

Large Print Hymns

568 If Your Beloved Son, O God



1 If Your be - lov - ed Son, O God, Had not to earth de -
2 But now I find sweet peace and rest; De - spair no more reigns
3 I trust in Him with all my heart; Now all my sor - row
4 All righ-teous-ness by works is vain; The Law brings con - dem -
△ 5 My guilt, O Fa - ther, You have laid On Christ, Your Son, my



scend - ed And in our mor-tal flesh and blood Had not sin's
o'er me. No more am I by sin op-pressed, For Christ has
ceas - es. His words a - bid-ing peace im - part; His blood from
na - tion. True righ-teous-ness by faith I gain; Christ's work is
Sav - ior. Lord Je - sus, You my debt have paid And gained for



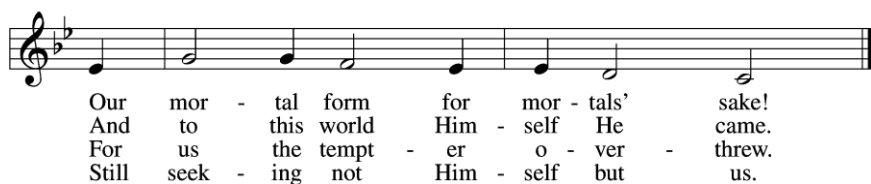
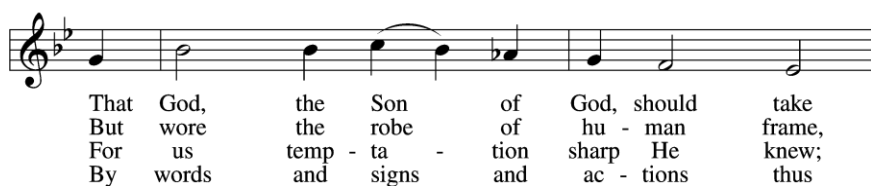
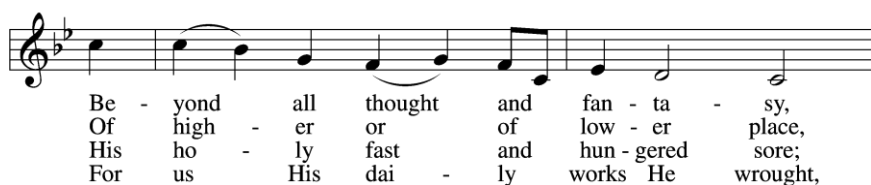
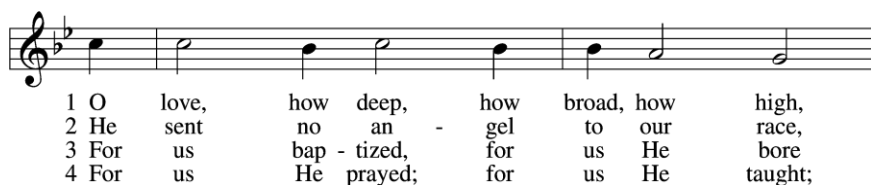
pow - er end - ed, Then this poor, wretch-ed soul of mine In
borne sin for me. Up - on the cross for me He died That,
guilt re - leas - es. Free grace through Him I now ob - tain; He
my sal - va - tion. His death, that per - fect sac - ri - fice, Has
me God's fa - vor. O Ho - ly Spir - it, Fount of grace, The



hell e - ter - nal - ly would pine Be - cause of my trans-gres - sion.
rec - on-ciled, I might a - bide With You, my God, for - ev - er.
wash-es me from ev - 'ry stain, And pure I stand be - fore Him.
paid the all - suf - fi - cient price; In Him my hope is an - chored.
good in me to You I trace; In faith and hope pre - serve me.

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544 O Love, How Deep



5 For us by wickedness betrayed,
 For us, in crown of thorns arrayed,
 He bore the shameful cross and death;
 For us He gave His dying breath.

6 For us He rose from death again;
 For us He went on high to reign;

For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

Δ 7 All glory to our Lord and God
For love so deep, so high, so broad;
The Trinity whom we adore
Forever and forevermore.

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430 My Song Is Love Unknown



1 My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to
2 He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -
3 Some-times they strew His way And His sweet prais - es
4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and



me, Love to the love - less shown That they might love - ly
stow; But men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ would
sing; Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their
spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their



be. Oh, who am I That for my sake
know. But, oh, my friend, My friend in - deed,
King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath,
sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these



My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
Who at my need His life did spend!
And for His death They thirst and cry.
Them - selves dis - please And 'gainst Him rise.

5 They rise and needs will have
 My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
 The Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
 To suff'ring goes
 That He His foes
From thence might free.

6 In life no house, no home
 My Lord on earth might have;
In death no friendly tomb
 But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
 Heav'n was His home
 But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,
 No story so divine!
Never was love, dear King,
 Never was grief like Thine.
This is my friend,
 In whose sweet praise
 I all my days
Could gladly spend!

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543 What Wondrous Love Is This



1 What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
 2 When I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When
 3 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing; To
 4 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And



won-drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is this That
 I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When I was sink-ing down Be-
 God and to the Lamb I will sing; To God and to the Lamb, Who
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing on. And when from death I'm free, I'll



caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse for my
 neath God's righ-teous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown for my
 is the great I AM, While mil-lions join the theme, I will
 sing His love for me, And through e-ter-ni-ty I'll sing



soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul!
 soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown for my soul.
 sing, I will sing, While mil-lions join the theme, I will sing.
 on, I'll sing on, And through e-ter-ni-ty I'll sing on.

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