

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY HYMNS

568 If Your Beloved Son, O God



1 If Your be - lov - ed Son, O God, Had not to earth de -
 2 But now I find sweet peace and rest; De - spair no more reigns
 3 I trust in Him with all my heart; Now all my sor - row
 4 All righ - teous - ness by works is vain; The Law brings con - dem -
 Δ 5 My guilt, O Fa - ther, You have laid On Christ, Your Son, my



scend - ed And in our mor - tal flesh and blood Had not sin's
 o'er me. No more am I by sin op - pressed, For Christ has
 ceas - es. His words a - bid - ing peace im - part; His blood from
 na - tion. True righ - teous - ness by faith I gain; Christ's work is
 Sav - ior. Lord Je - sus, You my debt have paid And gained for



pow - er end - ed, Then this poor, wretch - ed soul of mine In
 borne sin for me. Up - on the cross for me He died That,
 guilt re - leas - es. Free grace through Him I now ob - tain; He
 my sal - va - tion. His death, that per - fect sac - ri - fice, Has
 me God's fa - vor. O Ho - ly Spir - it, Fount of grace, The



hell e - ter - nal - ly would pine Be - cause of my trans - gres - sion.
 rec - on - ciled, I might a - bide With You, my God, for - ev - er.
 wash - es me from ev - 'ry stain, And pure I stand be - fore Him.
 paid the all - suf - fi - cient price; In Him my hope is an - chored.
 good in me to You I trace; In faith and hope pre - serve me.

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696 O God, My Faithful God



1 O God, my faith - ful God, True foun - tain ev - er flow - ing,
 2 Grant me the strength to do With read - y heart and will - ing
 3 Keep me from say - ing words That lat - er need re - call - ing;
 4 Lord, let me win my foes With kind - ly words and ac - tions,



With - out whom noth - ing is, All per - fect gifts be - stow - ing;
 What - ev - er You com - mand, My call - ing here ful - fill - ing;
 Guard me lest i - dle speech May from my lips be fall - ing;
 And let me find good friends For coun - sel and cor - rec - tion.



Give me a health - y frame, And may I have with - in
 That I do what I should While trust - ing You to bless
 But when with - in my place I must and ought to speak,
 Help me, as You have taught, To love both great and small



A con - science free from blame, A soul un - stained by sin.
 The out - come for my good, For You must give suc - cess.
 Then to my words give grace Lest I of - fend the weak.
 And by Your Spir - it's might To live in peace with all.

- 5 Let me depart this life
 Confiding in my Savior;
 By grace receive my soul
 That it may live forever;
 And let my body have
 A quiet resting place
 Within a Christian grave;
 And let it sleep in peace.

- 6 And on that final day
 When all the dead are waking,
 Stretch out Your mighty hand,
 My deathly slumber breaking.
 Then let me hear Your voice,
 Redeem this earthly frame,
 And bid me to rejoice
 With those who love Your name.

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566 By Grace I'm Saved



1 By grace I'm saved, grace free and bound-less; My soul, be-lieve and
 2 By grace! None dare lay claim to mer - it; Our works and con - duct
 3 By grace God's Son, our on - ly Sav - ior, Came down to earth to
 4 By grace! This ground of faith is cer - tain; As long as God is



doubt it not. Why stag - ger at this word of prom - ise?
 have no worth. God in His love sent our Re - deem - er,
 bear our sin. Was it be - cause of your own mer - it
 true, it stands. What saints have penned by in - spi - ra - tion,



Has Scrip - ture ev - er false - hood taught? No! Then this word must
 Christ Je - sus, to this sin - ful earth; His death did for our
 That Je - sus died your soul to win? No, it was grace, and
 What in His Word our God com - mands, Our faith in what our



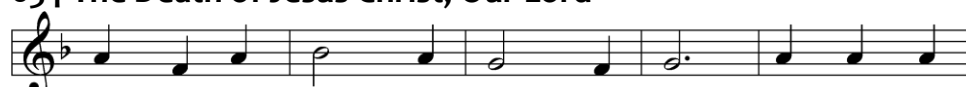
true re - main: By grace you too will life ob - tain.
 sins a - tone, And we are saved by grace a - lone.
 grace a - lone, That brought Him from His heav'n - ly throne.
 God has done De - pends on grace— grace through His Son.

