

HYMNS

Jesus, Refuge of the Weary

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1 Je - sus, ref - uge of the wea - ry, Blest Re - deem - er,
2 Do we pass that cross un - heed - ing, Breath - ing no re -
3 Je - sus, may our hearts be burn - ing With more fer - vent



whom we love, Foun - tain in life's des - ert drea - ry, Sav - ior
pen - tant vow, Though we see You wound - ed, bleed - ing, See Your
love for You; May our eyes be ev - er turn - ing To be -



from the world a - bove: Of - ten have Your eyes, of - fend - ed,
thorn - en - cir - cled brow? Yet Your sin - less death has brought us
hold Your cross a - new Till in glo - ry, part - ed nev - er



Gazed up - on the sin - ner's fall; Yet up - on the
Life e - ter - nal, peace, and rest; On - ly what Your
From the bless - ed Sav - ior's side, Grav - en in our



cross ex - tend - ed, You have borne the pain of all.
grace has taught us Calms the sin - ner's deep dis - tress.
hearts for - ev - er, Dwell the cross, the Cru - ci - fied.

*Text: Girolamo Savonarola, 1452-98;
tr. Jane F. Wilde, 1826-96, alt.
Tune: Erbaulicher Musicalischer
Christen-Schatz, 1745, Basel
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Prepare the Royal Highway

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1 Pre - pare the roy - al high - way; The King of kings is near!
2 God's peo-ple, see Him com - ing: Your own e - ter - nal king!
3 Then fling the gates wide o - pen To greet your prom-ised king!
4 His is no earth - ly king - dom; It comes from heav'n a - bove.



Let ev - 'ry hill and val - ley A lev - el road ap - pear!
Palm branch-es strew be - fore Him! Spread gar-ments! Shout and sing!
Your king, yet ev - 'ry na - tion Its trib - ute too should bring.
His rule is peace and free - dom And jus - tice, truth, and love.



Then greet the King of Glo - ry Fore-told in sa - cred sto - ry:
God's prom - ise will not fail you! No more shall doubt as - sail you!
All lands, bow down be - fore Him! All na - tions, now a - dore Him!
So let your praise be sound - ing For kind-ness so a - bound-ing:



Ho - san - na to the Lord, For He ful - fills God's Word!

*Text: Frans Mikael Franzén, 1772–1847;
tr. Lutheran Book of Worship, 1978, alt.*

Tune: Swedish, 17th cent.

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Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness

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1 Je - sus, Thy blood and righ - teous - ness My beau - ty
 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day, Cleansed and re -
 3 Lord, I be - lieve Thy pre - cious blood, Which at the
 4 Lord, I be - lieve, were sin - ners more Than sands up -



are, my glo - rious dress; Midst flam - ing worlds, in
 deemed, no debt to pay; Ful - ly ab - solved through
 mer - cy seat of God Pleads for the cap - tives'
 on the o - cean shore, Thou hast for all a



these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
 these I am From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
 lib - er - ty, Was al - so shed in love for me.
 ran - som paid, For all a full a - tone - ment made.

- 5 When from the dust of death I rise
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 This then shall be my only plea:
 Jesus hath lived and died for me.
- 6 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
 Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
 For me, and all Thy hands have made,
 An everlasting ransom paid.

*Text: Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1700–60;
 tr. John B. Wesley, 1703–91, alt.
 Tune: George J. Elvey, 1816–93
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Just as I Am, without One Plea

570



1 Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy
 2 Just as I am and wait - ing not To rid my
 3 Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With man - y a
 4 Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind; Sight, rich - es,



blood was shed for me And that Thou bidd'st me come to
 soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
 con - flict, man - y a doubt, Fight - ings and fears with - in, with -
 heal - ing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to



Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown
 Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

*Text: Charlotte Elliott, 1789–1871
 Tune: William B. Bradbury, 1816–68
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

I Come, O Savior, to Thy Table

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1 I come, O Sav - ior, to Thy ta - ble, For weak and
 2 Thy heart is filled with fer - vent yearn - ing That sin - ners
 3 Un - wor - thy though I am, O Sav - ior, Be - cause I
 4 Wea - ry am I and heav - y lad - en; With sin my
 5 What high - er gift can we in - her - it? It is faith's



wea - ry is my soul; Thou, Bread of Life, a -
 may sal - va - tion see Who, Lord, to Thee in
 have a sin - ful heart, Yet Thou Thy lamb wilt
 soul is sore op - pressed; Re - ceive me gra - cious -
 bond and sol - id base; It is the strength of



lone art a - ble To sat - is - fy and make me whole:
 faith are turn - ing; So I, a sin - ner, come to Thee.
 ban - ish nev - er, For Thou my faith - ful shep - herd art:
 ly and glad - den My heart, for I am now Thy guest.
 heart and spir - it, The cov - e - nant of hope and grace.



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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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
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1 Je - sus loves me! This I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so.
 2 Je - sus loves me! He who died Heav-en's gates to o - pen wide.



Lit - tle ones to Him be-long; They are weak, but He is strong.
 He has washed a - way my sin, Lets His lit - tle child come in.

Refrain



Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me!



Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.

*Text: Anna B. Warner, 1820–1915, alt.
 Tune: William B. Bradbury, 1816–68
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