Thine!
In the bonds of peace unite us

Through the Word, inspired by Thee.
With Thy Presence still delight us,
Till our heav'nly home we see.

Help us still, Thou God of Zion,
In all ills Thy Church defend.
Thou in love didst lead our father,
O be with us to the end.
Worship, honor, power, blessing
To Thy name forevermore!
Thy unbounded grace confessing,
At Thy altars we adore.

Keep us in the Spirit's union,
Keep us in the bond of peace,
Till we join the Church Triumphant,
Till all earthly strife shall cease.
Then with all the saints victorious
We shall praise and worship Thee,
And observe a blissful, glorious,
Everlasting Jubilee!

In Times of War
Translated from Paul Gerhardt's German version.

Thy grace looked down in ages past
Upon a captive nation,
And Thou didst send release at last
In mercy and compassion.
O God, Thy boundless Father love
The guilt of sinner could remove,
And grant them free forgiveness.

Oft we perceived Thy zealous wrath
Pass on, that well might rend us,
And in the calm, sweet aftermath
Thy kindness would befriend us,
O Heart of Love, our Help art Thou,
Haste to remove the burden now
That grieves us, and oppresses.

Into the fountain of Thy grace
Let fall Thy indignation.

Restore our joy, our guilt erase,
Grant us Thy consolation.
Wilt Thou be wrathful evermore,
And shall Thy floods of anger pour
Upon us without ceasing?

O that we could but hear again
Thy Word of comfort swelling,
That peace o'er all the earth should reign
Where Christians make their dwelling!
Remove, we pray, the scourge of war,
Let cruel weapons slay no more,
And end our tribulation.

The love and faithfulness shall meet,
Saluting one another,
And righteousness and peace shall greet
And fondly kiss each other.
True loyalty shall bloom with joy,
And holiness without alloy
Shall shed its beams from heaven.

With pious hearts we plead release,
We know that Thou wilt hear us.
Thou canst bid war and tumult cease.
If Thou abidest near us,
Our land Thine honor shall declare,
Make know Thy glory everywhere,
And evermore adore Thee.

Abundant riches Thou wilt give;
The land its fruits shall render,
And they who of its bounty live
Shall praise Thee, gracious Sender.
Thy righteousness shall stand secure,
In fullness function and endure
To praise Thy name immortal.

America, My Own
Translated from J. W. Theiss' German hymn, "Mein Land America."

Thou blest among the nations,
Thy fathers' God adore!

Let joyous jublations
Ring out from shore to shore!
O sing, with harp and psalter
The wonders He hath done,
Nor let Thy praises falter,
America, my own!

Oft in the heat of battle
Thy sons, who loved thee, bled.
Mid cannon's roar and rattle,
Thy daughters'tears were shed,
Till o'er all foes victorious,
Thy starry banner shone
With freedom's luster glorious,
America, my own!

Thy blood was freely given
For liberty and right;
It cried aloud to Heaven
In civil strife's dark night.
But unity's sweet flower
Sprung where that blood was sown,
And bloom in freedom's bower,
America, my own!

O'er hills and dales and waters
Throughout thy vast domain,
Thy loyal sons and daughters
Now raise the joyous strain,
Their fervent troth confessing,
Dear land, to thee alone;
God grant thee every blessing,
America, my own!

Hark! Through thy vast expansions
The choral song doth pour,
From palaces and mansions,
From humble cottage door.
O land, beloved in story,
God's grace hath o'er thee shone,
To Him be all the glory,
America, my own!

Morning and Evening, Miscellaneous

Morning Prayer

My God, I praise Thee for Thy gracious care
Vouchsafed to me throughout the darksome night,
Thy hand has guarded me from every snare;
Again Thou bidst me see the morning light.

For calm repose, for health, for strength regained,
I thank Thee, Father, with a grateful heart.
From Thee alone each blessing is obtained;
Thy love paternal doth each boon impart.

As I commence the duties of the day,
I pray Thee, bless each task I strive to do.
Remain my Help, my sure Defense, my Stay;
Each cherished plan Thy grace can carry through.

Forgive my every sin for Jesus' sake,
And cleanse me in the fountain of His blood;
Complete control may Thy blest Spirit take,
That thought, and words, and deeds Thy love may laud.

Protect from harm Thy frail and helpless child,
In Jesus' Name, Thy guidance I implore.
Reveal to me Thy love's compassion mild,
And grant me grace to love Thee more and more.

Should this new day, dear Father, be my last,
With joy may I the pilgrim staff lay down,
In Salem's harbor safely anchor cast,
And, saved by grace, receive the promised crown.

I praise and bless Thee, Holy Trinity.
O'er all my being may Thy Word hold sway,
Till life shall cease, till faith's clear eye can see
The dawning light of everlasting day.

Supplication

Father, hear our supplication
As in fervent prayer we kneel.
Resting in Thy Word's assurance,
To Thy mercy we appeal.

Thou hast promised e'er to hear us
When in Jesus' name we pray,
Let us, through Thy Holy Spirit,
Say what Thou wouldst have us say.

Thou hast sheltered, clothed, and fed us,
And Thy boundless Father love
Daily guide us, and protects us.
From Thy throne in Heav'n above
Thou dost shower us with blessings;
Thy blest Word, eternal God,
Sheds its light upon our pathway
While as pilgrims here we plod.

Thou hast sent Thy Son from heaven,
Christ, the Saviour crucified.
Through His all-sufficient merit
We are ransomed, justified.
Thou hast cleansed us from transgression
In the blest Redeemer's blood.
Saved by grace, through faith in Jesus
We are Thine, O Triune God.

Thou hast brought us out of darkness
Out into Thy glorious light.
Let us bring Thy saving Gospel
Unto those who dwell in night.
Make us shining lights, dear Father,
That the godless world may see
The blest path of Thy salvation
Leading unto heav'n and Thee.

For the sick, the sad, the weary,
For the straying. Lord, we pray,
For the lost in heathen darkness
Who know not salvation's way.
Bless the message of redemption
In this world of sin and strife,
O reveal to every nation
Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life!

And we plead, O blest Jehovah,
For Thy wand'ring Israel!

Thou canst lift the veil that blinds them,
Through Thy Word, Immanuel.
May Thy Holy Spirit guide them
To the Cross of Calvary,
That in Christ their blest Messiah,
Their Redeemer they may see.

