

Opening Hymn

"In Thee Is Gladness" LSB 818



1 In Thee is glad - ness A - mid all sad - ness, Je - sus,
2 Since He is ours, _____ We fear no pow - ers, Not of



sun - shine of my heart. By Thee are giv - en The gifts of
earth nor sin nor death. He sees and bless - es In worst dis -



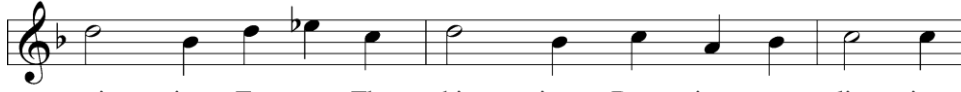
heav - en, Thou the true Re - deem - er art. Our souls Thou
tress - es; He can change them with a breath. Where - fore the



wak - est, Our bonds Thou break - est; Who trusts Thee sure - ly Has built se -
sto - ry Tell of His glo - ry With hearts and voic - es; All heav'n re -



cure - ly; He stands for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! Our hearts are
joic - es In Him for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! We shout for



pin - ing To see Thy shin - ing, Dy - ing or liv - ing
glad - ness, Tri - umph o'er sad - ness, Love Him and praise Him



To Thee are cleav - ing; Naught can us sev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!
And still shall raise Him Glad hymns for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!

Hymn of the Day

“Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me” LSB 761



1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2 Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy Law's de-mands;
3 Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
4 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure: Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

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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.

Closing Hymn

“On What Has Now Been Sown” *LSB* 921



1 On what has now been sown Thy bless - ing, Lord, be - stow;
2 To Thee our wants are known, From Thee are all our pow'rs;
3 O grant that each of us, Now met be - fore Thee here,



The pow'r is Thine a - lone To make it sprout and grow. Do Thou
Ac - cept what is Thine own And par - don what is ours. Our prais -
May meet to - geth - er thus When Thou and Thine ap - pear And fol -



in grace the har - vest raise, And Thou a - lone shalt have the praise!
es, Lord, and prayers re - ceive, And to Thy Word a bless - ing give.
low Thee to heav'n, our home. E'en so, a - men, Lord Je - sus, come!