

HYMNS

Baptized into Your Name Most Holy

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1 Bap-tized in - to Your name most ho - ly, O Fa - ther, Son, and
2 My lov - ing Fa - ther, here You take me To be hence-forth Your
3 My faith - ful God, You fail me nev - er; Your prom - ise sure - ly
4 All that I am and love most dear-ly— Re - ceive it all, O



Ho - ly Ghost, I claim a place, though weak and low - ly,
child and heir. My faith - ful Sav - ior, here You make me
will en - dure. O cast me not a - way for - ev - er
Lord, from me. Let me con - fess my faith sin - cere - ly;



A - mong Your saints, Your cho - sen host. Bur - ied with Christ and
The fruit of all Your sor - rows share. O Ho - ly Spir - it,
If words and deeds be - come im - pure. Have mer - cy when I
Help me Your faith - ful child to be! Let noth - ing that I



dead to sin, Your Spir - it now shall live with - in.
com - fort me When threat - ning clouds a - round I see.
come de - filed; For - give, lift up, re - store Your child.
am or own Serve an - y will but Yours a - lone.

*Text: Johann Jacob Rambach, 1693–1735, abr.;
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
Tune: Cornelius Heinrich Dretzel, 1697–1775
Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 If thou but trust in God to guide thee And hope in
 2 What can these anx - ious cares a - vail thee, These nev - er -
 3 Be pa - tient and a - wait His lei - sure In cheer - ful
 4 God knows full well when times of glad - ness Shall be the



Him through all thy ways, He'll give thee strength, what - e'er be -
 ceas - ing moans and sighs? What can it help if thou be -
 hope, with heart con - tent To take what - e'er thy Fa - ther's
 need - ful thing for thee. When He has tried thy soul with



tide thee, And bear thee through the e - vil days. Who trusts in
 wail thee O'er each dark mo - ment as it flies? Our cross and
 plea - sure And His dis - cern - ing love hath sent, Nor doubt our
 sad - ness And from all guile has found thee free, He comes to



God's un - chang - ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move.
 tri - als do but press The heav - ier for our bit - ter - ness.
 in - most wants are known To Him who chose us for His own.
 thee all un - a - ware And makes thee own His lov - ing care.

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| <p>5 Nor think amid the fiery trial
 That God hath cast thee off unheard,
 That he whose hopes meet no denial
 Must surely be of God preferred.
 Time passes and much change doth bring
 And sets a bound to ev'rything.</p> | <p>6 All are alike before the Highest;
 'Tis easy for our God, we know,
 To raise thee up, though low thou liest,
 To make the rich man poor and low.
 True wonders still by Him are wrought
 Who setteth up and brings to naught.</p> |
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- 7 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
 Perform thy duties faithfully,
 And trust His Word; though undeserving,
 Thou yet shalt find it true for thee.
 God never yet forsook in need
 The soul that trusted Him indeed.



1 All Chris-tians who have been bap-tized, Who know the God of
 2 You were be-fore your day of birth, In-deed, from your con-
 3 But all of that was washed a-way— Im-mersed and drowned for-
 4 In Bap-tism we now put on Christ— Our shame is ful-ly



heav-en, And in whose dai-ly life is prized The name of
 cep-tion, Con-demned and lost with all the earth, None good, with-
 ev-er. The wa-ter of your Bap-tism day Re-stored a-
 cov-ered With all that He once sac-ri-ficed And free-ly



Christ once giv-en: Con-sid-er now what God has done, The
 out-ex-cep-tion. For like your par-ents' flesh and blood, Turned
 gain what-ev-er Old Ad-am and his sin de-destroyed And
 for us suf-fered. For here the flood of His own blood Now



gifts He gives to ev-'ry-one Bap-tized in-to Christ Je-sus!
 in-ward from the high-est good, You con-stant-ly de-nied Him.
 all our sin-ful selves em-ployed Ac-cord-ing to our na-ture.
 makes us ho-ly, right, and good Be-fore our heav'n-ly Fa-ther.

