

29 – Open Now Thy Gates of Beauty

1. Open now Thy gates of beauty;
Zion, let me enter there,
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for Him who answers prayer.
O how blessed is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and grace!

2. Lord, my God, I come before Thee;
Do not hide Thy face from me.
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heav'n on earth must be.
To my heart, O enter Thou;
Let it be Thy temple now.

3. Here Thy praise is gladly chanted;
Here Thy seed is duly sown.
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

4. Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep Thy gift divine;
Howsoe'er temptations thicken,
May Thy Word forever shine
As my guiding star through life,
As my comfort in the strife.

5. Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee;
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
While Thou dost Thy people feed;
Here the living waters flow,
Here is balm for all our woe.

432 – Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness

1. Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2. Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3. The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4. Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me—e'en for my soul—was shed.

5. Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

6. When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea:
"Jesus hath lived, and died, for me."

354 – Like the Golden Sun Ascending

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.

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.

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.

452 – Out of the Depths I Cry to Thee

1. Out of the depths I cry to Thee;
Lord, hear me I implore Thee!
Thy gracious ear incline to me;
My prayer let come before Thee.
On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from Thy book,
Or who can stand before Thee?

2. Thy love and grace alone avail
To blot out my transgression;
The best and holiest deeds must fail
To break sin's dread oppression.
Before Thee none can boasting stand,
But all must fear Thy strict demand
And live alone by mercy.

3. Therefore my hope is in the Lord
And not in mine own merit;
It rests upon His faithful Word
To them of contrite spirit
That He is merciful and just—
This is my comfort and my trust.
His help I wait with patience.

5. Where'er the greatest sins abound,
By grace they are exceeded;
Thy helping hand is always found
With aid where aid is needed.
Our Shepherd good and true is He
Who will at last His Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