Pardon Thou our many failures,
Grant us grace to love Thee more,
Thankful hearts that in devotion
Thy eternal name adore.
Let us, while on earth we serve Thee
On Thy Spirit's strength rely,
Till our pilgrimage has ended,
And we reach our home on high.

Evening Prayer

'Tis twilight hour. In crimson western skies
The sinking sun hath bid the day farewell/
Dear Father, let my fervent prayer arise,
My weary heart to Thee its thoughts would tell.
The labors of the busy day have ceased,
Its troublous toils, ad fears, and burdens o'er,
I come, from earthly cares awhile released,
Thy grace and lovingkindness to adore.

I thank Thee for Thy love's paternal care,
And for the grace that kept me free from harm.
Thou hast defended me from Satan's snare,
By Thy almighty, omnipresent arm.
The treasured fellowship of faithful friends,
And well I know Thy angels' wings shall spread
O'er me and mine as even's shade descends.

For Jesus's sake I pray Thee, Father mine,
Blot out my sin, remember not my guilt.
In Him, Thy Father love hath sealed me Thine,
To save my soul His precious Blood was spilt.
And grant me grace through Thy blest Spirit's power
The sinful world and fleshly lusts to flee;
Be Thou my Rock, my Refuge, Fortress, Tower,
When Satan's wicked snares encompass me.

The shadows fall. O precious thought, the day
Has brought me nearer, Father mine, to Thee!
Each passing hour upon my pilgrim way
Doth draw me closer to eternity.
By faith I see the Promised Land afar,
Where dwells the blood-bought throng, forever blest –
That glorious realm, where many mansions are,
Where weary wand'ers find eternal rest.

I pray Thee, as my eyes in slumber close,
Do Thou, dear Lord, Thy healing balm impart
To all the sick, and grant Thy sweet repose
Unto the weary; calm each troubled heart.
Bless Thou the dying with Thy heav'nly peace,
Let mournful hearts Thy consolation know;
Grant sin-bound captives Thy divine release,
For Jesus' sake Thy pard'ning love bestow.

Endow Thy Church with wisdom from on high,
To keep Thy Holy Word and doctrine pure,
And let Thy precious Sacraments supply
The strength divine to faithfully endure,
Until earth's final eventide appears,
When from all cares and strifes forever free,
Thy children leave behind this vale of tears,
And enter Paradise to rest with Thee.

A Hallowed Hour with Jesus

When the toilsome day is ended
With its burdens, trials, cares,
And the softly falling shadows
Summon me to evening prayer,
Like a hallowed benediction
Comes the whisper, gentle, sweet:
"Come apart awhile with Jesus;
Kneel in reverence at His feet!"

O how blest the sweet communion
With my Saviour and my Lord!
Floods of holy peace supernal
O'er my weary heart are poured.

Tenderly He lifts the burdens
That my troubled spirit press.
O, a hallowed hour with Jesus
Overflows with blessedness!

I can tell Him all the sorrow
That cause bitter tears to flow,
And reveal to Him the trials
That perplex and grieve me so.
Well He knows the deep contrition.
The remorse for errors past.
O, a hallowed hour with Jesus
All my fears away can cast!

I can bring to Him the burden
Over loved ones gone astray.
I can plead for erring wand'ers
Who have left the narrow way,
And disclose to Him the anguish
In His faithful Zion's heart.
O, a hallowed hour with Jesus
Sweetest solace can impart!

At the Mercy Seat in glory
For His ransomed own He pleads.
His dear Father grants me pardon
When my High Priest intercedes.
He hath sent His Holy Spirit
To console me through His Word.
O, a hallowed hour with Jesus
Untold riches can afford!

Once He died on Cal'vry's mountain
My poor soul from death to free.
Still to-day the nail-prints witness
Of His tender love for me.
Now through everlasting ages
I am His, and He is mine!
O, a hallowed hour with Jesus
Fills my soul with joy divine!

When in Salem's mansions yonder
I shall see Him face to face,

And with blood-washed throng forever
Praise Him for His glorious grace,
Then the songs of saints perfected
With the angels' strain shall blend,
And my hallowed hours with Jesus
Never, nevermore shall end!

Vespers

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Jehovah of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of Jehovah; my heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God. Psalm 84:1-2.

O precious privilege, to come again
Into Thy holy courts, O Triune God;
To raise with kindred souls the choral strain
Where Thou dost love to make Thy blest abode!
The vesper bells peal forth invitingly,
To bid Thy children at the close of day,
Again to come, to be refreshed by Thee,
And gain supplies of manna for the way.

How blest the solemn hush of fervent prayer
Ascending to Thy throne in sweet accord!
Like incense wafted on the balmy air
The anthems rise that laud Thy name, dear Lord.
And from Thy servant's lips the precepts fall
That grace Thy Holy Word's inspired page.
O hallowed place, where sounds Thy Gospel call;
My soul's deep yearnings Thou canst well assuage.

Whenever by Thy Holy Spirit led,
I enter this, Thy lovely dwelling-place,
My famished soul by Thee, my God, is fed,
To Thy dear Hand my every boon I trace.
Thy springs of living water quench my thirst,
I feast upon Thy heav'nly bread of life.
Thy power divine the bonds of sin can burst,
And grant me strength victorious for the strife.

The precious hour of Sabbath eventide
Within Thy house, a holy calm imparts,
A rest divine, a peace that doth abide
When paths of duty lead through busy marts.
I know that Thou my daily toil wilt bless,

That Thou my earthly needs wilt well supply;
I know Thy love's paternal tenderness
Will guard my walk with ever-watchful eye.

For Jesus' sake, whose blood for me was spilt,
Thy justice, O my God, can cancel sin!
Thy holy righteousness can pardon guilt,
Since Thy dear Son hath died, my soul to win.
In Him, my Saviour, Mediator, Priest,
My prayers find favor at the Mercy Seat,
And from the penalty of sin released,
I bow adoringly at Thy blest feet.

O let me in these sacred courts find rest,
Where Thy pure Word brings comfort to my soul,
Till in celestial mansion of the blest
With heav'nly choirs Thy name I shall extol!
And may I at Thy Sacramental Feast
Find strengthening in faith, and growth in grace,
Until for me life's fleeting breath hath ceased,
And I behold the glory of Thy face!

A Song of Trust

God lives. Why should I troubled me
As though unknown His dwelling?
He knows the sorrow pressing me,
The grief within me selling.
He knows the pain my heart doth strain,
And He all things can alter,
Why should my courage falter?

