

HYMNS

Holy God, We Praise Thy Name

940 sts. 1, 3, 5



1 Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name; Lord of all, we
3 Lo, the a - pos - tles' ho - ly train Join Thy sa - cred
△ 5 Ho - ly Fa - ther, ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it,



bow be - fore Thee. All on earth Thy scep - ter claim,
name to hal - low; Proph - ets swell the glad re - frain,
three we name Thee; Though in es - sence on - ly one,



All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee. In - fi - nite Thy
And the white - robed mar - tyrs fol - low, And from morn to
Un - di - vid - ed God we claim Thee And, a - dor - ing,



vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.
set of sun Through the Church the song goes on.
bend the knee While we own the mys - ter - y.

Text: Latin, c. 4th cent.;
German version Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1774, Vienna;
tr. Clarence A. Walworth, 1820-1900, alt.
Tune: Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1774, Vienna
Text and Tune: Public domain

I Lay My Sins on Jesus

606



1 I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2 I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in Him;
3 I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine;



He bears them all and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
He heals all my dis - eas - es; My soul He does re - deem.
His right hand me em - brac - es; I on His breast re - cline.



I bring my guilt to Je - sus To wash my crim - son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
I love the name of Je - sus, Im - man - uel, Christ, the Lord;



Clean in His blood most pre - cious Till not a spot re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - es; He all my sor - rows shares.
Like fra - grance on the breez - es His name a - broad is poured.

Text: Horatius Bonar, 1808–89

Tune: Neu-vermehrtes ... Gesangbuch, 1693, 3rd ed., Meiningen

Text and tune: Public domain

“As Surely as I Live,” God Said

614



1 “As sure - ly as I live,” God said, “I would not
 2 And so our Lord gave this com - mand: “Go forth and
 3 “All those whose sins you thus re - mit I tru - ly
 4 “What you will bind, that bound shall be; What you will



see the sin - ner dead. I want him turned from
 preach in ev - 'ry land; Be - stow on all My
 par - don and ac - quit, And those whose sins you
 loose, that shall be free; To My dear Church the



er - ror's ways, Re - pen - tant, liv - ing end - less days.”
 par - d'ning grace Who will re - pent and mend their ways.
 will re - tain Con - demned and guilt - y shall re - main.
 keys are giv'n To o - pen, close the gates of heav'n.”

5 The words which absolution give
 Are His who died that we might live;
 The minister whom Christ has sent
 Is but His humble instrument.

7 All praise to You, O Christ, shall be
 For absolution full and free,
 In which You show Your richest grace;
 From false indulgence guard our race.

6 When ministers lay on their hands,
 Absolved by Christ the sinner stands;
 He who by grace the Word believes
 The purchase of His blood receives.

△ 8 Praise God the Father and the Son
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 As was, is now, and so shall be
 World without end, eternally!

*Text: Nicolaus Herman, c. 1480–1561;
 tr. Matthias Loy, 1828–1915, alt.
 Tune: Jeremiah Clarke, c. 1674–1707
 Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 Christ, the life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the death of
 2 Thou, ah! Thou, hast tak - en on Thee Bonds and stripes, a
 3 Thou hast borne the smit - ing on - ly That my wounds might
 4 Heart - less scof - fers did sur-round Thee, Treat - ing Thee with



death, our foe, Who, Thy - self for me once giv - ing
 cru - el rod; Pain and scorn were heaped up - on Thee,
 all be whole; Thou hast suf - fered, sad and lone - ly,
 shame - ful scorn And with pierc - ing thorns they crowned Thee.



To the dark - est depths of woe: Through Thy suf - f'rings,
 O Thou sin - less Son of God! Thus didst Thou my
 Rest to give my wea - ry soul; Yea, the curse of
 All dis - grace Thou, Lord, hast borne, That as Thine Thou



death, and mer - it I e - ter - nal life in - her - it.
 soul de - liv - er From the bonds of sin for - ev - er.
 God en - dur - ing, Bless - ing un - to me se - cur - ing.
 might - est own me And with heav'n - ly glo - ry crown me.



Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
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 Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.

- 5 Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee,
 That from pain I might be free;
 Falsely did Thy foes accuse Thee:
 Thence I gain security;
 Comfortless Thy soul did languish
 Me to comfort in my anguish.
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.
- 6 Thou hast suffered great affliction
 And hast borne it patiently,
 Even death by crucifixion,
 Fully to atone for me;
 Thou didst choose to be tormented
 That my doom should be prevented.
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

- 7 Then, for all that wrought my pardon,
 For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
 For Thine anguish in the Garden,
 I will thank Thee evermore,
 Thank Thee for Thy groaning, sighing,
 For Thy bleeding and Thy dying,
 For that last triumphant cry,
 And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.

I Come, O Savior, to Thy Table

618



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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Hymn 420 (prev page)
*Text: Ernst Christoph Homburg, 1605–81;
 (sts. 1–2, 5, 7): tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.;
 (sts. 3–4, 6): tr. Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book, 1912, St. Louis
 Tune: Das grosse Cantional, 1687, Darmstadt
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

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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O Jesus, Blessed Lord, to Thee

632

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody consists of quarter and half notes. The lyrics are arranged in two parts: Part 1 and Part 2. Part 1 lyrics are: "1 O Je - sus, bless - ed Lord, to Thee My heart - felt". Part 2 lyrics are: "2 Break forth, my soul, for joy and say: What wealth is". The lyrics continue across the second and third staves: "thanks for - ev - er be, Who hast so lov - ing -", "come to me this day! My Sav - ior dwells with -", "ly be - stowed On me Thy bod - y and Thy blood.", "in my heart: How blessed am I! How good Thou art!".

1 O Je - sus, bless - ed Lord, to Thee My heart - felt
2 Break forth, my soul, for joy and say: What wealth is

thanks for - ev - er be, Who hast so lov - ing -
come to me this day! My Sav - ior dwells with -

ly be - stowed On me Thy bod - y and Thy blood.
in my heart: How blessed am I! How good Thou art!

*Text: Thomas Hansen Kingo, 1634–1703;
tr. Arthur J. Mason, 1851–1928
Tune: Trente quatre Pseaumes de David,
1551, Geneva, ed. Louis Bourgeois
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