

## THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST HYMNS

### 548 Thanks to Thee, O Christ, Victorious



1 Thanks to Thee, O Christ, vic - to - rious! Thanks to Thee, O  
 2 Thou hast died for my trans - gres - sion, All my sins on  
 3 For the joy Thine ad - vent gave me, For Thy ho - ly,



Lord of Life! Death hath now no pow - er o'er us,  
 Thee were laid; Thou hast won for me sal - va - tion,  
 pre - cious Word; For Thy Bap - tism, which doth save me,



Thou hast con - quered in the strife. Thanks be - cause Thou didst a -  
 On the cross my debt was paid. From the grave I shall a -  
 For Thy blest Com - mu - nion board; For Thy death, the bit - ter



rise And hast o - pened par - a - dise! None can ful - ly  
 rise And shall meet Thee in the skies. Death it - self is  
 scorn, For Thy res - ur - rec - tion morn, Lord, I thank Thee



sing the glo - ry Of the res - ur - rec - tion sto - ry.  
 tran - si - to - ry; I shall lift my head in glo - ry.  
 and ex - tol Thee, And in heav'n I shall be - hold Thee.

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### 755 In the Very Midst of Life



1 In the ver - y midst of life Snares of death sur - round us;  
 2 In the midst of death's dark vale Pow'rs of hell o'er - take us.  
 3 In the midst of ut - ter woe When our sins op - press us,



Who shall help us in the strife Lest the foe con - found us?  
 Who will help when they as - sail, Who se - cure will make us?  
 Where shall we for ref - uge go, Where for grace to bless us?



Thou on - ly, Lord, Thou on - ly! We mourn that we have great - ly  
 Thou on - ly, Lord, Thou on - ly! Thy heart is moved with ten - der -  
 To Thee, Lord Je - sus, on - ly! Thy pre - cious blood was shed to



erred, That our sins Thy wrath have stirred. Ho - ly and righ - teous God!  
 ness, Pit - ies us in our dis - tress. Ho - ly and righ - teous God!  
 win Full a - tone - ment for our sin. Ho - ly and righ - teous God!



Ho - ly and might - y God! Ho - ly and all - mer - ci - ful  
 Ho - ly and might - y God! Ho - ly and all - mer - ci - ful  
 Ho - ly and might - y God! Ho - ly and all - mer - ci - ful



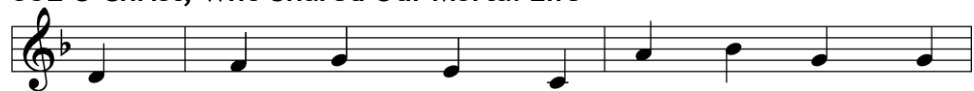
Sav - ior! E - ter - nal Lord God! Save us lest we per - ish  
 Sav - ior! E - ter - nal Lord God! Save us from the ter - ror  
 Sav - ior! E - ter - nal Lord God! Lord, pre - serve and keep us



In the bit - ter pangs of death. Have mer - cy, O Lord!  
 Of the fi - ery pit of hell. Have mer - cy, O Lord!  
 In the peace that faith can give. Have mer - cy, O Lord!

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## 552 O Christ, Who Shared Our Mortal Life



1 O Christ, who shared our mor - tal life And  
 2 A rul - er proud but bent by grief Knelt  
 3 You pressed through crowds to reach the child Whose  
 2 The ranks of death with tro - phy grim Through



end - ed death's long reign, Who healed the sick and  
 down be - fore Your feet: "My pre - cious daugh - ter's  
 limbs with death grew cold. "She is not dead; she  
 an - cient streets once trod And sud - den - ly con -



raised the dead And bore our grief and pain: We  
 gripped by death! Come now and death de - feat!" A  
 on - ly sleeps!" The weep - ing folk You told. And  
 front - ed You, The might - y Son of God. A



know our years on earth are few, That death is  
 mul - ti - tude had gath - ered round To hear the  
 then You took her hand and called, "My child, I  
 wid - ow's tears e - voked Your Word; You stopped the



al - ways near. Come now to us, O  
 truth You taught, But, leav - ing them, You  
 bid you rise!" She rose! And all stood  
 bear - ers' tread. "Weep not!" in pit - y



Lord of Life; Bring hope that con - quers fear!  
 turned to help A fa - ther sore dis - traught.  
 round You, Lord, With awed and won - d'ring eyes!  
 then You spoke To her whose son was dead.

5 Raising of Jairus' daughter (Matthew 9:18–19, 23–26 or Mark 5:21–43)

A ruler proud but bent by grief  
 Knelt down before Your feet:  
 "My precious daughter's gripped by death!  
 Come now and death defeat!"  
 A multitude had gathered round  
 To hear the truth You taught,  
 But, leaving them, You turned to help  
 A father sore distraught.

6 You pressed through crowds to reach the child

Whose limbs with death grew cold.  
 "She is not dead; she only sleeps!"  
 The weeping folk You told.  
 And then You took her hand and called,  
 "My child, I bid you rise!"  
 She rose! And all stood round You, Lord,  
 With awed and wond'ring eyes!

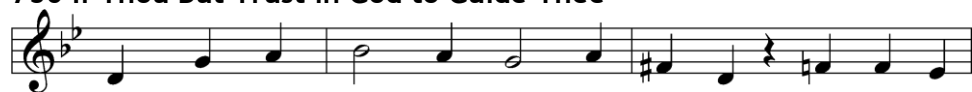
4 Death's power holds us still in thrall

And bears us toward the tomb.  
 Death's dark'ning cloud hangs like a pall  
 That threatens earth with doom.  
 But You have broken death's embrace  
 And torn away its sting.  
 Restore to life our mortal race!

