

HYMNS

By All Your Saints in Warfare

517 (st. 11)



1 By all Your saints in war - fare, For
2 All praise for faith - ful pas - tors, Who
△ 3 Then let us praise the Fa - ther And



all Your saints at rest, Your ho - ly name, O
preached and taught Your Word; For Tim - o - thy and
wor - ship God the Son And sing to God the



Je - sus, For - ev - er - more be blest! For
Ti - tus, True ser - vants of their Lord. Lord,
Spir - it, E - ter - nal Three in One, Till



You have won the bat - tle That they might wear the
help Your pas - tors nour - ish The souls with - in their
all the ran - somed num - ber Fall down be - fore the



crown; And now they shine in glo - ry
care, So that Your Church may flour - ish
throne, As - crib - ing pow'r and glo - ry



Re - flect - ed from Your throne.
And all Your bless - ings share.
And praise to God a - lone.



1 Your on - ly Son, no sin to hide, But You have
 2 Your Gift of love they cru - ci - fied, They laughed and
 3 I was so lost, I should have died, But You have



sent Him from Your side To walk up - on this guilt - y
 scorned Him as He died: The hum - ble King they named a
 brought me to Your side To be led by Your staff and



sod, And to be - come the Lamb of God.
 fraud, And sac - ri - ficed the Lamb of God.
 rod, And to be called a lamb of God.



Refrain
 O Lamb of God, sweet Lamb of God, I love the ho - ly Lamb of God!



O wash me in His pre - cious blood, My Je - sus Christ, the Lamb of God.

Text and Tune: Twila Paris, b. 1958
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Hymn 517 (first page)

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Abide with Me

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1 A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide.
 2 I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
 3 Come not in ter - rors, as the King of kings,
 4 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
 But kind and good, with heal - ing in Thy wings;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;



When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
 Tears for all woes, a heart for ev - 'ry plea.
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;



Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.
 Come, Friend of sin - ners, thus a - bide with me.
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.

- 5 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still if Thou abide with me!
- 6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

*Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1793–1847, alt.
 Tune: William H. Monk, 1823–89
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The Church's One Foundation

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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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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;
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Thy Body, Given for Me, O Savior

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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.



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I Am Jesus' Little Lamb

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1 I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, Ev - er glad at
2 Day by day, at home, a - way, Je - sus is my
3 Who so hap - py as I am, E - ven now the



heart I am; For my Shep - herd gent - ly guides me,
staff and stay. When I hun - ger, Je - sus feeds me,
Shep - herd's lamb? And when my short life is end - ed,



Knows my need and well pro - vides me, Loves me ev - 'ry
In - to pleas - ant pas - tures leads me; When I thirst, He
By His an - gel host at - tend - ed, He shall fold me



day the same, E - ven calls me by my name.
bids me go Where the qui - et wa - ters flow.
to His breast, There with - in His arms to rest.

*Text: Henrietta L. von Hayn, 1724-82;
tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941
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