

918

Lord Jesus Christ, Be Present Now



1 Lord Je - sus Christ, be pres - ent now; Our hearts in
 2 Un - seal our lips to sing your praise; Our souls to
 3 Un - til we join the hosts that cry, "Ho - san - na
 4 Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther, Son, And Ho - ly



true de - vo - tion bow. Your Spir - it send with
 you in wor - ship raise. Make strong our faith; in -
 to the Lord most high." Then in the light of
 Spir - it, Three in One! To you, O bless - ed



grace di - vine, And let your truth with - in us shine.
 crease our light That we may know your name a - right
 that blest place We shall be - hold you face to face.
 Trin - i - ty, Be praise through-out e - ter - ni - ty!

Text: *Lutherische Hand-Büchlein*, 2nd ed., Altenburg, 1648; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.
 Tune: HERR JESU CHRIST, DICH ZU UNS WEND (LM) *Cantionale Germanicum*, Gochsheim, 1628.

Refrain

This is the feast of vic - to - ry for our God,
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

1 Wor - thy is Christ, the Lamb who was slain, Whose
2 Pow - er, rich - es, wis - dom, and strength, And
3 Sing with all the peo - ple of God, And
4 Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, and might Be to
5 For the Lamb who was slain Has be -

Refrain

blood set us free to be peo - ple of God.
hon - or, bless - ing, and glo - ry are his.
join in the hymn of all cre - a - tion.
God and the Lamb for - ev - er. A - men.
gun his reign. Al - le - lu - ia!

Final Refrain

This is the feast of vic - to - ry for our God,
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

Text: John W. Arthur, 1922-80. © 1978 *Lutheran Book of Worship*. All rights reserved.
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Tune: FESTIVAL CANTICLE (Irregular with Refrain) Richard W. Hillert, b. 1923. © 1975, 1988 Richard Hillert.
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- 1 - O church, arise, and put your armor on;
Hear the call of Christ our captain.
For now the weak can say that they are strong
In the strength that God has given.
With shield of faith and belt of truth,
We'll stand against the devil's lies.
An army bold, whose battle cry is love,
Reaching out to those in darkness.

- 2 - Our call to war, to love the captive soul,
But to rage against the captor;
And with the sword that makes the wounded whole,
We will fight with faith and valor.
When faced with trials on every side,
We know the outcome is secure.
And Christ will have the prize for which He died:
An inheritance of nations

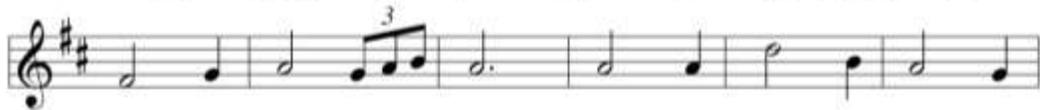
- 3 - Come, see the cross, where love and mercy meet,
As the Son of God is stricken;
Then see His foes lie crushed beneath His feet,
For the Conqueror has risen!
And as the stone is rolled away,
And Christ emerges from the grave,
This victory march continues till the day
Ev'ry eye and heart shall see Him.

- 4 - So Spirit, come, put strength in every stride;
Give grace for every hurdle.
That we may run with faith to win the prize
Of a servant good and faithful.
As saints of old, still line the way,
Retelling triumphs of His grace,
We hear their calls, and hunger for the day
When with Christ we stand in Glory.

- 1- The Lord's my shepherd; I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
in pastures green; he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.
He leadeth me, he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.
- 2 - My soul he doth restore again
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake;
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.
- 3 - Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill;
for thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still;
for thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.
- 4 - My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.
- 5 - Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me,
and in God's house forevermore
my dwelling place shall be;
and in God's house forevermore
my dwelling place shall be.



