

25 – O Holy Spirit, Grant Us Grace

1. O Holy Spirit, grant us grace
That we our Lord and Savior
In faith and fervent love embrace
And truly serve Him ever,
So that when death is drawing nigh
We to His open wounds may fly
And find in them salvation.

2. Help us that we Thy saving Word
In faithful hearts may treasure;
Let e'er that bread of life afford
New grace in richest measure.
Yea, let us die to ev'ry sin;
For heav'n create us new within
That fruits of faith may flourish.

3. And when our earthly race is run,
Death's bitter hour impending,
Then may Thy work in us begun
Continue till life's ending,
Until we gladly may commend
Our souls into our Savior's hand
To rest in peace eternal.

264 – Jesus, Priceless Treasure

1. Jesus, priceless Treasure,
Source of purest pleasure,
Truest friend to me.
Ah, how long I've panted
And my heart hath fainted,
Thirsting, Lord, for Thee.
Thine I am,
O spotless Lamb!
I will suffer naught to hide Thee,
Naught I ask beside Thee.

2. In Thine arms I rest me;
Foes who would molest me
Cannot reach me here.
Though the earth be shaking,
Ev'ry heart be quaking,
Jesus calms my fear.

Fires may flash
And thunder crash;
Yea, and sin and hell assail me,
Jesus will not fail me.

3. Hence with earthly treasure!
Thou art all my Pleasure,
Jesus, all my Choice.
Hence, thou empty glory!
Naught to me thy story
Told with tempting voice.
Pain or loss
Or shame or cross
Shall not from my Savior move me
Since He deigns to love me.

4. Fare thee well that errest,
Thou that earth preferrest,
Thou wilt tempt in vain.
Fare thee well, transgression,
Hence, abhorred possession,
Come not forth again.
Past your hour,
O pride and pow'r,
Worldly life, thy bonds I sever,
Fare thee well forever!

5. Hence, all fear and sadness!
For the Lord of gladness,
Jesus, enters in.
Those who love the Father,
Though the storms may gather,
Still have peace within.
Yea, whate'er
I here must bear,
Thou art still my purest Pleasure,
Jesus, priceless Treasure.

320 – Lord Jesus Christ, You Have Bestowed

1. Lord Jesus Christ, You have bestowed
For our weak souls' true feeding
This Meal, Your body and Your blood,
To it as guests us bidding.
We, pressed with sin's load burdensome,
Thus as Your chosen guests here come
And seek Your help and counsel.

2. Though visibly from earth You've gone,
Already now ascended,
And here to us remain unseen
Till this brief time is ended,
Until the Judgment shall begin
When we will stand before Your throne
And joyfully behold You.

3. Still You are here, as says Your Word,
With us, Your congregation,
With now Your flesh and bones, O Lord,
Not bound to one location.
Your Word stands as a tower sure,
None can overthrow its truth secure,
Be he most shrewd and subtle.

4. "This is My body," thus You say,
"Eat orally, so take Me;
All drink My blood; by you I stay,
And you shall not forsake Me."
Thus You have spoken, so 'tis true;
Naught is impossible with You,
For You, Lord, are almighty.

5. And though my mind here does not see
How in so many places
Your body at one time can be,
Yet faith Your Word embraces.
I leave to You how this can be,
Your Word, O Lord, suffices me;
Faith stands upon it solely.

6. Lord, I believe, dear Lord, I trust;
Help for faith's weakness give me!
See, I but ashes am and dust;
Ne'er of Your Word deprive me!
Your Baptism, Supper, and Your Word
My comfort here below afford;
Here lies my heart's true treasure.

7. O help, Lord, that we worthily
Go to Your holy Table,
Our sins lamenting heartily,
And with Your merits noble
And Your great kindness us refresh;
Then surely e'er we'll strive afresh
Thereby our life to better.

8. Lord Christ, to You be highest praise
For this blest Supper given!
While 'gainst it men bold falsehood raise,
Keep it for us from heaven!
Help that Your body and Your blood
May be my soul's consoling food
In my last moments! Amen.

265 – Wide Open Are Thy Hands

1. Wide open are Thy hands,
Paying with more than gold
The awful debt of guilty men,
Forever and of old.

2. Ah, let me grasp those hands,
That we may never part,
And let the power of their blood
Sustain my fainting heart.

3. Wide open are Thine arms,
A fallen world t' embrace;
To take to love and endless rest
Our whole forsaken race.

4. Lord, I am sad and poor,
But boundless is Thy grace;
Give me the soul transforming joy
For which I seek Thy face.

5. Draw all my mind and heart
Up to Thy throne on high,
And let Thy sacred Cross exalt
My spirit to the sky.

6. To these, Thy mighty hands,
My spirit I resign;
Living, I live alone to Thee,
And, dying, I am Thine.

