

HYMNS

To God the Holy Spirit Let Us Pray

768



1 To God the Ho - ly Spir - it let us pray
2 O sweet - est Love, Your grace on us be - stow;
3 Tran - scen - dent Com - fort in our ev - 'ry need,
4 Shine in our hearts, O Spir - it, pre - cious light;



For the true faith need - ed on our way
Set our hearts with sa - cred fire a - glow
Help us nei - ther scorn nor death to heed
Teach us Je - sus Christ to know a - right



That He may de - fend us when life is end - ing And from
That with hearts u - nit - ed we love each oth - er, Ev - 'ry
That we may not fal - ter nor cour - age fail us When the
That we may a - bide in the Lord who bought us, Till to



ex - ile home we are wend - ing. Lord, have mer - cy!
strang - er, sis - ter, and broth - er. Lord, have mer - cy!
foe shall taunt and as - sail us. Lord, have mer - cy!
our true home He has brought us. Lord, have mer - cy!

*Text: (st. 1): German, c. 13th cent.;
(sts. 2-4): Martin Luther, 1483-1546;
tr. Worship Supplement, 1969, alt.*

*Tune: Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn,
1524, Wittenberg, ed. Johann Walter*

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What a Friend We Have in Jesus

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1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2 Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an - y-where?
3 Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit; Oh, what need - less pain we bear—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer.



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

Text: Joseph M. Scriven, 1819–86
Tune: Charles C. Converse, 1832–1918
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Oh, That I Had a Thousand Voices

811



1 Oh, that I had a thou - sand voic - es To praise my
 2 O all you pow'rs that He im - plant - ed, A - rise, keep
 3 You for - est leaves so green and ten - der That dance for
 4 All crea - tures that have breath and mo - tion, That throng the
 5 Cre - a - tor, hum - bly I im - plore You To lis - ten



God with thou - sand tongues! My heart, which in the Lord re -
 si - lence now no more; Put forth the strength that God has
 joy in sum - mer air, You mead - ow grass - es, bright and
 earth, the sea, the sky, Come, share with me my heart's de -
 to my earth - ly song Un - til that day when I a -



joic - es, Would then pro - claim in grate - ful songs To all, wher -
 grant - ed! Your no - blest work is to a - dore. O soul and
 slen - der, You flow'rs so fra - grant and so fair, You live to
 vo - tion, Help me to sing God's prais - es high. My ut - most
 dore You, To - geth - er with the an - gel throng And learn with



ev - er I might be, What great things God has done for me.
 bod - y, join to raise With heart - felt joy our Mak - er's praise.
 show God's praise a - lone. Join me to make His glo - ry known.
 pow'rs can nev - er quite De - clare the won - ders of His might.
 choirs of heav'n to sing E - ter - nal an - thems to my King.

Text: Johann Mentzer, 1658–1734;

tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.

Tune: Johann Balthasar König, 1691–1758

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Lord of All Hopefulness

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1 Lord of all hope - ful - ness, Lord of all joy,
 2 Lord of all ea - ger - ness, Lord of all faith,
 3 Lord of all kind - li - ness, Lord of all grace,
 4 Lord of all gen - tle - ness, Lord of all calm,



Whose trust, ev - er child - like, no cares could de - stroy:
 Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe:
 Your hands swift to wel - come, Your arms to em - brace:
 Whose voice is con - tent - ment, whose pres - ence is balm:



Be there at our wak - ing, and give us, we pray,
 Be there at our la - bors, and give us, we pray,
 Be there at our hom - ing, and give us, we pray,
 Be there at our sleep - ing, and give us, we pray,



Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.
 Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.
 Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.
 Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Text: Jan Struther, 1901-53

Tune: Irish

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Draw Near and Take the Body of the Lord

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1 Draw near and take the bod - y of the Lord,
2 He who His saints in this world rules and shields,
3 Come for - ward then with faith - ful hearts sin - cere,



And drink the ho - ly blood for you out - poured;
To all be - liev - ers life e - ter - nal yields;
And take the pledg - es of sal - va - tion here.



Of - fered was He for great - est and for least,
With heav'n - ly bread He makes the hun - gry whole,
O Lord, our hearts with grate - ful thanks en - dow



Him - self the vic - tim and Him - self the priest.
Gives liv - ing wa - ters to the thirst - ing soul.
As in this feast of love You bless us now.

