

Today Your Mercy Calls Us

LSB 915



1 To - day Your mer - cy calls us To wash a - way our sin.
2 To - day Your gate is o - pen, And all who en - ter in
3 To - day our Fa - ther calls us; His Ho - ly Spir - it waits;
4 O all - em - brac - ing Mer - cy, O ev - er - o - pen Door,



How - ev - er great our tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been,
Shall find a Fa - ther's wel - come And par - don for their sin.
His bless - ed an - gels gath - er A - round the heav'n - ly gates.
What should we do with - out You When heart and eye run o'er?



How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have turned a - way,
The past shall be for - got - ten, A pres - ent joy be giv'n,
No ques - tion will be asked us How of - ten we have come;
When all things seem a - gainst us, To drive us to de - spair,



Your pre - cious blood can wash us And make us clean to - day.
A fu - ture grace be prom - ised, A glo - rious crown in heav'n.
Al - though we oft have wan - dered, It is our Fa - ther's home.
We know one gate is o - pen, One ear will hear our prayer.

Text: Oswald Allen, 1816–78, alt.

Tune: Friedrich K. Anthes, 1812–after 1857

Text and tune: Public domain

Let Me Be Thine Forever

LSB 689



1 Let me be Thine for - ev - er, My faith - ful God and Lord;
2 Lord Je - sus, my sal - va - tion, My light, my life di - vine,
3 And Thou, O Ho - ly Spir - it, My com - fort - er and guide,



Let me for - sake Thee nev - er Nor wan - der from Thy Word.
My on - ly con - so - la - tion, O make me whol - ly Thine!
Grant that in Je - sus' mer - it I al - ways may con - fide,



Lord, do not let me wa - ver, But give me stead - fast - ness,
For Thou hast dear - ly bought me With blood and bit - ter pain.
Him to the end con - fess - ing Whom I have known by faith.



And for such grace for - ev - er Thy ho - ly name I'll bless.
Let me, since Thou hast sought me, E - ter - nal life ob - tain.
Give me Thy con - stant bless - ing And grant a Chris - tian death.

Text: tr. Matthias Loy, 1828–1915, alt.; (st. 1): Nicolaus Selnecker, 1532–92; (sts. 2–3): Gesang-Büchlein, 1688, Rudolstadt

Tune: Musika Teutsch, 1532, Nürnberg

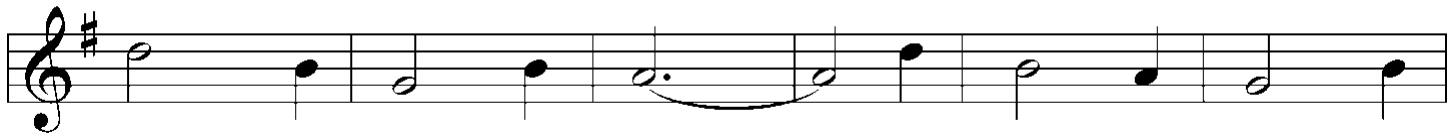
Text and tune: Public domain

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed

LSB 437



1 A - las! And did my Sav - ior bleed, And
2 Was it for crimes that I had done He
3 Well might the sun in dark - ness hide And
4 Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While
5 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The



did my sov - 'reign die? Would He de - vote that
groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y,
shut his glo - ries in When God, the might - y
His dear cross ap - pears, Dis - solve my heart in
debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my -



sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
mak - er, died For His own crea - tures' sin.
thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
self a - way: 'Tis all that I can do.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt.

Tune: Hugh Wilson, 1764–1824

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