

## THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT HYMNS

### 392 God Loves Me Dearly



1 God loves me dear - ly, Grants me sal -  
 2 I was in slav - 'ry, Sin, death, and  
 3 He sent forth Je - sus, My dear Re -  
 4 Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Him - self did  
 5 Now I will praise You, O Love E -



va - tion, God loves me dear - ly, Loves e - ven me.  
 dark - ness; God's love was work - ing To make me free.  
 deem - er, He sent forth Je - sus And set me free.  
 of - fer; Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Paid all I owed.  
 ter - nal; Now I will praise You All my life long.



*Refrain*  
 There - fore I'll say a - gain: God loves me



dear - ly, God loves me dear - ly, Loves e - ven me.

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### 430 My Song Is Love Unknown



1 My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to  
 2 He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -  
 3 Some - times they strew His way And His sweet prais - es  
 4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and



me, Love to the love - less shown That they might love - ly  
 stow; But men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ -  
 sing; Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their  
 spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their



be. Oh, who am I That for my sake  
 know. But, oh, my friend, My friend in - deed,  
 King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath,  
 sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these



My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?  
 Who at my need His life did spend!  
 And for His death They thirst and cry.  
 Them - selves dis - please And 'gainst Him rise.

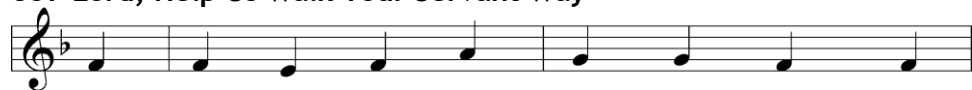
5 They rise and needs will have  
 My dear Lord made away;  
 A murderer they save,  
 The Prince of Life they slay.  
 Yet cheerful He  
 To suff'ring goes  
 That He His foes  
 From thence might free.

6 In life no house, no home  
 My Lord on earth might have;  
 In death no friendly tomb  
 But what a stranger gave.  
 What may I say?  
 Heav'n was His home  
 But mine the tomb  
 Wherein He lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,  
 No story so divine!  
 Never was love, dear King,  
 Never was grief like Thine.  
 This is my friend,  
 In whose sweet praise  
 I all my days  
 Could gladly spend!

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### 857 Lord, Help Us Walk Your Servant Way



1 Lord, help us walk Your ser - vant way Wher -  
 2 You came to earth, O Christ, as Lord, But  
 3 No gold - en scep - ter but a towel You  
 4 You bid us bend our hu - man pride Nor  
 5 Lord, help us walk Your ser - vant way Wher -



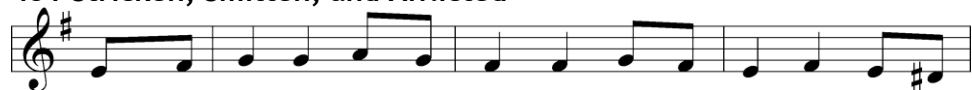
ev - er love may lead And, bend - ing low, for -  
 pow'r You laid a - side. You lived Your years in -  
 place with - in the hands Of those who seek to  
 count our - selves a - bove The low - est place, the  
 ev - er love may lead And, bend - ing low, for -



get - ting self, Each serve the oth - er's need.  
 ser - vant - hood; In low - li - ness You died.  
 fol - low You And live by Your com - mands.  
 mean - est task That waits the gift of love.  
 get - ting self, Each serve the oth - er's need.

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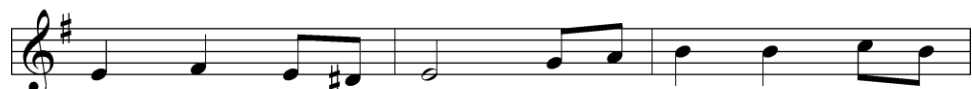
### 451 Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted



