

HYMNS

'Tis Good, Lord, to Be Here

414



1 'Tis good, Lord, to be here! Thy
2 'Tis good, Lord, to be here, Thy
3 Ful - fill - er of the past And
4 Be - fore we taste of death, We
5 'Tis good, Lord, to be here! Yet



glo - ry fills the night; Thy face and gar - ments,
beau - ty to be - hold Where Mo - ses and E -
hope of things to be, We hail Thy bod - y
see Thy king - dom come; We long to hold the
we may not re - main; But since Thou bidst us

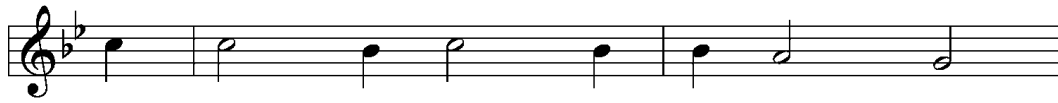


like the sun, Shine with un - bor - rowed light.
li - jah stand, Thy mes - sen - gers of old.
glo - ri - fied And our re - demp - tion see.
vi - sion bright And make this hill our home.
leave the mount, Come with us to the plain.

*Text: Joseph A. Robinson, 1858–1933, alt.
Tune: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685–1750, adapt.
Text and Tune: Public domain*

O Wondrous Type! O Vision Fair

413



1 O won - drous type! O vi - sion fair
 2 With Mo - ses and E - li - jah
 3 With shin - ing face and bright ar - ray
 4 And faith - ful hearts are raised on high
 △ 5 O Fa - ther, with the e - ter - nal Son



Of glo - ry that the Church may share,
 The in - car - nate Lord holds con - verse high;
 Christ deigns to man - i - fest to - day
 By this great vi - sion's mys - ter - y,
 And Ho - ly Spir - it ev - er one,



Which Christ up - on the moun - tain shows,
 And from the cloud the Ho - ly One
 What glo - ry shall be theirs a - bove
 For which in joy - ful strains we raise
 We pray Thee, bring us by Thy grace



Where bright - er than the sun He glows!
 Bears rec - ord to the on - ly Son.
 Who joy in God with per - fect love.
 The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.
 To see Thy glo - ry face to face.

*Text: Sarum Breviary, Salisbury, 1495;
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.
 Tune: English, 15th cent.
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

O Living Bread from Heaven

642



1 O liv - ing Bread from heav - en, How well You
 2 My Lord, You here have led me To this most
 3 You gave me all I want - ed; This food can
 4 Lord, grant me then, thus strength - ened With heav'n - ly



feed Your guest! The gifts that You have giv - en
 ho - ly place And with Your - self have fed me
 death de - stroy. And You have free - ly grant - ed
 food, while here My course on earth is length - ened,



Have filled my heart with rest. Oh, won - drous food of
 The trea - sures of Your grace; For You have free - ly
 The cup of end - less joy. My Lord, I do not
 To serve with ho - ly fear. And when You call my



bles - ing, Oh, cup that heals our woes! My heart, this
 giv - en What earth could nev - er buy, The bread of
 mer - it The fa - vor You have shown, And all my
 spir - it To leave this world be - low, I en - ter,



gift pos - sess - ing, With prais - es o - ver - flows.
 life from heav - en, That now I shall not die.
 soul and spir - it Bow down be - fore Your throne.
 through Your mer - it, Where joys un - min - gled flow.

*Text: Johann Rist, 1607–67;
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
 Tune: Musae Sioniae, vol. 7, Wolfenbüttel, 1609,
 ed. Michael Praetorius
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

O Jesus, Blessed Lord, to Thee

632

1 O Je - sus, bless - ed Lord, to Thee My heart - felt
 2 Break forth, my soul, for joy and say: What wealth is
 thanks for - ev - er be, Who hast so lov - ing -
 come to me this day! My Sav - ior dwells with -
 ly be - stowed On me Thy bod - y and Thy blood.
 in my heart: How blessed am I! How good Thou art!

Jesus on the Mountain Peak

415

1 Je - sus on the moun - tain peak Stands a - lone in
 2 Trem - bling at His feet we saw Mo - ses and E -
 3 Swift the cloud of glo - ry came: God pro - claim - ing
 4 This is God's be - lov - ed Son! Law and proph - ets
 glo - ry blaz - ing; Let us, if we dare to speak,
 li - jah speak - ing. All the proph - ets and the law
 in its thun - der Je - sus as the Son by name!
 sing be - fore Him, First and Last and on - ly One.
 Join the saints and an - gels prais - ing.
 Shout through them their joy - ful greet - ing:
 Na - tions, cry a - loud in won - der,
 All cre - a - tion shall a - dore Him!
 Al - le - lu - ia!

Alleluia, Song of Gladness

417



1 Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that
 2 Al - le - lu - ia, thou re - sound - est, True Je - ru - sa -
 3 Al - le - lu - ia can - not al - ways Be our song while
 4 There - fore in our hymns we pray Thee, Grant us, bless - ed



can - not die; Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them
 lem and free; Al - le - lu - ia, joy - ful moth - er,
 here be - low; Al - le - lu - ia, our trans - gres - sions
 Trin - i - ty, At the last to keep Thine Eas - ter



Ev - er raised by choirs on high; In the house of
 All thy chil - dren sing with thee, But by Bab - y -
 Make us for a while for - go; For the sol - emn
 With Thy faith - ful saints on high; There to Thee for -



God a - bid - ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.
 lon's sad wa - ters Mourn - ing ex - iles now are we.
 time is com - ing When our tears for sin must flow.
 ev - er sing - ing Al - le - lu - ia joy - ful - ly.

*Text: Latin, c. 11th cent.;
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
 Tune: John Goss, 1800–80
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Hymn 632

*Text: Thomas Hansen Kingo, 1634–1703;
 tr. Arthur J. Mason, 1851–1928
 Tune: Trente quatre Pseaumes de David, Geneva, 1551
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Hymn 415

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