

HYMNS

Savior, When in Dust to Thee

419



1 Sav - ior, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the a -
2 By Thy help - less in - fant years, By Thy life of
3 By Thine hour of dire de - spair, By Thine ag - o -
4 By Thy deep ex - pir - ing groan, By the sad se -



dor - ing knee; When, re - pen - tant, to the skies
want and tears, By Thy days of deep dis - tress
ny of prayer, By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
pul - chral stone, By the vault whose dark a - bode



Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes; O, by all Thy
In the sav - age wil - der - ness, By the dread, mys -
Pierc - ing spear, and tor - turing scorn, By the gloom that
Held in vain the ris - ing God, O, from earth to



pains and woe Suf - fered once for us be - low, Bend - ing
te - rious hour Of the in - sult - ing tempt - er's pow'r, Turn, O
veiled the skies O'er the dread - ful sac - ri - fice, Lis - ten
heav'n re - stored, Might - y, re - as - cend - ed Lord, Bend - ing



from Thy throne on high, Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
turn a fa - v'ring eye; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
to our hum - ble sigh; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
from Thy throne on high, Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!

To Thee, Omniscient Lord of All

613



1 To Thee, om - ni - scient Lord of all, In grief and shame I
 2 O Lord, my God, to Thee I pray: O cast me not in
 3 O Je - sus, let Thy pre - cious blood Be to my soul a



hum - bly call; I see my sins a - gainst Thee, Lord,
 wrath a - way! Let Thy good Spir - it ne'er de - part,
 cleans - ing flood. Turn not, O Lord, Thy guest a - way,



The sins of thought and deed and word. They press me
 But let Him draw to Thee my heart That tru - ly
 But grant that jus - ti - fied I may Go to my



sore; I cry to Thee: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!
 pen - i - tent I be: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!
 house at peace with Thee: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!

Text: Magnus Brostrup Landstad, 1802–80;

tr. Carl Døving, 167–1937, alt.

Tune: attr. Martin Luther, 1483–1546

Text and Tune: Public domain

From Depths of Woe I Cry to Thee

607



1 From depths of woe I cry to Thee, In trial and
 2 Thy love and grace a - lone a - vail To blot out
 3 There - fore my hope is in the Lord And not in
 4 And though it tar - ry through the night And till the
 5 Though great our sins, yet great - er still Is God's a -



trib - u - la - tion; Bend down Thy gra - cious
 my trans - gres - sion; The best and ho - liest
 mine own mer - it; It rests up - on His
 morn - ing wak - en, My heart shall nev - er
 bun - dant fa - vor; His hand of mer - cy



ear to me, Lord, hear my sup - pli - ca - tion.
 deeds must fail To break sin's dread op - pres - sion.
 faith - ful Word To them of con - trite spir - it
 doubt His might Nor count it - self for - sak - en.
 nev - er will A - ban - don us, nor wa - ver.



If Thou re - mem - b'rest ev - 'ry sin, Who then could heav - en
 Be - fore Thee none can boast - ing stand, But all must fear Thy
 That He is mer - ci - ful and just; This is my com - fort
 O Is - rael, trust in God your Lord. Born of the Spir - it
 Our shep - herd good and true is He, Who will at last His



ev - er win Or stand be - fore Thy pres - ence?
 strict de - mand And live a - lone by mer - cy.
 and my trust. His help I wait with pa - tience.
 and the Word, Now wait for His ap - pear - ing.
 Is - rael free From all their sin and sor - row.

*Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546;
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
 Tune: Martin Luther, 1483–1546, alt.
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Create in Me

956

Cre-ate in me a clean heart, O God, and re - new
a right spir - it with - in me. Cast me not a - way
from Thy pres - ence; and take not Thy Ho - ly Spir - it
from me. Re - store un - to me the joy of Thy sal - va - tion;
and up - hold me with Thy free spir - it. A - men.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics printed below each staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

*Text: Psalm 51:10-12
Tune: Johann Georg Winer, 1583-1651
Text and Tune: Public domain*

All Mankind Fell in Adam's Fall

562



1 All man - kind fell in Ad - am's fall; One com - mon
 2 Through all our pow'rs cor - rup - tion creeps And us in
 3 From hearts de - praved, to e - vil prone, Flow thoughts and
 4 But Christ, the sec - ond Ad - am, came To bear our



sin in - fects us all. From one to all the
 dread - ful bond - age keeps; In guilt we draw our
 deeds of sin a - lone; God's im - age lost, the
 sin and woe and shame, To be our life, our



curse de - scends, And o - ver all God's wrath im - pends.
 in - fant breath And reap its fruits of woe and death.
 dark - ened soul Seeks not nor finds its heav'n - ly goal.
 light, our way, Our on - ly hope, our on - ly stay.

- 5 As by one man all mankind fell
 And, born in sin, was doomed to hell,
 So by one Man, who took our place,
 We all were justified by grace.
- 6 We thank You, Christ; new life is ours,
 New light, new hope, new strength, new pow'rs.
 This grace our ev'ry way attend
 Until we reach our journey's end.

*Text: Lazarus Spengler, 1479–1534;
 tr. Matthias Loy, 1828–1915, alt.
 Tune: Louis Bourgeois, c. 1510–1561
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

The Death of Jesus Christ, Our Lord

634



1 The death of Je - sus Christ, our Lord, We cel - e -
 2 He blot - ted out with His own blood The judg - ment
 3 That this for - ev - er true shall be He gives a -
 4 His Word pro - claims and we be - lieve That in this



brate with one ac - cord; It is our com - fort
 that a - gainst us stood; For us He full a -
 sol - emn guar - an - tee: In this His ho - ly
 Sup - per we re - ceive His ver - y bod - y,



in dis - tress, Our heart's sweet joy and hap - pi - ness.
 tone - ment made, And all our debt He ful - ly paid.
 Sup - per here We taste His love so sweet, so near.
 as He said, His ver - y blood for sin - ners shed.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5 We dare not ask how this can be,
 But simply hold the mystery
 And trust this word where life begins:
 "Given and shed for all your sins."</p> | <p>7 But blest is each believing guest
 Who in these promises finds rest;
 For Jesus shall in love remain
 With all who here His grace obtain.</p> |
| <p>6 They who this word do not believe
 This food unworthily receive,
 Salvation here will never find—
 May we this warning keep in mind!</p> | <p>8 Help us sincerely to believe
 That we may worthily receive
 Your Supper and in You find rest.
 Amen! They who believe are blest.</p> |

*Text: Haquin Spegel, 1645–1714, sts. 1–4, 6–8;
 composite, st. 5;
 tr. Olof Olsson, 1841–1900, sts. 1–4, 6–8, alt.
 Tune: Sammlung alter und neuer ... Melodien, 1742
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

On My Heart Imprint Your Image

422



On my heart im - print Your im - age, Bless - ed Je - sus, King of grace,



That life's rich-es, cares, and plea-sures Nev-er may Your work e-rase;



Let the clear in - scrip-tion be: Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for me,



Is my life, my hope's foun - da - tion, And my glo-ry and sal - va - tion!

*Text: Thomas Hansen Kingo, 1634–1703;
tr. Peer O. Strømme, 1856–1921, alt.
Tune: Johann Balthasar König, 1691–1758
Text and Tune: Public domain*

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