

HYMNS

Oh, What Their Joy

675



1 Oh, what their joy and their glo - ry must be,
2 In new Je - ru - sa - lem joy shall be found,
3 We, where no trou - ble dis - trac - tion can bring,
△ 4 Now let us wor - ship our Lord and our King,



Those end-less Sab - baths the bless - ed ones see!
Bless - ings of peace shall for - ev - er a - bound;
Safe - ly the an - thems of Zi - on shall sing;
Joy - ful - ly rais - ing our voic - es to sing:



Crowns for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones rest;
Wish and ful - fill - ment are not sev - ered there,
While for Your grace, Lord, their voic - es of praise
Praise to the Fa - ther, and praise to the Son,



God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest.
Nor the things prayed for come short of the prayer.
Your bless - ed peo - ple shall ev - er - more raise.
Praise to the Spir - it, to God, Three in One.

*Text: Peter Abelard, 1079–1142;
tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
Tune: Antiphoner, 1681, Paris
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At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing

633



1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to
 2 Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His
 3 Where the pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dread
 4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal



our vic - to - rious King, Who has washed us in the tide
 sa - cred blood for wine, Gives His bod - y for the feast—
 an - gel sheathes the sword; Is - rael's hosts tri - um-phantly go
 vic - tim, pas - chal bread; With sin - cer - i - ty and love



Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Through the wave that drowns the foe. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Eat we man - na from a - bove. Al - le - lu - ia!

5 Mighty Victim from the sky,
 Hell's fierce pow'rs beneath You lie;
 You have conquered in the fight,
 You have brought us life and light.
 Alleluia!

7 Easter triumph, Easter joy!
 This alone can sin destroy;
 From sin's pow'r, Lord, set us free,
 Newborn souls in You to be.
 Alleluia!

6 Now no more can death appall,
 Now no more the grave enthrall;
 You have opened paradise,
 And Your saints in You shall rise.
 Alleluia!

△ 8 Father, who the crown shall give,
 Savior, by whose death we live,
 Spirit, guide through all our days:
 Three in One, Your name we praise.
 Alleluia!

*Text: Latin, c. 5th–10th cent.;
 tr. Robert Campbell, 1814–68, alt.
 Tune: Kirchengeseng, 1566, Ivancice
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Why Should Cross and Trial Grieve Me

756



1 Why should cross and tri - al grieve me? Christ is near
 2 When life's trou - bles rise to meet me, Though their weight
 3 God gives me my days of glad - ness, And I will
 4 From God's joy can noth - ing sev - er, For I am
 5 Now in Christ, death can - not slay me, Though it might,



With His cheer; Nev - er will He leave me.
 May be great, They will not de - feat me.
 Trust Him still When He sends me sad - ness.
 His dear lamb, He, my Shep - herd ev - er.
 Day and night, Trou - ble and dis - may me.



Who can rob me of the heav - en That God's Son
 God, my lov - ing Sav - ior, sends them; He who knows
 God is good; His love at - tends me Day by day,
 I am His be - cause He gave me His own blood
 Christ has made my death a por - tal From the strife



For me won When His life was giv - en?
 All my woes Knows how best to end them.
 Come what may, Guides me and de - fends me.
 For my good, By His death to save me.
 Of this life To His joy im - mor - tal!

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76;

(sts. 1–3): tr. Christian Worship, 1993;

(sts. 4–5): tr. Stephen P. Starke, 1955

Tune: Johann G. Ebeling, 1637–76

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The Gifts Christ Freely Gives

602



1 The gifts Christ free - ly gives He gives to you and me
 2 The gifts flow from the font Where He calls us His own;
 3 The gifts of grace and peace From ab - so - lu - tion flow;
 4 The gifts are there each day The ho - ly Word is read;



To be His Church, His bride, His cho - sen, saved and free!
 New life He gives that makes Us His and His a - lone.
 The pas - tor's words are Christ's For us to trust and know.
 God's chil - dren lis - ten, hear, Re - ceive, and they are fed.



Saints blest with these rich gifts Are chil - dren who pro - claim
 Here He for - gives our sins With wa - ter and His Word;
 For - give - ness that we need Is grant - ed to us there;
 Christ fills them with Him - self, Blest words that give them life,



That they were won by Christ And cling to His strong name.
 The tri - une God Him - self Gives pow'r to call Him Lord.
 The Lord of mer - cy sends Us forth in His blest care.
 Re - stor - ing and re - fresh - ing Them for this world's strife.

5 The gifts are in the feast,
 Gifts far more than we see;
 Beneath the bread and wine
 Is food from Calvary.
 The body and the blood
 Remove our ev'ry sin;
 We leave His presence in
 His peace, renewed again.

6 All glory to the One
 Who lavishes such love;
 The triune God in love
 Assures our life above.
 His means of grace for us
 Are gifts He loves to give;
 All thanks and praise for His
 Great love by which we live!

Text: Richard C. Resch, b. 1947

Tune: Charles J. Dale, 1842-1912, alt.

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Lord, Take My Hand and Lead Me

722



1 Lord, take my hand and lead me Up - on life's way;
2 Lord, when the tem - pest ra - ges, I need not fear,
3 Lord, when the shad - ows length - en And night has come,



Di - rect, pro - tect, and feed me From day to day.
For You, the Rock of A - ges, Are al - ways near.
I know that You will strength - en My steps toward home.



With - out Your grace and fa - vor I go a - stray;
Close by Your side a - bid - ing, I fear no foe,
Then noth - ing can im - pede me, O bless - ed Friend;



So take my hand, O Sav - ior, And lead the way.
For when Your hand is guid - ing, In peace I go.
So take my hand and lead me Un - to the end.

*Text: Julie von Hausmann, 1825–1901;
tr. Lutheran Book of Worship, 1978, alt.*

Tune: P. Friedrich Silcher, 1789–1860

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The Church's One Foundation

644



1 The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
2 E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;
3 Though with a scorn - ful won - der The world sees her op - pressed,
4 Through toil and trib - u - la - tion And tu - mult of her war
5 Yet she on earth has u - nion With God, the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word.
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion: One Lord, one faith, one birth.
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed,
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more
And mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won.



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing; Their cry goes up, "How long?"
Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
O bless - ed heav'n - ly cho - rus! Lord, save us by Your grace



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
That we, like saints be - fore us, May see You face to face.

Text: Samuel J. Stone, 1839–1900, alt.

Tune: Samuel S. Wesley, 1810–76

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