

HYMNS

Awake, O Sleeper, Rise from Death

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1 A - wake, O sleep - er, rise from death, And
2 To us on earth He came to bring From
3 Then walk in love as Christ has loved, Who
4 For us Christ lived, for us He died, And



Christ shall give you light; So learn His love, its
sin and fear re - lease, To give the Spir - it's
died that He might save; With kind and gen - tle
con - quered in the strife; A - wake, a - rise, go



length and breadth, Its full - ness, depth, and height.
u - ni - ty, The ver - y bond of peace.
hearts for - give As God in Christ for - gave.
forth in faith, And Christ shall give you life.

Text: F. Bland Tucker, 1895–1984
Tune: Carl G. Gläser, 1784–1829
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At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing

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1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to
 2 Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His
 3 Where the pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dread
 4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal
 5 Might - y Vic - tim from the sky, Hell's fierce
 6 Now no more can death ap - pall, Now no
 7 Eas - ter tri - umph, Eas - ter joy! This a -
 △ 8 Fa - ther, who the crown shall give, Sav - ior,



our vic - to - rious King, Who has washed us in the tide
 sa - cred blood for wine, Gives His bod - y for the feast—
 an - gel sheathes the sword; Is - rael's hosts tri - umphant go
 vic - tim, pas - chal bread; With sin - cer - i - ty and love
 pow'rs be - neath You lie; You have con - quered in the fight,
 more the grave en - thrall; You have o - pened par - a - dise,
 lone can sin de - stroy; From sin's pow'r, Lord, set us free,
 by whose death we live, Spir - it, guide through all our days:



Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Through the wave that drowns the foe. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Eat we man - na from a - bove. Al - le - lu - ia!
 You have brought us life and light. Al - le - lu - ia!
 And Your saints in You shall rise. Al - le - lu - ia!
 New - born souls in You to be. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Three in One, Your name we praise. Al - le - lu - ia!

*Text: Latin, c. 5th–10th cent;
 tr. Robert Campbell, 1814–68, alt.
 Tune: Kirchengeseng, Ivancice, 1566
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Soul, Adorn Yourself with Gladness

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sts. 1-4



1 Soul, a - dorn your - self with glad - ness, Leave the
 2 Has - ten as a bride to meet Him, And with
 3 He who craves a pre - cious trea - sure Nei - ther
 4 Now in faith I hum - bly pon - der O - ver



gloom - y haunts of sad - ness, Come in - to the day - light's
 lov - ing rev - 'rence greet Him. For with words of life im -
 cost nor pain will mea - sure; But the price - less gifts of
 this sur - pass - ing won - der That the bread of life is



splen - dor, There with joy your prais - es ren - der.
 mor - tal He is knock - ing at your por - tal.
 heav - en God to us has free - ly giv - en.
 bound - less Though the souls it feeds are count - less:



Bless the One whose grace un - bound - ed This a - maz - ing
 O - pen wide the gates be - fore Him, Say - ing, as you
 Though the wealth of earth were prof - fered, None could buy the
 With the choic - est wine of heav - en Christ's own blood to



ban - quet found - ed; He, though heav'n - ly, high, and
 there a - dore Him: Grant, Lord, that I now re -
 gifts here of - fered: Christ's true bod - y, for you
 us is giv - en. Oh, most glo - rious con - so -



ho - ly, Deigns to dwell with you most low - ly.
 ceive You, That I nev - er - more will leave You.
 riv - en, And His blood, for you once giv - en.
 la - tion, Pledge and seal of my sal - va - tion!

sts. 5-8



5 Je - sus, source of last - ing plea - sure, Tru - est
 6 Je - sus, sun of life, my splen - dor, Je - sus,
 7 Lord, by love and mer - cy driv - en, You once
 8 Je - sus, bread of life, I pray You, Let me



friend, and dear - est trea - sure, Peace be - yond all un - der -
 friend of friends, most ten - der, Je - sus, joy of my de -
 left Your throne in heav - en On the cross for me to
 glad - ly here o - bey You. By Your love I am in -



stand - ing, Joy in - to all life ex - pand - ing:
 sir - ing, Fount of life, my soul in - spir - ing:
 lan - guish And to die in bit - ter an - guish,
 vit - ed, Be Your love with love re - quit - ed;



Hum - bly now, I bow be - fore You; Love in - car - nate,
 At Your feet I cry, my mak - er, Let me be a
 To fore - go all joy and glad - ness And to shed Your
 By this Sup - per let me mea - sure, Lord, how vast and



I a - dore You; Wor - thi - ly let me re -
 fit par - tak - er Of this bless - ed food from
 blood in sad - ness. By this blood re - deemed and
 deep love's trea - sure. Through the gift of grace You



ceive You And, so fa - vored, nev - er leave You.
 heav - en, For our good, Your glo - ry, giv - en.
 liv - ing, Lord, I praise You with thanks - giv - ing.
 give me As Your guest in heav'n re - ceive me.

*Text: Johann Franck, 1618-77;
 tr. Lutheran Book of Worship, 1978, sts. 1, 4-5;
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, sts. 2-3, 6-8, alt.
 Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598-1662
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I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

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1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light.



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je - sus as I was, So wea - ry, worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my star, my sun;



I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav-'ling days are done.

Text: Horatius Bonar, 1808-89, alt.

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Father, We Thank Thee

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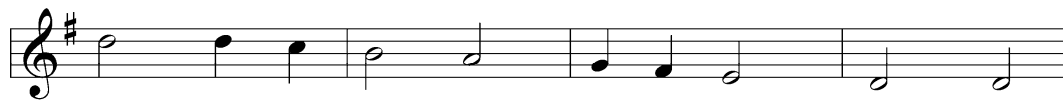
1 Fa - ther, we thank Thee who hast plant - ed Thy ho - ly
2 Watch o'er Thy Church, O Lord, in mer - cy, Save it from



name with - in our hearts. Knowl - edge and faith and life im -
e - vil, guard it still, Per - fect it in Thy love, u -



mor - tal Je - sus, Thy Son, to us im - parts.
nite it, Cleansed and con - formed un - to Thy will.



Thou, Lord, didst make all for Thy plea - sure, Didst
As grain, once scat - tered on the hill - sides, Was



give us food for all our days, Giv - ing in Christ the
in this bro - ken bread made one, So from all lands Thy



Bread e - ter - nal; Thine is the pow'r, be Thine the praise.
Church be gath - ered In - to Thy king - dom by Thy Son.

Text: Didache, 2nd cent.;

tr. F. Bland Tucker, 1895–1984

Tune: attr. Louis Bourgeois, c. 1510–61

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