

732 All Depends on Our Possessing



1 All de - pends on our pos - sess - ing God's a - bun - dant
 2 He who to this day has fed me And to man - y
 3 Man - y spend their lives in fret - ting O - ver tri - fles
 4 When with sor - row I am strick - en, Hope a - new my



grace and bless - ing, Though all earth - ly wealth de - part.
 joys has led me Is and ev - er shall be mine.
 and in get - ting Things that have no sol - id ground.
 heart will quick - en; All my long - ing shall be stilled.



They who trust with faith un - shak - en By their God are
 He who ev - er gent - ly schools me, He who dai - ly
 I shall strive to win a trea - sure That will bring me
 To His lov - ing - kind - ness ten - der Soul and bod - y



not for - sak - en And will keep a daunt - less heart.
 guides and rules me Will re - main my help di - vine.
 last - ing plea - sure And that now is sel - dom found.
 I sur - ren - der, For on God a - lone I build.

5 Well He knows what best to grant me;
 All the longing hopes that haunt me,
 Joy and sorrow, have their day.
 I shall doubt His wisdom never;
 As God wills, so be it ever;
 I commit to Him my way.

6 If my days on earth He lengthen,
 God my weary soul will strengthen;
 All my trust in Him I place.
 Earthly wealth is not abiding,
 Like a stream away is gliding;
 Safe I anchor in His grace.

782 Gracious God, You Send Great Blessings

1 Gra - cious God, You send great bless - ings
2 By Your Word You formed cre - a - tion
3 In His earth - ly life, our Sav - ior
△ 4 Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, may our car - ing

New each morn - ing all our days. For Your mer - cies
Filled with crea - tures large and small; As we tend that
Knew the care of faith - ful friends; May our deeds of
Bear the im - print of Your grace; With the Son and

nev - er end - ing, For Your love we of - fer praise.
end - less trea - sure May our care en - cir - cle all.
ded - i - ca - tion Of - fer love that nev - er ends.
Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise be Yours in ev - 'ry place!

Refrain

Lord, we pray that we, Your peo - ple Who Your gifts un - num - bered claim,
Through the shar - ing of Your bless - ings May bring glo - ry to Your name.

Text: Gregory J. Wismar, 1946

Tune: Columbian Harmony, 1825, Cincinnati

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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.

Text: Christian Ludwig Scheidt, 1709–61; tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.

Tune: Cornelius Heinrich Dretzel, 1697–1775

Text and tune: Public domain

487 Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain



1 Come, you faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri - um-phant glad - ness!
 2 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ has burst His pris - on
 3 Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,
 4 For to - day a-mong His own Christ ap-peared, be - stow - ing
 5 Al - le - lu - ia! Now we cry To our King im - mor - tal,



God has brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness,
 And from three days' sleep in death As a sun has ris - en;
 With the roy - al feast of feasts Comes its joy to ren - der;
 His deep peace, which ev - er - more Pass - es hu - man know - ing.
 Who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars Of the tomb's dark por - tal.



Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,
 All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly - ing
 Comes to glad - den faith-ful hearts Which with true af - fec - tion
 Nei - ther could the gates of death Nor the tomb's dark por - tal
 Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness!



Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
 From His light, to whom is giv'n Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 Wel - come in un - wea - ried strain Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion!
 Nor the watch - ers nor the seal Hold Him as a mor - tal.
 God has brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness!

Text: John of Damascus, c. 696–c. 754; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.

Tune: Johann Horn, c. 1490–1547

Text and tune: Public domain

630 Now, My Tongue, the Mystery Telling



1 Now, my tongue, the mys - t'ry tell - ing Of the glo - rious
 2 Giv'n for us, and con - de - scend - ing To be born for
 3 That last night at sup - per ly - ing Mid the Twelve, His
 4 Word made flesh, the bread He tak - eth, By His word His
 △ 5 Glo - ry let us give and bless - ing To the Fa - ther



bod - y sing, And the blood, all price ex - cel - ling,
 us be - low, He with us in con - verse blend - ing
 cho - sen band, Je - sus, with the Law com - ply - ing,
 flesh to be; Wine His sa - cred blood He mak - eth,
 and the Son, Hon - or, thanks, and praise ad - dress - ing,



Which the Gen - tiles' Lord and King, Once on earth a -
 Dwelt, the seed of truth to sow, Till He closed with
 Keeps the feast its rites de - mand; Then, more pre - cious
 Though the sens - es fail to see; Faith a - lone the
 While e - ter - nal a - ges run; Ev - er too His



mong us dwell - ing, Shed for this world's ran - som - ing.
 won - drous end - ing His most pa - tient life of woe.
 food sup - ply - ing, Gives Him - self with His own hand.
 true heart wak - eth To be - hold the mys - ter - y.
 love con - fess - ing Who from both with both is One.

Text: Thomas Aquinas, c. 1225-1274; tr. The Hymnal 1940

Tune: Chants ordinaires de l'Office Divin, Paris, 1881

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797 Praise the Almighty



1 Praise the Al - might - y, my soul, a - dore Him!
 2 Trust not in rul - ers; they are but mor - tal;
 3 Bless - ed, oh, bless - ed are they for - ev - er
 4 Pen - i - tent sin - ners, for mer - cy cry - ing,
 △ 5 Praise, all you peo - ple, the name so ho - ly



Yes, I will laud Him un - til death; With songs and
 Earth - born they are and soon de - cay. Vain are their
 Whose help is from the Lord Most High, Whom from sal -
 Par - don and peace from Him ob - tain; Ev - er the
 Of Him who does such won - drous things! All that has



an - thems I come be - fore Him As long as
 coun - sels at life's last por - tal, When the dark
 va - tion can noth - ing sev - er, And who in
 wants of the poor sup - ply - ing, Their faith - ful
 be - ing, to praise Him sole - ly, With hap - py



He al - lows me breath. From Him my life and
 grave en - gulfs its prey. Since mor - tals can no
 hope to Christ draw nigh. To all who trust in
 God He will re - main. He helps His chil - dren
 heart its a - men sings. Chil - dren of God, with



all things came; Bless, O my soul, His ho - ly name.
 help af - ford, Place all your trust in Christ, our Lord.
 Him, our Lord Will aid and coun - sel now af - ford.
 in dis - tress, The wid - ows and the fa - ther - less.
 an - gel host Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Johann Daniel Herrnschmidt, 1675-1723; tr. Alfred E. R. Brauer, 1866-1949, alt.

Tune: New-vermehrte Christliche Seelenharpf, 1665, Ansbach

Text and tune: Public domain