1 Strick-en, smit-ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the  
 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groan-ing, Was there ev - er grief like  
 3 Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil  
 4 Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the



tree! 'Tis the Christ, by man re - lect - ed; Yes, my  
 His? Friends through fear, His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in -  
 great Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its  
 lost: Christ, the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Is the



soul, 'tis He, 'tis He! 'Tis the long - ex - spect - ed  
 sult - ing His dis - tress; Man - y hands were raised to  
 guilt may es - ti - mate. Mark the sac - ri - fice ap -  
 name of which we boast; Lamb of God, for sin - ners



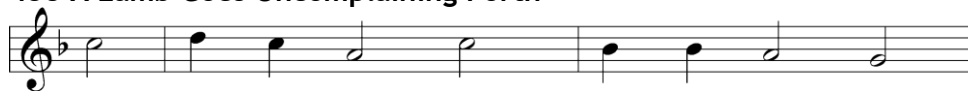
Proph - et, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord; Proofs I  
 wound Him, None would in - ter - vene to save; But the  
 point - ed, See who bears the aw - ful load; 'Tis the  
 wound - ed, Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt! None shall



see suf - fi - cient of it: 'Tis the true and faith - ful Word.  
 deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that jus - tice gave.  
 Word, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.  
 ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.

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### 438 A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth



1 A Lamb goes un - com - plain - ing forth, The  
 2 This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great friend, The  
 3 "Yes, Fa - ther, yes, most will - ing - ly I'll  
 4 Lord, when Your glo - ry I shall see And



guilt of sin - ners bear - ing And, lad - en with the  
 Lamb of God, our Sav - ior, Whom God the Fa - ther  
 bear what You com - mand Me. My will con - forms to  
 taste Your king - dom's plea - sure, Your blood my roy - al



sins of earth, None else the bur - den shar - ing; Goes  
 chose to send To gain for us His fa - vor. "Go  
 Your de - cree, I'll do what You have asked Me." O  
 robe shall be, My joy be - yond all mea - sure! When



pa - tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh - ter led with -  
 forth, My Son," the Fa - ther said, "And free My chil - dren  
 won - drous Love, what have You done! The Fa - ther of - fers  
 I ap - pear be - fore Your throne, Your righ - teous - ness shall



out com - plaint, That spot - less life to of - fer, He bears the  
 from their dread Of guilt and con - dem - na - tion. The wrath and  
 up His Son, De - sir - ing our sal - va - tion. O Love, how  
 be my crown; With these I need not hide me. And there, in



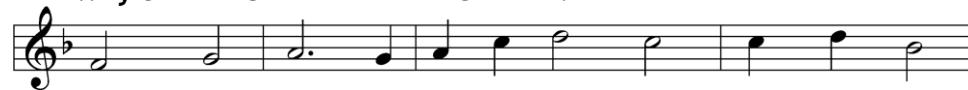
stripes, the wounds, the lies, The mock - er - y, and  
 stripes are hard to bear, But by Your pas - sion  
 strong You are to save! You lay the One in -  
 gar - ments rich - ly wrought, As Your own bride shall



yet re - plies, "All this I glad - ly suf - fer."  
 they will share The fruit of Your sal - va - tion."  
 to the grave Who built the earth's foun - da - tion.  
 we be brought To stand in joy be - side You.

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### 756 Why Should Cross and Trial Grieve Me



1 Why should cross and tri - al grieve me? Christ is near  
 2 When life's trou - bles rise to meet me, Though their weight  
 3 God gives me my days of glad - ness, And I will  
 4 From God's joy can noth - ing sev - er, For I am  
 5 Now in Christ, death can - not slay me, Though it might,



With His cheer; Nev - er will He leave me.  
 May be great, They will not de - feat me.  
 Trust Him still When He sends me sad - ness.  
 His dear lamb, He, my Shep - herd ev - er.  
 Day and night, Trou - ble and dis - may me.



Who can rob me of the heav - en That God's Son  
 God, my lov - ing Sav - ior, sends them; He who knows  
 God is good; His love at - tends me Day by day,  
 I am His be - cause He gave me His own blood  
 Christ has made my death a por - tal From the strife



For me won When His life was giv - en?  
 All my woes Knows how best to end them.  
 Come what may, Guides me and de - fends me.  
 For my good, By His death to save me.  
 Of this life To His joy im - mor - tal!

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