

Opening Hymn

“What Wondrous Love Is This” *LSB 543*



1 What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
2 When I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When
3 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing; To
4 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And



won-drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is this That
I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When I was sink-ing down Be -
God and to the Lamb I will sing; To God and to the Lamb, Who
when from death I'm free, I'll sing on. And when from death I'm free, I'll



caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse for my
neath God's righ-teous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown for my
is the great I AM, While mil-lions join the theme, I will
sing His love for me, And through e-ter-ni-ty I'll sing



soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul!
soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown for my soul.
sing, I will sing, While mil-lions join the theme, I will sing.
on, I'll sing on, And through e-ter-ni-ty I'll sing on.

Office Hymn

"May God Bestow on Us His Grace" *LSB 824*

1 May God be - stow on us His grace, With bless - ings rich pro -

2 Thine o - ver all shall be the praise And thanks of ev - 'ry

△ 3 O let the peo - ple praise Thy worth, In all good works in -



vide us; And may the bright - ness of His face

na - tion; And all the world with joy shall raise

creas - ing; The land shall plen - teous fruit bring forth,



To life e - ter - nal guide us, That we His sav - ing

The voice of ex - ul - ta - tion. For Thou shalt judge the

Thy Word is rich in bless - ing. May God the Fa - ther,



health may know, His gra - cious will and plea - sure,

earth, O Lord, Nor suf - fer sin to flour - ish;

God the Son, And God the Spir - it bless us!



And al - so to the na - tions show Christ's rich - es with - out

Thy peo - ple's pas - ture is Thy Word Their souls to feed and

Let all the world praise Him a - lone, Let sol - emn awe pos -



mea - sure And un - to God con - vert them.

nour - ish, In righ - teous paths to keep them.

ness us. Now let our hearts say, "A - men!"

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Canticle

"Praise to the God of Israel" *LSB 936*

1 Sing praise to the God of Is - ra - el! Sing praise for His

2 God spoke by the proph - ets long a - go, His prom - ise on

3 You, child, will go on be - fore the Lord As proph - et, His

4 O bright, ris - ing Sun, now shine on us In need of il -



vis - i - ta - tion! Re - deem - ing His peo - ple from their sin,
oath re - call - ing— To A - bra - ham made in for - mer years:
way pre - par - ing; To speak on be - half of God Most High,
lu - mi - na - tion; Come scat - ter the shades of sin and death



Ac - com - pish - ing their sal - va - tion, Up - rais - ing a
Of van - quish - ing foes ap - pall - ing, That those He de -
His coun - sel of truth de - clar - ing: Rich mer - cy and
And shat - ter their dom - i - na - tion. Be guid - ing our



might - y horn with - in The house of His ser - vant Da - vid!
liv - ered from their fears Might glad - ly and tru - ly serve Him.
grace for all where - by In - iq - ui - ty is for - giv - en.
foot - steps on the path Of peace, in Your pres - ence dawn - ing!

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Closing Hymn

“We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died” *LSB 429*



1 We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who
2 In - scribed up - on the cross we see In shin - ing
3 The cross! It takes our guilt a - way; It holds the
4 It makes the cow - ard spir - it brave And nerves the



died up - on the cross. The sin - ner's hope let
let - ters, “God is love.” He bears our sins up -
faint - ing spir - it up; It cheers with hope the
fee - ble arm for fight; It takes the ter - ror



all de - ride; For this we count the world but loss.
on the tree; He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.
gloom - y day And sweet - ens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.
from the grave And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heav'n above.

6 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
Forever and forevermore.