

HYMNS

Your Heart, O God, Is Grieved

945



1 O God, Father in heav - en, have mer-cy up - on us.
2 O Son of God, Redeemer of the world, have mer-cy up - on us.
3 O God, Holy Spir - it, have mer-cy up - on us.



Your heart, O God, is grieved, we know, By ev - 'ry
Your arms ex - tend, O Christ, to save From sting of
O lav - ish Giv - er, come to aid The fee - ble



e - vil, ev - 'ry woe; Up - on Your cross - for -
death and grasp of grave; Your scars be - fore the
child Your grace has made. Now make us grow and



sak - en Son Our death is laid, and peace is won.
Fa - ther move His heart to mer - cy at such love.
help us pray; Bring joy and com - fort; come to stay.

*Text: Juraj Tranovský, 1591–1637;
tr. Jaroslav J. Vajda, 1919–2008
Tune: Cithara Sanctorum, 1636, Levoca
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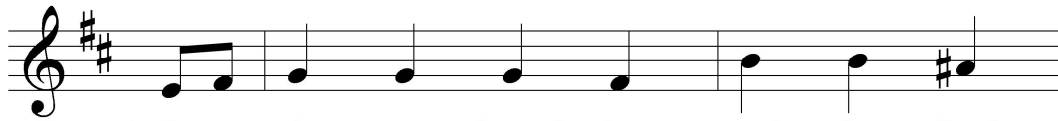
There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood



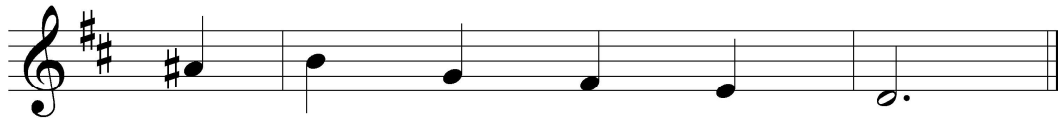
1 There is a foun - tain filled with blood
2 The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see
3 Though great the flood o'er all the earth
4 Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood
5 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
6 When this poor lisp - ing, stamm - 'ring tongue



Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,
That foun - tain in his day;
That No - ah's ark did sail,
Shall nev - er lost its pow'r
Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
Lies si - lent in the grave,



And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood
And there have I, as vile as he,
Christ's crim - son flood, of end - less worth,
Till all the ran - somed Church of God
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme
Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song



Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Washed all my sins a - way.
For sin - ners doth a - vail.
Be saved to sin no more.
And shall be till I die.
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

Text: William Cowper, 1731–1800, sts. 1–2, 4–6, abr.;

Michael A. Penikis, b. 1964, st. 3

Tune: William Horsley, 1774, 1858

Text (sts. 1–2, 4–6) and Tune: Public domain

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Water, Blood, and Spirit Crying

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1 Wa - ter, blood, and Spir - it cry - ing, By their wit - ness
 2 In a wa - t'ry grave are bur - ied All our sins that
 3 Dark the way, yet Christ pre - cedes us, Past the scowl of
 4 Though a - round us death is seeth - ing, God, His two - edged
 5 Spir - it, wa - ter, blood en - treat - ing, Work - ing faith and



tes - ti - fy - ing To the One whose death - de - fy - ing
 Je - sus car - ried; Christ, the Ark of Life, has fer - ried
 death He leads us; Spreads a ta - ble where He feeds us
 sword un - sheath - ing, By His Spir - it life is breath - ing
 its com - plet - ing In the One whose death - de - feat - ing



Life has come, with life for all.
 Us a - cross death's rag - ing flood.
 With His bod - y and His blood.
 Through the liv - ing, ac - tive Word.
 Life has come, with life for all.

Text: Stephen P. Starke, 1955
Tune: Jeffrey N. Blesch, 1967
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