FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT
March 27, A. D. 2022

HYMNS

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing
686

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to
2 Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by Thy
3 Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm con-
4 Oh, that day when freed from sin-ning, I shall see Thy

sing Thy grace; Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing,
help I've come; And I hope, by Thy good plea-sure,
strained to be; Let that grace now like a fet-ter
love-ly face; Clothed then in the blood-washed lin-en,

Call for songs of loud-est praise. While the hope of end-less
Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. Je-sus sought me when a
Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee: Prone to wan-der, Lord, I
How I'll sing Thy won-drous grace! Come, my Lord, no long-er

glo-ry Fills my heart with joy and love, Teach me
strang-er, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God; He, to
feel it; Prone to leave the God I love. Here's my
tar-ry; Take my ran-som'd soul a-way; Send Thine

ev-er to a-dore Thee; May I still Thy good-ness prove.
res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.
an-gels soon to car-ry Me to realms of end-less day.

1 God loved the world so that He gave His on-ly
2 Christ Je-sus is the ground of faith, Who was made
3 God would not have the sin-ner die; His Son with
4 Be of good cheer, for God's own Son For-gives all

Son the lost to save, That all who would in
flesh and suf-fered death; All then who trust in
sav-ing grace is nigh; His Spir-it in the
sins which you have done; And, jus-ti-fied by

Him be-lieve Should ev-er-last-ing life re-ceive.
Him a-lone Are built on this chief cor-ner-stone.
Word de-clares How we in Christ are heav-en's heirs.
Je-sus' blood, Your Bap-tism grants the high-est good.

5 If you are sick, if death is near,
This truth your troubled heart can cheer:
Christ Jesus saves your soul from death;
That is the firmest ground of faith.

△ 6 Glory to God the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To You, O blessèd Trinity,
Be praise now and eternally!

Old Testament Canticle

Refrain

C The Lord God is my strength and my song, and He has be-come my sal-va-tion.

With joy will you draw wa-ter from the wells of sal-va-tion. And you will say in that day: "Give thanks to the Lord, call up-on His name, make known His deeds a-mong the peo-ples, pro-claim that His name is ex-alt-ed."
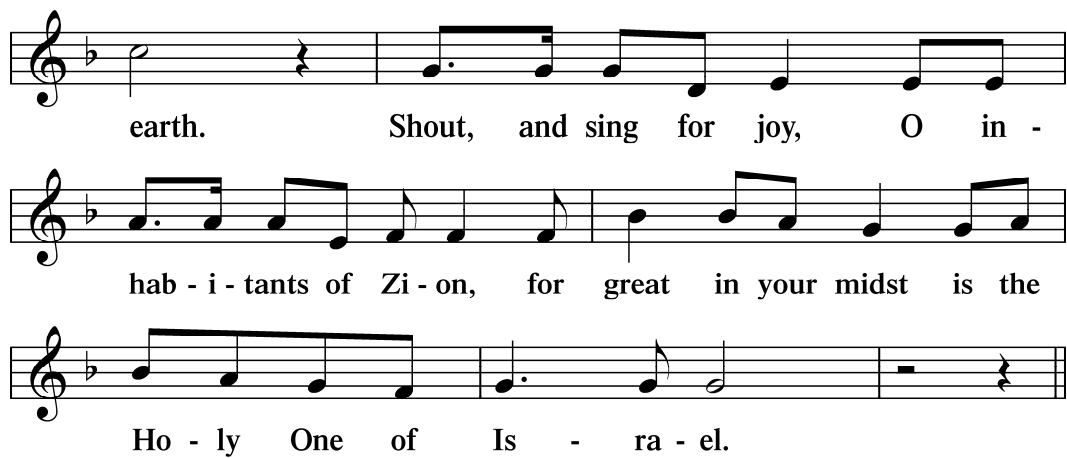
Refrain

The Lord God is my strength and my song, and He has be-come my sal-va-tion.

Sing prais-es to the Lord, for He has done glo-rious-ly; let this be made known in all the

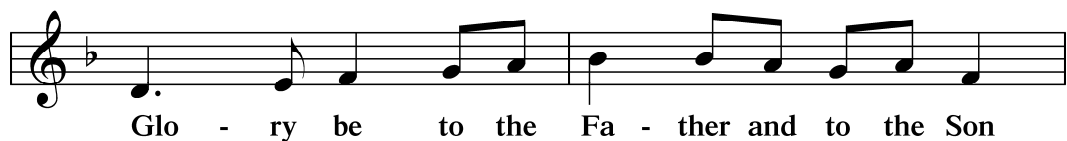earth. Shout, and sing for joy, O in-

hab-i-tants of Zi-on, for great in your midst is the
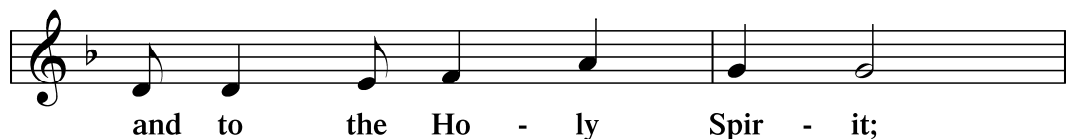
Ho-ly One of Is - ra-el.

