

HYMNS

I Lay My Sins on Jesus

606



1 I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2 I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in Him;
3 I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine;



He bears them all and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
He heals all my dis - eas - es; My soul He does re - deem.
His right hand me em - brac - es; I on His breast re - cline.



I bring my guilt to Je - sus To wash my crim - son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
I love the name of Je - sus, Im - man - uel, Christ, the Lord;



Clean in His blood most pre - cious Till not a spot re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - es; He all my sor - rows shares.
Like fra-grance on the breez - es His name a - broad is poured.



1 Je - sus, I will pon - der now On Your ho - ly pas - sion;
 2 Make me see Your great dis - tress, An - guish, and af - flic - tion,
 3 Yet, O Lord, not thus a - lone Make me see Your pas - sion,
 4 Grant that I Your pas - sion view With re - pen - tant griev - ing.



With Your Spir - it me en - dow For such med - i - ta - tion.
 Bonds and stripes and wretch - ed - ness And Your cru - ci - fix - ion;
 But its cause to me make known And its ter - mi - na - tion.
 Let me not bring shame to You By un - ho - ly liv - ing.



Grant that I in love and faith May the im - age cher - ish
 Make me see how scourge and rod, Spear and nails did wound You,
 Ah! I al - so and my sin Wrought Your deep af - flic - tion;
 How could I re - fuse to shun Ev - 'ry sin - ful plea - sure



Of Your suf - f'ring, pain, and death That I may not per - ish.
 How for them You died, O God, Who with thorns had crowned You.
 This in - deed the cause has been Of Your cru - ci - fix - ion.
 Since for me God's on - ly Son Suf - fered with - out mea - sure?

5 If my sins give me alarm
 And my conscience grieve me,
 Let Your cross my fear disarm;
 Peace of conscience give me.
 Help me see forgiveness won
 By Your holy passion.
 If for me He slays His Son,
 God must have compassion!

6 Graciously my faith renew;
 Help me bear my crosses,
 Learning humbleness from You,
 Peace mid pain and losses.
 May I give You love for love!
 Hear me, O my Savior,
 That I may in heav'n above
 Sing Your praise forever.

*Text: Sigismund von Birken, 1626–81;
 tr. August Crull, 1845–1923, alt.
 Tune: Melchior Vulpinus, c. 1570–1615
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O Perfect Life of Love

452



1 O per - fect life of love! All, all, is fin - ished now,
2 No work is left un - done Of all the Fa - ther willed;
3 No pain that we can share But He has felt its smart;
4 And on His thorn - crowned head And on His sin - less soul
5 In per - fect love He dies; For me He dies, for me.



All that He left His throne a - bove To do for us be - low.
His toil, His sor - rows, one by one, The Scrip - tures have ful - filled.
All forms of hu - man grief and care Have pierced that ten - der heart.
Our sins in all their guilt were laid That He might make us whole.
O all - a - ton - ing Sac - ri - fice, I cling by faith to Thee.

6 In ev'ry time of need,
Before the judgment throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not mine own.

7 Yet work, O Lord, in me
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

*Text: Henry W. Baker, 1821-77, alt.
Tune: William Daman, c. 1540-1591
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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