5 O Christian, firmly hold this gift
 And give God thanks forever!
 It gives the power to uplift
 In all that you endeavor.
 When nothing else revives your soul,
 Your Baptism stands and makes you whole
 And then in death completes you.

6 So use it well! You are made new—
 In Christ a new creation!
 As faithful Christians, live and do
 Within your own vocation,
 Until that day when you possess
 His glorious robe of righteousness
 Bestowed on you forever!

*Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76;
 tr. Jon D. Vieker, b. 1961*

*Tune: Etlich Cristlich lider, Wittenberg, 1524
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1 From God can noth - ing move me; He will not step a - side
 2 When those whom I re - gard - ed As trust - wor - thy and sure
 3 The Lord my life ar - rang - es; Who can His work de - stroy?
 4 Each day at His good plea - sure God's gra - cious will is done.



But gent - ly will re - prove me And be my con - stant guide.
 Have long from me de - part - ed, God's grace shall still en - dure.
 In His good time He chang - es All sor - row in - to joy.
 He sent His great - est trea - sure In Je - sus Christ, His Son.



He stretch - es out His hand In eve - ning and in morn - ing,
 He res - cues me from sin And breaks the chains that bind me.
 So let me then be still: My bod - y, soul, and spir - it
 He ev - 'ry gift im - parts. The bread of earth and heav - en



My life with grace a - dorn - ing Wher - ev - er I may stand.
 I leave death's fear be - hind me; His peace I have with - in.
 His ten - der care in - her - it Ac - cord - ing to His will.
 Are by His kind - ness giv - en. Praise Him with thank - ful hearts!

5 Praise God with acclamation
 And in His gifts rejoice.
 Each day finds its vocation
 Responding to His voice.
 Soon years on earth are past;
 But time we spend expressing
 The love of God brings blessing
 That will forever last!

△ 7 For thus the Father willed it,
 Who fashioned us from clay;
 And His own Son fulfilled it
 And brought eternal day.
 The Spirit now has come,
 To us true faith has given;
 He leads us home to heaven.
 O praise the Three in One!

6 Yet even though I suffer
 The world's unpleasantness,
 And though the days grow rougher
 And bring me great distress,
 That day of bliss divine,
 Which knows no end or measure,
 And Christ, who is my pleasure,
 Forever shall be mine.

*Text: Ludwig Helmbold, 1532–98;
 tr. Gerald Thorson, 1921–2001, sts. 1–2, 6, alt.;
 tr. Lutheran Service Book, 2006, st. 3;
 tr. Gregory J. Wismar, b. 1946, sts. 4–5;
 tr. Joseph Herl, b. 1959, st. 7
 Tune: Recueil de plusieurs chansons, Lyons, 1557, alt.
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 (sts. 3–5, 7): © 2006 Concordia Publishing House.
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By All Your Saints in Warfare

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1 By all Your saints in war - fare, For
 2 Our thanks for John the Bap - tist Who,
 △ 3 Then let us praise the Fa - ther And



all Your saints at rest, Your ho - ly name, O
 till his dy - ing day, Made straight paths for the
 wor - ship God the Son And sing to God the



Je - sus, For - ev - er - more be blest! For
 Sav - ior And her - ald - ed His way! In
 Spir - it, E - ter - nal Three in One, Till



You have won the bat - tle That they might wear the
 wit - ness - ing to Je - sus Through times of threat or
 all the ran - somed num - ber Fall down be - fore the



crown; And now they shine in glo - ry
 shame May we with faith and cour - age
 throne, As - crib - ing pow'r and glo - ry



Re - flect - ed from Your throne.
 The Lamb of God pro - claim.
 And praise to God a - lone.

Text: Horatio Bolton Nelson, 1823–1913, sts. 1, 3, alt.;

Gregory J. Wismar, b. 1946, st. 24

Tune: English

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