

Hymn Texts for Online Worship

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed

Alas! And did my Savior bleed, And did my Sovereign die!
Would He devote that sacred head For sinners such as I!
Was it for sins that I have done He suffered on the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut its glories in,
When Christ, the great Redeemer died For human creatures' sin.
But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'Tis all that I can do.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1707;

Tune: MARTYRDOM; Hugh Wilson, c. 1800; adapt. and harm. Robert Smith, 1825

Sing Praise to God, Who Reigns Above

Sing praise to God, who reigns above, The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love, The God of our salvation.
With healing balm my soul is filled, And every faithless murmur stilled:
To God all praise and glory.
What God's almighty power hath made, God's gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade, God's watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of God's might, Lo, all is just, and all is right:
To God all praise and glory.
The Lord is never far away, But through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay, Our peace, and joy, and blessing.
As with a mother's tender hand, God gently leads the chosen band:
To God all praise and glory.
Thus all my gladsome way along, I sing aloud Thy praises,
That all may hear the grateful song My voice unwearied raises.
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart, Both soul and body take your part.
To God all praise and glory.

Text: Johann Jacob Schütz, 1675; trans. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1864; alt.

Tune: MIT FREUDEN ZART; Bohemian Brethren *Kirchengesang*, 1566

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide.
Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then in love, Fear and distrust remove; O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Text: Ray Palmer, 1830; Tune: OLIVET; Lowell Mason, 1831

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

O sacred head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded With thorns Thine only crown;
O sacred head, what glory, What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call Thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow To thank Thee, dearest friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever; And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never Outlive my love to Thee.

Text: Attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, c. 1140; trans. James Waddell Alexander, 1830

Tune: PASSION CHORALE;

Hans Leo Hassler, 1601; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729