

246 – God’s Own Child, I Gladly Say It

1. God’s own child, I gladly say it:
I am baptized into Christ!
He, because I could not pay it,
Gave my full redemption price.
Do I need earth’s treasures many?
I have one worth more than any
That brought me salvation free
Lasting to eternity!

2. Sin’s disturb my soul no longer;
I am baptized into Christ.
I have comfort even stronger:
Jesus’ cleansing sacrifice.
Should a guilty conscience seize me
Since my Baptism did release me
In a dear forgiving flood,
Sprinkling me with Jesus’ blood?

3. Satan, hear this proclamation:
I am baptized into Christ.
Drop your ugly accusation,
I am not so soon enticed.
Now that to the font I’ve travelled,
All your might has come unravelled,
And, against your tyranny,
God my Lord unites with me!

467 – In God, My Faithful God

1. In God, my faithful God,
I trust when dark my road;
Though many woes o’ertake me;
Yet He will not forsake me.
His love it is doth send them
And, when ’tis best, will end them.

2. My sins assail me sore,
But I despair no more.
I build on Christ who loves me;
From this Rock nothing moves me.
To Him I all surrender,
To Him, my soul’s Defender.

3. If death my portion be,
Then death is gain to me
And Christ my Life forever,
From whom death cannot sever.
Come when it may, He’ll shield me,
To Him I wholly yield me.

4. O Jesus Christ, my Lord,
So meek in deed and word,
Thou once didst die to save us
Because Thy love would have us
Be heirs of heav’nly gladness
When ends this life of sadness.

5. “So be it,” then I say
With all my heart each day.
We, too, dear Lord, adore Thee;
We sing for joy before Thee.
Guide us while here we wander
Until we praise Thee yonder.

354 – Like the Golden Sun Ascending

1. Like the golden sun ascending,
Breaking through the gloom of night,
On the earth his glory spending
So that darkness takes to flight,
Thus my Jesus from the grave
And death’s dismal, dreadful cave
Rose triumphant Easter morning
At the early purple dawning.

2. Thanks to Thee, O Christ victorious!
Thanks to Thee, O Lord of life!
Death hath now no power o’er us,
Thou hast conquered in the strife.
Thanks because Thou didst arise
And hast opened Paradise!
None can fully sing the glory
Of the resurrection story.

3. For my heart finds consolation
And my fainting soul grows brave
When I stand in contemplation
At Thy dark and dismal grave;

When I see where Thou didst sleep
In death's dungeon dark and deep,
Yet didst break all bands asunder,
Must I not rejoice and wonder?

5. Thou hast died for my transgression,
All my sins on Thee were laid;
Thou hast won for me salvation,
On the cross my debt was paid.
From the grave I shall arise
And shall meet Thee in the skies.
Death itself is transitory;
I shall lift my head in glory.

7. As the Son of God I know Thee,
For I see Thy sov'reign pow'r;
Sin and death shall not o'erthrow me
Even in my dying hour;
For Thy resurrection is
Surety for my heav'nly bless,
And my baptism a reflection
Of Thy death and resurrection.

8. Unto life Thou shalt arouse me
By Thy resurrection's pow'r;
Though the hideous grave shall house me,
And my flesh the worms devour;
Fire and water may destroy
My frail body, yet with joy
I shall rise as Thou hast risen
From the deep sepulchral prison.

9. Grant me grace, O blessed Savior,
And Thy Holy Spirit send
That my walk and my behavior
May be pleasing to the end;
That I may not fall again
Into death's grim pit and pain,
Whence by grace Thou hast retrieved me
And from which Thou hast relieved me.

10. For the joy Thy birth doth give me,
For Thy holy, precious Word;
For Thy Baptism which doth save me,

For Thy blest Communion board;
For Thy death, the bitter scorn,
For Thy resurrection morn,
Lord, I thank Thee and extol Thee,
And in heav'n I shall behold Thee.

73 – Thine Is the Glory

1. Thine is the glory,
Risen, conqu'ring Son;
Endless is the vict'ry
Thou o'er death hast won!
Angels in bright raiment
Rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded graveclothes
Where Thy body lay.

Refrain:

Thine is the glory,
Risen conqu'ring Son;
Endless is the vict'ry
Thou o'er death hast won!

2. Lo, Jesus meets thee,
Risen from the tomb!
Lovingly He greets thee,
Scatters fear and gloom;
Let His Church with gladness
Hymns of triumph sing,
For the Lord now liveth;
Death hath lost its sting!
(Refrain)

3. Faith's hand doth touch Thee,
Glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without Thee;
Aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conqu'rors,
Through Thy deathless love;
Bring us through death's portals
To Thy home above.
(Refrain)