1 The King of love my shep - herd is, Whose
 2 Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, My
 3 Con - fused and fool - ish oft I strayed, But
 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill With
 5 You spread a ta - ble in my sight, A



good - ness fails me nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
 Sav - ior gent - ly leads me; And where the ver - dant
 yet in love he sought me And on his shoul - der
 you, dear Lord, be - side me; Your rod and staff my
 ban - quet here be - stow - ing; Your oil of wel - come,

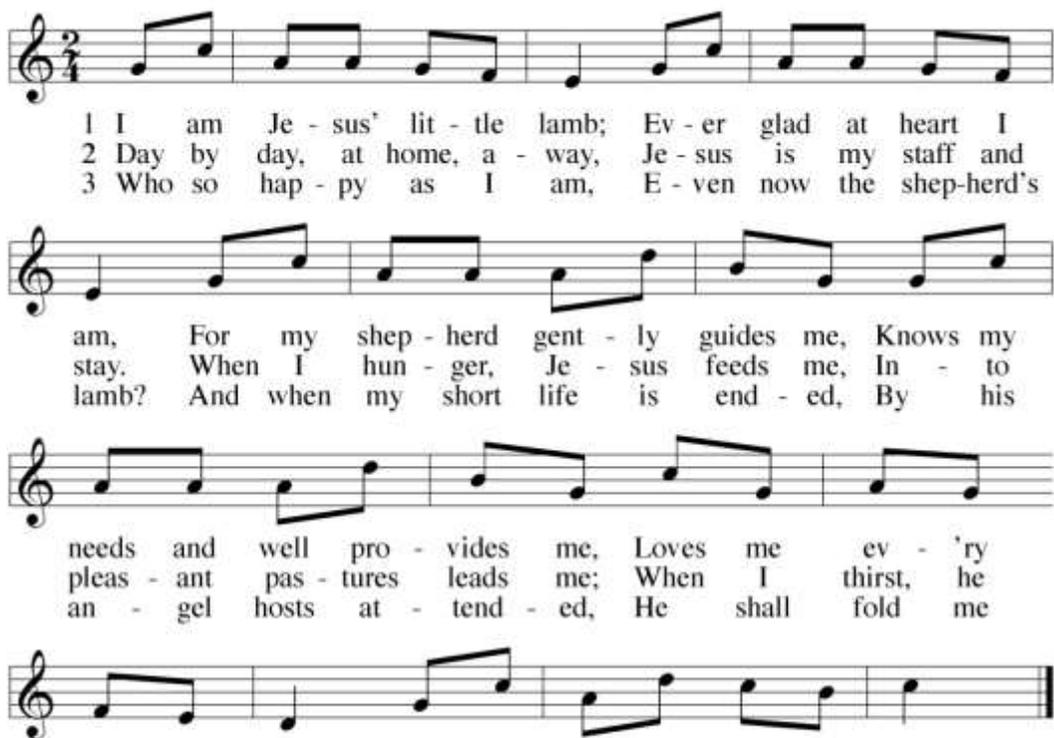


I am his, And he is mine for - ev - er.
 pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feeds me.
 gent - ly laid And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 com - fort still, Your cross be - fore to guide me.
 my de - light; My cup is o - ver - flow - ing!

6 And so through all the length of days
 Your goodness fails me never.
 Good Shepherd, may I sing your praise
 Within your house forever!

Text: Henry W. Baker, 1821-77, alt.

Tune: ST. COLUMBA (87 87 Iambic) Irish melody, c. 18th century, alt.



1 I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb; Ev - er glad at heart I
 2 Day by day, at home, a - way, Je - sus is my staff and
 3 Who so hap - py as I am, E - ven now the shep-herd's

am, For my shep - herd gent - ly guides me, Knows my
 stay. When I hun - ger, Je - sus feeds me, In - to
 lamb? And when my short life is end - ed, By his

needs and well pro - vides me, Loves me ev - 'ry
 pleas - ant pas - tures leads me; When I thirst, he
 an - gel hosts at - tend - ed, He shall fold me

day the same, E - ven calls me by my name.
 bids me go Where the qui - et wa - ters flow.
 to his breast, There with - in his arms to rest.

Text: Henrietta L. von Hayn, 1724-82; tr. composite.

Tune: WEIL ICH JESU SCHÄPFLIN BIN (77 88 77) *Choralbuch ... Brüder-Gemeinen*, Leipzig, 1784.