God hears, when no one else will hear.
Why should the foe distress me,
As though my cries reached not His ear,
As though He would not bless me?
Whene'er I cry He hears my sigh;
His help divine descendeth
And sorrow's clouds it rendeth.

God sees. Why should my heart complain
In bitter lamentation?
To Him my deepest hidden pain

Is open revelation.
Why should I fear? No single tear
Escapes His registration.
He calms my lamentation.

God leads. I trust His faithful care,
And go my way undaunted,
Although the world its treacherous snare
Across my path has flaunted.
He pilots me so wondrously
That ill might no befall me,
Nor terror's night appall me.

God gives. Whate'er my needs may be,
He can supply my ration.
Of what avail is grief to me,
Why should I fear starvation?
He still has bread, and I'll be fed;
Although through deserts cheerless
He heads me, I'll be fearless.

God loves, although I fail to see
His love while He is chiding.
He proved His love on Calvary
With His dear Son abiding.
I am His child. My Father mild
Shall never cease to love me,
Although the cross doth prove me.

God loves. Henceforth this truth I'll note.
God hears. He still is reigning.
God sees my tears, although remote;
God leads. I'll cease complaining.
God ever lives, God ever gives.
His Father love supernal
Shall grant me life eternal.

Translated from "Gott lebt, wie kann ich traurig sein." - B. Schmolck.

God Liveth Still

God liveth still!
Poor heart, do not despond,

Though veiled from earthly view
In radiant light His glory shines beyond.
His tender love so true
With His dear children still abideth;
Though oft His smiling face He hideth;
God liveth still!

God liveth still!
Let earth in ruins fall,
By war and tumult rent.
He yet remains the mighty Lord of all;
His power shall not be spent.
Let wicked men their phantoms follow,
Pursuing pleasures vain and hollow.
God liveth still!

God liveth still!
Though Zion often weeps
In sadness here below.
O'er His belov'd a tender watch He keeps
That she no harm may know;
His holy Word her guide remaineth.
His Spirit's power her faith sustaineth.
God liveth still!

God liveth still!
Take courage, then, poor heart,
In hope and patience wait.
For He hath balm to heal the painful smart
And bids Thy grief abate.
Redeemed by grace, thy sins forgiven,
Thou art in Christ an heir of heaven.
God liveth still!

God liveth still!
Then fear not pain or loss,
Though cares and trials press,
But let thy faith mount upward to His cross,
Whose blood and righteousness
Secured for thee a free salvation.
Learn them to say in blest elation:
"God liveth still!"

The Faithfulness of God

God ever true will be;
His heart with love o'erfloweth.
Though oft unto His own
Affliction He bestoweth.
Faith shines more bright and clear
When comes adversity;
Our patience thus He tries.
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
Our heavy cross He beareth;
The burdens He has placed
Upon our hearts He shareth.
Though oft His rod we feel,
Sincere and kind is He.
Our Father loves us still;
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
Our feeble frame He knoweth.
The burden can be borne
That His dear hand bestoweth.
His pleading Israel
From bondage He doth free.
He helps in ev'ry need,
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
Though sad the night of weeping,
His stars of joy shall shine.
The loved ones in His keeping
Shall see the clouds disperse,
The storm of trial flee.
O be of cheer, my soul,
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
No blessing He denieth.
In the refiner's fire
Faith's precious gold He trieth,
Accept from His dear hand

Thy trials willingly,
Await His cup of joy.
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
Soon shall the tempest vanish.
Thy sorrow, cross and pain
Forever He shall banish.
Thy Father has prepared
Eternal bliss for thee.
How boundless is His love!
God ever true will be.

Translated from the German "Gott ist und bleibt getreu."

Perfect Peace

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."
Isaiah 26:3.

O blest security,
My God, to rest
From earth-born burdens free,
Upon Thy breast.
Thou hast created me
That I might joy in Thee,
And dwell eternally
With all the blest.

Christ, Thy Incarnate Son,
Sinless, divine,
Hath my redemption won,
Hath sealed me Thine!
On cross-crowned Calvary
My Saviour died for me;
From sin's dominion free,
Thy peace is mine.

Thy Holy Spirit's power
My faith sustains;
When comes the trial hour
My guide remains
To counsel, strengthen, bless;
In sorrow, in distress,

His comfort's tenderness
Soothes griefs and pains.

Thy Word removes all fear
While here O dwell.
Thy Arm is ever near,
Immanuel!
Let earth be steeped in woe,
And strife abound below,
With Thy redeemed I know
All shall be well.

My heart is stayed on Thee,
Thou Triune God.
In fervent loyalty
While here I plod,
Let me Thy grace confess,
Exalt Thy righteousness,
Thy lovingkindness bless,
Thy mercy laud.

Rest undisturbed I find,
Trusting in Thee;
Untroubled peace of mind
Serenity!
And when my life shall end,
With Thee, my dearest Friend,
In untold bliss I'll spend
Eternity!

His Burden Is Light

A wonderful Master is Jesus, my Lord,
None other with Him can compare!
To serve Him the holiest joy doth afford;
I rest in His love's tender care.

He came down from heaven to save me from death,
From sin, and the clutches of hell.
Of Calvary's mountain He yielded His breath,
In anguish no mortal can tell.

Though hot was the battle, and bitter the strife,

My Captain defeated the foes.
The grave could not hold the Creator of life,
In conquering power He arose!

Sin, Satan, and flesh, and the vile, godless world
Are taskmasters cruel and hard;
But Jesus, my King, hath His banner unfurled,
To serve Him brings richest reward.

His yoke is so easy, His burden so light,
He beareth the heaviest share.
I fear not the shadows of earth's darkest night,
For my belov'd Master is there.

No longer my own, I am His evermore,
Redeemed with the price of His blood.
In love I shall serve Him, His dear name adore,
And hail Him my Lord and my God.

My tongue of His glorious salvation shall tell,
Until His dear face I shall see.
His praise, when in heavenly mansions I dwell,
My song and my story shall be.

Jesus Only

I open wide the portals of my heart,
And bid Thee enter, precious Saviour mine!
O enter in Thy riches to impart,
Blest Son of God, Redeemer, Love divine!

And reign without a rival, dearest Lord!
To have Thee near is joy beyond compare.
I feast upon the honey in Thy Word,
And taste the sweetness of Thy love in prayer.

