

+ Seventh Sunday of Easter +
May 12, 2024

587 I KNOW MY FAITH IS FOUNDED



1 I know my faith is found - ed On Je - sus Christ, my
2 In - crease my faith, dear Sav - ior, For Sa - tan seeks by
3 In faith, Lord, let me serve You; Though per - se - cu - tion,



God and Lord; And this my faith con - fess - ing, Un -
night and day To rob me of this trea - sure And
grief, and pain Should seek to o - ver - whelm me, Let



moved I stand on His sure Word. Our rea - son can - not
take my hope of bliss a - way. But, Lord, with You be -
me a stead - fast trust re - tain; And then at my de -



fath - om The truth of God pro - found; Who trusts in hu - man
side me, I shall be un - dis - mayed; And led by Your good
par - ture, Lord, take me home to You, Your rich - es to in -



wis - dom Re - lies on shift - ing ground. God's Word is
Spir - it, I shall be un - a - fraid. A - bide with
her - it As all You said holds true. In life and



all - suf - fi - cient, It makes di - vine - ly sure; And
me, O Sav - ior, A firm - er faith be - stow; Then
death, Lord, keep me Un - til Your heav'n I gain, Where



trust - ing in its wis - dom, My faith shall rest se - cure.
I shall bid de - fi - ance To ev - 'ry e - vil foe.
I by Your great mer - cy The end of faith at - tain.

Text: Erdmann Neumeister, 1671–1756; tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.

Tune: Concentus novi, 1540, Augsburg

Text and tune: Public domain

617 O LORD WE PRAISE THEE



1 O Lord, we praise Thee, bless Thee, and a - dore Thee,
 2 Thy ho - ly bod - y in - to death was giv - en,
 3 May God be - stow on us His grace and fa - vor



In thanks - giv - ing bow be - fore Thee. Thou with Thy
 Life to win for us in heav - en. No great - er
 That we fol - low Christ our Sav - ior And live to -



bod - y and Thy blood didst nour - ish Our weak souls that
 love than this to Thee could bind us; May this feast there -
 geth - er here in love and u - nion Nor de - spise this



they may flour - ish: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 of re - mind us! O Lord, have mer - cy!
 blest Com - mu - nion! O Lord, have mer - cy!



May Thy bod - y, Lord, born of Mar - y, That our
 Lord, Thy kind - ness did so con - strain Thee That Thy
 Let not Thy good Spir - it for - sake us; Grant that



sins and sor - rows did car - ry, And Thy blood for us plead
 blood should bless and sus - tain me. All our debt Thou hast paid;
 heav'n - ly - mind - ed He make us; Give Thy Church, Lord, to see



In all tri - al, fear, and need: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 Peace with God once more is made: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 Days of peace and u - ni - ty: O Lord, have mer - cy!

Text: tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.; (st. 1): German, 14th cent.; (sts. 2–3): Martin Luther, 1483–1546
 Tune: Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn, 1524, Wittenberg, ed. Johann Walter
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 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!

Text: Georg Michael Pfefferkorn, 1645–1732; tr. August Crull, 1845–1923, alt.

Tune: Ahasverus Fritsch, 1629–1701

Text and tune: Public domain

725 CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY FATHER



1 Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly Fa - ther Safe - ly
2 God His own doth tend and nour - ish; In His
3 Nei - ther life nor death shall ev - er From the
4 Though He giv - eth or He tak - eth, God His



in His bos - om gath - er; Nest - ling bird nor star in
ho - ly courts they flour - ish. From all e - vil things He
Lord His chil - dren sev - er; Un - to them His grace He
chil - dren ne'er for - sak - eth; His the lov - ing pur - pose



heav - en Such a ref - uge e'er was giv - en.
spares them; In His might - y arms He bears them.
show - eth, And their sor - rows all He know - eth.
sole - ly To pre - serve them pure and ho - ly.

Text: Carolina Sandell Berg, 1832–1903; tr. Ernst W. Olson, 1870–1958

Tune: Lofsånger och andeliga visor, 1873, Sweden

Text: Public domain

Tune: Public domain

