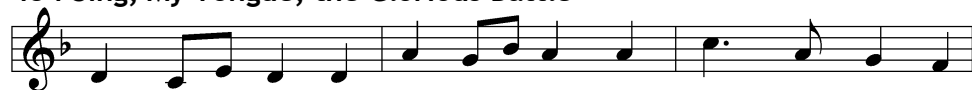


THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST HYMNS

454 Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle



1 Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle; Sing the end - ing
 2 Tell how, when at length the full - ness Of the ap - point - ed
 3 Thus, with thir - ty years ac - com - plished, He went forth from
 4 Faith - ful cross, true sign of tri - umph, Be for all the
 5 Un - to God be praise and glo - ry; To the Fa - ther



of the fray. Now a - bove the cross, the tro - phy,
 time was come, He, the Word, was born of wom - an,
 Naz - a - reth, Des - tined, ded - i - cat - ed, will - ing,
 no - blest tree; None in fo - liage, none in blos - som,
 and the Son, To the e - ter - nal Spir - it hon - or



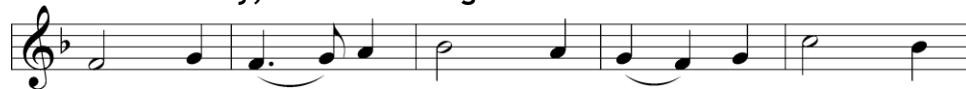
Sound the loud tri - um - phant lay; Tell how Christ, the
 Left for us His Fa - ther's home, Blazed the path of
 Did His work, and met His death; Like a lamb He
 None in fruit thine e - qual be; Sym - bol of the
 Now and ev - er - more be done; Praise and glo - ry



world's re - deem - er, As a vic - tim won the day.
 true o - be - dience, Shone as light a - midst the gloom.
 hum - bly yield - ed On the cross His dy - ing breath.
 world's re - demp - tion, For the weight that hung on thee!
 in the high - est While the time - less a - ges run.

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851 Lord of Glory, You Have Bought Us



1 Lord of glo - ry, You have bought us With Your
 2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to give You Glad - ly,
 3 Won - drous hon - or You have giv - en To our
 4 Lord of glo - ry, You have bought us With Your



life - blood as the price, Nev - er grudg - ing for the
 free - ly of Your own. With the sun - shine of Your
 hum - blest char - i - ty In Your own mys - te - rious
 life - blood as the price, Nev - er grudg - ing for the



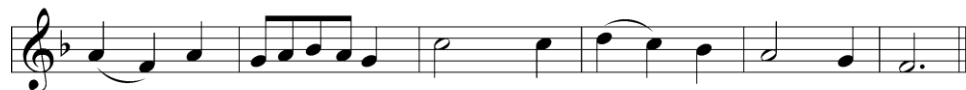
lost ones That tre - men - dous sac - ri - fice;
 good - ness Melt our thank - less hearts of stone
 sen - tence, "You have done it all to Me."
 lost ones That tre - men - dous sac - ri - fice.



And with that have free - ly giv - en Bless - ings
 Till our cold and self - ish na - tures, Warmed by
 Can it be, O gra - cious Mas - ter, That You
 Give us faith to trust You bold - ly, Hope, to



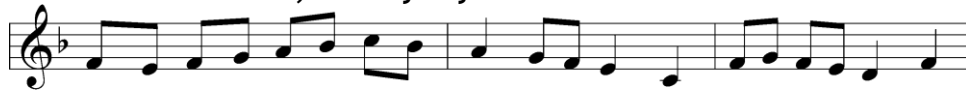
count - less as the sand To the un - thank - ful
 You, at length be - lieve That more hap - py
 deign for alms to sue, Say - ing by Your
 stay our souls on You; But, oh, best of



and the e - vil With Your own un - spar - ing hand.
 and more bless - ed 'Tis to give than to re - ceive.
 poor and need - y, "Give as I have giv'n to you?"
 all Your grac - es, With Your love our love re - new.

