

HYMNS

Now All the Vault of Heaven Resounds

465



1 Now all the vault of heav'n re - sounds In
2 E - ter - nal is the gift He brings, There -
3 O fill us, Lord, with daunt - less love; Set
△ 4 A - dor - ing prais - es now we bring And



praise of love that still a - bounds: "Christ has tri - umphed!
fore our heart with rap - ture sings: "Christ has tri - umphed!
heart and will on things a - bove That we con - quer
with the heav'n - ly bless - ed sing: "Christ has tri - umphed!



He is liv - ing!" Sing, choirs of an - gels, loud and
He is liv - ing!" Now still He comes to give us
through Your tri - umph; Grant grace suf - fi - cient for life's
Al - le - lu - ia!" Be to the Fa - ther and our



clear! Re - peat their song of glo - ry
life And by His pres - ence stills all
day That by our lives we tru - ly
Lord, To Spir - it blest, most ho - ly



here: "Christ has tri - umphed! Christ has tri - umphed!"
strife. Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!
say: "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"
God, All the glo - ry, nev - er end - ing!



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

With High Delight Let Us Unite

483



1 With high de-light Let us u - nite In songs of great
 2 True God, He first From death has burst Forth in - to life,
 3 Let prais-es ring; Give thanks, and bring To Christ our Lord



ju - bi - la - tion. Ye pure in heart, All bear your part,
 all sub-du - ing. His en - e - my Doth van-quished lie;
 ad - o - ra - tion. His hon - or speed By word and deed



Sing Je - sus Christ, our sal - va - tion. To set us
 His death has been death's un - do - ing. "And yours shall
 To ev - 'ry land, ev - 'ry na - tion. So shall His



free For - ev - er, He Is ris'n and sends To all earth's
 be Like vic - to - ry O'er death and grave," Saith He, who
 love Give us a - bove, From mis - er - y And death set



ends Good news to save ev - 'ry na - tion.
 gave His life for us, life re - new - ing.
 free, All joy and full con - so - la - tion.

Text: Georg Vetter, 1536–99;

tr. Martin H. Franzmann, 1907–76

Tune: Cinquante Pseaumes, 1543, Geneva

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Hymn 465 (prev. page)

Text: Paul Z. Strodach, 1876–1947, alt.

Tune: Geistliche Kirchengesäng, 1623, Köln

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Christ Be My Leader

861



1 Christ be my Lead - er by night as by day; Safe through the
 2 Christ be my Teach - er in age as in youth, Drift - ing or
 3 Christ be my Sav - ior in calm as in strife; Death can - not



dark - ness, for He is the way. Glad - ly I fol - low, my
 doubt - ing, for He is the truth. Grant me to trust Him; though
 hold me, for He is the life. Nor dark - ness nor doubt - ing nor



fu - ture His care, Dark - ness is day - light when Je - sus is there.
 shift - ing as sand, Doubt can - not daunt me; in Je - sus I stand.
 sin and its stain Can touch my sal - va - tion: with Je - sus I reign.

Lord, Help Us Ever to Retain

865



1 Lord, help us ev - er to re - tain The Cat - e -
 2 Help us Your ho - ly Law to learn, To mourn our
 3 Hear us, dear Fa - ther, when we pray For need - ed
 4 Lord, when we fall or go a - stray, Ab - solve and



chism's — doc - trine plain As Lu - ther taught the
 sin and from it turn In faith to You and
 help from day to day That as Your chil - dren
 lift us up, we pray; And through the Sac - ra -



Word of truth In sim - ple style to ten - der youth.
 to Your Son And Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One.
 we may live, Whom You bap - tized and so re - ceived.
 ment in - crease Our faith till we de - part in peace.

Hymn 865

Text: Ludwig Helmbold, 1532–98;
 tr. Matthias Loy, 1828–1915, alt.
 Tune: As hymnodus sacer, 1625, Leipzig
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Hymn 861

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Thy Body, Given for Me, O Savior

619



1 Thy bod - y, giv'n for me, O Sav - ior, Thy blood which
 2 With Thee, Lord, I am now u - nit - ed; I live in
 3 Who can con - demn me now? For sure - ly The Lord is
 4 Though death may threat - en with dis - as - ter, It can - not
 5 My heart has now be - come Thy dwell - ing, O bless - ed,



Thou for me didst shed, These are my life and
 Thee and Thou in me. No sor - row fills my
 nigh, who jus - ti - fies. No hell I fear, and
 rob me of my cheer; For He who is of
 ho - ly Trin - i - ty. With an - gels I, Thy



strength for - ev - er, By them my hun - gry soul is fed.
 soul, de - light - ed It finds its on - ly joy in Thee.
 thus se - cure - ly With Je - sus I to heav - en rise.
 death the mas - ter With aid and com - fort e'er is near.
 prais - es tell - ing, Shall live in joy e - ter - nal - ly.



Refrain
 Lord, may Thy bod - y and Thy blood Be for my soul the high - est good!

*Text: Friedrich Christian Heyder, 1677-1754;
 tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, abr.
 Tune: Emskirchner Choral-Buch, 1756, Leipzig
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In Thee Is Gladness

818



1 In Thee is glad - ness A - mid all sad - ness, Je - sus,
2 Since He is ours, _____ We fear no pow - ers, Not of

sun - shine of my heart. By Thee are giv - en The gifts of
earth nor sin nor death. He sees and bless - es In worst dis -

heav - en, Thou the true Re - deem - er art. Our souls Thou
tress - es; He can change them with a breath. Where - fore the

wak - est, Our bonds Thou break - est; Who trusts Thee sure - ly Has built se -
sto - ry Tell of His glo - ry With hearts and voic - es; All heav'n re -

cure - ly; He stands for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! Our hearts are
joic - es In Him for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! We shout for

pin - ing To see Thy shin - ing, Dy - ing or liv - ing
glad - ness, Tri - umph o'er sad - ness, Love Him and praise Him

To Thee are cleav - ing; Naught can us sev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!
And still shall raise Him Glad hymns for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!

*Text: Johann Lindemann, 1549-1631;
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.
Tune: Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi, c. 1556-c. 1622
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Crown Him with Many Crowns

525



1 Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2 Crown Him the vir - gin's Son, The God in - car - nate born,
 3 Crown Him the Lord of love. Be - hold His hands and side,
 4 Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave
 5 Crown Him the Lord of heav'n, En - throned in worlds a - bove,



Hark how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.
 Whose arm those crim-son tro - phies won Which now His brow a-dorn:
 Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied.
 And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save.
 Crown Him the king to whom is giv'n The won-drous name of Love.



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And
 Fruit of the mys - tic rose, Yet of that rose the stem, The
 No an - gels in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high, Who
 Crown Him with man - y crowns As thrones be - fore Him fall; Crown



hail Him as thy match-less king Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 root whence mer - cy ev - er flows, The babe of Beth - le - hem.
 down-ward bend their won-d'ring eyes At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 died e - ter - nal life to bring And lives that death may die.
 Him, ye kings, with man - y crowns, For He is king of all.

Text (sts. 1–3, 5): Matthew Bridges, 1800–94, alt.;
(st. 4): Godfrey Thring, 1823–1903
Tune: George J. Elvey, 1816–93
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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