It fills me with divinest joy to know
Thy boundless grace is greater than my sin.
Thy precious blood can wash me white as snow,
Thy power divine can keep me pure within.

If I have Thee, Lord Jesus, I have all,
In trouble, solace; courage when I fear;

Strength when I faint and pardon when I fall,
Rest when I'm weary, hope when death is near.

Thou art my Sun when clouds encompass me,
My health in sickness and my peace in strife;
In Thee my Fount of wealth and joy I see,
My righteousness, and my eternal life.

Immanuel, within my heart abide
Till I am called to leave this mortal clay;
Then guide me safely over Jordan's tide
Into the Canaan of endless day.

What bliss to see the beauty of Thy face;
The joys of Salem tongue cannot declare.
O let me rest in Thy redeeming grace,
Till, justified by faith, I enter there!

If Thou Art Mine
A Bridal Song of the Church.

If Thou art mine, I do not care, not I,
How worldlings may oppress, or crush me down.
Thy light suffices me to travel by;
Thy smile, Belov'd, is my sufficient crown.

If Thou art mine, I do not covet gold
Save as a gift to lay upon Thy shrine.
Enough for me to own Thy love untold,
If Thou art mine, O Christ, if Thou art mine.

If Thou art mine, I only covet art,
A Spirit-guided pen, wherewith to trace
The thoughts that play on harp strings of my heart,
And hymn the wonders of Thy glorious grace.

Thou Chief among ten thousand! Love divine!
Thou Lily fair! Thou bright and morning Star!
Bought with Thy blood, I am forever Thine,
While here I dwell, and when I cross the bar.

Oft on the wings of faith my spirit soars
To yonder realm beyond the starry sky.

How wonderful are those celestial shores,
How beautiful the mansions tow'ring high!

No night is There! Thou art the Light thereof.
Than sun more bright Thy countenance doth shine!
What ecstasy to bask in bridal love,
And own Thee mine, Belov'd, and own Thee mine!

Some day, with nuptial hopes all realized,
In the eternal June of Glory land,
I'll see unveiled all that I here have prized,
And clasp Thy hand, my King, and clasp Thy hand!

The Redeemer

"All Thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia; out of ivory palaces stringed instruments have made Thee glad." Psalm 45:8.

From palaces of ivory
Into this vale of woe
My Jesus came to ransom me,
Because He loved me so.

He left the realm where streets of gold
Lead to the crystal sea,
Where gates of priceless pearl unfold,
To set earth's captives free.

He shed His holy, precious blood
To pay the ransom price;
He died, and rendered unto God
A perfect sacrifice.

He rose, my blest Immanuel,
In triumph from the grave;
He conquered sin, and death, and hell,
And now He lives to save.

Again upon the streets of gold
His holy feet now tread,
And heaven's hosts my King behold,
The Church's glorious Head.

So beautiful is He, so fair,

My righteous King divine!
The scent of myrrh His garments bear,
In splendor bright they shine.

The fragrance of the aloes' breath
Clings to His royal dress,
For my Belov'd has vanquished death
With all its bitterness.

And sweet perfume of cassia leaves
Wafts from His raiment pure.
Ah, when my wounded spirit grieves,
His healing balm can cure!

In robes of glory He shall come,
My blest, anointed King,
To Salem's fair, celestial home
His ransomed own to bring.

Then shall the Church, His Bride, possess
The Kingdom evermore,
And in the iv'ry palaces
Her heart's Belov'd adore!

Whom Having Not Seen, I Love
1 Peter 1:8.

He came from the realms of endless day,
Christ Jesus, the Son of God.
A world of lost sinners to redeem
He offered His precious blood.
On Calvary's hill He paid the price,
And now in the land above
He ever liveth to intercede,
Whom having not seen, I love.

The tomb could not hold His form divine;
In triumph He left the grave,
Ascending to heav'n from whence He came,
And sinners He now can save.
Wherever my pilgrim path may wind,
Wherever my feet may rove,
I know He will guide me safely home,

Whom having not seen, I love.

His Father in love adopted me
To be His dear child and heir.
My every need His grace supplies;
He promised to answer prayer.
His Spirit sustains me in the faith;
He sent the celestial Dove,
That I might ever abide in Him,
Whom having not seen, I love.

I know that I am saved alone by grace,
Through faith in the Crucified.
I know that I shall have a dwelling place
Where all the redeemed abide.
Arrayed in His robe of righteousness,
I'll dwell in the home above,
And bask in the sunshine of His smile,
Whom having not seen, I love.

He loved me and gave Himself for me;
His love I can ne'er forget.
To Him who thus loved me unto death
I owe my eternal debt.
Forgiven, redeemed, and justified,
His wonderful grace doth move
My heart and tongue to sing His praise,
Whom having not seen, I love.

Rest in Christ

My soul, O Christ, is restless,
Until it rests in Thee!
Tossed by the stormy billows
Of life's tempestuous sea,
I find no sure foundation,
No anchor, no repose,
Until, O Rock of Ages,
Thy bulwarks me enclose.

Earth's vain, deceitful pleasures,
And cunning nets and snares
Like treach'rous shoals surround me,

To trap me unawares.
O Captain of salvation,
Life's feeble vessel guide,
For I am frail and helpless
When winds and waves betide.

I hear the distant rumble
Of thund'rous Sinai.
God's holy law condemns me.
Conceived in sin am I,
And burdened with transgression.
Whate'er of good I've done,
All incomplete, imperfect,
For sin cannot atone!

But O, on Calv'ry's mountain,
A crimson, holy flow,
A stream divine o'erwhelmed me,
And washed me white as snow!
Through Thy complete atonement,
O Lamb for sinners slain,
Forgiveness, mercy, cleansing,
And righteousness I gain.

My highest, noblest Treasure,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art.
My Peace, my Joy supernal,
The comfort of my heart,
When earthborn fears o'ertake me,
When cares and sorrows press,
Thy love's compassion sweetens
The cup of bitterness.

Until I reach the haven
Of endless rest above,
Let me repose, my Saviour,
In Thy redeeming love!
Be Thou my Rock, my Fortress,
My Shield, my Hiding place,
Till with the saints in glory
I magnify Thy grace.

Light at Eventide

“But it shall come to pass, that at evening time there shall be light.” Zechariah 14:7.

