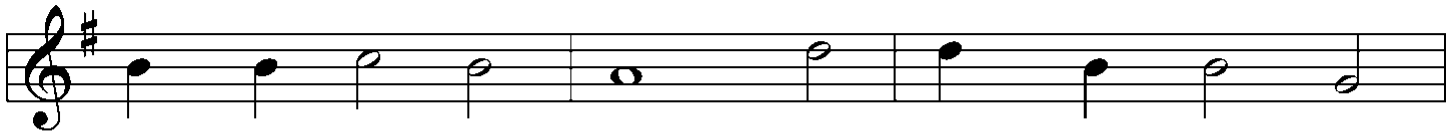


# Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

LSB 528 sts. 1-5



1 Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My  
2 My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As -  
3 Je - sus! The name that charms our fears, That  
4 He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin; He  
5 Look un - to Him, ye na - tions; own Your



great Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my  
sist me to pro - claim, To spread through all the  
bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the  
sets the pris - 'ner free. His blood can make the  
God, ye fall - en race. Look and be saved through



God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!  
earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.  
sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.  
foul - est clean; His blood a - vails for me.  
faith a - lone, Be jus - ti - fied by grace.

Text: Charles Wesley, 1707-88, alt.  
Tune: Carl G. Gläser, 1784-1829  
Text and tune: Public domain

# Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice

LSB 556 sts. 1-5



1 Dear Chris-tians, one and all, re - joi-ce, With ex - ul - ta - tion  
2 Fast bound in Sa - tan's chains I lay; Death brood-ed dark - ly  
3 My own good works all came to naught, No grace or mer - it  
4 But God had seen my wretch-ed state Be - fore the world's foun -  
5 God said to His be - lov - ed Son: "It's time to have com -



spring - ing, And with u - nit - ed heart and voice And ho - ly  
o'er me. Sin was my tor - ment night and day; In sin my  
gain - ing; Free will a - gainst God's judg - ment fought, Dead to all  
da - tion, And mind - ful of His mer - cies great, He planned for  
pas - sion. Then go, bright jew - el of My crown, And bring to



rap - ture sing - ing, Pro - claim the won - ders God has done, How  
moth-er bore me. But dai - ly deep - er still I fell; My  
good re - main - ing. My fears in - creased till sheer de - spair Left  
my sal - va - tion. He turned to me a fa - ther's heart; He  
all sal - va - tion. From sin and sor - row set them free; Slay



His right arm the vic - t'ry won. What price our ran - som cost Him!  
life be - came a liv - ing hell, So firm - ly sin pos - sessed me.  
on - ly death to be my share; The pangs of hell I suf - fered.  
did not choose the eas - y part But gave His dear - est trea - sure.  
bit - ter death for them that they May live with You for - ev - er."

Text: Martin Luther, 1483-1546; tr. Richard Massie, 1800-87, alt.

Tune: Etlich Cristlich lider, 1524, Wittenberg

Text and tune: Public domain

# Offertory Hymn

LSB 556 sts. 6–10



6 The Son o - beyed His Fa - ther's will, Was born of vir - gin  
7 To me He said: "Stay close to Me, I am your rock and  
8 "Though he will shed My pre - cious blood, Me of My life be -  
9 "Now to My Fa - ther I de - part, From earth to heav'n as -  
10 "What I on earth have done and taught Guide all your life and



moth - er; And God's good plea - sure to ful - fill, He came to  
cas - tle. Your ran - som I My - self will be; For you I  
reav - ing, All this I suf - fer for your good; Be stead - fast  
cend - ing, And, heav'n - ly wis - dom to im - part, The Ho - ly  
teach - ing; So shall the king - dom's work be wrought And hon - ored



be my broth - er. His roy - al pow'r dis - guised He bore; A  
strive and wres - tle. For I am yours, and you are Mine, And  
and be - liev - ing. Life will from death the vic - t'ry win; My  
Spir - it send - ing; In trou - ble He will com - fort you And  
in your preach - ing. But watch lest foes with base al - loy The



ser - vant's form, like mine, He wore To lead the dev - il cap - tive.  
where I am you may re - main; The foe shall not di - vide us.  
in - no - cence shall bear your sin, And you are blest for - ev - er.  
teach you al - ways to be true And in - to truth shall guide you.  
heav'n - ly trea - sure should de - stroy; This fi - nal word I leave you."

# He Is Arisen! Glorious Word

LSB 488



He is a - ris - en! Glo - rious Word! Now rec - on - ciled



is God, my Lord; The gates of heav'n are o - pen.



My Je - sus did tri - um - phant die, And Sa - tan's ar -



rows bro - ken lie, De - stroyed hell's fierc - est weap - on.



O hear what cheer! Christ vic - to - rious, Ris - ing glo - rious,



Life is giv - ing. He was dead but now is liv - ing!

Text: Birgitte Katerine Boye, 1742–1824; tr. George A. T. Rygh, 1860–1942, alt.  
Tune: Philipp Nicolai, 1556–1608  
Text and tune: Public domain

# Holy Spirit, Light Divine

LSB 496



1 Ho - ly Spir - it, light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
2 Let me see my Sav - ior's face, Let me all His beau - ties trace;  
3 Ho - ly Spir - it, pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;  
4 Ho - ly Spir - it, joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;  
5 Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn the dark - ness in - to day.  
Show those glo - rious truths to me Which are on - ly known to Thee.  
In Thy mer - cy pit - y me, From sin's bond - age set me free.  
Yield a sa - cred, set - tled peace, Let it grow and still in - crease.  
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme, and reign a - lone.

Text: Andrew Reed, 1787–1862, alt.  
Tune: Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625  
Text and tune: Public domain

# God's Own Child, I Gladly Say It



1 God's own child, I gladly say it: I am bap-tized  
 2 Sin, dis - turb my soul no long - er: I am bap-tized  
 3 Sa - tan, hear this proc - la - ma - tion: I am bap-tized  
 4 Death, you can - not end my glad-ness: I am bap-tized  
 5 There is noth - ing worth com - par - ing To this life-long



in - to Christ! He, be - cause I could not pay it,  
 in - to Christ! I have com - fort e - ven strong - er:  
 in - to Christ! Drop your ug - ly ac - cu - sa - tion,  
 in - to Christ! When I die, I leave all sad - ness  
 com - fort sure! O - pen - eyed my grave is star - ing:



Gave my full re - demp - tion price. Do I need earth's  
 Je - sus' cleans - ing sac - ri - fice. Should a guilt - y  
 I am not so soon en - ticed. Now that to the  
 To in - her - it par - a - dise! Though I lie in  
 E - ven there I'll sleep se - cure. Though my flesh a -



treas - ures man - y? I have one worth  
 con - science seize me Since my Bap - tism  
 font I've trav - eled, All your might has  
 dust and ash - es Faith's as - sur - ance  
 waits its rais - ing, Still my soul con -



more than an - y That brought me sal -  
 did re - lease me In a dear for -  
 come un - rav - eled, And, a - gainst your  
 bright - ly flash - es: Bap - tism has the  
 tin - ues prais - ing: I am bap - tized



va - tion free Last - ing to e - ter - ni - ty!  
 giv - ing flood, Sprin - kling me with Je - sus' blood?  
 tyr - an - ny, God, my Lord, u - nites with me!  
 strength di - vine To make life im - mor - tal mine.  
 in - to Christ; I'm a child of par - a - dise!