

HYMNS

O God, O Lord of Heaven and Earth

834



1 O God, O Lord of heav'n and earth, Thy liv - ing
2 Our fa - tal will to e - qual Thee, Our reb - el
3 Thou cam - est to our hall of death, O Christ, to
△ 4 O Spir - it, who didst once re - store Thy Church that



fin - ger nev - er wrote That life should be an aim -
will wrought death and night. We seized and used in pride -
breathe our poi - soned air, To drink for us the dark
it might be a - gain The bring - er of good news



less mote, A death - ward drift from fu - tile birth.
ful spite Thy won - drous gift of lib - er - ty.
de - spair That stran - gled our re - luc - tant breath.
to men, Breathe on Thy clo - ven Church once more,



Thy Word meant life tri - umphant hurled In splen - dor through
We housed us in this house of doom, Where death had roy -
How beau - ti - ful the feet that trod The road that leads
That in these gray and lat - ter days There may be those



Thy bro - ken world. Since light a - woke and life be - gan,
al scope and room, Un - til Thy ser - vant, Prince of Peace,
us back to God! How beau - ti - ful the feet that ran
whose life is praise, Each life a high dox - ol - o - gy



Thou hast de - sired Thy life for man.
Breached all its walls for our re - lease.
To bring the great good news to man!
To Fa - ther, Son, and un - to Thee.

My Soul, Now Praise Your Maker

820



1 My soul, now praise your Mak - er! Let all with - in me
 2 He of - fers all His trea - sure Of jus - tice, truth, and
 3 For as a ten - der fa - ther Has pit - y on his
 4 His grace re - mains for - ev - er, And chil - dren's chil - dren



bless His name Who makes you full par - tak - er Of
 righ - teous - ness, His love be - yond all mea - sure, His
 chil - dren here, God in His arms will gath - er All
 yet shall prove That God for - sakes them nev - er Who



mer - cies more than you dare claim. For - get Him not whose
 yearn - ing pit - y o'er dis - tress; Nor treats us as we
 who are His in child - like fear. He knows how frail our
 in true fear shall seek His love. In heav'n is fixed His



meek - ness Still bears with all your sin, Who heals your ev - 'ry
 mer - it But sets His an - ger by. The poor and con - trite
 pow - ers, Who but from dust are made. We flour - ish like the
 dwell - ing, His rule is o - ver all; O hosts with might ex -



weak - ness, Re - news your life with - in; Whose grace and
 spir - it Finds His com - pas - sion nigh; And high as
 flow - ers, And e - ven so we fade; The wind but
 cel - ling, With praise be - fore Him fall. Praise Him for -



care are end - less And saved you through the past; Who
 heav'n a - bove us, As dawn from close of day, So
 through them pass - es, And all their bloom is o'er. We
 ev - er reign - ing, All you who hear His Word— Our



leaves no suf - f'rer friend - less But rights the wronged at last.
 far, since He has loved us, He puts our sins a - way.
 with - er like the grass - es; Our place knows us no more.
 life and all sus - tain - ing. My soul, O praise the Lord!



1 The tree of life with ev - 'ry good In E - den's
 2 The still - ness of that sa - cred grove Was bro - ken,
 3 What mer - cy God showed to our race, A plan of
 4 Now from that tree of Je - sus' shame Flows life e -



ho - ly or - chard stood, And of its fruit so pure and
 as the ser - pent strove With tempt - ing voice Eve to be -
 res - cue by His grace: In send - ing One from wom - an's
 ter - nal in His name; For all who trust and will be -



sweet God let the man and wom - an eat. Yet in this
 guile And Ad - am too by sin de - file. O day of
 seed, The One to fill our great - est need— For on a
 lieve, Sal - va - tion's liv - ing fruit re - ceive. And of this



gar - den al - so grew An - oth - er tree, of which they
 sad - ness when the breath Of fear and dark - ness, doubt and
 tree up - lift - ed high His on - ly Son for sin would
 fruit so pure and sweet The Lord in - vites the world to



knew; Its love - ly limbs with fruit a -
 death, Its aw - ful poi - son first dis -
 die, Would drink the cup of scorn and
 eat, To find with - in this cross of



dorned A - gainst whose eat - ing God had warned.
 played With - in the world so new - ly made.
 dread To crush the an - cient ser - pent's head!
 wood The tree of life with ev - 'ry good.

Text: Stephen P. Starke, b. 1955

Tune: Bruce W. Becker, b. 1952

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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

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

Text and Tune: Public domain



1 In Ad - am we have all been one, One huge re - bel - lious man;
 2 We fled Thee, and in los - ing Thee We lost our broth - er too;
 3 But Thy strong love, it sought us still And sent Thine on - ly Son
 4 O Thou who, when we loved Thee not, Didst love and save us all,



We all have fled that eve - ning voice That sought us as we ran.
 Each sin - gly sought and claimed his own; Each man his broth - er slew.
 That we might hear His Shep - herd's voice And, hear - ing Him, be one.
 Thou great Good Shep - herd of man - kind, O hear us when we call.

5 Send us Thy Spirit, teach us truth;
 Thou Son, O set us free
 From fancied wisdom, self-sought ways,
 To make us one in Thee.

△ 6 Then shall our song united rise
 To Thine eternal throne,
 Where with the Father evermore
 And Spirit Thou art one.

Text: Martin H. Franzmann, 1907–76
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tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
Tune: Concentus novi, Augsburg, 1540
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