O precious message, sent from heaven
To Israel in days of old!
Blest word of comfort, Spirit-given,
And by the godly prophet told.
Who mourned in sorrow’s dismal night:
“At eventide there shall be light.”

How beamed the light, when midnight shrouded
The pathway to the Promised Land!
Shekinah glory, bright, unclouded,
Shed radiance o’er the desert sand!
Jehovah slumbers not, nor sleeps,
When o’er His children watch He keeps.

He came, the Shiloh long-expected,
And lo, the night was bright as day.
He came to cheer a world dejected
When in a lowly crib He lay,
Above His manger beamed the star
That led the wise men from afar.

Down through the years the Gospel story
Shed its effulgence near and far,
And Gentile lands behold the glory
Of Christ, the bright and morning Star!
Salvation’s beams dispel the night,
And lo, the eventide is light!

When rocks, and hills shall burst asunder,
When fire consumes this world of sin,
When rolls the mighty Judgment thunder,
When God’s new eaerth is ushered in,
His truth shall shine with luster bright:
“At eventide there shall be light.”

My times are in Thy hands, dear Father.
O keep me closely at Thy side!
Abide with me, when shadows gather,
Illume for me life’s eventide.
Redeemed by Christ, cleansed by His blood,
Lead Thou me safely Home, my God!

Grant to Thy Church Thy Holy Spirit,
That she may preach Thy Word in power,
And through the risen Saviour's merit
Sustain her in the evil hour.
Unto Thy truth may Zion cling
Till eventide the light shall bring.

O precious hope! With jubilations
Faith sees Jerusalem on high,
The City fair that hath foundations,
The Glory land beyond the sky,
There shines the Lamb; unknown is night,
And evermore it shall be light!

Unto You Who Believe He Is Precious
1 Peter 2:7. King James Version.

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
Incarnate Son of God,
From heaven Thou descendest
To shed Thy holy blood
On Calv'ry's cross-crowned mountain,
That I, conceived in sin,
Might as the cleansing Fountain
Be purged from every stain.

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
While here below I dwell,
Of all Thy loving kindness
And mercy I shall tell.
In love's complete surrender
My talents, silver, gold,
My all to Thee I tender,
No gift let me withhold.

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
My ever-faithful Friend,
When clouds of trouble gather,
Thy solace Thou dost send!
In sorrow, in affliction,
Or when oppressed by fears,
Thy comfort's benediction

Doth wipe away all tears.

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
Death has no terrors now,
Since Thou its power hast broken,
My blest Deliv'rer Thou!
When soul and body sever
My spirit shall arise,
To share, O risen Saviour,
Thy blood-bought Paradise.

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
Loved Bridegroom of my soul,
My life and Resurrection,
Thy name I shall extol.
Accept while here I wander
My feeble hymns of praise,
Until in glory yonder
The triumph song I raise!

Jesus the Conqueror
"Thou hast conquered, O Galilean."

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
Thy vanquished foes must own defeat!
Sin, death, and hell from power are riven,
The victory is Thine, complete!
Blest Son of God, in glory reign,
The universe is Thy domain!

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
In vain the guard, the rock, the seal!
The empty tomb in Joseph's garden
Thy Holy Godhead doth reveal!
Ascended King Immanuel,
Angelic hosts Thy triumph tell!

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
In vain the pride of Pharisee!
Majestic power has put to silence
The carnal host of Sadducee!
Ungodly lips are sealed in shame,
All knees must bow to Thy blest name!

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
Thy glorious cause stands justified!
The sword is sheathed that flamed o'er Eden,
God's Paradise is open wide!
Thy death upon the Cross has won
Life everlasting for Thy own.

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
Salvation full, complete, and free,
Forgiveness, cleansing, life eternal
Thy blest redemption won for me.
Saved, ransomed, pardoned, reconciled,
Thy Father owns me His dear child.

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
The warmth of Thy unbounded love
The coldness of Thy heart has melted.
Grant that I true and loyal prove,
To Thee, my ever faithful Friend,
Until I reach my journey's end!

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
All Heaven hails Thee King of kings!
Lord Jesus, to Thy name eternal
Thy Church on earth her tribute brings.
Thy blest Evangel's message sweet
Can bring the mighty to Thy feet.

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
Eternal laurels shall be Thine
When in the Father's House in glory
Thy blood-bought saints like stars shall shine!
Exalted Saviour, haste, we pray,
That glorious Coronation Day!

Death and the Future Life

Memorial Day

"Blest are the dead who die in the Lord." Revelations 14:13.

How sweet they rest, untouched by pain or sorrow,
The silent sleepers in terrestrial beds,

Awaiting Resurrection's glorious morrow,
As Mother Earth her blanket o'er them spreads!
O peaceful sleep, by earth-born die unbroken,
How weary hearts in anguish pine for thee!
The blasted hopes, the bitter griefs unspoken,
Declare the hidden yearnings plaintively.

And yet, 'tis but the mortal clay that's sleeping
Like precious seed in expectation sown,
O'er which celestial hosts their watch are keeping;
The soul to realms beyond the stars has flown,
Exploring Salem's valleys, plains, and mountains,
And soaring in delight from place to place,
Reposing by the side of crystal fountains,
Beholding its Creator face to face!

O ye, who yearn in pain for dissolution,
And weep in silence at the loved one's tomb;
O ye, who seek release from earth's confusion,
Be comforted, God's hour is not yet come!
The pain and grief shall not endure forever;
The bitterness shall end, the deep remove.
His loving kindness leaves His people never,
His grace abides till life has run its course.

As children of a gracious heav'nly Father,
Who in His Son has chosen you His own,
Fear not when earth-born clouds of trial gather;
Ye do not walk the shadow land alone!
He who in Christ your sins has all forgiven,
Whose Holy Spirit dwells within your hearts,
Shall guide you through this vale of tears to heaven.
Ne'er from His own His shelt'ring arm departs!

When heav'nly trumpets sound in jubilation,
The dead in Christ shall rise, all glorified.
The body then shall share the exultation
That thrilled the soul across the Great Divide.
O blissful day when this corrupted mortal
Shall put on holy immortality,
When Christ's redeemed shall enter Eden's portal,
And death is swallowed up in victory!

O be of cheer! A holy rest remaineth
For all the ransomed, bought with Jesus' blood.
God's Holy Word their fainting hearts sustaineth,
The while as pilgrims here below they plod.
Await in patient hope the blest transition,
When with the loved ones who have gone before
Ye shall find rest in yonder realm Elysian,
And dwell with saints perfected, evermore!

