

THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST HYMNS

793 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven



1 Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet your  
 2 Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To His peo - ple  
 3 Fa - ther-like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble  
 4 An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; You be - hold Him



trib - ute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,  
 in dis - tress; Praise Him still the same as ev - er,  
 frame He knows; In His hand He gent - ly bears us,  
 face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him,



Ev - er - more His prais - es sing: Al - le - lu - ia,  
 Slow to chide and swift to bless: Al - le - lu - ia,  
 Res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia,  
 All who dwell in time and space. Al - le - lu - ia,



al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.  
 al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.  
 al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

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743 Jesus, Priceless Treasure



1 Je - sus, price-less trea - sure, Fount of pur - est plea - sure,  
 2 In Thine arms I rest me; Foes who would mo - lest me  
 3 Sa - tan, I de - fy thee; Death, I now de - cry thee;  
 4 Hence, all earth - ly trea - sure! Je - sus is my plea - sure,



Tru - est friend to me, Ah, how long in an - guish  
 Can - not reach me here. Though the earth be shak - ing,  
 Fear, I bid thee cease. World, thou shalt not harm me  
 Je - sus is my choice. Hence, all emp - ty glo - ry!



Shall my spir - it lan - guish, Yearn - ing, Lord, for Thee?  
 Ev - 'ry heart be quak - ing, Je - sus calms my fear.  
 Nor thy threats a - larm me While I sing of peace.  
 Naught to me thy sto - ry Told with tempt - ing voice.



Thou art mine, O Lamb di - vine! I will suf - fer  
 Light - nings flash And thun - ders crash; Yet, though sin and  
 God's great pow'r Guards ev - 'ry hour; Earth and all its  
 Pain or loss, Or shame or cross, Shall not from my



naught to hide Thee; Naught I ask be - side Thee.  
 hell as - sail me, Je - sus will not fail me.  
 depths a - dore Him, Si - lent bow be - fore Him.  
 Sav - ior move me Since He deigns to love me.

5 Evil world, I leave thee;  
 Thou canst not deceive me,  
 Thine appeal is vain.  
 Sin that once did blind me,  
 Get thee far behind me,  
 Come not forth again.  
 Past thy hour,  
 O pride and pow'r;  
 Sinful life, thy bonds I sever,  
 Leave thee now forever.

6 Hence, all fear and sadness!  
 For the Lord of gladness,  
 Jesus, enters in.  
 Those who love the Father,  
 Though the storms may gather,  
 Still have peace within.  
 Yea, whate'er  
 I here must bear,  
 Thou art still my purest pleasure,  
 Jesus, priceless treasure!

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## 724 If God Himself Be for Me



1 If God Him - self be for me, I may a host de - fy;  
 2 I build on this foun - da - tion, That Je - sus and His blood  
 3 Christ Je - sus is my splen - dor, My sun, my light, a - lone;  
 4 He can - celed my of - fens - es, De - liv - ered me from death;



For when I pray, be - fore me My foes, con - found - ed, fly.  
 A - lone are my sal - va - tion, My true, e - ter - nal good.  
 Were He not my de - fend - er Be - fore God's judg - ment throne,  
 He is the Lord who cleans - es My soul from sin through faith.



If Christ, my head and mas - ter, Be - friend me from a - bove,  
 With - out Him all that pleas - es Is val - ue - less on earth;  
 I nev - er should find fa - vor And mer - cy in His sight,  
 In Him I can be cheer - ful, Cou - ra - geous on my way;



What foe or what dis - as - ter Can drive me from His love?  
 The gifts I have from Je - sus A - lone have price - less worth.  
 But be de - stroyed for - ev - er As dark - ness by the light.  
 In Him I am not fear - ful Of God's great Judg - ment Day.

5 For no one can condemn me  
 Or set my hope aside;  
 Now hell no more can claim me:  
 Its fury I deride.  
 No sentence now reproves me,  
 No guilt destroys my peace;  
 For Christ, my Savior, loves me  
 And shields me with His grace.

6 Who clings with resolution  
 To Him whom Satan hates  
 Must look for persecution;  
 For him the burden waits  
 Of mock'ry, shame, and losses  
 Heaped on his blameless head;

A thousand plagues and crosses  
 Will be his daily bread.

7 From me this is not hidden,  
 Yet I am not afraid;  
 I leave my cares, as bidden,  
 To whom my vows were paid.  
 Though life from me be taken  
 And ev'rything I own,  
 I trust in You unshaken  
 And cleave to You alone.

8 No danger, thirst, or hunger,  
 No pain or poverty,  
 No earthly tyrant's anger  
 Shall ever vanquish me.  
 Though earth should break asunder,  
 My fortress You shall be;  
 No fire or sword or thunder  
 Shall sever You from me.

9 No angel and no gladness,  
 No throne, no pomp, no show,  
 No love, no hate, no sadness,  
 No pain, no depth of woe,  
 No scheming, no contrivance,  
 No subtle thing or great  
 Shall draw me from Your guidance  
 Nor from You separate.

