

HYMNS

Rise, My Soul, to Watch and Pray

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1 Rise, my soul, to watch and pray; From your sleep a - wak -  
2 Watch a - gainst the dev - il's snares Lest a - sleep he find  
3 Watch! Let not the wick - ed world With its lies de - feat  
4 Watch a - gainst your - self, my soul, Lest with grace you tri -  
5 But while watch - ing, al - so pray To the Lord un - ceas -



en! Be not by the e - vil day Un - a - wares o'er -  
you; For in - deed no pains he spares To de - ceive and  
you Lest with bold de - cep - tions hurled It be - tray and  
fle; Let not self your thoughts con - trol Nor God's mer - cy  
ing. God pro - tects you day by day, Strength and faith in -



tak - en; For the foe, Well we know, Is a  
blind you. Sa - tan's prey Oft are they Who se -  
cheat you. Watch and see Lest there be Faith - less  
sti - fle. Pride and sin Lurk with - in, All your  
creas - ing, So that still Mind and will Shall u -



har - vest reap - ing While the saints are sleep - ing.  
cure are sleep - ing And no watch are keep - ing.  
friends to charm you, Who but seek to harm you.  
hopes to shat - ter; Heed not when they flat - ter.  
nite to serve Him And for - ev - er love Him.

*Text: Johann Burkhard Freystein, 1671–1718;  
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.  
Tune: Hundert ... geistlicher Arien, 1694, Dresden, alt.  
Text and Tune: Public domain*

# Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

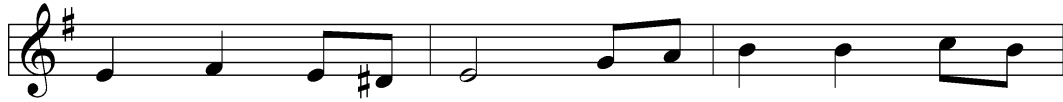
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1 Strick-en, smit-ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the  
 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groan-ing, Was there ev - er grief like  
 3 Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil  
 4 Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the



tree! 'Tis the Christ, by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my  
 His? Friends through fear His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in -  
 great Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its  
 lost: Christ, the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Is the



soul, 'tis He, 'tis He! 'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed  
 sult - ing His dis - tress; Man - y hands were raised to  
 guilt may es - ti - mate. Mark the sac - ri - fice ap -  
 name of which we boast; Lamb of God, for sin - ners



Proph - et, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord; Proofs I  
 wound Him, None would in - ter - vene to save; But the  
 point - ed, See who bears the aw - ful load; 'Tis the  
 wound - ed, Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt! None shall



see suf - fi - cient of it: 'Tis the true and faith - ful Word.  
 deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that jus - tice gave.  
 Word, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.  
 ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.

*Text: Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855, alt.  
 Tune: Geistliche Volkslieder, 1850, Paderborn  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

# Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed

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1 A - las! And did my Sav - ior bleed, And  
2 Was it for crimes that I had done He  
3 Well might the sun in dark - ness hide And  
4 Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While  
5 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The



did my sov - 'reign die? Would He de - vote that  
groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y,  
shut his glo - ries in When God, the might - y  
His dear cross ap - pears, Dis - solve my heart in  
debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my -



sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!  
mak - er, died For His own crea - tures' sin.  
thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
self a - way: 'Tis all that I can do.

*Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt.*

*Tune: Hugh Wilson, 1764–1824*

*Text and Tune: Public domain*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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