

THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY HYMNS

566 By Grace I'm Saved



1 By grace I'm saved, grace free and bound-less; My soul, be-lieve and
2 By grace! None dare lay claim to mer - it; Our works and con - duct
3 By grace God's Son, our on - ly Sav - ior, Came down to earth to
4 By grace! This ground of faith is cer - tain; As long as God is



doubt it not. Why stag - ger at this word of prom - ise?
have no worth. God in His love sent our Re - deem - er,
bear our sin. Was it be - cause of your own mer - it
true, it stands. What saints have penned by in - spi - ra - tion,



Has Scrip-ture ev - er false-hood taught? No! Then this word must
Christ Je - sus, to this sin - ful earth; His death did for our
That Je - sus died your soul to win? No, it was grace, and
What in His Word our God com - mands, Our faith in what our



true re - main: By grace you too will life ob - tain.
sins a - tone, And we are saved by grace a - lone.
grace a - lone, That brought Him from His heav'n - ly throne.
God has done De - pends on grace— grace through His Son.

5 By grace to timid hearts that tremble,
In tribulation's furnace tried,
By grace, in spite of fear and trouble,
The Father's heart is open wide.
Where could I help and strength secure
If grace were not my anchor sure?

6 By grace! On this I'll rest when dying;
In Jesus' promise I rejoice;
For though I know my heart's condition,
I also know my Savior's voice.
My heart is glad, all grief has flown
Since I am saved by grace alone.

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559 Oh, How Great Is Your Compassion



1 Oh, how great is Your com - pas - sion, Faith - ful Fa - ther,
2 Your great love for this has striv - en That we may, from
3 Firm - ly to our soul's sal - va - tion Wit - ness - es Your
4 Lord, Your mer - cy will not leave me; Ev - er will Your
5 I will praise Your great com - pas - sion, Faith - ful Fa - ther,



God of grace, That with all our fall - en race
sin made free, Live with You e - ter - nal - ly.
Spir - it, Lord, In Your Sac - ra - ments and Word.
truth a - bide. Then in You I will con - fide.
God of grace, That with all our fall - en race



In our depth of deg - ra - da - tion You had mer - cy
Your dear Son Him - self has giv - en And ex - tends His
There He sends true con - so - la - tion, Giv - ing us the
Since Your Word can - not de - ceive me, My sal - va - tion
In our depth of deg - ra - da - tion You had mer - cy



so that we Might be saved e - ter - nal - ly!
gra - cious call, To His sup - per leads us all.
gift of faith That we fear not hell nor death.
is to me Safe and sure e - ter - nal - ly.
so that we Might be saved e - ter - nal - ly.

Text and tune: Public domain

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!

Tune and text: Public domain

794 The Lord, My God, Be Praised



1 The Lord, my God, be praised, My light, my life from heav - en;
 2 The Lord, my God, be praised, My trust, my life from heav - en,
 3 The Lord, my God, be praised, My hope, my life from heav - en,
 △ 4 The Lord, my God, be praised, My God, the ev - er - liv - ing,



My mak - er, who to me Has soul and bod - y giv - en;
 The Fa - ther's own dear Son, Whose life for me was giv - en,
 The Spir - it, whom the Son In love to me has giv - en.
 To whom the heav'n - ly host Their laud and praise are giv - ing.



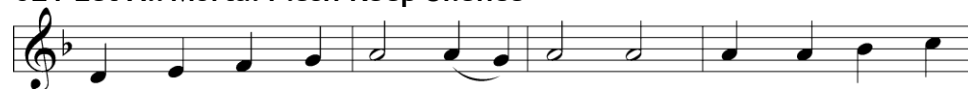
My Fa - ther, who will shield And keep me day by day
 Who for my sin a - toned With His most pre - cious blood
 His grace re - vives my heart And gives my spir - it pow'r,
 The Lord, my God, be praised, In whose great name I boast,



And make each mo - ment yield New bless - ings on my way.
 And gives to me by faith The high - est heav'n - ly good.
 Help, com - fort, and sup - port In sor - row's gloom - y hour.
 God Fa - ther, God the Son, And God the Ho - ly Ghost.

Text and tune: Public domain

621 Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence



1 Let all mor - tal flesh keep si - lence And with fear and
 2 King of kings yet born of Mar - y, As of old on
 3 Rank on rank the host of heav - en Spreads its van - guard
 4 At His feet the six - winged ser - aph, Cher - u - bim with



trem - bling stand; Pon - der noth - ing earth - ly - mind - ed,
 earth He stood, Lord of lords in hu - man ves - ture,
 on the way As the Light of Light, de - scend - ing
 sleep - less eye, Veil their fac - es to the pres - ence



For with bless - ing in His hand Christ our God to earth de -
 In the bod - y and the blood, He will give to all the
 From the realms of end - less day, Comes the pow'rs of hell to
 As with cease - less voice they cry: "Al - le - lu - ia, al - le -



scend - ing Comes our hom - age to de - mand.
 faith - ful His own self for heav'n - ly food.
 van - quish As the dark - ness clears a - way.
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia, Lord Most High!"

Text and tune: Public domain

580 The Gospel Shows the Father's Grace



1 The Gos - pel shows the Fa - ther's grace, Who sent His
2 It sets the Lamb be - fore our eyes, Who made the a -
3 It brings the Sav - ior's righ - teous - ness To robe our
4 It is the pow'r of God to save From sin and



Son to save our race, Pro - claims how Je - sus
ton - ing sac - ri - fice, And calls the souls with
souls in roy - al dress; From all our guilt it
Sa - tan and the grave; It works the faith which



lived and died That we might thus be jus - ti - fied.
guilt op - pressed To come and find e - ter - nal rest.
brings re - lease And gives the trou - bled con - science peace.
firm - ly clings To all the trea - sures which it brings.

5 It bears to all the tidings glad
And bids their hearts no more be sad;
The weary, burdened souls it cheers
And banishes their guilty fears.

6 May we in faith its message learn
Nor thanklessly its blessings spurn;
May we in faith its truth confess
And praise the Lord, our righteousness.

Tune and text: Public domain

623 Lord Jesus Christ, We Humbly Pray



1 Lord Je - sus Christ, we hum - bly pray That we may
2 Give us, who share this won - drous food, Your bod - y
3 By faith Your Word has made us bold To seize the
4 One bread, one cup, one bod - y, we, Re - joic - ing
5 Lord Je - sus Christ, we hum - bly pray: O keep us



feast on You to - day; Be - neath these forms of
bro - ken and Your blood, The grate - ful peace of
gift of love re - told; All that You are we
in our u - ni - ty, Pro - claim Your love un -
stead - fast till that day When each will be Your



bread and wine En - rich us with Your grace di - vine.
sins for - giv'n, The cer - tain joys of heirs of heav'n.
here re - ceive, And all we are to You we give.
til You come To bring Your scat - tered loved ones home.
wel - comed guest In heav - en's high and ho - ly feast.

Text and tune: Public domain

565 Thy Works, Not Mine, O Christ



1 Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak glad - ness to this heart;
2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ, Can heal my bruis - ed soul;
3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ, Has borne the crush - ing load
4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ, Has paid the ran - som due;
5 Thy righ - teous - ness, O Christ, A - lone can cov - er me;



They tell me all is done, They bid my fear de - part.
Thy stripes, not mine, con - tain The balm that makes me whole.
Of sins that none could bear But the in - car - nate God.
Ten thou - sand deaths like mine Would have been all too few.
No righ - teous - ness a - vails Save that which is of Thee.



To whom save Thee, Who canst a-lone For sin a-tone, Lord, shall I flee?

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