

Hymns for Sunday, March 21st 2021

OPENING HYMN - 435 Come to Calvary's Holy Mountain



1 Come to Cal - v'ry's ho - ly moun - tain, Sin - ners, ru - ined
2 Come in pov - er - ty and mean - ness, Come de - filed, with -
3 Come in sor - row and con - tri - tion, Wound - ed, im - po -
4 They that drink shall live for - ev - er; 'Tis a soul - re -



by the fall; Here a pure and heal - ing foun - tain
out, with - in; From in - fec - tion and un - clean - ness,
tent, and blind; Here the guilt - y, free re - mis - sion,
new - ing flood. God is faith - ful; God will nev - er



Flows for you, for me, for all, In a full, per -
From the lep - ro - sy of sin, Wash your robes and
Here the trou - bled, peace may find. Health this foun - tain
Break His cov - e - nant of blood, Signed when our Re -



pet - ual tide, O - pened when our Sav - ior died.
make them white; Ye shall walk with God in light.
will re - store; They that drink shall thirst no more.
deem - er died, Sealed when He was glo - ri - fied.

SERMON HYMN - 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.

DISTRIBUTION HYMN #1 - 627 Jesus Christ, Our Blessed Savior



1 Je - sus Christ, our bless - ed Sav - ior, Turned a - way God's
 2 As His pledge of love un - dy - ing, He, this pre - cious
 3 Je - sus here Him - self is shar - ing; Heed then how you
 4 Praise the Fa - ther, who from heav - en To His own this



wrath for - ev - er; By His bit - ter grief and woe
 food sup - ply - ing, Gives His bod - y with the bread,
 are pre - par - ing, For if you do not be - lieve,
 food has giv - en, Who, to mend what we have done,



He saved us from the e - vil foe.
 And with the wine the blood He shed.
 His judg - ment then you shall re - ceive.
 Gave in - to death His on - ly Son.

5 Firmly hold with faith unshaken
 That this food is to be taken
 By the sick who are distressed,
 By hearts that long for peace and rest.

6 Agony and bitter labor
 Were the cost of God's high favor;
 Do not come if you suppose
 You need not Him who died and rose.

7 Christ says: "Come, all you that labor,
 And receive My grace and favor:
 Those who feel no pain or ill
 Need no physician's help or skill.

8 "For what purpose was My dying
 If not for your justifying?
 And what use this precious food
 If you yourself were pure and good?"

9 If your heart this truth professes
 And your mouth your sin confesses,
 You will be your Savior's guest,
 Be at His banquet truly blest.

10 Let this food your faith so nourish
 That its fruit of love may flourish
 And your neighbor learn from you
 How much God's wondrous love can do.

DISTRIBUTION HYMN #2 - 628 Your Table I Approach



1 Your ta - ble I ap - proach; Dear Sav - ior, hear my prayer.
 2 Lord, I con - fess my sins And mourn their wretch - ed bands;
 3 Your bod - y and Your blood, Once slain and shed for me,
 4 Search not how this takes place, This won - drous mys - ter - y;



Let not an un - re - pen - tant heart Prove hurt - ful to me there.
 A con - trite heart is sure to find For - give - ness at Your hands.
 Are tak - en at Your ta - ble, Lord, In blest re - al - i - ty.
 God can ac - com - plish vast - ly more Than what we think could be.

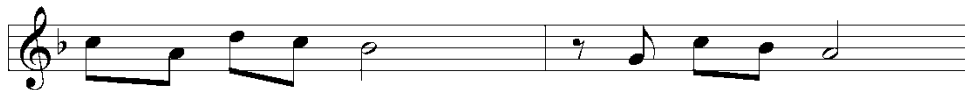
- 5 O grant, most blessèd Lord,
 That earth and hell combined
 May not about this sacrament
 Raise doubt within my mind.
- 6 Oh, may I never fail
 To thank You day and night
 For Your true body and true blood,
 O God, my peace and light.

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DISTRIBUTION HYMN #3 - 629 What Is This Bread



1 What is this bread?	Christ's bod - y
2 What is this wine?	The blood of
3 So who am I,	That I should
4 Yet is God here?	Oh, yes! By
5 Is this for me?	I am for -



ris - en from the dead:	This bread we break,
Je - sus shed for mine;	The cup of grace
live and He should die	Un - der the rod?
Word and prom - ise clear,	In mouth and soul
giv - en and set free!	I do be - lieve



This life we take,	Was crushed to pay for our re -
Brings His em - brace	Of life and love un - til I
My God, my God,	Why have You not for - sak - en
He makes us whole—	Christ, tru - ly pres - ent in this
That I re - ceive	His ver - y bod - y and His



lease.	O taste and see—	the Lord is peace.
sing!	O taste and see—	the Lord is King.
me?	O taste and see—	the Lord is free.
meal.	O taste and see—	the Lord is real.
blood.	O taste and see—	the Lord is good.

CLOSING HYMN - 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!