

HYMNS

Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs

812



1 Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels
2 "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex -
3 Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and
4 Let all cre - a - tion join in one To bless the



round the throne; Ten thou - sand thou - sand
alt - ed thus!" "Wor - thy the Lamb," our
pow'r di - vine; And bless - ings more than
sa - cred name Of Him who sits up -



are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us!"
we can give Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.
on the throne And to a - dore the Lamb.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748
Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662
Text and Tune: Public domain

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

709



1 The King of love my shep - herd is, Whose good - ness
 2 Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, My ran - somed
 3 Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in
 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear



fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
 soul He lead - eth And, where the ver - dant
 love He sought me And on His shoul - der
 Lord, be - side me, Thy rod and staff my



I am His And He is mine for - ev - er.
 pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 gent - ly laid And home re - joic - ing brought me.
 com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.

- 5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight;
 Thine unction grace bestoweth;
 And, oh, what transport of delight
 From Thy pure chalice floweth!
- 6 And so through all the length of days
 Thy goodness faileth never;
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house forever!

*Text: Henry W. Baker, 1821–77
 Tune: Irish, c. 18th cent.
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want

710



1 The Lord's my shep - herd, I'll not want; He makes me
 2 My soul He doth re - store a - gain And me to
 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I
 4 My ta - ble Thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres - ence
 5 Good-ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly



down to lie In pas - tures green; He
 walk doth make With - in the paths of
 fear no ill; For Thou art with me,
 of my foes; My head Thou dost with
 fol - low me; And in God's house for -



lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 righ - teous - ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
 and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still.
 oil a - noint, And my cup o - ver - flows.
 ev - er - more My dwell - ing place shall be.

*Text: The Psalms of David in Meeter, 1650, Edinburgh
 Tune: William Gardiner, 1770-1853
 Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 Be - hold a host, ar - rayed in white, Like thou - sand
 2 De - spised and scorned, they so - journed here; But now, how
 3 O bless - ed saints in bright ar - ray Now safe - ly



snow - clad moun - tains bright! With palms they stand; Who
 glo - rious they ap - pear! Those mar - tyrs stand, A
 home in end - less day, Ex - tol the Lord, Who



is this band Be - fore the throne of light? These are the
 priest - ly band, God's throne for - ev - er near. On earth they
 with His Word Sus - tained you on the way. The steep and



saints of glo - rious fame, Who from the great af -
 wept through bit - ter years; Now God has wiped a -
 nar - row path you trod; You toiled and sowed the



flic - tion came And in the flood Of Je - sus' blood
 way their tears, Trans - formed their strife To heav'n - ly life,
 Word a - broad; Re - joice and bring Your fruits and sing



Are cleansed from guilt and shame. They now serve God both
 And freed them from their fears. They now en - joy the
 Be - fore the throne of God. The myr - iad an - gels



day and night; They sing their songs in end - less light. Their
 Sab - bath rest, The heav'n - ly ban - quet of the blest; The
 raise their song; O saints, sing with that hap - py throng! Lift



an - thems ring As they all sing With an - gels shin - ing bright.
 Lamb, their Lord, At fes - tive board Him - self is host and guest.
 up one voice; Let heav'n re - joice In our Re - deem - er's song!

Sing with All the Saints in Glory

671



1 Sing with all the saints in glo - ry, Sing the res - ur -
 2 Oh, what glo - ry, far ex - ceed - ing All that eye has
 3 Life e - ter - nal! Heav'n re - joic - es: Je - sus lives who



rec - tion song! Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry,
 yet per - ceived! Ho - liest hearts for a - ges plead - ing
 once was dead. Shout with joy, O death - less voic - es!



To the for - mer days be - long. All a - round the
 Nev - er that full joy con - ceived. God has prom - ised,
 Child of God, lift up your head! Life e - ter - nal!



clouds are break - ing; Soon the storms of time shall
 Christ pre - pares it; There on high our wel - come
 Oh, what won - ders Crowd on faith; what joy un -



cease; In God's like - ness we a - wak - en,
 waits. Ev - 'ry hum - ble spir - it shares it,
 known, When, a - mid earth's clos - ing thun - ders,



Know - ing ev - er - last - ing peace.
 Christ has passed the e - ter - nal gates.
 Saints shall stand be - fore the throne!

Text: William J. Irons, 1812–83, alt.

Tune: William B. Roberts, 1947

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I Am Jesus' Little Lamb

740



1 I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, Ev - er glad at
2 Day by day, at home, a - way, Je - sus is my
3 Who so hap - py as I am, E - ven now the



heart I am; For my Shep - herd gent - ly guides me,
staff and stay. When I hun - ger, Je - sus feeds me,
Shep - herd's lamb? And when my short life is end - ed,



Knows my need and well pro - vides me, Loves me ev - 'ry
In - to pleas - ant pas - tures leads me; When I thirst, He
By His an - gel host at - tend - ed, He shall fold me



day the same, E - ven calls me by my name.
bids me go Where the qui - et wa - ters flow.
to His breast, There with - in His arms to rest.

*Text: Henrietta L. von Hayn, 1724-82;
tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941
Tune: Choral-Buch ... Brüder-Gemeinen, 1784, Leipzig
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