

HYMNS

I Lay My Sins on Jesus

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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.

# Go to Dark Gethsemane

436



1 Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, All who feel the  
 2 Fol - low to the judg - ment hall, View the Lord of  
 3 Cal - v'ry's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; There, a - dor - ing  
 4 Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb Where they laid His



tempt - er's pow'r; Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see,  
 life ar-raigned; Oh, the worm-wood and the gall!  
 at His feet, Mark that mir - a - cle of time,  
 breath-less clay; All is sol - i - tude and gloom.



Watch with Him one bit - ter hour; Turn not from His  
 Oh, the pangs His soul sus-tained! Shun not suf - f'ring,  
 God's own sac - ri - fice com-plete. "It is fin - ished!"  
 Who has tak - en Him a - way? Christ is ris'n! He



griefs a - way; Learn from Je - sus Christ to pray.  
 shame, or loss; Learn from Him to bear the cross.  
 hear Him cry; Learn from Je - sus Christ to die.  
 meets our eyes. Sav - ior, teach us so to rise.

*Text: James Montgomery, 1771-1854*  
*Tune: Richard Redhead, 1820-1901*  
*Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive; Oh, may all this  
 2 We de - serve but grief and shame, Yet His words, rich  
 3 Sheep that from the fold did stray No true shep - herd  
 4 I, a sin - ner, come to Thee With a pen - i -



say - ing pon - der Who in sin's de - lu - sions live  
 grace re - veal - ing, Par - don, peace, and life pro - claim;  
 e'er for - sak - eth; Wea - ry souls that lost their way  
 tent con - fes - sion. Sav - ior, mer - cy show to me;



And from God and heav - en wan - der! Here is hope for  
 Here our ills have per - fect heal - ing. Firm - ly in these  
 Christ, the Shep - herd, gent - ly tak - eth In His arms that  
 Grant for all my sins re - mis - sion. Let these words my



all who grieve: Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive.  
 words be - lieve: Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive.  
 they may live: Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive.  
 soul re - lieve: Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive.

5 Oh, how blest it is to know:  
 Were as scarlet my transgression,  
 It shall be as white as snow  
 By Thy blood and bitter passion;  
 For these words I now believe:  
 Jesus sinners doth receive.

6 Now my conscience is at peace;  
 From the Law I stand acquitted.  
 Christ hath purchased my release  
 And my ev'ry sin remitted.  
 Naught remains my soul to grieve:  
 Jesus sinners doth receive.

7 Jesus sinners doth receive;  
 Also I have been forgiven;  
 And when I this earth must leave,  
 I shall find an open heaven.  
 Dying, still to Him I cleave:  
 Jesus sinners doth receive.

# Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

793



1 Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet your  
 2 Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To His peo - ple  
 3 Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble  
 4 An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; You be - hold Him



trib - ute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,  
 in dis - tress; Praise Him still the same as ev - er,  
 frame He knows; In His hand He gent - ly bears us,  
 face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him,



Ev - er - more His prais - es sing: Al - le - lu - ia,  
 Slow to chide and swift to bless: Al - le - lu - ia,  
 Res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia,  
 All who dwell in time and space. Al - le - lu - ia,



al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.  
 al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.  
 al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

*Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1793–1847*

*Tune: John Goss, 1800–80*

*Text and Tune: Public domain*

# Lord Jesus Christ, You Have Prepared

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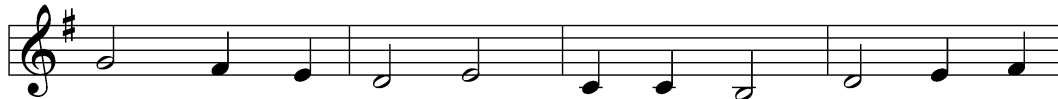
1 Lord Je - sus Christ, You have pre - pared This feast for  
 2 Al - though You did to heav'n as - cend, Where an - gel  
 3 Yet, Sav - ior, You are not con - fined To an - y  
 4 We eat this bread and drink this cup, Your pre - cious



our sal - va - tion; It is Your bod - y  
 hosts are dwell - ing, And in Your pres - ence  
 hab - i - ta - tion; But You are pres - ent  
 Word be - liev - ing That Your true bod - y



and Your blood, And at Your in - vi - ta - tion  
 they be - hold Your glo - ry, all ex - cel - ling,  
 e - ven now Here with Your con - gre - ga - tion.  
 and Your blood Our lips are here re - ceiv - ing.



