

HYMNS

Lord Jesus Christ, the Church's Head

647



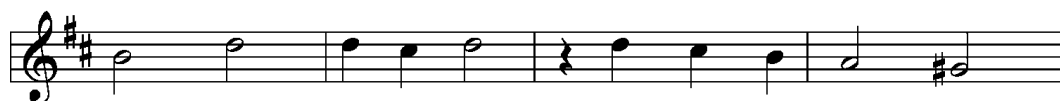
1 Lord Je - sus Christ, the Church's head, You are her one foun -
2 O Lord, let this Your lit - tle flock, Your name a - lone con -
3 Help us to serve You ev - er - more With hearts both pure and
4 And for Your Gos - pel let us dare To sac - ri - fice all



da - tion; In You she trusts, be - fore You bows, And
fess - ing, Con - tin - ue in Your lov - ing care, True
low - ly; And may Your Word, that light di - vine, Shine
trea - sure; Teach us to bear Your bless - ed cross, To



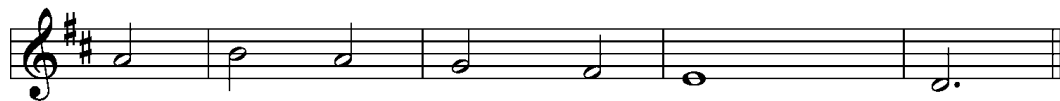
waits for Your sal - va - tion. Built on this rock se - cure,
u - ni - ty pos - sess - ing. Your sac - ra - ments, O Lord,
on in splen - dor ho - ly That we re - pen - tance show,
find in You all plea - sure. O grant us stead - fast - ness



Your Church shall en - dure Though all the world de -
And Your sav - ing Word To us, Lord, pure re -
In faith ev - er grow; The pow'r of sin de -
In joy and dis - tress, Lest we, Lord, You for -



cay And all things pass a - way.
tain. Grant that they may re - main
stroy And e - vils that an - noy.
sake. Let us by grace par - take



O hear, O hear us, Je - sus!
Our on - ly strength and com - fort.
O make us faith - ful Chris - tians.
Of end - less joy and glad - ness.



1 My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to
 2 He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -
 3 Some - times they strew His way And His sweet prais - es
 4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and
 5 They rise and needs will have My dear Lord made a -



me, Love to the love - less shown That they might love - ly
 stow; But men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ would
 sing; Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their
 spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their
 way; A mur - der - er they save, The Prince of Life they



be. Oh, who am I That for my sake
 know. But, oh, my friend, My friend in - deed,
 King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath,
 sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these
 slay. Yet cheer - ful He To suf - f'ring goes



My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
 Who at my need His life did spend!
 And for His death They thirst and cry.
 Them - selves dis - please And 'gainst Him rise.
 That He His foes From thence might free.

6 In life no house, no home
 My Lord on earth might have;
 In death no friendly tomb
 But what a stranger gave.
 What may I say?
 Heav'n was His home
 But mine the tomb
 Wherein He lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,
 No story so divine!
 Never was love, dear King,
 Never was grief like Thine.
 This is my friend,
 In whose sweet praise
 I all my days
 Could gladly spend!

Hymn 647

*Text: Johann Mentzer, 1658–1734;
 tr. William J. Schaefer, 1891–1976, alt.
 Tune: Friedrich O. Teuter, 1863–1924*

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Hymn 430

*Text: Samuel Crossman, c. 1624–83
 Tune: John N. Ireland, 1879–1962*

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1 Je - sus, I will pon - der now On Your ho - ly pas - sion;
 2 Make me see Your great dis - tress, An - guish, and af - flic - tion,
 3 Yet, O Lord, not thus a - lone Make me see Your pas - sion,
 4 Grant that I Your pas - sion view With re - pen - tant griev - ing.



With Your Spir - it me en - dow For such med - i - ta - tion.
 Bonds and stripes and wretch - ed - ness And Your cru - ci - fix - ion;
 But its cause to me make known And its ter - mi - na - tion.
 Let me not bring shame to You By un - ho - ly liv - ing.



Grant that I in love and faith May the im - age cher - ish
 Make me see how scourge and rod, Spear and nails did wound You,
 Ah! I al - so and my sin Wrought Your deep af - flic - tion;
 How could I re - fuse to shun Ev - 'ry sin - ful plea - sure



Of Your suf - f'ring, pain, and death That I may not per - ish.
 How for them You died, O God, Who with thorns had crowned You.
 This in - deed the cause has been Of Your cru - ci - fix - ion.
 Since for me God's on - ly Son Suf - fered with - out mea - sure?

5 If my sins give me alarm
 And my conscience grieve me,
 Let Your cross my fear disarm;
 Peace of conscience give me.
 Help me see forgiveness won
 By Your holy passion.
 If for me He slays His Son,
 God must have compassion!

6 Graciously my faith renew;
 Help me bear my crosses,
 Learning humbleness from You,
 Peace mid pain and losses.
 May I give You love for love!
 Hear me, O my Savior,
 That I may in heav'n above
 Sing Your praise forever.

Since Our Great High Priest, Christ Jesus

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1 Since our great High Priest, Christ Je - sus, Bears the name a -
 2 Since we have a priest who suf - fered, Know - ing weak - ness,
 3 Sac - ri - fice and suf - f'ring o - ver, Now He sits at
 4 Love's ex - am - ple, hope's at - trac - tion, Faith's be - gin - ning



bove all names, Reign - ing Son of God, sur - pass - ing
 tears, and pain, Who like us was tried and tempt - ed,
 God's right hand, Crowned with praise, no more an out - cast,
 and its end, Pi - o - neer of our sal - va - tion,



Oth - er ti - tles, pow'rs and claims— Since to heav'n our
 Un - like us, with - out a stain— Since He shared our
 His pre - em - i - nence long - planned; Such a great High
 Might-y ad - vo - cate and friend; Je - sus, high in



Lord has passed, Let us hold our wit - ness fast!
 low - ly place, Let us bold - ly seek His grace.
 Priest we have, Strong to help, su - preme to save.
 glo - ry raised, Our as - cend - ed Lord be praised!

Text: Christopher M. Idle, b. 1938

Tune: Geistreiches Gesang-Buch, Darmstadt, 1698

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Come to Calvary's Holy Mountain

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1 Come to Cal - v'ry's ho - ly moun - tain, Sin - ners, ru - ined
 2 Come in pov - er - ty and mean - ness, Come de - filed, with -
 3 Come in sor - row and con - tri - tion, Wound - ed, im - po -
 4 They that drink shall live for - ev - er; 'Tis a soul - re -



by the fall; Here a pure and heal - ing foun - tain
 out, with - in; From in - fec - tion and un - clean - ness,
 tent, and blind; Here the guilt - y, free re - mis - sion,
 new - ing flood. God is faith - ful; God will nev - er



Flows for you, for me, for all, In a full, per -
 From the lep - ro - sy of sin, Wash your robes and
 Here the trou - bled, peace may find. Health this foun - tain
 Break His cov - e - nant of blood, Signed when our Re -



pet - ual tide, O - pened when our Sav - ior died.
 make them white; Ye shall walk with God in light.
 will re - store; They that drink shall thirst no more.
 deem - er died, Sealed when He was glo - ri - fied.

Text: James Montgomery, 1771–1854, alt.

Tune: Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1812–87

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