

INVOCABIT HYMNS

561 The Tree of Life



1 The tree of life with ev - 'ry good In E - den's
 2 The still - ness of that sa - cred grove Was bro - ken,
 3 What mer - cy God showed to our race, A plan of
 4 Now from that tree of Je - sus' shame Flows life e -

ho - ly or - chard stood, And of its fruit so pure and
 as the ser - pent strove With tempt - ing voice Eve to be -
 res - cue by His grace: In send - ing One from wom - an's
 ter - nal in His name; For all who trust and will be -

sweet God let the man and wom - an eat. Yet in this
 guile And Ad - am too by sin de - file. O day of
 seed, The One to fill our great - est need— For on a
 lieve, Sal - va - tion's liv - ing fruit re - ceive. And of this

gar - den al - so grew An - oth - er tree, of which they
 sad - ness when the breath Of fear and dark - ness, doubt and
 tree up - lift - ed high His on - ly Son for sin would
 fruit so pure and sweet The Lord in - vites the world to

knew; Its love - ly limbs with fruit a -
 death, Its aw - ful poi - son first dis -
 die, Would drink the cup of scorn and
 eat, To find with - in this cross of

dorned A - gainst whose eat - ing God had warned.
 played With - in the world so new - ly made.
 dread To crush the an - cient ser - pent's head!
 wood The tree of life with ev - 'ry good.

Text: © 1993 Stephen P. Starke, admin. Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110005617
 Tune: © 1995 Bruce W. Becker. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110005617

656 A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



1 A might - y for - tress is our God,
 2 With might of ours can naught be done,
 3 Though dev - ils all the world should fill,
 4 The Word they still shall let re - main

A trust - y shield and weap - on;
 Soon were our loss ef - fect - ed;
 All ea - ger to de - vour us,
 Nor an - y thanks have for it;


He helps us free from ev - 'ry need
 But for us fights the val - iant One,
 We trem - ble not, we fear no ill;
 He's by our side up - on the plain

That hath us now o'er - tak - en.
 Whom God Him - self e - lect - ed.
 They shall not o - ver - pow'r us.
 With His good gifts and Spir - it.

The old e - vil foe Now means
 Ask ye, Who is this? Je - sus
 This world's prince may still Scowl fierce
 And take they our life, Goods, fame,

dead - ly woe; Deep guile and great might
 Christ it is, Of Sab - a - oth Lord,
 as he will, He can harm us none.
 child, and wife, Though these all be gone,


Are his dread arms in fight; On earth
 And there's none oth - er God; He holds
 He's judged; the deed is done; One lit -
 Our vic - t'ry has been won; The King -




is not his e - qual.
the field for - ev - er.
tle word can fell him.
dom ours re - main - eth.

Text and tune: Public domain


562 All Mankind Fell in Adam's Fall



1 All man - kind fell in Ad - am's fall; One com - mon
2 Through all our pow'rs cor - rup - tion creeps And us in
3 From hearts de - praved, to e - vil prone, Flow thoughts and
4 But Christ, the sec - ond Ad - am, came To bear our



sin in - fects us all. From one to all the
dread - ful bond - age keeps; In guilt we draw our
deeds of sin a - lone; God's im - age lost, the
sin and woe and shame, To be our life, our




curse de - scends, And o - ver all God's wrath im - pends.
in - fant breath And reap its fruits of woe and death.
dark - ened soul Seeks not nor finds its heav'n - ly goal.
light, our way, Our on - ly hope, our on - ly stay.

5 As by one man all mankind fell
And, born in sin, was doomed to hell,
So by one Man, who took our place,
We all were justified by grace.


6 We thank You, Christ; new life is ours,
New light, new hope, new strength, new pow'rs.
This grace our ev'ry way attend
Until we reach our journey's end.

Text and tune: Public domain


581 These Are the Holy Ten Commands



1 These are the ho - ly Ten Com - mands God gave to us by
2 "I am a - lone your God, the Lord; No oth - er gods shall
3 "Do not My ho - ly name dis - grace, Do not My Word of
4 "You shall ob - serve the wor - ship day That peace may fill your



Mo - ses' hands When high on Si - nai's mount he stood,
be a - dored. But you shall ful - ly trust in Me
truth de - base. Praise on - ly that as good and true
home, and pray, And put a - side the work you do,



Re - ceiv - ing them for our good. Have mer - cy, Lord!
And love Me whole - heart - ed - ly." Have mer - cy, Lord!
Which I My - self say and do." Have mer - cy, Lord!
So that God may work in you." Have mer - cy, Lord!

