

HYMNS

Rise, Shine, You People

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1 Rise, shine, you peo - ple! Christ the Lord has en - tered
2 See how He sends the pow'rs of e - vil reel - ing;
3 Come, cel - e - brate, your ban - ners high un - furl - ing,
4 Tell how the Fa - ther sent His Son to save us.



Our hu - man sto - ry; God in Him is cen - tered.
He brings us free - dom, light and life and heal - ing.
Your songs and prayers a - gainst the dark - ness hurl - ing.
Tell of the Son, who life and free - dom gave us.



He comes to us, by death and sin sur -
All men and wom - en, who by guilt are
To all the world go out and tell the
Tell how the Spir - it calls from ev - 'ry



round - ed, With grace un - bound - ed.
driv - en, Now are for - giv - en.
sto - ry Of Je - sus' glo - ry.
na - tion His new cre - a - tion.

Text: Ronald A. Klug, 1939, alt.

Tune: Dale Wood, 1934-2003

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Lord, Thee I Love with All My Heart

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1 Lord, Thee I love with all my heart; I pray Thee, ne'er from
 2 Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy rich boun-ty gave My bod - y, soul, and
 3 Lord, let at last Thine an - gels come, To A - br'ham's bos - om



me de - part, With ten - der mer - cy cheer me. Earth
 all I have In this poor life of la - bor. Lord,
 bear me home, That I may die un - fear - ing; And



has no plea - sure I would share. Yea, heav'n it - self were
 grant that I in ev - 'ry place May glo - ri - fy Thy
 in its nar - row cham - ber keep My bod - y safe in



void and bare If Thou, Lord, wert not near me. And should my
 lav - ish grace And help and serve my neigh - bor. Let no false
 peace - ful sleep Un - til Thy re - ap - pear - ing. And then from



heart for sor - row break, My trust in Thee can noth - ing shake.
 doc - trine me be - guile; Let Sa - tan not my soul de - file.
 death a - wak - en me, That these mine eyes with joy may see,



Thou art the por - tion I have sought; Thy pre - cious
 Give strength and pa - tience un - to me To bear my
 O Son of God, Thy glo - rious face, My Sav - ior



blood my soul has bought. Lord Je - sus Christ, my God and
 cross and fol - low Thee. Lord Je - sus Christ, my God and
 and my fount of grace. Lord Je - sus Christ, my prayer at -



Lord, my God and Lord, For - sake me not! I trust Thy Word.
 Lord, my God and Lord, In death Thy com - fort still af - ford.
 tend, my prayer at - tend, And I will praise Thee with - out end.

Text: Martin Schalling, 1532-1608; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.

Tune: Zwey Bücher ... Tabulatur, 1577, Strassburg

Text and Tune: Public domain



1 Preach you the Word and plant it home To men who
 2 We know how hard, O Lord, the task Your ser - vant
 3 The sow - er sows; his reck - less love Scat - ters a -
 4 Though some be snatched and some be scorched And some be



like or like it not, The Word that shall en -
 bade us un - der - take: To preach Your Word and
 broad the good - ly seed, In - tent a - lone that
 choked and mat - ted flat, The sow - er sows; his



dure and stand When flow'rs and men shall be for - got.
 nev - er ask What pride - ful prof - it it may make.
 all may have The whole - some loaves that all men need.
 heart cries out, "Oh, what of that, and what of that?"

5 Of all his scattered plenteousness
 One-fourth waves ripe on hill and flat,
 And bears a harvest hundredfold:
 "Ah, what of that, Lord, what of that!"

6 Preach you the Word and plant it home
 And never faint; the Harvest Lord
 Who gave the sower seed to sow
 Will watch and tend His planted Word.

*Text: Martin H. Franzmann, 1907-76, alt.
 Tune: Rheinfelssisch Deutsches Catholisches
 Gesangbuch, 1666, Augsburg
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 Tune: Public domain*

What Is the World to Me

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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!

*Text: Georg Michael Pfefferkorn, 1645–1732;
 tr. August Crull, 1845–1923, alt.
 Tune: Ahasverus Fritsch, 1629–1701
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Draw Near and Take the Body of the Lord

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1 Draw near and take the bod - y of the Lord,
2 He who His saints in this world rules and shields,
3 Come for - ward then with faith - ful hearts sin - cere,



And drink the ho - ly blood for you out - poured;
To all be - liev - ers life e - ter - nal yields;
And take the pledg - es of sal - va - tion here.



Of - fered was He for great - est and for least,
With heav'n - ly bread He makes the hun - gry whole,
O Lord, our hearts with grate - ful thanks en - dow



Him - self the vic - tim and Him - self the priest.
Gives liv - ing wa - ters to the thirst - ing soul.
As in this feast of love You bless us now.

*Text: Latin, 7th cent.; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.
Tune: Trente quatre Pseaumes de David,
1551, Geneva, ed. Louis Bourgeois
Text and Tune: Public domain*

O Little Flock, Fear Not the Foe

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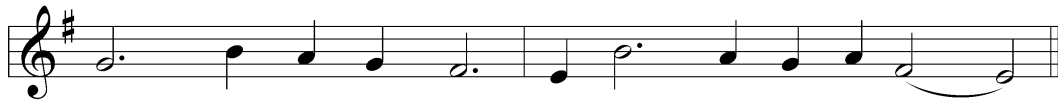
1 O lit - tle flock, fear not the foe Who mad - ly
2 Be of good cheer; your cause be - longs To Him who
3 As true as God's own Word is true, Not earth nor
4 A - men, Lord Je - sus, grant our prayer; Great Cap - tain,



seeks your o - ver - throw; Dread not his rage and pow'r.
can a - venge your wrongs; Leave it to Him, our Lord.
hell's sa - tan - ic crew A - gainst us shall pre - vail.
now Thine arm make bare, Fight for us once a - gain!



And though your cour - age some-times faints, His seem - ing
Though hid - den yet from mor - tal eyes, His God - eon
Their might? A joke, a mere fa - cade! God is with
So shall Thy saints and mar - tyrs raise A might - y



tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.
shall for you a - rise, Up - hold you and His Word.
us and we with God— Our vic - t'ry can - not fail.
cho - rus to Thy praise For - ev - er - more. A - men.

*Text: Jacob Fabricius, 1593–1654;
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
Tune: German, 1534, Nürnberg
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