

+ TWENTYSIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST +

November 17, 2024

515 REJOICE, REJOICE, BELIEVERS



1 Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear;  
2 The watch - ers on the moun - tain Pro - claim the Bride - groom near;  
3 The saints, who here in pa - tience Their cross and suf - f'ings bore,  
4 Our hope and ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear;



The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.  
Go forth as He ap - proach - es With al - le - lu - ias clear.  
Shall live and reign for - ev - er When sor - row is no more.  
A - rise, O Sun so longed for, O'er this be - night - ed sphere.



The Bride - groom is a - ris - ing And soon is draw - ing nigh.  
The mar - riage feast is wait - ing; The gates wide o - pen stand.  
A - round the throne of glo - ry The Lamb they shall be - hold;  
With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to see



Up, pray and watch and wres - tle; At mid - night comes the cry.  
A - rise, O heirs of glo - ry; The Bride - groom is at hand.  
In tri - umph cast be - fore Him Their di - a - dems of gold.  
The day of earth's re - demp - tion That sets Your peo - ple free!

Text: Laurentius Laurenti, 1660–1722; tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1823–1907, alt.

Tune: Swedish

Text and tune: Public domain

## 508 THE DAY IS SURELY DRAWING NEAR



1 The day is sure - ly draw - ing near When Je - sus, God's a - noint - ed,  
 2 The fi - nal trum - pet then shall sound And all the earth be shak - en,  
 3 The books are o - pened then to all, A rec - ord tru - ly tell - ing  
 4 Then woe to those who scorned the Lord And sought but car - nal plea - sures,



In all His pow - er shall ap - pear As judge whom God ap -  
 And all who rest be - neath the ground Shall from their sleep a -  
 What each has done, both great and small, When he on earth was  
 Who here de - spised His pre - cious Word And loved their earth - ly



point - ed. Then fright shall ban - ish i - dle mirth, And flames on  
 wak - en. But all who live will in that hour, By God's al -  
 dwell - ing, And ev - 'ry heart be clear - ly seen, And all be  
 trea - sures! With shame and trem - bling they will stand And at the



flames shall rav - age earth As Scrip - ture long has warned us.  
 might - y, bound - less pow'r, Be changed at His com - mand - ing.  
 known as they have been In thoughts and words and ac - tions.  
 judg - e's stern com - mand To Sa - tan be de - liv - ered.

- 5 My Savior paid the debt I owe  
 And for my sin was smitten;  
 Within the Book of Life I know  
 My name has now been written.  
 I will not doubt, for I am free,  
 And Satan cannot threaten me;  
 There is no condemnation!
- 6 May Christ our intercessor be  
 And through His blood and merit  
 Read from His book that we are free  
 With all who life inherit.  
 Then we shall see Him face to face,  
 With all His saints in that blest place  
 Which He has purchased for us.
- 7 O Jesus Christ, do not delay,  
 But hasten our salvation;  
 We often tremble on our way  
 In fear and tribulation.  
 O hear and grant our fervent plea:  
 Come, mighty judge, and set us free  
 From death and ev'ry evil.

Text: Bartholomäus Ringwaldt, 1532–99; tr. Philip A. Peter, 1832–1919, alt.

Tune: Geistliche Lieder aufs new gebessert, 1535, Wittenberg, ed. Joseph Klug

Text and tune: Public domain

## 575 MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS



1 My hope is built on nothing less Than Je - sus'  
2 When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on  
3 His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood Sup - port me  
4 When He shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, may I



blood and righ - teous - ness; No mer - it of my  
His un - chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and  
in the rag - ing flood; When ev - 'ry earth - ly  
then in Him be found, Clothed in His righ - teous -



own I claim But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
storm - y gale My an - chor holds with - in the veil.  
prop gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.  
ness a - lone, Re - deemed to stand be - fore His throne!



On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

Text: Edward Mote, 1797–1874, alt.

Tune: John Stainer, 1840–1901

Text and tune: Public domain

## 619 THY BODY, GIVEN FOR ME, O SAVIOR



1 Thy bod - y, giv'n for me, O Sav - ior, Thy blood which  
2 With Thee, Lord, I am now u - nit - ed; I live in  
3 Who can con - demn me now? For sure - ly The Lord is  
4 Though death may threat - en with dis - as - ter, It can - not  
5 My heart has now be - come Thy dwell - ing, O bless - ed,



Thou for me didst shed, These are my life and  
Thee and Thou in me. No sor - row fills my  
nigh, who jus - ti - fies. No hell I fear, and  
rob me of my cheer; For He who is of  
ho - ly Trin - i - ty. With an - gels I, Thy



strength for - ev - er, By them my hun - gry soul is fed.  
soul, de - light - ed It finds its on - ly joy in Thee.  
thus se - cure - ly With Je - sus I to heav - en rise.  
death the mas - ter With aid and com - fort e'er is near.  
prais - es tell - ing, Shall live in joy e - ter - nal - ly.



*Refrain*  
Lord, may Thy bod - y and Thy blood Be for my soul the high - est good!

Text: Friedrich Christian Heyder, 1677–1754; tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, abr.

Tune: Emskirchner Choral-Buch, 1756, Leipzig

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Tune: Public domain

## 819 SING PRAISE TO GOD, THE HIGHEST GOOD



1 Sing praise to God, the high - est good, The au - thor of cre -  
 2 What God's al - might - y pow'r has made, In mer - cy He is  
 3 We sought the Lord in our dis - tress; O God, in mer - cy  
 4 He nev - er shall for - sake His flock, His cho - sen gen - er -  
 5 All who con - fess Christ's ho - ly name, Give God the praise and



a - tion, The God of love who un - der - stood  
 keep - ing. By morn - ing glow or eve - ning shade  
 hear us. Our Sav - ior saw our help - less - ness  
 a - tion; He is their ref - uge and their rock,  
 glo - ry. Let all who know His pow'r pro - claim



Our need for His sal - va - tion. With heal - ing balm our  
 His eye is nev - er sleep - ing. With - in the king - dom  
 And came with peace to cheer us. For this we thank and  
 Their peace and their sal - va - tion. As with a moth - er's  
 A - loud the won - drous sto - ry. Cast ev - 'ry i - dol



souls He fills And ev - 'ry faith - less mur - mur stills:  
 of His might All things are just and good and right:  
 praise the Lord, Who is by one and all a - dored:  
 ten - der hand, He leads His own, His cho - sen band:  
 from its throne, For God is God, and He a - lone:



To God all praise and glo - ry!  
 To God all praise and glo - ry!  
 To God all praise and glo - ry!  
 To God all praise and glo - ry!  
 To God all praise and glo - ry!

Text: Johann Jacob Schütz, 1640–90; (sts. 1–3, 5): tr. Frances E. Cox, 1812–97, adapt.; (st. 4): tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, adapt.

Tune: Melchior Vulpius, c. 1570–1615

Text and tune: Public domain