

Blessed Jesus, at Your Word

LSB 904



1 Bless - ed Je - sus, at Your Word We are gath - ered
2 All our knowl - edge, sense, and sight Lie in deep - est
3 Gra - cious Sav - ior, good and kind, Light of Light, from
△ 4 Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, Lord, Praise to You and



all to hear You. Let our hearts and souls be stirred
dark - ness shroud - ed Till Your Spir - it breaks our night
God pro - ceed - ing, O - pen now our heart and mind;
ad - o - ra - tion! Grant that we may trust Your Word,



Now to seek and love and fear You, By Your teach-ings,
With the beams of truth un - cloud - ed. You a - lone to
Help us by Your Spir - it's plead - ing. Hear the cry Your
Con - fi - dent of our sal - va - tion, While we here be -



sweet and ho - ly, Drawn from earth to love You sole - ly.
God can win us; You must work all good with - in us.
Church now rais - es; Hear and bless our prayers and prais - es.
low must wan - der, Till we sing Your prais - es yon - der.

Text (sts. 1-3): Tobias Clausnitzer, 1619-84; (sts. 1-3): tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.; (st. 4): Geistreiches Gesang-Büchlein, 1707, Berlin; (st. 4): tr. unknown, alt.
Tune: Johann Rudolph Ahle, 1625-73, alt.
Text and tune: Public domain

Son of God, Eternal Savior

LSB 842



1 Son of God, e - ter - nal Sav - ior, Source of life and
2 As You, Lord, have lived for oth - ers, So may we for
3 Come, O Christ, and reign a - mong us, King of love and
4 Son of God, e - ter - nal Sav - ior, Source of life and



truth and grace, Word made flesh, whose birth a - mong us
oth - ers live. Free - ly have Your gifts been grant - ed;
Prince of Peace; Hush the storm of strife and pas - sion,
truth and grace, Word made flesh, whose birth a - mong us



Hal - lows all our hu - man race, You our Head, who, throned in
Free-ly may Your ser - vants give. Yours the gold and Yours the
Bid its cru - el dis - cords cease. By Your pa - tient years of
Hal - lows all our hu - man race: By Your pray - ing, by Your



glo - ry, For Your own will ev - er plead: Fill us with Your
sil - ver, Yours the wealth of land and sea; We but stew - ards
toil - ing, By Your si - lent hours of pain, Quench our fe - vered
will - ing That Your peo - ple should be one, Grant, O grant our



love and pit - y, Heal our wrongs, and help our need.
of Your boun - ty Held in sol - emn trust will be.
thirst of plea - sure, Stem our self - ish greed of gain.
hope's fru - i - tion: Here on earth Your will be done.

Lord, Whose Love through Humble Service

LSB 848



1 Lord, whose love through hum - ble ser - vice Bore the weight of
2 Still Your chil - dren wan - der home-less; Still the hun - gry
3 As we wor - ship, grant us vi - sion, Till Your love's re -
4 Called by wor - ship to Your ser - vice, Forth in Your dear



hu - man need, Who up - on the cross, for - sak - en,
cry for bread; Still the cap - tives long for free - dom;
veal - ing light In its height and depth and great - ness,
name we go, To the child, the youth, the a - ged,



Of - fered mer - cy's per - fect deed, We, Your ser - vants, bring the
Still in grief we mourn our dead. As, O Lord, Your deep com -
Dawns up - on our quick-en ed sight, Mak - ing known the needs and
Love in liv - ing deeds to show; Hope and health, good - will and



wor - ship Not of voice a - lone, but heart, Con - se -
pas - sion Healed the sick and freed the soul, Use the
bur - dens Your com - pas - sion bids us bear, Stir - ring
com - fort, Coun - sel, aid, and peace we give, That Your



crat - ing to Your pur - pose Ev - 'ry gift that You im - part.
love Your Spir - it kin - dles Still to save and make us whole.
us to tire - less striv - ing, Your a - bun - dant life to share.
ser - vants, Lord, in free - dom May Your mer - cy know and live.

Text: Albert F. Bayly, 1901-84, alt.

Tune: The Sacred Harp, 1844, Philadelphia

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