

Our Paschal Lamb, That Sets Us Free

LSB 473



1 Our Pas - chal Lamb, that sets us free, Is sac - ri - ficed. O keep
2 Let all our lives now cel - e - brate The feast; let mal - ice die.
3 Let all our deeds, u - nan - i - mous, Con - fess Him as our Lord



The feast of free - dom gal - lant - ly; Let al - le - lu - ias leap:
Let love grow strong a - new, and great, Let truth stamp out the lie.
Who by the Spir - it lives in us, The Fa - ther's liv - ing Word.

Refrain



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A -



gain Sing al - le - lu - ia, cry a - loud: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!

Text: Martin H. Franzmann, 1907–76

Tune: Walter L. Pelz, 1926

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The King of Love My Shepherd Is

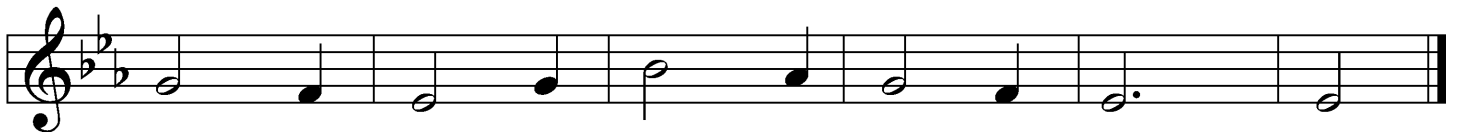
LSB 709



1 The King of love my shep - herd is, Whose good - ness
2 Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, My ran - somed
3 Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear



fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
soul He lead - eth And, where the ver - dant
love He sought me And on His shoul - der
Lord, be - side me, Thy rod and staff my



I am His And He is mine for - ev - er.
pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
gent - ly laid And home re - joic - ing brought me.
com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.

- 5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight;
Thine unction grace bestoweth;
And, oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!
- 6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever!

Text: Henry W. Baker, 1821–77

Tune: Irish, c. 18th cent.

Text and tune: Public domain

I Am Jesus' Little Lamb

LSB 740



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

Tune: Choral-Buch . . . Brüder-Gemeinen, 1784, Leipzig

Text and tune: Public domain

Jesus! Name of Wondrous Love

LSB 900



1 Je - sus! Name of won-drous love, Name all oth - er names a - bove,
2 Je - sus! Name de - creed of old, To the maid - en moth - er told,
3 Je - sus! Name of price - less worth To the fall - en of the earth
4 Je - sus! Name of mer - cy mild, Giv - en to the ho - ly Child



Un - to which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
Kneel - ing in her low - ly cell, By the an - gel Ga - bri - el.
For the prom - ise that it gave, "Je - sus shall His peo - ple save."
When the cup of hu - man woe First He tast - ed here be - low.

5 Jesus! Only name that's giv'n
Under all the mighty heav'n
Whereby those to sin enslaved
Burst their fetters and are saved.

6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love,
Human name of God above;
Pleading only this, we flee
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

Text: William W. How, 1823–97, alt.

Tune: Geist-reiches Gesang-Buch, 1704, Halle, ed. Johann A. Freylinghausen, alt.

Text and tune: Public domain

O Little Flock, Fear Not the Foe

LSB 666



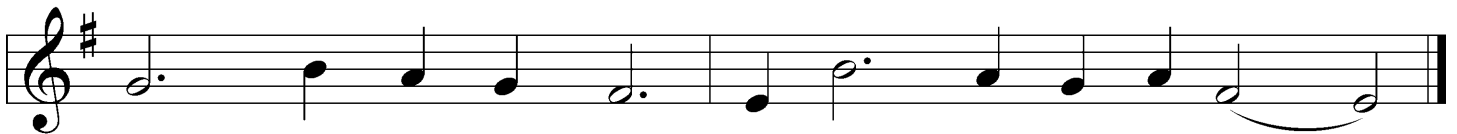
1 O lit - tle flock, fear not the foe Who mad - ly
2 Be of good cheer; your cause be - longs To Him who
3 As true as God's own Word is true, Not earth nor
4 A - men, Lord Je - sus, grant our prayer; Great Cap - tain,



seeks your o - ver - throw; Dread not his rage and pow'r.
can a - venge your wrongs; Leave it to Him, our Lord.
hell's sa - tan - ic crew A - gainst us shall pre - vail.
now Thine arm make bare, Fight for us once a - gain!



And though your cour - age some-times faints, His seem - ing
Though hid - den yet from mor - tal eyes, His Gid - eon
Their might? A joke, a mere fa - cade! God is with
So shall Thy saints and mar - tyrs raise A might - y



tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.
shall for you a - rise, Up - hold you and His Word.
us and we with God— Our vic - t'ry can - not fail.
cho - rus to Thy praise For - ev - er - more. A - men.

Text: Jacob Fabricius, 1593–1654; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.

Tune: German, 1534, Nürnberg

Text and tune: Public domain