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594 God's Own Child, I Gladly Say It



1 God's own child, I glad-ly say it: I am bap-tized
 2 Sin, dis-turb my soul no long-er: I am bap-tized
 3 Sa-tan, hear this proc-la-ma-tion: I am bap-tized
 4 Death, you can-not end my glad-ness: I am bap-tized
 5 There is noth-ing worth com-par-ing To this life-long



in-to Christ! He, be-cause I could not pay it,
 in-to Christ! I have com-fort e-ven strong-er:
 in-to Christ! Drop your ug-ly ac-cu-sa-tion,
 in-to Christ! When I die, I leave all sad-ness
 com-fort sure! O-pen-eyed my grave is star-ing:



Gave my full re-demp-tion price. Do I need earth's
 Je-sus' cleans-ing sac-ri-fice. Should a guilt-y
 I am not so soon en-ticed. Now that to the
 To in-her-it par-a-dise! Though I lie in
 E-ven there I'll sleep se-cre. Though my flesh a-



treas-ures man-y? I have one worth
 con-science seize me Since my Bap-tism
 font I've trav-eled, All your might has
 dust and ash-es Faith's as-sur-ance
 waits its rais-ing, Still my soul con-



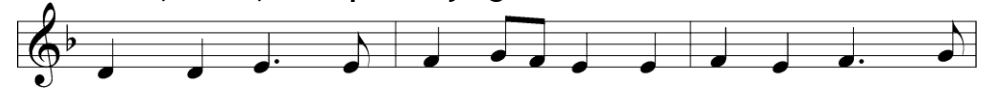
more than an-y That brought me sal-
 did re-lease me In a dear for-
 come un-rav-eled, And, a-gainst your
 bright-ly flash-es: Bap-tism has the
 tin-ues prais-ing: I am bap-tized



va-tion free Last-ing to e-ter-ni-ty!
 giv-ing flood, Sprin-king me with Je-sus' blood?
 tyr-an-ny, God, my Lord, u-nites with me!
 strength di-vine To make life im-mor-tal mine.
 in-to Christ; I'm a child of par-a-dise!

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597 Water, Blood, and Spirit Crying



1 Wa-ter, blood, and Spir-it cry-ing, By their wit-ness
 2 In a wa-t'ry grave are bur-ied All our sins that
 3 Dark the way, yet Christ pre-cedes us, Past the scowl of
 4 Though a-round us death is seeth-ing, God, His two-edged
 5 Spir-it, wa-ter, blood en-treat-ing, Work-ing faith and



tes-ti-fy-ing To the One whose death-de-fy-ing
 Je-sus car-ried; Christ, the Ark of Life, has fer-ried
 death He leads us; Spreads a ta-ble where He feeds us
 sword un-sheath-ing, By His Spir-it life is breath-ing
 its com-plet-ing In the One whose death-de-feat-ing



Life has come, with life for all.
 Us a-cross death's rag-ing flood.
 With His bod-y and His blood.
 Through the liv-ing, ac-tive Word.
 Life has come, with life for all.

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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 rich - 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.

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730 What Is the World to Me



1 What is the world to me With all its vaunt - ed plea - sure
 2 The world seeks to be praised And hon - ored by the might - y
 3 The world seeks af - ter wealth And all that mam - mon of - fers
 4 What is the world to me! My Je - sus is my trea - sure,



When You, and You a - lone, Lord Je - sus, are my trea - sure!
 Yet nev - er once re - flects That they are frail and flight - y.
 Yet nev - er is con - tent Though gold should fill its cof - fers.
 My life, my health, my wealth, My friend, my love, my plea - sure,



You on - ly, dear - est Lord, My soul's de - light shall be;
 But what I tru - ly prize A - bove all things is He,
 I have a high - er good, Con - tent with it I'll be:
 My joy, my crown, my all, My bliss e - ter - nal - ly.



You are my peace, my rest. What is the world to me!
 My Je - sus, He a - lone. What is the world to me!
 My Je - sus is my wealth. What is the world to me!
 Once more, then, I de - clare: What is the world to me!

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