

424 O Christ, You Walked the Road



1 O Christ, You walked the road Our wan-d'ring feet must go.
 2 No bread of earth a-lone Can fill our hun-g'ring hearts.
 3 No blind-ing sign we ask, No won-der from a-bove.
 4 When lures of eas-y gain With prom-ise bright-ly shine,
 5 O Christ, You walked the road Our wan-d'ring feet must go.



You faced with us temp-ta-tion's pow'r And fought our an-cient foe.
 Lord, help us seek Your liv-ing Word, The food Your grace im-parts.
 Lord, help us place our trust a-lone In Your un-swer-v-ing love.
 Lord, help us seek Your king-dom first; Our wills with Yours a-lign.
 Stay with us through temp-ta-tion's hour To fight our an-cient foe.

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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.

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
 5 They rise and needs will have My dear Lord made a -



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



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
 slay. Yet cheer - ful He To suf - f'ring goes



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.
 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!