As wea - ry souls, with sin op - pressed, We come to  
 And though Your peo - ple shall not see Your glo - ry  
 Firm as a rock this truth shall stand, Un - moved by  
 This Word re - mains for - ev - er true, All things are



You for need - ed rest, For com - fort, and for par - don.  
 and Your maj - es - ty Till dawns the judg - ment morn - ing,  
 an - y dar - ing hand Or sub - tle craft and cun - ning.  
 pos - si - ble with You, For You are Lord Al - might - y.

5 Though reason cannot understand,  
 Yet faith this truth embraces:  
 Your body, Lord, is even now  
 At once in many places.  
 I leave to You how this can be;  
 Your Word alone suffices me;  
 I trust its truth unfailing.

6 Lord, I believe what You have said;  
 Help me when doubts assail me.  
 Remember that I am but dust,  
 And let my faith not fail me.  
 Your supper in this vale of tears  
 Refreshes me and stills my fears  
 And is my priceless treasure.

stanzas 7-8 on next page

7 Grant that we worthily receive  
 Your supper, Lord, our Savior,  
 And, truly grieving for our sins,  
 May prove by our behavior  
 That we are thankful for Your grace  
 And day by day may run our race,  
 In holiness increasing.


8 For Your consoling supper, Lord,  
 Be praised throughout all ages!  
 Preserve it, for in ev'ry place  
 The world against it rages.  
 Grant that this sacrament may be  
 A blessed comfort unto me  
 When living and when dying.

*Text: Samuel Kinner, 1603–68;  
 tr. Emanuel Cronenwett, 1841–1931, alt.  
 Tune: Peter Sohren, c. 1630–c. 1692, alt.  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*


## Lift High the Cross

837


*Refrain*



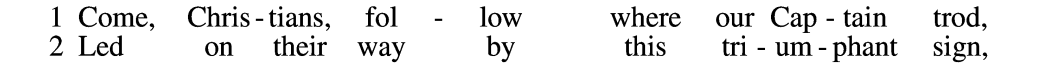
Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro-claim Till




all the world a - dore His sa - cred name.




1 Come, Chris-tians, fol - low where our Cap - tain trod,



2 Led on their way by this tri - um - phant sign,

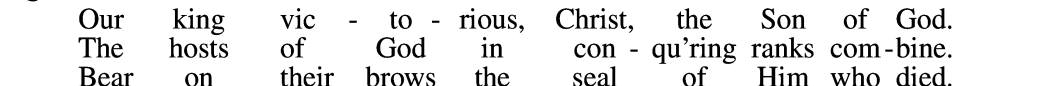


3 All new - born sol - diers of the Cru - ci - fied

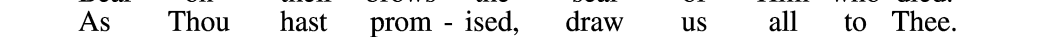


4 O Lord, once lift - ed on the glo - rious tree,

*Refrain*



Our king vic - to - rious, Christ, the Son of God.



The hosts of God in con - qu'ring ranks com - bine.

Bear on their brows the seal of Him who died.  
 As Thou hast prom - ised, draw us all to Thee.

5 Let ev'ry race and ev'ry language tell  
 Of Him who saves our lives from death and hell. *Refrain*

6 So shall our song of triumph ever be:  
 Praise to the Crucified for victory! *Refrain*

# Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

805

△ Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all  
crea - tures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly  
host: Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

*Text: Thomas Ken, 1637–1711*

*Tune: Trente quatre Pseaumes de David, 1551,  
Geneva, ed. Louis Bourgeois*

*Text and Tune: Public domain*

## **Hymn 837**

*Text: George W. Kitchin, 1827–1912;*

*rev. Michael R. Newbolt, 1874–1956, alt.*

*Tune: Sydney H. Nicholson, 1875–1947*

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