

HYMNS

Praise the One Who Breaks the Darkness

849



1 Praise the One who breaks the dark - ness With a lib - er -
2 Praise the One who blessed the chil - dren With a strong, yet
3 Let us praise the Word In - car - nate, Christ, who suf - fered



at - ing light; Praise the One who frees the pris - 'ners,
gen - tle, word; Praise the One who drove out de - mons
in our place. Je - sus died and rose vic - to - rious



Turn - ing blind - ness in - to sight. Praise the One who preached the
With the pierc - ing, two - edged sword. Praise the One who brings cool
That we may know God by grace. Let us sing for joy and



Gos - pel, Heal - ing ev - 'ry dread dis - ease, Calm - ing
wa - ter To the des - ert's burn - ing sand; From this
glad - ness, See - ing what our God has done; Let us



storms, and feed - ing thou - sands With the ver - y Bread of peace.
Well comes liv - ing wa - ter, Quench - ing thirst in ev - 'ry land.
praise the true Re - deem - er, Praise the One who makes us one.

If God Himself Be for Me

724, sts. 1-5



1 If God Him - self be for me, I may a host de - fy;
 2 I build on this foun - da - tion, That Je - sus and His blood
 3 Christ Je - sus is my splen - dor, My sun, my light, a - lone;
 4 He can - celed my of - fens - es, De - liv - ered me from death;
 5 For no one can con - demn me Or set my hope a - side;



For when I pray, be - fore me My foes, con - found - ed, fly.
 A - lone are my sal - va - tion, My true, e - ter - nal good.
 Were He not my de - fend - er Be - fore God's judg - ment throne,
 He is the Lord who cleans - es My soul from sin through faith.
 Now hell no more can claim me: Its fu - ry I de - ride.



If Christ, my head and mas - ter, Be - friend me from a - bove,
 With - out Him all that pleas - es Is val - ue - less on earth;
 I nev - er should find fa - vor And mer - cy in His sight,
 In Him I can be cheer - ful, Cou - ra - geous on my way;
 No sen - tence now re - proves me, No guilt de - stroys my peace;



What foe or what dis - as - ter Can drive me from His love?
 The gifts I have from Je - sus A - lone have price - less worth.
 But be de - stroyed for - ev - er As dark - ness by the light.
 In Him I am not fear - ful Of God's great Judg - ment Day.
 For Christ, my Sav - ior, loves me And shields me with His grace.

Stanzas 6-10 on next page

If God Himself Be for Me

724, sts. 6–10



6 Who clings with res - o - lu - tion To Him whom Sa - tan hates
 7 From me this is not hid - den, Yet I am not a - fraid;
 8 No dan - ger, thirst, or hun - ger, No pain or pov - er - ty,
 9 No an - gel and no glad - ness, No throne, no pomp, no show,
 10 My heart with joy is spring - ing; I am no long - er sad.



Must look for per - se - cu - tion; For him the bur - den waits
 I leave my cares, as bid - den, To whom my vows were paid.
 No earth - ly ty - rant's an - ger Shall ev - er van - quish me.
 No love, no hate, no sad - ness, No pain, no depth of woe,
 My soul is filled with sing - ing; Your sun - shine makes me glad.



Of mock - 'ry, shame, and loss - es Heaped on his blame - less head;
 Though life from me be tak - en And ev - 'ry - thing I own,
 Though earth should break a - sun - der, My for - tress You shall be;
 No schem - ing, no con - triv - ance, No sub - tle thing or great
 The sun that cheers my spir - it Is Je - sus Christ, my King;



A thou - sand plagues and cross - es Will be his dai - ly bread.
 I trust in You un - shak - en And cleave to You a - lone.
 No fire or sword or thun - der Shall sev - er You from me.
 Shall draw me from Your guid - ance Nor from You sep - a - rate.
 The heav'n I shall in - her - it Makes me re - joice and sing.

*Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76;
 tr. Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book,
 Pittsburgh, 1907, sts. 1, 3–5, 10, alt.;
 tr. Richard Massie, 1800–87, sts. 2, 6–9, alt.
 Tune: Vierundzwanzig geistliche Lieder, Augsburg, 1609
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

We Praise You and Acknowledge You, O God

941



1 We praise You and ac-knowl-edge You, O God, to be the Lord,
 2 The band of the a-pos-tles in glo-ry sing Your praise;
 3 You, Christ, are King of glo-ry, the ev-er-last-ing Son,
 4 You sit in splen-did glo-ry, en-throned at God's right hand,



The Fa-ther ev-er-last-ing, by all the earth a-dored.
 The fel-low-ship of proph-ets their death-less voic-es raise.
 Yet You, with bound-less love, sought to res-cue ev-'ry-one:
 Up-hold-ing earth and heav-en by forc-es You com-mand.



To You all an-gel pow-ers cry a-loud, the heav-ens sing,
 The mar-tyrs of Your king-dom, a great and no-ble throng,
 You laid a-side Your glo-ry, were born of vir-gin's womb,
 We know that You will come as our Judge that fi-nal day,



The cher-u-bim and ser-a-phem their prais-es to You bring:
 Sing with the ho-ly Church through-out all the world this song:
 Were cru-ci-fied for us and were placed in-to a tomb;
 So help Your ser-vants You have re-deemed by blood, we pray;



“O ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord God of Sab-a-oth;
 “O all-ma-jes-tic Fa-ther, Your true and on-ly Son,
 Then by Your res-ur-rec-tion You won for us re-prieve—
 May we with saints be num-bered where prais-es nev-er end,



Your maj-es-ty and glo-ry fill the heav-ens and the earth!”
 And Ho-ly Spir-it, Com-fort-er— for-ev-er Three in One!”
 You o-pened heav-en's king-dom to all who would be-lieve.
 In glo-ry ev-er-last-ing. A-men, O Lord, a-men!

Text: Stephen P. Starke, b. 1955

Tune: Gustav Holst, 1874–1934, alt.

Text: © 1999 Stephen P. Starke, admin. Concordia Publishing House.

Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110002193

Tune: Public domain

Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle

454



1 Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle; Sing the end - ing
 2 Tell how, when at length the full - ness Of the ap - point - ed
 3 Thus, with thir - ty years ac - com - plished, He went forth from
 4 Faith - ful cross, true sign of tri - umph, Be for all the
 Δ 5 Un - to God be praise and glo - ry; To the Fa - ther



of the fray. Now a - bove the cross, the tro - phy,
 time was come, He, the Word, was born of wom - an,
 Naz - a - reth, Des - tined, ded - i - cat - ed, will - ing,
 no - blest tree; None in fo - liage, none in blos - som,
 and the Son, To the e - ter - nal Spir - it hon - or



Sound the loud tri - um - phant lay; Tell how Christ, the
 Left for us His Fa - ther's home, Blazed the path of
 Did His work, and met His death; Like a lamb He
 None in fruit thine e - qual be; Sym - bol of the
 Now and ev - er - more be done; Praise and glo - ry



world's re - deem - er, As a vic - tim won the day.
 true o - be - dience, Shone as light a - midst the gloom.
 hum - bly yield - ed, On the cross His dy - ing breath.
 world's re - demp - tion, For the weight that hung on thee!
 in the high - est While the time - less a - ges run.

*Text: Venantius Honorius Fortunatus, c. 530–609;
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
 Tune: Carl F. Schalk, 1929–2021
 Text: Public domain
 Tune: © 1967 Concordia Publishing House.
 Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110002193*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Created using Lutheran Service Builder © 2006 Concordia Publishing House.