Dying with Jesus

Translated from the German, "Jesu Tod, des Todes Tod."
"Let us also go, that we may die with Him." John 11:16.

Jesus' death, the death of death,
Opens wide the heav'nly portal.
He has given me through faith
Pardon, solace, life immortal.
Glorious light His death has wrought;
Should my death with fear be fraught?

When mine eyes in death shall close,
Christ, my Lord, will not forsake me.
He whose solace calmed my woes,
To His heav'n above will take me.
I fear not the grave's dark night,
Since my Jesus is my Light.

He knows when my course is run,
Who inscribed my name in heaven.
He my endless love has won,
Ne'er from Him will I be driven!
Thought this life I shall depart,
Naught can tear Him from my heart.

Faith doth triumph even now,
When I think of Thee, my Saviour.
With what bliss wilt Thou endow
All who view Thy face forever!
Free from pain, from sorrow free,
Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee.

Take me to that realm divine,
Come whene'er Thou wilt, my Jesus!

Grant this fond desire of mine
By Thy love, which never ceases.
Prince of life, let Thy dear hand
Lead me to the Fatherland.

In the Hour of Death
Translated from Z. Hermann's "Liebster Jesu, lass mich nicht."

Dearest Jesus, leave me not
When my feeble breath forsakes me,
When the battle rages hot,
When the power of death o'ertakes me.
May Thy death on Calvary
Grant me strength and victory.

Faithful Jesus, leave me not,
Thou art my divine Physician.
Helpless weakness is my lot,
But Thou knowest my condition.
When my feeble powers shall wane,
Saviour, strengthen me again.

Mighty Jesus, leave me not!
I will cling to Thee forever.
Though my sin's dark, crimson blot,
And the Judgment make me waver,
Still Thy blood-bought righteousness
Covers all my wretchedness.

Sweetest Jesus, leave me not,
When Thine eyes behold me passing.
Flood with light my dying cot.
Send Thine angels down in blessing,
May they lead my soul to rest
In the haven of the blessed.

Faithful Jesus, leave me not!
I die, trusting in Thy merit.
Sinner who receive Thee not
Nevermore can life inherit.
Saviour mine, abide in me;
Fearless, let me die in Thee.

Leave my dear ones not, I pray,
Who so bitterly are weeping.
Shine upon their sorrow's way;
May they, Thy sweet solace reaping,
Pilgrim upward by Thy grace,
Till in heav'n they see Thy face.

Absent from the Body and Present with the lord
Ecclesiastes 12:6-7. 2 Corinthians 5:8.
(King James Version)

There's a day of gladness coming
That shall know no eventide,
In whose radiant glory I shall see
My ascended Lord and Saviour,
Who on Calv'ry's mountain died
My poor soul from endless death to free.
Joy beyond all comprehension
Shall be mine, declares His Word,
When I'm absent from the body,
And present with the Lord.

O to leave the flesh and journey
To the realms beyond the stars!
Precious moment, when wilt thou appear?
O what bliss to be unshackled
Evermore from earthly bars,
And behold the One to me so dear!
Floods of purest joys Elysian
O'er my spirit shall be poured,
When I'm absent from the body,
And present with the Lord.

Basking in the glorious sunshine
Of His all-excelling love,
I'll behold the beauty of His face;
And with all the ransomed thousands
In Jerusalem above
Praise His name who saved me by His grace.
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
All earth's burdens shall reward,
When I'm absent from the body,
And present with the Lord.

Neither pain, nor grief, nor anguish,
Neither cares nor anxious fears,
Neither sin nor strife can enter There.
Free from every earthly sorrow,
Free from trials, burdens, fears,
All the bliss of angels I shall share!
And I'll join the songs triumphant
Sung by saints in sweet accord,
When I'm absent from the body,
And present with the Lord.

Till my gracious Father calls me
To that glorious home on high,
I shall pilgrim on, sustained by faith,
And upon the blood-bought merit
Of the risen Christ rely,
Faithful to His Gospel unto death.
Ere I know His Holy Spirit
Will sustain me through His Word,
Till I'm absent from the body,
And present with the Lord.

On the Death of a Pastor

He is at rest – the Master's servant true,
His faithful toil is o'er.
Earth's pain, and grief, and care he bid adieu;
To Salem's glory shore
His ransomed spirit hath ascended,
The prison bars of earth are rended.
He is at rest!

He is at rest! The seed that he hath sown
In Zion's harvest field,
Often in tears, oft to the world unknown,
Shall glorious fruitage yield.
God's Word, all Spirit-breathed, eternal,
Shall blossom on in realms supernal.
He is at rest!

He is at rest! The praise-filled, heart-born song
That glorified His God,

Now blends with hymns sung by the angels' throng
In yonder blest abode
Where saints perfected dwell in glory,
And tell redemption's wondrous story.
He is at rest!

He is at rest! The fatherless who knew
His fond, paternal care
Lift up their hearts to heav'n from whence he drew
Solace and strength in prayer.
God shall forsake His loved ones never,
Though ties of warm affection sever.
He is at rest!

He is at rest! Saved by the Saviour's grace
In whom his heart believed.
The Christ, to whom all blessings he could trace,
His blood-bought soul received.
Heir to his Father's house immortal,
His spirit entered Eden's portal.
He is at rest!

He is at rest! The polestar of his faith
His own shall homeward guide.
Nor desert drear, nor dismal gates of death,
Nor Jordan's surging tide
Can hide the light of faith victorious
That leads to yonder homeland glorious.
He is at rest!

He is at rest! Ye mourners, weep no more!
Your God shall comfort you.
In His own time, ye, too, shall upward soar,
And Salem's mansions view.
How sweet, how blest will be reunion,
O how sublime the saints' communion!
He is at rest!

Looking Homeward

O take me Home,
My God, I long for rest!
Earth has no haven fair

To shelter me, and calm my troubled breast.
Its desert lands, so bare,
Are filled with haunts where mortals languish,
In pain, and tears, and woe, and anguish.
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
I weary of the wrong
And wickedness untold.
The Prince of darkness, armed with weapons strong,
Still strives his fort to hold.
Proud unbelief in guise of learning
The Gospel's precious truth is spurning.
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
Lost Eden is regained
Through my Redeemer's blood.
My carnal garb, which sin and guilt had stained,
He cleanse in Calv'ry's flood.
My High Priest ever intercedeth,
And for my gracious pardon pleadeth.
O take me Home!

