

HYMNS

Rise, Ye Children of Salvation



1 Rise, ye chil - dren of sal - va - tion, All who cleave to
2 Saints and he - roes long be - fore us Firm - ly on this
3 Fight - ing, we shall be vic - to - rious By the blood of
4 When His ser - vants stand be - fore Him, Each re - ceiv - ing



Christ the Head! Wake, a - rise, O might - y na - tion,
ground have stood; See their ban - ner wav - ing o'er us,
Christ our Lord; On our fore - heads, bright and glo - rious,
his re - ward; When His saints in light a - dore Him,



Ere the foe on Zi - on tread; He draws nigh And
Con - qu'rors through the Sav - ior's blood. Ground we hold, Where -
Shine the wit - ness of His Word; Spear and shield On
Giv - ing glo - ry to the Lord; "Vic - to - ry!" Our



would de - fy All the hosts of God Most High.
on of old, Fought the faith - ful and the bold.
bat - tle - field, His great name; we can - not yield.
song shall be, Like the thun - der of the sea.

*Text: Justus Falckner, 1672–1723;
tr. Emma F. Bevan, 1827–1909
Tune: Joachim Neander, 1650–80
Text and Tune: Public domain*

My Song Is Love Unknown

430



1 My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to
 2 He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -
 3 Some-times they strew His way And His sweet prais - es
 4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and
 5 They rise and needs will have My dear Lord made a -



me, Love to the love - less shown That they might love - ly
 stow; But men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ would
 sing; Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their
 spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their
 way; A mur - der - er they save, The Prince of Life they



be. Oh, who am I That for my sake
 know. But, oh, my friend, My friend in - deed,
 King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath,
 sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these
 slay. Yet cheer - ful He To suf - f'ring goes



My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
 Who at my need His life did spend!
 And for His death They thirst and cry.
 Them - selves dis - please And 'gainst Him rise.
 That He His foes From thence might free.

6 In life no house, no home
 My Lord on earth might have;
 In death no friendly tomb
 But what a stranger gave.
 What may I say?
 Heav'n was His home
 But mine the tomb
 Wherein He lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,
 No story so divine!
 Never was love, dear King,
 Never was grief like Thine.
 This is my friend,
 In whose sweet praise
 I all my days
 Could gladly spend!

Text: Samuel Crossman, c. 1624–1683

Tune: John N. Ireland, 1879–1962

Text: Public domain

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Christ, the Life of All the Living

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sts. 1-4



1 Christ, the life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the death of
2 Thou, ah! Thou, hast tak - en on Thee Bonds and stripes, a
3 Thou hast borne the smit - ing on - ly That my wounds might
4 Heart - less scof - fers did sur-round Thee, Treat - ing Thee with



death, our foe, Who, Thy - self for me once giv - ing
cru - el rod; Pain and scorn were heaped up - on Thee,
all be whole; Thou hast suf - fered, sad and lone - ly,
shame - ful scorn And with pierc - ing thorns they crowned Thee.



To the dark - est depths of woe; Through Thy suf - f'rings,
O Thou sin - less Son of God! Thus didst Thou my
Rest to give my wea - ry soul; Yea, the curse of
All dis - grace Thou, Lord, hast borne, That as Thine Thou



death, and mer - it I e - ter - nal life in - her - it.
soul de - liv - er From the bonds of sin for - ev - er.
God en - dur - ing, Bless - ing un - to me se - cur - ing.
might - est own me And with heav'n - ly glo - ry crown me.



Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
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Christ, the Life of All the Living

420
sts. 5-7



5 Thou hast suf - fered men to bruise Thee, That from pain I
6 Thou hast suf - fered great af - flic - tion And hast borne it
7 Then, for all that wrought my par - don, For Thy sor - rows



might be free; False - ly did Thy foes ac - cuse Thee:
pa - tient - ly, E - ven death by cru - ci - fix - ion,
deep and sore, For Thine an - guish in the Gar - den,



Thence I gain se - cu - ri - ty; Com - fort - less Thy
Ful - ly to a - tone for me; Thou didst choose to
I will thank Thee ev - er - more, Thank Thee for Thy



soul did lan - guish Me to com - fort in my an - guish.
be tor - ment - ed That my doom should be pre - vent - ed.
groan - ing, sigh - ing, For Thy bleed - ing and Thy dy - ing,



Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
For that last tri - um - phant cry, And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.

*Text: Ernst Christoph Homburg, 1605-81; (sts. 1-2, 5, 7):
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.;
(sts. 3-4, 6): tr. Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book, 1912, St. Louis
Tune: Das grosse Cantional, 1687, Darmstadt
Text and Tune: Public domain*

Jesus, Grant That Balm and Healing

421



1 Je - sus, grant that balm and heal - ing In Your ho - ly
 2 Should some lust or sharp temp - ta - tion Fas - ci - nate my
 3 If the world my heart en - tic - es With the broad and
 4 Ev - 'ry wound that pains or grieves me By Your wounds, Lord,
 5 O my God, my rock and tow - er, Grant that in Your



wounds I find, Ev - 'ry hour that I am feel - ing Pains of
 sin - ful mind, Draw me to Your cross and pas - sion, And new
 eas - y road, With se - duc - tive, sin - ful vi - ces, Let me
 is made whole; When I'm faint, Your cross re - vives me, Grant - ing
 death I trust, Know - ing death has lost its pow - er Since You



bod - y and of mind. Should some e - vil thought with - in
 cour - age I shall find. Or should Sa - tan press me hard,
 weigh the aw - ful load You were will - ing to en - dure.
 new life to my soul. Yes, Your com - fort ren - ders sweet
 crushed it in the dust. Sav - ior, let Your ag - o - ny



Tempt my treach - 'rous heart to sin, Show the per - il, and from
 Let me then be on my guard, Say - ing, "Christ for me was
 Help me flee all thoughts im - pure And to mas - ter each temp -
 Ev - 'ry bit - ter cup I meet; For Your all - a - ton - ing
 Ev - er help and com - fort me; When I die be my pro -



sin - ning Keep me from its first be - gin - ning.
 wound - ed," That the tempt - er flee con - found - ed.
 ta - tion, Calm in prayer and med - i - ta - tion.
 pas - sion Has pro - cured my soul's sal - va - tion.
 tec - tion, Light and life and res - ur - rec - tion.

Text: Johann Heermann, 1585–1647; tr. composite, alt.

Tune: Johann Balthasar König, 1691–1758

Text and Tune: Public domain

Not All the Blood of Beasts

431



1 Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain
2 But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;
3 My faith would lay its hand On that dear head of Thine,
4 My soul looks back to see The bur - den Thou didst bear
5 Be - liev - ing, we re - joice To see the curse re - move;



Could give the guilt - y con - science peace Or wash a - way the stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich - er blood than they.
While as a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
When hang - ing on the curs - ed tree; I know my guilt was there.
We bless the Lamb with cheer - ful voice And sing His bleed - ing love.

*Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt.
Tune: William Daman, c. 1540–1591
Text and Tune: Public domain*

We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died

429



1 We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who
2 In - scribed up - on the cross we see In shin - ing
3 The cross! It takes our guilt a - way; It holds the
4 It makes the cow - ard spir - it brave And nerves the



died up - on the cross. The sin - ner's hope let
let - ters, "God is love." He bears our sins up -
faint - ing spir - it up; It cheers with hope the
fee - ble arm for fight; It takes the ter - ror



all de - ride; For this we count the world but loss.
on the tree; He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.
gloom - y day And sweet - ens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.
from the grave And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heav'n above.

6 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
Forever and forevermore.

*Text (sts. 1–5): Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855;
(st. 6): Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1861
Tune: attr. Daniel Read, 1757–1836
Text and Tune: Public domain*

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