5 By grace to timid hearts that tremble,
 In tribulation's furnace tried,
 By grace, in spite of fear and trouble,
 The Father's heart is open wide.
 Where could I help and strength secure
 If grace were not my anchor sure?

6 By grace! On this I'll rest when dying;
 In Jesus' promise I rejoice;
 For though I know my heart's condition,
 I also know my Savior's voice.
 My heart is glad, all grief has flown
 Since I am saved by grace alone.

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634 The Death of Jesus Christ, Our Lord



1 The death of Je - sus Christ, our Lord, We cel - e -
 2 He blot - ted out with His own blood The judg - ment
 3 That this for - ev - er true shall be He gives a
 4 His Word pro - claims and we be - lieve That in this



brate with one ac - cord; It is our com - fort
 that a - gainst us stood; For us He full a -
 sol - emn guar - an - tee: In this His ho - ly
 Sup - per we re - ceive His ver - y bod - y,



in dis - tress, Our heart's sweet joy and hap - pi - ness.
 tone - ment made, And all our debt He ful - ly paid.
 Sup - per here We taste His love so sweet, so near.
 as He said, His ver - y blood for sin - ners shed.

5 We dare not ask how this can be,
 But simply hold the mystery
 And trust this word where life begins:
 "Given and shed for all your sins."

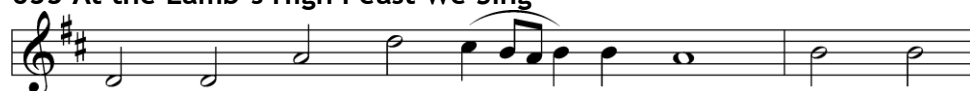
6 They who this word do not believe
 This food unworthily receive,
 Salvation here will never find—
 May we this warning keep in mind!

7 But blest is each believing guest
 Who in these promises finds rest;
 For Jesus shall in love remain
 With all who here His grace obtain.

8 Help us sincerely to believe
 That we may worthily receive
 Your Supper and in You find rest.
 Amen! They who believe are blest.

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633 At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing



1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to
 2 Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His
 3 Where the pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dread
 4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal



our vic - to - rious King, Who has washed us in the tide
 sa - cred blood for wine, Gives His bod - y for the feast—
 an - gel sheathes the sword; Is - rael's hosts tri - um-phant go
 vic - tim, pas - chal bread; With sin - cer - i - ty and love



Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Through the wave that drowns the foe. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Eat we man - na from a - bove. Al - le - lu - ia!

5 Mighty Victim from the sky,
 Hell's fierce pow'rs beneath You lie;
 You have conquered in the fight,
 You have brought us life and light.
 Alleluia!

6 Now no more can death appall,
 Now no more the grave enthrall;
 You have opened paradise,
 And Your saints in You shall rise.
 Alleluia!

7 Easter triumph, Easter joy!
 This alone can sin destroy;
 From sin's pow'r, Lord, set us free,
 Newborn souls in You to be.
 Alleluia!

△ 8 Father, who the crown shall give,
 Savior, by whose death we live,
 Spirit, guide through all our days:
 Three in One, Your name we praise.
 Alleluia!

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504 Father Most Holy



1 Fa - ther most ho - ly, mer-ci - ful, and ten - der; Je - sus, our
 2 Trin - i - ty bless - ed, u - ni - ty un - shak - en, Good-ness un -
 3 Mak - er of all things, all Thy crea-tures praise Thee; All for Thy
 △ 4 Lord God Al - might - y, un - to Thee be glo - ry, One in three



Sav - ior, with the Fa - ther reign - ing; Spir - it of com - fort,
 bound - ed, ver - y God of heav - en, Light of the an - gels,
 wor - ship were and are cre - at - ed; Now, as we al - so
 per - sons, o - ver all ex - alt - ed! Glo - ry we of - fer,



ad - vo - cate, de - fend - er, Light nev - er wan - ing;
 joy of those for - sak - en, Hope of all liv - ing,
 wor - ship Thee de - vout - ly, Hear Thou our voic - es.
 praise Thee and a - dore Thee, Now and for - ev - er.

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