

HYMNS

O Christ, Our Hope, Our Hearts' Desire

553



1 O Christ, our hope, our hearts' de - sire, Cre -
2 How vast Your mer - cy to ac - cept The
3 But now the bonds of death are burst, The
4 O let Your might - y love pre - vail To



a - tion's might - y Lord, Re - deem - er of the
bur - den of our sin And bow Your head in
ran - som has been paid; You now as - cend the
purge us of our pride That we may stand be -



fall - en world, By ho - ly love out - poured:
cru - el death To make us clean with - in.
Fa - ther's throne In robes of light ar - rayed.
fore Your throne By mer - cy pu - ri - fied.

5 Christ Jesus, be our present joy,
Our future great reward;
Our only glory, may it be
To glory in the Lord!

△ 6 All praise to You, ascended Lord;
All glory ever be
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Through all eternity!

*Text: Latin, c. 5th–10th cent.;
tr. John Chandler, 1806–76, adapt.
Tune: Harmonischer Lieder-Schatz, Frankfurt, 1738
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The Lamb

547



1 The Lamb, the Lamb, O Fa - ther, where's the sac - ri - fice?
 2 The Lamb, the Lamb, One per - fect fi - nal of - fer - ing.
 3 The Lamb, the Lamb, As way - ward sheep their shep - herd kill
 4 He sighs, He dies, He takes my sin and wretch - ed - ness.
 5 He rose, He rose, My heart with thanks now o - ver - flows.



Faith sees, be - lieves God will pro - vide the Lamb of price!
 The Lamb, the Lamb, Let earth join heav'n His praise to sing.
 So still, His will On our be - half the Law to fill.
 He lives, for - gives, He gives me His own righ - teous - ness.
 His song pro - long Till ev - 'ry heart to Him be - long.



Refrain
 Wor - thy is the Lamb whose death makes me His



own! The Lamb is reign - ing on His throne!

Text and Tune: Gerald P. Coleman, b. 1953
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Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

528



1 Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My
2 My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As -
3 Je - sus! The name that charms our fears, That
4 He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin; He



great Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my
sist me to pro - claim, To spread through all the
bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the
sets the pris - 'ner free. His blood can make the



God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.
foul - est clean; His blood a - vails for me.

- 5 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race.
Look and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 6 See all your sins on Jesus laid;
The Lamb of God was slain.
His soul was once an off'ring made
For ev'ry soul of man.
- 7 To God all glory, praise, and love
Be now and ever giv'n
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heav'n.

*Text: Charles Wesley, 1707–88, alt.
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