5 "You are to honor and obey
Your father, mother, ev'ry day,
Serve them each way that comes to hand;
You'll then live long in the land."
Have mercy, Lord!

6 "You shall not murder, hurt, nor hate;
Your anger dare not dominate.
Be kind and patient; help, defend,
And treat your foe as your friend."
Have mercy, Lord!

7 "Be faithful to your marriage vow;
No lust or impure thoughts allow.
Keep all your conduct free from sin
By self-controlled discipline."
Have mercy, Lord!

8 "You shall not steal or take away
What others worked for night and day,
But open wide a gen'rous hand
And help the poor in the land."
Have mercy, Lord!

- 9 “Bear no false witness nor defame
Your neighbor nor destroy his name,
But view him in the kindest way;
Speak truth in all that you say.”
Have mercy, Lord!
- 10 “You shall not crave your neighbor’s house
Nor covet money, goods, or spouse.
Pray God He would your neighbor bless
As you yourself wish success.”
Have mercy, Lord!
- 11 You have this Law to see therein
That you have not been free from sin
But also that you clearly see
How pure toward God life should be.
Have mercy, Lord!
- 12 Our works cannot salvation gain;
They merit only endless pain.
Forgive us, Lord! To Christ we flee,
Who pleads for us endlessly.
Have mercy, Lord!

Text (sts. 1–2): © 2006 Concordia Publishing House; (sts. 3–5, 7, 11): © 1980 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn
License no. 110005617
Text (sts. 6, 8–10, 12): Public domain
Tune: Public domain

575 My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less



1 My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus’
2 When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on
3 His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood Sup - port me
4 When He shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, may I

blood and righ - teous - ness; No mer - it of my
His un - chang - ing grace; In ev - ’ry high and
in the rag - ing flood; When ev - ’ry earth - ly
then in Him be found, Clothed in His righ - teous -

own I claim But whol - ly lean on Je - sus’ name.
storm - y gale My an - chor holds with - in the veil.
prop gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
ness a - lone, Re - deemed to stand be - fore His throne!

Refrain
On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

Text and tune: Public domain

617 O Lord, We Praise Thee



1 O Lord, we praise Thee, bless Thee, and a - dore Thee,
 2 Thy ho - ly bod - y in - to death was giv - en,
 3 May God be - stow on us His grace and fa - vor



In thanks - giv - ing bow be - fore Thee. Thou with Thy
 Life to win for us in heav - en. No great - er
 That we fol - low Christ our Sav - ior And live to -



bod - y and Thy blood didst nour - ish Our weak souls that
 love than this to Thee could bind us; May this feast there -
 geth - er here in love and u - nion Nor de - spise this



they may flour - ish: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 of re - mind us! O Lord, have mer - cy!
 blest Com - mu - nion! O Lord, have mer - cy!



May Thy bod - y, Lord, born of Mar - y, That our
 Lord, Thy kind - ness did so con - strain Thee That Thy
 Let not Thy good Spir - it for - sake us; Grant that



sins and sor - rows did car - ry, And Thy blood for us plead
 blood should bless and sus - tain me. All our debt Thou hast paid;
 heav'n - ly - mind - ed He make us; Give Thy Church, Lord, to see



In all tri - al, fear, and need: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 Peace with God once more is made: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 Days of peace and u - ni - ty: O Lord, have mer - cy!

Text: © 1941 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110005617
 Tune: Public domain

433 Glory Be to Jesus



1 Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains
 2 Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find;
 3 Blest through end - less a - ges Be the pre - cious stream
 4 A - bel's blood for ven - geance Plead - ed to the skies;



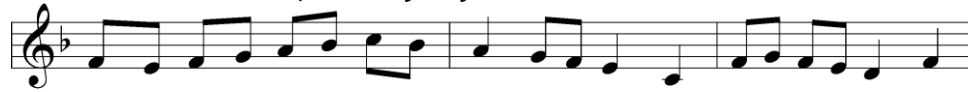
Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!
 Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind!
 Which from end - less tor - ment Did the world re - deem!
 But the blood of Je - sus For our par - don cries.

5 Oft as earth exulting
 Wafts its praise on high,
 Angel hosts rejoicing
 Make their glad reply.

6 Lift we, then, our voices,
 Swell the mighty flood;
 Louder still and louder
 Praise the precious blood!

Text and tune: Public domain

594 God's Own Child, I Gladly Say It



1 God's own child, I glad - ly 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 -



trea - sures 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!

Text: © 1991 Robert E. Voelker. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110005617
 Tune: Public domain