Raise us, O Risen King!

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## 750 If Thou But Trust in God to Guide Thee



1 If thou but trust in God to guide thee And hope in  
 2 What can these anx - ious cares a - vail thee, These nev - er -  
 3 Be pa - tient and a - wait His lei - sure In cheer - ful  
 4 God knows full well when times of glad - ness Shall be the



Him through all thy ways, He'll give thee strength, what - e'er be -  
 ceas - ing moans and sighs? What can it help if thou be -  
 hope, with heart con - tent To take what - e'er thy Fa - ther's  
 need - ful thing for thee. When He has tried thy soul with



tide thee, And bear thee through the e - vil days. Who trusts in  
 wail thee O'er each dark mo - ment as it flies? Our cross and  
 plea - sure And His dis - cern - ing love hath sent, Nor doubt our  
 sad - ness And from all guile has found thee free, He comes to



God's un - chang - ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move.  
 tri - als do but press The heav - ier for our bit - ter - ness.  
 in - most wants are known To Him who chose us for His own.  
 thee all un - a - ware And makes thee own His lov - ing care.

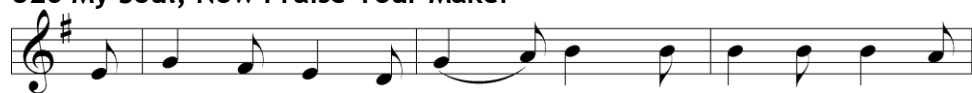
5 Nor think amid the fiery trial  
 That God hath cast thee off unheard,  
 That he whose hopes meet no denial  
 Must surely be of God preferred.  
 Time passes and much change doth bring  
 And sets a bound to ev'rything.

6 All are alike before the Highest;  
 'Tis easy for our God, we know,  
 To raise thee up, though low thou liest,  
 To make the rich man poor and low.  
 True wonders still by Him are wrought  
 Who setteth up and brings to naught.

7 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,  
 Perform thy duties faithfully,  
 And trust His Word; though undeserving,  
 Thou yet shalt find it true for thee.  
 God never yet forsook in need  
 The soul that trusted Him indeed.

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## 820 My Soul, Now Praise Your Maker



1 My soul, now praise your Mak - er! Let all with - in me  
 2 He of - fers all His trea - sure Of jus - tice, truth, and  
 3 For as a ten - der fa - ther Has pit - y on his  
 4 His grace re - mains for - ev - er, And chil - dren's chil - dren



bless His name Who makes you full par - tak - er Of  
 righ - teous - ness, His love be - yond all mea - sure, His  
 chil - dren here, God in His arms will gath - er All  
 yet shall prove That God for - sakes them nev - er Who



mer - cies more than you dare claim. For - get Him not whose  
 yearn - ing pit - y o'er dis - tress; Nor treats us as we  
 who are His in child - like fear. He knows how frail our  
 in true fear shall seek His love. In heav'n is fixed His



meek - ness Still bears with all your sin, Who heals your ev - 'ry  
 mer - it But sets His an - ger by. The poor and con - trite  
 pow - ers, Who but from dust are made. We flour - ish like the  
 dwell - ing, His rule is o - ver all; O hosts with might ex -



weak - ness, Re - news your life with - in; Whose grace and  
 spir - it Finds His com - pas - sion nigh; And high as  
 flow - ers, And e - ven so we fade; The wind but  
 cel - ling, With praise be - fore Him fall. Praise Him for -



care are end - less And saved you through the past; Who  
 heav'n a - bove us, As dawn from close of day, So  
 through them pass - es, And all their bloom is o'er. We  
 ev - er reign - ing, All you who hear His Word— Our



leaves no suf - f'rer friend - less But rights the wronged at last.  
 far, since He has loved us, He puts our sins a - way.  
 with - er like the grass - es; Our place knows us no more.  
 life and all sus - tain - ing. My soul, O praise the Lord!

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## 619 Thy Body, Given for Me, O Savior



1 Thy bod - y, giv'n for me, O Sav - ior, Thy blood which  
 2 With Thee, Lord, I am now u - nit - ed; I live in  
 3 Who can con - demn me now? For sure - ly The Lord is  
 4 Though death may threat - en with dis - as - ter, It can - not  
 5 My heart has now be - come Thy dwell - ing, O bless - ed,



Thou for me didst shed, These are my life and  
 Thee and Thou in me. No sor - row fills my  
 nigh, who jus - ti - fies. No hell I fear, and  
 rob me of my cheer; For He who is of  
 ho - ly Trin - i - ty. With an - gels I, Thy



strength for - ev - er, By them my hun - gry soul is fed.  
 soul, de - light - ed It finds its on - ly joy in Thee.  
 thus se - cure - ly With Je - sus I to heav - en rise.  
 death the mas - ter With aid and com - fort e'er is near.  
 prais - es tell - ing, Shall live in joy e - ter - nal - ly.

### Refrain



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

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## 738 Lord of All Hopefulness



1 Lord of all hope - ful - ness, Lord of all joy,  
2 Lord of all ea - ger - ness, Lord of all faith,  
3 Lord of all kind - li - ness, Lord of all grace,  
4 Lord of all gen - tle - ness, Lord of all calm,



Whose trust, ev - er child - like, no cares could de - stroy:  
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe:  
Your hands swift to wel - come, Your arms to em - brace:  
Whose voice is con - tent - ment, whose pres - ence is balm:



Be there at our wak - ing, and give us, we pray,  
Be there at our la - bors, and give us, we pray,  
Be there at our hom - ing, and give us, we pray,  
Be there at our sleep - ing, and give us, we pray,



Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.  
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.