Refrain

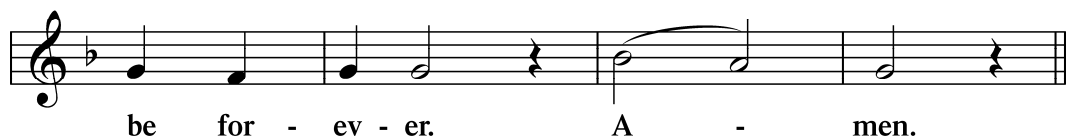The Lord God is my strength and my song, and

He has be-come my sal-va - tion.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther and to the Son

and to the Ho - ly Spir - it;

as it was in the be-gin - ning, is now, and will

be for-ev-er. A - men.

Refrain

The Lord God is my strength and my song, and

He has be-come my sal-va - tion.

1 If Your be-lov-ed Son, O God, Had not to earth de-
2 But now I find sweet peace and rest; De-spair no more reigns
3 I trust in Him with all my heart; Now all my sor-row
4 All righ-teous-ness by works is vain; The Law brings con-dem-
△ 5 My guilt, O Fa-ther, You have laid On Christ, Your Son, my

scend-ed And in our mor-tal flesh and blood Had not sin's
o'er me. No more am I by sin op-pressed, For Christ has
ceas-es. His words a-bid-ing peace im-part; His blood from
na-tion. True righ-teous-ness by faith I gain; Christ's work is
Sav-ior. Lord Je-sus, You my debt have paid And gained for

pow-er end-ed, Then this poor, wretch-ed soul of mine In
borne sin for me. Up-on the cross for me He died That,
guilt re-leas-es. Free grace through Him I now ob-tain; He
my sal-va-tion. His death, that per-fect sac-ri-fice, Has
me God's fa-vor. O Ho-ly Spir-it, Fount of grace, The

hell e-ter-nal-ly would pine Be-cause of my trans-gres-sion.
rec-on-ciled, I might a-bide With You, my God, for-ev-er.
wash-es me from ev-'ry stain, And pure I stand be-fore Him.
paid the all-suf-fi-cient price; In Him my hope is an-chored.
good in me to You I trace; In faith and hope pre-serve me.

1 All man - kind fell in Ad - am's fall; One com - mon
2 Through all our pow'rs cor - rup - tion creeps And us in
3 From hearts de - praved, to e - vil prone, Flow thoughts and
4 But Christ, the sec - ond Ad - am, came To bear our

sin in - fects us all. From one to all the
dread - ful bond - age keeps; In guilt we draw our
deeds of sin a - lone; God's im - age lost, the
sin and woe and shame, To be our life, our

curse de - scends, And o - ver all God's wrath im - pends.
in - fant breath And reap its fruits of woe and death.
dark - ened soul Seeks not nor finds its heav'n - ly goal.
light, our way, Our on - ly hope, our on - ly stay.

5   As by one man all mankind fell
And, born in sin, was doomed to hell,
So by one Man, who took our place,
We all were justified by grace.

6   We thank You, Christ; new life is ours,
New light, new hope, new strength, new pow'rs.
This grace our ev'ry way attend
Until we reach our journey's end.

As Rebels, Lord, Who Foolishly Have Wandered   612

1 As reb - els, Lord, who fool - ish - ly have wan - dered
2 Still we re - turn, our con - trite words re - hears - ing,
3 A feast of love for us You are pre - par - ing;

Far from Your love— un - fed, un - clean, un - clothed—
Speech, that with - in Your warm em - brace soon dies;
We who were lost, You give an hon - ored place!

Dare we re - call Your wealth so rash - ly squan - dered,
All of our guilt, our shame, our pain re - vers - ing
"Come, eat; come, drink, and be no more de - spair - ing—

Dare hope to glean that boun - ty which we loathed?
As tears of joy and wel - come fill Your eyes.
Here taste a - gain the trea - sures of My grace."

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet Sor - row and
4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
trib - ute far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
sor - row meet Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all!