O take me Home
Beyond the distant hills,
Thou gracious Father mine,
To that abode where Seraph's music thrills
My soul with joy divine!
How sweet a foretaste of Thy heaven
Thy Holy Word to me has given!
O take me Home!

O take me Home
To that Jerusalem,
Not built with hands, above
Where Thou, my King, dost wear the diadem,
Where oceans of Thy love
Flow forth in streams of life immortal,
Where priceless pearl adorns the portal.
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
Thou Triune God on high,
Thy Spirit witness bears
That in the calm beyond the starry sky
Thine own shall know no cares!
Faith changed to sight! O rapture glorious!
What bliss to join the saints victorious!
O take me Home!

When the Mist Shall Vanish
Translated from Rosenius' "O saella land."

O precious thought! Some day the mist shall vanish;
Some day the web of gloom shall be unspun.
A day shall break, whose beams the night shall banish
For Christ, the Lamb, shall shine, the glorious Sun!

O precious thought! No more will faith be anguished
By doubts, uncertainties, by trembling fears.
The pangs that wound the heart shall all be vanquished,
And light shall flood the gloom of bygone years.

Some day each mystery shall find solution,
Each troublous question an undimmed reply.
The hidden deeps that now seem all confusion
My God will open up and clarify.

O precious thought! With vision all unclouded
The One whom I believed I shall behold.
Now from my sight His hallowed form is shrouded,
The He shall fill my soul with bliss untold.

Some day I'll see my ever-faithful Saviour,
Who pardoned all my sin in boundless grace.
Here clouds of trial oft obscure His favor.
There I'll behold the brightness of His face.

O precious thought! All sinless, pure, and holy,
By flesh and Satan nevermore oppressed,
My thoughts and deeds shall glorify Him solely,
Who brought my soul unto His perfect rest.

O precious thought! Perfection's height attaining,

The flawless piety for which I long
Shall be my joy! Through Christ the conquest gaining,
I shall be ever free from sin and wrong.

O precious thought! The world shall not oppress me.
No more will friends forsake, and foes deride,
But perfect love and fellowship shall bless me,
Where peace and joy forevermore abide.

O precious thought! In heaven's realm supernal
With angels' hosts the Lamb of God I'll praise,
And with the ransomed speak of life eternal,
And of my earthly sojourn's vanished days.

It cannot be untrue, for God has spoken:
"They that are Christ's shall live forevermore."
God cannot lie! His Word cannot be broken,
And He will lead me to that Glory shore.

The saints of God, all clad in spotless raiment,
Before the Lamb shall wave victorious palms.
For bliss eternal Christ has rendered payment,
Earth's tearful strains give way to joyous psalms.

I pray Thee, O my precious Saviour, waken
These hallowed thoughts of Paradise in me,
And let them solace me, till I am taken
To dwell in Salem, evermore with Thee.

Hope Jubilant

O tell me not that heaven is uncertain,
Since mortals fail to pierce the veil between;
That all is dark behind the close-drawn curtain,
That vague and doubtful are the things unseen.
O tell me not the Great Beyond is only
A bourne from which no traveler returns,
That consolation but deceives the lonely,
That all is sham for which my spirit yearns.

O tell me not that faith and hope are senseless,
That all my struggles end in dire defeat,
That cruel Fate can prove me all defenseless,

That all the oracles are dumb, or cheat.
O tell me not the firmament above me
Has neither truth nor wisdom to express,
That childish is the thought that God could love me,
That all is vanity and nothingness.

The One whose hand has laid the earth's foundation,
Who gives to sun, and moon, and stars their course,
Has given me His Word of revelation;
Of life, and truth, and love He is the Source!
In His blest image He has deigned to make me,
And kindled in my soul His life divine.
Why should I fear that He will now forsake me,
And leave me in the darkness to repine?

Well do I merit endless condemnation,
For I have stained his image with my sin;
But He conceived a plan for my salvation,
The Paradise I lost again to win!
O boundless love! He sent His Son from heaven
On Calvary to suffer, bleed, and die,
That through His blood saved, ransomed, cleansed, forgiven,
I might forever dwell with Him on high.

And He has given me His Holy Spirit,
Within my heart His witness sweet to bear,
That by the virtue of my Saviour's merit
I now am evermore His child and heir.
His holy Word gives hope divine assurance;
Baptismal flood and Sacramental Feast
Vouchsafe to me His Fatherhood's endurance,
Since Christ abides my interceding Priest.

The hope I have is no forlorn conclusion;
It rests securely on "Thus saith the Lord!"
My Spirit-kindled faith is no illusion,
'Tis firmly built on God's eternal Word.
I know that my divine Redeemer liveth,
And to His "many mansions" I shall go;
What holy joy this precious knowledge giveth!
No room for doubt! I know! I know! I know!

O tell me not, when I have crossed death's portal,

That I shall be as though I had not been;
My soul shall rise to yonder realm immortal
Above all earthly turmoil, strife, and din!
When dawns the radiant morn of Resurrection,
This mortal clay shall rise all glorified,
And with my soul bask in His love's perfection
With whom through endless ages I'll abide.

O tell me not that every aspiration
Shall perish in the silence of the tomb,
For I have heard a loving invitation,
The Spirit and the Bride entreat me "Come!"
O tell me not that toil, and care, and sorrow
Are vainly borne, that useless is the strife.
Celestial joys await me on the morrow;
My Shepherd gives His sheep eternal life!

Homeward Bound

My soul is bound for Glory land,
Where dwells my Lord and King,
Where white-robed saints in beauty stand,
And sweetest praises sing.
My Father's house has mansion fair,
The gates with jewels shine,
Nor sun nor moon are needed there,
Where beams the Light divine.

My soul is bound for Glory land,
The realm of endless day;
Since Jesus leads His blood-bought band,
I cannot miss the way.
There may be mountains steep to climb,
There may be valleys dim,
But I shall reach the height sublime,
And ever dwell with Him.

My soul is bound for Glory land,
So peaceful, calm, serene.
The streets of gold on Salem's strand
Gleam in celestial sheen.
Earth's martyrs, bearing vict'ry palms
Laud Him who once was slain,

While melodies of angels' psalms
Enhance the sweet refrain.