*Text: Latin, 7th cent.;
tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.
Tune: Trente quatre Pseaumes de David, 1551,
Geneva, ed. Louis Bourgeois
Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 Soul, a - dorn your - self with glad - ness, Leave the
 2 Has - ten as a bride to meet Him, And with
 3 He who craves a pre - cious trea - sure Nei - ther
 4 Now in faith I hum - bly pon - der O - ver



gloom - y haunts of sad - ness, Come in - to the day - light's
 lov - ing rev - 'rence greet Him. For with words of life im -
 cost nor pain will mea - sure; But the price - less gifts of
 this sur - pass - ing won - der That the bread of life is



splen - dor, There with joy your prais - es ren - der.
 mor - tal He is knock - ing at your por - tal.
 heav - en God to us has free - ly giv - en.
 bound - less Though the souls it feeds are count - less:



Bless the One whose grace un - bound - ed This a - maz - ing
 O - pen wide the gates be - fore Him, Say - ing, as you
 Though the wealth of earth were prof - fered, None could buy the
 With the choic - est wine of heav - en Christ's own blood to



ban - quet found - ed; He, though heav'n - ly, high, and
 there a - dore Him: Grant, Lord, that I now re -
 gifts here of - fered: Christ's true bod - y, for you
 us is giv - en. Oh, most glo - rious con - so -



ho - ly, Deigns to dwell with you most low - ly.
 ceive You, That I nev - er - more will leave You.
 riv - en, And His blood, for you once giv - en.
 la - tion, Pledge and seal of my sal - va - tion!

Stanzas 5-8 on next page.

5 Jesus, source of lasting pleasure,
Truest friend, and dearest treasure,
Peace beyond all understanding,
Joy into all life expanding:
Humbly now, I bow before You;
Love incarnate, I adore You;
Worthily let me receive You
And, so favored, never leave You.

6 Jesus, sun of life, my splendor,
Jesus, friend of friends, most tender,
Jesus, joy of my desiring,
Fount of life, my soul inspiring:
At Your feet I cry, my maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessed food from heaven,
For our good, Your glory, given.

7 Lord, by love and mercy driven,
You once left Your throne in heaven
On the cross for me to languish
And to die in bitter anguish,
To forego all joy and gladness
And to shed Your blood in sadness.
By this blood redeemed and living,
Lord, I praise You with thanksgiving.

8 Jesus, bread of life, I pray You,
Let me gladly here obey You.
By Your love I am invited,
Be Your love with love requited;
By this Supper let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep love's treasure.
Through the gift of grace You give me
As Your guest in heav'n receive me.

*Text: Johann Franck, 1618–77; (sts. 1, 4–5):
tr. Lutheran Book of Worship, 1978; (sts. 2–3, 6–8):
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662
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Go, My Children, with My Blessing

922



1 Go, My chil-dren, with My bless - ing, Nev - er a - lone.
 2 Go, My chil-dren, sins for - giv - en, At peace and pure.
 3 Go, My chil-dren, fed and nour-ished, Clos - er to Me;
 4 I the Lord will bless and keep you And give you peace;



Wak - ing, sleep - ing, I am with you; You are My own. In My
 Here you learned how much I love you, What I can cure. Here you
 Grow in love and love by serv-ing, Joy - ful and free. Here My
 I the Lord will smile up - on you And give you peace: I the



love's bap - tis - mal riv - er I have made you Mine for - ev - er.
 heard My dear Son's sto - ry; Here you touched Him, saw His glo - ry.
 Spir - it's pow - er filled you; Here His ten - der com - fort stilled you.
 Lord will be your Fa - ther, Sav - ior, Com - fort - er, and Broth - er.



Go, My chil-dren, with My bless-ing— You are My own.
 Go, My chil-dren, sins for - giv - en, At peace and pure.
 Go, My chil-dren, fed and nour-ished, Joy - ful and free.
 Go, My chil-dren; I will keep you And give you peace.

Text: Jaroslav J. Vajda, 1919–2008

Tune: Welsh, 18th cent.

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