

HYMNS

Open Now Thy Gates of Beauty

901



1 O - pen now thy gates of beau - ty; Zi - on, let me
2 Gra - cious God, I come be - fore Thee; Come Thou al - so
3 Here Thy praise is glad - ly chant - ed; Here Thy seed is
4 Thou my faith in - crease and quick - en; Let me keep Thy



en - ter there, Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty
un - to me. Where we find Thee and a - dore Thee,
du - ly sown. Let my soul, where it is plant - ed,
gift di - vine, How - so - e'er temp - ta - tions thick - en;



Waits for Him who an - swers prayer. Oh, how bless - ed
There a heav'n on earth must be. To my heart, O
Bring forth pre - cious sheaves a - lone, So that all I
May Thy Word still o'er me shine As my guid - ing



is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace!
en - ter Thou; Let it be Thy tem - ple now!
hear may be Fruit - ful un - to life in me.
star through life, As my com - fort in all strife.

- 5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee;
Let Thy will be done indeed.
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
While Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows;
Here is balm for all our woes.

The Only Son from Heaven

402



1 The on - ly Son from heav - en, Fore - told by an - cient seers,
 2 O time of God ap - point - ed, O bright and ho - ly morn!
 3 O Lord, our hearts a - wak - en To know and love You more,
 △ 4 O Fa - ther, here be - fore You With God the Ho - ly Ghost



By God the Fa - ther giv - en, In hu - man form ap - pears.
 He comes, the king a - noint - ed, The Christ, the vir - gin - born,
 In faith to stand un - shak - en, In spir - it to a - dore,
 And Je - sus, we a - dore You, O pride of an - gel host:



No sphere His light con - fin - ing, No star so bright - ly
 Grim death to van - quish for us, To o - pen heav'n be -
 That we, through this world mov - ing, Each glimpse of heav - en
 Be - fore You mor - tals low - ly Cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly,



shin - ing As He, our Morn - ing Star.
 fore us And bring us life a - gain.
 prov - ing, May reap its full - ness there.
 ho - ly, O bless - ed Trin - i - ty!"

*Text: Elisabeth Cruciger, c. 1500–35, sts. 1–3;
 Lutheran Book of Worship, 1978, st. 4;
 tr. Arthur T. Russell, 1806–74, sts. 1–3, alt.
 Tune: Eyn Enchiridion oder Handbüchlein, Erfurt, 1524
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Speak, O Lord, Your Servant Listens

589



1 Speak, O Lord, Your ser - vant lis - tens, Let Your Word to
 2 Oh, what bless - ing to be near You And to lis - ten
 3 Lord, Your words are wa - ters liv - ing When my thirst - ing
 4 As I pray, dear Je - sus, hear me; Let Your words in



me come near; New - born life and spir - it give me,
 to Your voice; Let me ev - er love and hear You,
 spir - it pleads. Lord, Your words are bread life - giv - ing;
 me take root. May Your Spir - it e'er be near me



Let each prom - ise still my fear. Death's dread pow'r, its in - ward
 Let Your Word be now my choice! Man - y hard - ened sin - ners,
 On Your words my spir - it feeds. Lord, Your words will be my
 That I bear a - bun - dant fruit. May I dai - ly sing Your



strife, Wars a - gainst Your Word of life; Fill me, Lord, with
 Lord, Flee in ter - ror at Your Word; But to all who
 light Through death's cold and drea - ry night; Yes, they are my
 praise, From my heart glad an - thems raise, Till my high - est



love's strong fer - vor That I cling to You for - ev - er!
 feel sin's bur - den You give words of peace and par - don.
 sword pre - vail - ing And my cup of joy un - fail - ing!
 praise is giv - en In the end - less joy of heav - en.

*Text: Anna Sophia von Hessen-Darmstadt, 1638–83;
 tr. George A. T. Rygh, 1860–1942, sts. 1–3, alt.;
 tr. Christian Worship, 1993, st. 4
 Tune: Johann Schop, c. 1590–1667
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Thy Body, Given for Me, O Savior

619



1 Thy bod - y, giv'n for me, O Sav - ior, Thy blood which Thou for
 2 With Thee, Lord, I am now u - nit - ed; I live in Thee and
 3 Who can con-demn me now? For sure - ly The Lord is nigh, who
 4 Though death may threat-en with dis - as - ter, It can - not rob me
 5 My heart has now be-come Thy dwell-ing, O bless - ed, ho - ly



me didst shed, These are my life and strength for -
 Thou in me. No sor - row fills my soul, de -
 jus - ti - fies. No hell I fear, and thus se -
 of my cheer; For He who is of death the
 Trin - i - ty. With an - gels I, Thy prais - es



ev - er, By them my hun - gry soul is fed.
 light - ed It finds its on - ly joy in Thee.
 cure - ly With Je - sus I to heav - en rise.
 mas - ter With aid and com - fort e'er is near.
 tell - ing, Shall live in joy e - ter - nal - ly.

Refrain



Lord, may Thy bod - y and Thy blood Be



for my soul the high - est good!

*Text: Friedrich Christian Heyder, 1677-1754;
 tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1841, abr.
 Tune: Emskirchner Choral-Buch, Leipzig, 1756
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Spread the Reign of God the Lord

830



- 1 Spread the reign of God the Lord, Spo - ken, writ - ten, might-y Word;
- 2 Tell how God the Fa - ther's will Made the world, up - holds it still,
- 3 Tell of our Re-deem - er's grace, Who, to save our hu - man race
- 4 Tell of God the Spir - it giv'n Now to guide us on to heav'n,



Ev - 'ry - where His crea - tures call To His heav'n - ly ban - quet hall.
How His own dear Son He gave Us from sin and death to save.
And to pay re - bel - lion's price, Gave Him - self as sac - ri - fice.
Strong and ho - ly, just and true, Work - ing both to will and do.

- 5 Enter, mighty Word, the field;
Ripe the promise of its yield.
But the reapers, oh, how few
For the work there is to do!
- 6 Lord of harvest, great and kind,
Rouse to action heart and mind;
Let the gath'ring nations all
See Your light and heed Your call.

*Text: Jonathan Frierich Bahnmaier, 1774–1841;
tr. composite
Tune: Geist-reiches Gesang-Buch, Halle, 1704
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