

Hymns for Sunday, February 28th

OPENING HYMN - 420 Christ, the Life of All the Living



1 Christ, the life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the death of
 2 Thou, ah! Thou, hast tak - en on Thee Bonds and stripes, a
 3 Thou hast borne the smit - ing on - ly That my wounds might
 4 Heart - less scof - fers did sur - round Thee, Treat - ing Thee with



death, our foe, Who, Thy - self for me once giv - ing
 cru - el rod; Pain and scorn were heaped up - on Thee,
 all be whole; Thou hast suf - fered, sad and lone - ly,
 shame - ful scorn And with pierc - ing thorns they crowned Thee.



To the dark - est depths of woe: Through Thy suf - f'rings,
 O Thou sin - less Son of God! Thus didst Thou my
 Rest to give my wea - ry soul; Yea, the curse of
 All dis - grace Thou, Lord, hast borne, That as Thine Thou



death, and mer - it I e - ter - nal life in - her - it.
 soul de - liv - er From the bonds of sin for - ev - er.
 God en - dur - ing, Bless - ing un - to me se - cur - ing.
 might - est own me And with heav'n - ly glo - ry crown me.



Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
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 Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.

5 Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee,
 That from pain I might be free;
 Falsely did Thy foes accuse Thee:
 Thence I gain security;
 Comfortless Thy soul did languish
 Me to comfort in my anguish.
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

6 Thou hast suffered great affliction
 And hast borne it patiently,
 Even death by crucifixion,
 Fully to atone for me;

Thou didst choose to be tormented
 That my doom should be prevented.
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

7

Then, for all that wrought my pardon,
 For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
 For Thine anguish in the Garden,
 I will thank Thee evermore,
 Thank Thee for Thy groaning, sighing,
 For Thy bleeding and Thy dying,
 For that last triumphant cry,
 And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.

SERMON HYMN - 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!

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FIRST DISTRIBUTION HYMN - 623 Lord Jesus Christ, We Humbly Pray



1 Lord Je - sus Christ, we hum - bly pray That we may
 2 Give us, who share this won - drous food, Your bod - y
 3 By faith Your Word has made us bold To seize the
 4 One bread, one cup, one bod - y, we, Re - joic - ing
 5 Lord Je - sus Christ, we hum - bly pray: O keep us



feast on You to - day; Be - neath these forms of
 bro - ken and Your blood, The grate - ful peace of
 gift of love re - told; All that You are we
 in our u - ni - ty, Pro - claim Your love un -
 stead - fast till that day When each will be Your



bread and wine En - rich us with Your grace di - vine.
 sins for - giv'n, The cer - tain joys of heirs of heav'n.
 here re - ceive, And all we are to You we give.
 til You come To bring Your scat - tered loved ones home.
 wel - comed guest In heav - en's high and ho - ly feast.

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THIRD DISTRIBUTION HYMN - 618 I Come, O Savior, to Thy Table



1 I come, O Sav - ior, to Thy ta - ble, For weak and
 2 Thy heart is filled with fer - vent yearn - ing That sin - ners
 3 Un - wor - thy though I am, O Sav - ior, Be - cause I
 4 Wea - ry am I and heav - y lad - en; With sin my
 5 What high - er gift can we in - her - it? It is faith's



wea - ry is my soul; Thou, Bread of Life, a -
 may sal - va - tion see Who, Lord, to Thee in
 have a sin - ful heart, Yet Thou Thy lamb wilt
 soul is sore op - pressed; Re - ceive me gra - cious -
 bond and sol - id base; It is the strength of



lone art a - ble To sat - is - fy and make me whole:
 faith are turn - ing; So I, a sin - ner, come to Thee.
 ban - ish nev - er, For Thou my faith - ful shep - herd art:
 ly and glad - den My heart, for I am now Thy guest.
 heart and spir - it, The cov - e - nant of hope and grace.

Refrain



Lord, may Thy bod - y and Thy blood Be for my soul the high - est good!

SECOND DISTRIBUTION HYMN - 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!

CLOSING HYMN - 837 Lift High the Cross

Refrain



Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro-claim Till



all the world a-dore His sa-cred name.



- 1 Come, Chris-tians, fol-low where our Cap-tain trod,
- 2 Led on their way by this tri-um-phant sign,
- 3 All new-born sol-diers of the Cru-ci-fied
- 4 O Lord, once lift-ed on the glo-rious tree,

Refrain



Our king vic-tor-ious, Christ, the Son of God.
The hosts of God in con-quer-ing ranks com-bine.
Bear on their brows the seal of Him who died.
As Thou hast prom-ised, draw us all to Thee.

5 Let ev'ry race and ev'ry language tell
Of Him who saves our lives from death and hell. Refrain

6 So shall our song of triumph ever be:
Praise to the Crucified for victory! Refrain