

Opening Hymn

“Word of God, Come Down on Earth” *LSB 545*



1 Word of God, come down on earth, Liv - ing rain from
 2 Word e - ter - nal, throned on high, Word that brought to
 3 Word that caused blind eyes to see, Speak and heal our
 4 Word that speaks God's ten - der love, One with God be -



heav'n de - scend - ing; Touch our hearts and bring to birth
 life cre - a - tion, Word that came from heav'n to die,
 mor - tal blind - ness; Deaf we are: our heal - er be;
 yond all tell - ing, Word that sends us from a - bove,



Faith and hope and love un - end - ing. Word al - might - y,
 Cru - ci - fied for our sal - va - tion, Sav - ing Word, the
 Loose our tongues to tell Your kind - ness. Be our Word in
 God the Spir - it, with us dwell - ing, Word of truth, to



we re - vere You; Word made flesh, we long to hear You.
 world re - stor - ing, Speak to us, Your love out - pour - ing.
 pit - y spo - ken, Heal the world, by sin now bro - ken.
 all truth lead us; Word of life, with one bread feed us.

Text: © 1969 OCP Publications. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110003514 Tune: Public domain

Hymn of the Day

“When I Survey the Wondrous Cross” *LSB 426*



1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the
 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet Sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a



Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 trib - ute far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,



count but loss And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 sor - row meet Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all!

Text and tune: Public domain



1 Christ, the life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the death of
 2 Thou, ah! Thou, hast tak - en on Thee Bonds and stripes, a
 3 Thou hast borne the smit - ing on - ly That my wounds might
 4 Heart - less scof - fers did sur-round Thee, Treat - ing Thee with



death, our foe, Who, Thy - self for me once giv - ing
 cru - el rod; Pain and scorn were heaped up - on Thee,
 all be whole; Thou hast suf - fered, sad and lone - ly,
 shame - ful scorn And with pierc - ing thorns they crowned Thee.



To the dark - est depths of woe: Through Thy suf - f'rings,
 O Thou sin - less Son of God! Thus didst Thou my
 Rest to give my wea - ry soul; Yea, the curse of
 All dis - grace Thou, Lord, hast borne, That as Thine Thou



death, and mer - it I e - ter - nal life in - her - it.
 soul de - liv - er From the bonds of sin for - ev - er.
 God en - dur - ing, Bless - ing un - to me se - cur - ing.
 might - est own me And with heav'n - ly glo - ry crown me.



Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.

5 Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee,
 That from pain I might be free;
 Falsely did Thy foes accuse Thee:
 Thence I gain security;
 Comfortless Thy soul did languish
 Me to comfort in my anguish.
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

6 Thou hast suffered great affliction
 And hast borne it patiently,
 Even death by crucifixion,
 Fully to atone for me;
 Thou didst choose to be tormented
 That my doom should be prevented.
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

7 Then, for all that wrought my pardon,
 For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
 For Thine anguish in the Garden,
 I will thank Thee evermore,
 Thank Thee for Thy groaning, sighing,
 For Thy bleeding and Thy dying,
 For that last triumphant cry,
 And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.

“O Living Bread from Heaven” *LSB 642*



1 O liv - ing Bread from heav - en, How well You
 2 My Lord, You here have led me To this most
 3 You gave me all I want - ed; This food can
 4 Lord, grant me then, thus strength - ened With heav'n - ly



feed Your guest! The gifts that You have giv - en
 ho - ly place And with Your - self have fed me
 death de - stroy. And You have free - ly grant - ed
 food, while here My course on earth is length - ened,



Have filled my heart with rest. Oh, won - drous food of
 The trea - sures of Your grace; For You have free - ly
 The cup of end - less joy. My Lord, I do not
 To serve with ho - ly fear. And when You call my



bles - ing, Oh, cup that heals our woes! My heart, this
 giv - en What earth could nev - er buy, The bread of
 mer - it The fa - vor You have shown, And all my
 spir - it To leave this world be - low, I en - ter,



gift pos - sess - ing, With prais - es o - ver - flows.
 life from heav - en, That now I shall not die.
 soul and spir - it Bow down be - fore Your throne.
 through Your mer - it, Where joys un - min - gled flow.

Closing Hymn

“Awake, O Sleeper, Rise from Death” *LSB 697*



1 A - wake, O sleep - er, rise from death, And
2 To us on earth He came to bring From
3 Then walk in love as Christ has loved, Who
4 For us Christ lived, for us He died, And



Christ shall give you light; So learn His love, its
sin and fear re - lease, To give the Spir - it's
died that He might save; With kind and gen - tle
con - quered in the strife; A - wake, a - rise, go



length and breadth, Its full - ness, depth, and height.
u - ni - ty, The ver - y bond of peace.
hearts for - give As God in Christ for - gave.
forth in faith, And Christ shall give you life.