

HYMNS

What Is the World to Me

730



1 What is the world to me With all its vaunt - ed plea - sure
2 The world seeks to be praised And hon - ored by the might - y
3 The world seeks af - ter wealth And all that mam - mon of - fers
4 What is the world to me! My Je - sus is my trea - sure,



When You, and You a - lone, Lord Je - sus, are my trea - sure!
Yet nev - er once re - flects That they are frail and flight - y.
Yet nev - er is con - tent Though gold should fill its cof - fers.
My life, my health, my wealth, My friend, my love, my plea - sure,



You on - ly, dear - est Lord, My soul's de - light shall be;
But what I tru - ly prize A - bove all things is He,
I have a high - er good, Con - tent with it I'll be:
My joy, my crown, my all, My bliss e - ter - nal - ly.



You are my peace, my rest. What is the world to me!
My Je - sus, He a - lone. What is the world to me!
My Je - sus is my wealth. What is the world to me!
Once more, then, I de - clare: What is the world to me!

Lord of Glory, You Have Bought Us

851



1 Lord of glo - ry, You have bought us With Your
 2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to give You Glad - ly,
 3 Won - drous hon - or You have giv - en To our
 4 Lord of glo - ry, You have bought us With Your



life - blood as the price, Nev - er grudg - ing for the
 free - ly of Your own. With the sun - shine of Your
 hum - blest char - i - ty In Your own mys - te - rious
 life - blood as the price, Nev - er grudg - ing for the



lost ones That tre - men - dous sac - ri - fice;
 good - ness Melt our thank - less hearts of stone
 sen - tence, "You have done it all to Me."
 lost ones That tre - men - dous sac - ri - fice.



And with that have free - ly giv - en Bless - ings
 Till our cold and self - ish na - tures, Warmed by
 Can it be, O gra - cious Mas - ter, That You
 Give us faith to trust You bold - ly, Hope, to



count - less as the sand To the un - thank - ful
 You, at length be - lieve That more hap - py
 deign for alms to sue, Say - ing by Your
 stay our souls on You; But, oh, best of



and the e - vil With Your own un - spar - ing hand.
 and more bless - ed 'Tis to give than to re - ceive.
 poor and need - y, "Give as I have giv'n to you"?
 all Your grac - es, With Your love our love re - new.

Text: Eliza S. Alderson, 1818-89, alt.

Tune: Rowland H. Prichard, 1811-87

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A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

438



1 A Lamb goes un - com - plain - ing forth, The
 2 This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great friend, The
 3 "Yes, Fa - ther, yes, most will - ing - ly I'll
 4 Lord, when Your glo - ry I shall see And



guilt of sin - ners bear - ing And, lad - en with the
 Lamb of God, our Sav - ior, Whom God the Fa - ther
 bear what You com - mand Me. My will con - forms to
 taste Your king - dom's plea - sure, Your blood my roy - al



sins of earth, None else the bur - den shar - ing; Goes
 chose to send To gain for us His fa - vor. "Go
 Your de - cree, I'll do what You have asked Me." O
 robe shall be, My joy be - yond all mea - sure! When



pa - tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh - ter led with -
 forth, My Son," the Fa - ther said, "And free My chil - dren
 won - drous Love, what have You done! The Fa - ther of - fers
 I ap - pear be - fore Your throne, Your righ - teous - ness shall



out com - plaint, That spot - less life to of - fer, He bears the
 from their dread Of guilt and con - dem - na - tion. The wrath and
 up His Son, De - sir - ing our sal - va - tion. O Love, how
 be my crown; With these I need not hide me. And there, in



stripes, the wounds, the lies, The mock - er - y, and
 stripes are hard to bear, But by Your pas - sion
 strong You are to save! You lay the One in -
 gar - ments rich - ly wrought, As Your own bride shall



yet re - plies, "All this I glad - ly suf - fer."
 they will share The fruit of Your sal - va - tion."
 to the grave Who built the earth's foun - da - tion.
 we be brought To stand in joy be - side You.

I Walk in Danger All the Way

716



1 I walk in dan - ger all the way. The thought shall nev - er
 2 I pass through tri - als all the way, With sin and ills con -
 3 And death pur - sues me all the way, No - where I rest se -
 4 I walk with an - gels all the way, They shield me and be -



leave me That Sa - tan, who has marked his prey, Is
 tend - ing; In pa - tience I must bear each day The
 cure - ly; He comes by night, he comes by day, He
 friend me; All Sa - tan's pow'r is held at bay When



plot - ting to de - ceive me. This foe with hid - den snares
 cross of God's own send - ing. When in ad - ver - si - ty
 takes his prey most sure - ly. A fail - ing breath, and I
 heav'n - ly hosts at - tend me; They are my sure de - fense,



May seize me un - a - wares If I should fail to
 I know not where to flee, When storms of woe my
 In death's strong grasp may lie To face e - ter - ni -
 All fear and sor - row, hence! Un - harmed by foes, do



watch and pray. I walk in dan - ger all the way.
 soul dis - may, I pass through tri - als all the way.
 ty to - day As death pur - sues me all the way.
 what they may, I walk with an - gels all the way.

5 I walk with Jesus all the way,
 His guidance never fails me;
 Within His wounds I find a stay
 When Satan's pow'r assails me;
 And by His footsteps led,
 My path I safely tread.
 No evil leads my soul astray;
 I walk with Jesus all the way.

6 My walk is heav'nward all the way;
 Await, my soul, the morrow,
 When God's good healing shall allay
 All suff'ring, sin, and sorrow.
 Then, worldly pomp, begone!
 To heav'n I now press on.
 For all the world I would not stay;
 My walk is heav'nward all the way.

*Text: Hans Adolf Brorson, 1694–1764;
 tr. Ditlef G. Ristad, 1863–1938, alt.
 Tune: Geist-reiches Gesang-Buch, 4th ed., Halle, 1708
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Children of the Heavenly Father

725



1 Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly Fa - ther Safe - ly
2 God His own doth tend and nour - ish; In His
3 Nei - ther life nor death shall ev - er From the
4 Though He giv - eth or He tak - eth, God His



in His bos - om gath - er; Nest - ling bird nor star in
ho - ly courts they flour - ish. From all e - vil things He
Lord His chil - dren sev - er; Un - to them His grace He
chil - dren ne'er for - sak - eth; His the lov - ing pur - pose



heav - en Such a ref - uge e'er was giv - en.
spares them; In His might - y arms He bears them.
show - eth, And their sor - rows all He know - eth.
sole - ly To pre - serve them pure and ho - ly.

*Text: Carolina Sandell Berg, 1832–1903;
tr. Ernst W. Olson, 1870–1958*

Tune: Lofsånger och andeliga visor, Sweden, 1873

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