My soul is bound for Glory land,
No pain, nor grief, nor loss,
Nor weary tramp through desert sand,
Nor poverty, nor cross,
Nor foiled desires, nor sin, nor death,
Nor Satan's piercing dart
Can quench the Spirit-kindled faith
Within my trusting heart.

My soul is bound for Glory land,
I'll lay my burden down,
And from my Saviour's nail-scarred hand
Receive the promised crown.
His love shall wipe all tears away;
I'll know as I am know.
He taught my tested faith to pray:
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

My soul is bound for Glory land,
Each day that passes by
Brings nearer still the homeland grand
Beyond the starry sky.
Saved by His grace, washed in His blood,
Who died my soul to save,
Why should I fear the Jordan flood
Or tremble at the grave?

My soul is bound for Glory land,
I have a Pilot true;
On His unfailing Word I'll stand
Till His dear face I view.
My hand rests in His loving hand,
To Him in faith I cling.
My soul is bound for Glory land,
O Death, where is thy sting!

Occasional, Etc.

Onward, Luther Leaguers

Onward, Luther Leaguers,
Onward in the Lord;
Raise aloft the banner
Of His holy Word!
In life's glorious spring-time,
In the glow of youth,
Grant Him loyal service,
Battle for His truth!

Refrain

Onward, Luther Leaguers,
Onward in the Lord;
Raise aloft the banner
Of His holy Word!

Onward, Luther Leaguers,
What have ye to fear?
God is ever present,
His blest Spirit near.
Christ, His Son, hath vanquished
Sin and death and hell.
Crown Him Lord of Glory,
Praise Immanuel!

Onward, Luther Leaguers,
O thou ransomed host,
Let the Name of Jesus
Sound from coast to coast.
Gifts of gold and silver,
Worthy of a King,
Love-born, willing service
To your Captain bring.

Onward, Luther Leaguers,
Onward, loyal band.
On the Rock of Ages
Firmly take your stand!
Overcome temptation
By His mighty power;
He will give you vict'ry
In the trial hour.

Onward, Luther Leaguers,

In the Lord's campaign.
Spread the Gospel tidings
Over hill and plain!
Tell the heathen nations
Christ alone can save;
He will give you courage;
He will make you brave.

Onward, Luther Leaguers,
Fight the fight of faith,
Loyal to your Saviour
Even unto death!
Crowns await the victors
On the golden shore,
Peace and endless gladness,
Rest forevermore.

Send Out Thy Light

Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!
Without its beams we pine
In dismal night.
Earth's wisdom cannot give
Bread that our souls might live.
Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!

Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!
Illume the Word of truth
With glory bright.
Let each inspired page
Shine on from age of age.
Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!

Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!
Let Thy blest Spirit guide
Our steps aright.
Saved by Thy glorious grace,
Our pilgrim-path we trace.

Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!

Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!
Victorious King of Kings,
Return on might!
Ere Judgment thunder rolls,
Receive our ransomed souls.
Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!

Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!
Let earth behold the Cross
On Calv'ry's height.
Thy precious blood was spilt
To purge away our guilt.
Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!

Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!
Until the Father's house
Shall greet our sight.
Until on Salem's shore
We Thy blest name adore,
Send out Thy light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!

According to the Riches of His Grace
Ephesians 1:7.

Made in His image whose almighty power
Bids planets roll through realms of trackless space,
My Father cares for me each passing hour
According to the riches of His grace.

He sent His Son to bleed and die for me,
That from His Book my sin he might erase.
My debt is paid; forever I am free
According to the riches of His grace.

His Holy Spirit dwells within my heart,
To Him the boon of saving faith I trace.
His Holy Word my compass is, and chart,
According to the riches of His grace.

Then why should trials, cares and sorrows press
The while by Him sustained I run the race?
He soothes the pain by His benign caress
According to the riches of His grace.

His are the cattle on a thousand hills,
The jewels that earth's treasure mines encase.
The earth is His; He gives to whom He will
According to the riches of His grace.

Be strong, my soul, and trust thy faithful Lord,
Armed with His buckler for the conquest brace.
The vict'ry shall be thine, declares His Word,
According to the riches of His grace.

His child and heir, saved, pardoned, justified,
Some day I shall behold Him face to face;
Forevermore in Salem's home abide,
According to the riches of His grace.

The Rose of Sharon
("I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.")
S. of S. 2:1.

It blossomed forth in loveliness
At Bethlehem one day,
When clasped in virgin's fond caress,
The infant Jesus lay,
And blooming on in beauty rare,
It shed its fragrant breath,
Transplanted to a garden fair
In lowly Nazareth.

The raindrops fell, the sunbeams shone,
God sent refreshing dew,
And Sharon's lovely rose, full-blown,
The smile of Heaven knew.
It filled the hills of Galilee

With fragrance from the skies;
Judea could its beauty see
And marvel in surprise.

Jerusalem beheld it now;
The children loved it well;
In rapture hoary saints would bow
Of Sharon's Rose to tell.
It bloomed through spring and summer-time,
In glory unsurpassed,
So pure, so lovely, so sublime,
Till came the wintry blast.

How oft the tress of Olivet
Would shed their loving shade
As Sharon's Rose, with dewdrops wet
Basked in the verdant glade!
But now in dark Gethsemane
The rustling leaves are still,
And blighting winds blow ruthlessly
O'er Calv'ry's cross-crowned hill.

Within another garden fair,
Beneath a rock-sealed tomb
The mourners laid the blossom rare,
Their hearts all wrapped in gloom.
The teardrops fell as morning-dew
Upon the shel'tring stone,
As Sharon's Rose of pallored hue,
Lay in death's grasp alone.

All cold and still the sweet Rose lay,
By death of glory shorn,
Till angels rolled the stone away,
On Easter's glorious morn.
The sunbeams kissed the petals pale,
Restored life's crimson glow,
And lo, again in Eden's vale,
God's lovely Rose doth grow!

Sweet Rose of Sharon, blooming now
In realms of light above,
With Thine own fragrance me endow

To waft Thy boundless love.
My heart Thy garden fair would be
Kept by Thy loving hand,
To bring forth blossoms bright for Thee
Here in this pilgrim land.

And when the blast of death shall come,
When life's short day is o'er,
Transplant me to Thy Garden Home,
To bloom forevermore.
There I shall see Thee as Thou art,
Thou Rose of Sharon sweet,
And from the garden of my heart
Bring blossoms to Thy feet.