

HYMNS

Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice

556

sts. 1-4



1 Dear Chris-tians, one and all, re - joi-ce, With ex - ul - ta - tion
2 Fast bound in Sa - tan's chains I lay; Death brood-ed dark - ly
3 My own good works all came to naught, No grace or mer - it
4 But God had seen my wretch-ed state Be - fore the world's foun -



spring-ing, And with u - nit - ed heart and voice And ho - ly
o'er me. Sin was my tor - ment night and day; In sin my
gain - ing; Free will a - gainst God's judg - ment fought, Dead to all
da - tion, And mind - ful of His mer - cies great, He planned for



rap - ture sing - ing, Pro - claim the won - ders God has done, How
moth-er bore me. But dai - ly deep - er still I fell; My
good re - main - ing. My fears in - creased till sheer de - spair Left
my sal - va - tion. He turned to me a fa - ther's heart; He



His right arm the vic - t'ry won. What price our ran - som cost Him!
life be - came a liv - ing hell, So firm - ly sin pos - sessed me.
on - ly death to be my share; The pangs of hell I suf - fered.
did not choose the eas - y part But gave His dear - est trea - sure.

*Text: Martin Luther, 1483-1546;
tr. Richard Massie, 1800-87, alt.
Tune: Etlich Cristlich lider, 1524, Wittenberg
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Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice

556
sts. 5-10



5 God said to His be - lov - ed Son: "It's time to have com -
6 The Son o - beyed His Fa - ther's will, Was born of vir - gin
7 To me He said: "Stay close to Me, I am your rock and
8 "Though he will shed My pre - cious blood, Me of My life be -



pas - sion. Then go, bright jew - el of My crown, And bring to
moth - er; And God's good plea - sure to ful - fill, He came to
cas - tle. Your ran - som I My - self will be; For you I
reav - ing, All this I suf - fer for your good; Be stead - fast



all sal - va - tion. From sin and sor - row set them free; Slay
be my broth - er. His roy - al pow'r dis - guised He bore; A
strive and wres - tle. For I am yours, and you are Mine, And
and be - liev - ing. Life will from death the vic - t'ry win; My



bit - ter death for them that they May live with You for - ev - er."
ser - vant's form, like mine, He wore To lead the dev - il cap - tive.
where I am you may re - main; The foe shall not di - vide us.
in - no - cence shall bear your sin, And you are blest for - ev - er.

9 "Now to My Father I depart,
From earth to heav'n ascending,
And, heav'nly wisdom to impart,
The Holy Spirit sending;
In trouble He will comfort you
And teach you always to be true
And into truth shall guide you.

10 "What I on earth have done and taught
Guide all your life and teaching;
So shall the kingdom's work be wrought
And honored in your preaching.
But watch lest foes with base alloy
The heav'nly treasure should destroy;
This final word I leave you."

*Text: Martin Luther, 1483-1546;
tr. Richard Massie, 1800-87, alt.
Tune: Etlich Cristlich lider, 1524, Wittenberg
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Spread the Reign of God the Lord

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- 1 Spread the reign of God the Lord, Spo - ken, writ - ten, might - y Word;
- 2 Tell how God the Fa - ther's will Made the world, up - holds it still,
- 3 Tell of our Re - deem - er's grace, Who, to save our hu - man race
- 4 Tell of God the Spir - it giv'n Now to guide us on to heav'n,



Ev - 'ry - where His crea - tures call To His heav'n - ly ban - quet hall.
How His own dear Son He gave Us from sin and death to save.
And to pay re - bel - lion's price, Gave Him - self as sac - ri - fice.
Strong and ho - ly, just and true, Work - ing both to will and do.

- 5 Enter, mighty Word, the field;
Ripe the promise of its yield.
But the reapers, oh, how few
For the work there is to do!
- 6 Lord of harvest, great and kind,
Rouse to action heart and mind;
Let the gath'ring nations all
See Your light and heed Your call.

*Text: Jonathan Friedrich Bahnmaier, 1774–1841;
tr. composite
Tune: Geist-reiches Gesang-Buch, 1704, Halle,
ed. Johann A. Freylinghausen, alt.
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Wide Open Stand the Gates

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1 Wide o - pen stand the gates a - dorned with pearl, While
 2 He speaks the Word the bread and wine to bless: "This
 3 The cher - u - bim, their fac - es veiled from light, While



round God's gold - en throne The choirs of saints in
 is My flesh and blood!" He bids us eat and
 saints in won - der kneel, Sing praise to Him whose



end - less cir - cles curl, And joy - ous praise the Son!
 drink with thank - ful - ness This gift of ho - ly food.
 face with glo - ry bright No earth - ly masks con - ceal.



They watch Him now de - scend - ing To vis - it wait - ing earth.
 All hu - man thought must fal - ter— Our God stoops low to heal,
 This sac - ra - ment God gives us Binds us in u - ni - ty,



The Lord of Life un - end - ing Brings dy - ing hope new birth!
 Now pres - ent on the al - tar, For us both host and meal!
 Joins earth with heav'n be - yond us, Time with e - ter - ni - ty!

*Text: J. K. Wilhelm Loehe, 1808–72;
 tr. Herman G. Stuempfle, Jr., 1923–2007
 Tune: Christlich Neu-vermehrt ... Gesangbuch, 1663, Erfurt
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Hear Us, Father, When We Pray

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1 Hear us, Fa - ther, when we pray, Through Your Son and
 2 When we know not what to say And our wound - ed
 3 Je - sus, ad - vo - cate on high, Sac - ri - ficed on
 4 By Your Spir - it now at - tend To our prayers and



in Your Spir - it. By Your Spir - it's Word con - vey
 souls are plead - ing, May Your Spir - it, night and day,
 Cal - v'ry's al - tar, Through Your priest - ly blood we cry:
 sup - pli - ca - tions, As like in - cense they as - cend



All that we through Christ in - her - it,
 Groan with - in us in - ter - ced - ing;
 Hear our prayers, though they may fal - ter;
 To Your heav'n - ly hab - i - ta - tions.



That as bap - tized heirs we may Tru - ly pray.
 By His sighs, too deep for words, We are heard.
 Place them on Your Fa - ther's throne As Your own.
 May their fra - grance waft a - bove, God of love.

Text: Chad L. Bird, 1970
Tune: Geist-reiches Gesang-Buch, 1704, Halle,
ed. Johann A. Freylinghausen
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Jerusalem, My Happy Home

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1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home,
 2 O hap - py har - bor of the saints,
 3 Thy gar - dens and thy gal - lant walks
 4 There trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit



When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows
 O sweet and pleas - ant soil! In thee no sor - row
 Con - tin - ual - ly are green; There grow such sweet and
 And ev - er - more do spring; There ev - er - more the



have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
 pleas - ant flow'rs As no - where else are seen.
 an - gels dwell And ev - er - more do sing.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Savior stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

6 O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
 For that bright home of love
 That I may see Thee and adore
 With all Thy saints above.

*Text: F. B. P., 16th cent., alt.
 Tune: American
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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