10 My heart with joy is springing;  
 I am no longer sad.  
 My soul is filled with singing;  
 Your sunshine makes me glad.  
 The sun that cheers my spirit  
 Is Jesus Christ, my King;  
 The heav'n I shall inherit  
 Makes me rejoice and sing.

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## 746 Through Jesus' Blood and Merit



1 Through Je - sus' blood and mer - it I am at peace with God.  
 2 There's noth - ing that can sev - er From this great love of God;  
 3 For nei - ther life's temp - ta - tion Nor death's most try - ing hour  
 4 Nor an - y crea - ture ev - er Shall from the love of God



What, then, can daunt my spir - it, How - ev - er dark my road?  
 No want, no pain what - ev - er, No fam - ine, per - il, flood.  
 Nor an - gels of high sta - tion Nor an - y oth - er pow'r  
 This ran - somed sin - ner sev - er; For in my Sav - ior's blood



My cour - age shall not fail me, For God is on my side;  
 Though thou - sand foes sur - round me, For slaugh - ter mark His sheep,  
 Nor things that now are pres - ent Nor things that are to come  
 This love has its foun - da - tion; God hears my faith - ful prayer



Though hell it - self as - sail me, Its rage I may de - ride.  
 They nev - er shall con - found me, The vic - t'ry I shall reap.  
 Nor height, how - ev - er pleas - ant, Nor dark - est depths of gloom  
 And long be - fore cre - a - tion Named me His child and heir.

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## 913 O Holy Spirit, Enter In



1 O Ho - ly Spir - it, en - ter in, And in our hearts  
 2 Give to Your Word im - pres - sive pow'r, That in our hearts  
 3 O might - y Rock, O Source of life, Let Your dear Word,



Your work be - gin, Your dwell - ing place now make us.  
 from this good hour As fire it may be glow - ing,  
 in doubt and strife, In us be strong - ly burn - ing



Sun of the soul, O Light di - vine, A - round and in  
 That in true Chris - tian u - ni - ty We faith - ful wit -  
 That we be faith - ful un - to death And live in love



us bright - ly shine, To joy and glad - ness wake us  
 ness - es may be, Your glo - ry ev - er show - ing.  
 and ho - ly faith, From You true wis - dom learn - ing.



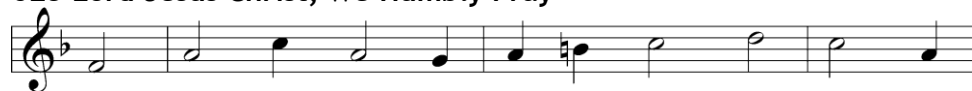
That we may be Tru - ly liv - ing, To You giv - ing  
 Hear us, cheer us By Your teach - ing; Let our preach - ing  
 Your grace and peace On us show - er; By Your pow - er



Prayer un - ceas - ing And in love be still in - creas - ing.  
 And our la - bor Praise You, Lord, and serve our neigh - bor.  
 Christ con - fess - ing, Let us see our Sav - ior's bless - ing.

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### 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



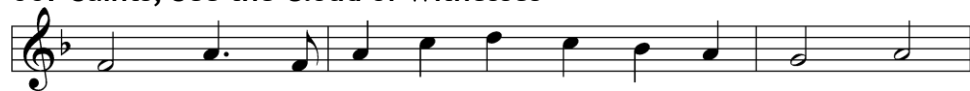
feast on You to - day; Be - neath these forms of  
 bro - ken and Your blood, The grate - ful peace of  
 gift of love re - told; All that You are we  
 in our u - ni - ty, Pro - claim Your love un -  
 stead - fast till that day When each will be Your



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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### 667 Saints, See the Cloud of Witnesses



1 Saints, see the cloud of wit - ness - es sur - round us;  
 2 These saints of old re - ceived God's com - men - da - tion;  
 3 They call to us, "Your tim - id foot - steps length - en;  
 4 Come, let us fix our sight on Christ who suf - fered,



Their lives of faith en - cour - age and as - tound us.  
 They lived as pil - grim - heirs of His sal - va - tion.  
 Throw off sin's weight, your halt - ing weak - ness strength - en.  
 He faced the cross, His sin - less life He of - fered;



Hear how the Mas - ter praised their faith so  
 Through faith they con - quered flame and sword and  
 We kept the faith, we shed our blood, were  
 He scorned the shame, He died, our death en -



fer - vent: "Well done, My ser - vant!"  
 gal - lows, God's name to hal - low.  
 mar - tyred; Our lives we bar - tered."  
 dur - ing, Our hope se - cur - ing.

5 Lord, give us faith to walk where You are sending,  
 On paths unmarked, eyes blind as to their ending;  
 Not knowing where we go, but that You lead us—  
 With grace precede us.

6 You, Jesus, You alone deserve all glory!  
 Our lives unfold, embraced within Your story;  
 Past, present, future—You, the same forever—  
 You fail us never!

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