

Opening Hymn

"Glory Be to Jesus" LSB 433



1 Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains
 2 Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find;
 3 Blest through end - less a - ges Be the pre - cious stream
 4 A - bel's blood for ven - geance Plead - ed to the skies;



Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!
 Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind!
 Which from end - less tor - ment Did the world re - deem!
 But the blood of Je - sus For our par - don cries.

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| <p>5 Oft as earth exulting
 Wafts its praise on high,
 Angel hosts rejoicing
 Make their glad reply.</p> | <p>6 Lift we, then, our voices,
 Swell the mighty flood;
 Louder still and louder
 Praise the precious blood!</p> |
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Office Hymn

"My Song Is Love Unknown" LSB 430



1 My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to
 2 He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -
 3 Some - times they strew His way And His sweet prais - es
 4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and
 5 They rise and needs will have My dear Lord made a -



me, Love to the love - less shown That they might love - ly
 stow; But men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ would
 sing; Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their
 spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their
 way; A mur - der - er they save, The Prince of Life they



be. Oh, who am I That for my sake
 know. But, oh, my friend, My friend in - deed,
 King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath,
 sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these
 slay. Yet cheer - ful He To suf - f'ring goes



My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
 Who at my need His life did spend!
 And for His death They thirst and cry.
 Them - selves dis - please And 'gainst Him rise.
 That He His foes From thence might free.

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Kyrie Hymn

“Kyrie! God, Father” *LSB 942*

Ky-ri - e! God, Fa-ther in heav'n a-bove, You a-bound in gra-cious love,
 Of all things the mak-er and pre-serv - er. E - le - i-son! E - le - i - son!
 Ky-ri - e! O Christ, our king, Sal-va - tion for all You came to bring,
 O Lord Je-sus, God's own Son, Our me-di - a - tor at the heav'n-ly throne:
 Hear our cry and grant our sup-pli - ca - tion. E - le - i-son! E - le - i - son!
 Ky - ri - e! O God the Ho - ly Ghost, Guard our faith, the
 gift we need the most, And bless our life's last hour, That we leave this
 sin-ful world with glad - ness. E - le - i-son! E - le - i - son!

Closing Hymn

“My Song Is Love Unknown” *LSB 430*

6 In life no house, no home My Lord on earth might
 7 Here might I stay and sing, No sto - ry so di -
 have; In death no friend - ly tomb But what a strang - er
 vine! Nev - er was love, dear King, Nev - er was grief like
 gave. What may I say? Heav'n was His home
 Thine. This is my friend, In whose sweet praise
 But mine the tomb Where - in He lay.
 I all my days Could glad - ly spend!