

HYMN OF THE DAY

LSB 683: Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to Me



1 Je - sus, Thy bound - less love to me No thought can reach, no
2 O grant that noth - ing in my soul May dwell, but Thy pure
3 This love un - wea - ried I pur - sue And daunt - less - ly to
4 In suf - f'ring be Thy love my peace, In weak - ness be Thy



tongue de - clare; U - nite my thank - ful heart to Thee,
love a - lone; Oh, may Thy love pos - sess me whole,
Thee as - pire. Oh, may Thy love my hope re - new,
love my pow'r; And when the storms of life shall cease,



And reign with - out a ri - val there! Thine whol - ly, Thine a -
My joy, my trea - sure, and my crown! All cold - ness from my
Burn in my soul like heav'n - ly fire! And day and night, be
O Je - sus, in that fi - nal hour, Be Thou my rod and



lone I am; Be Thou a - lone my con - stant flame.
heart re - move; My ev - 'ry act, word, thought be love.
all my care To guard this sa - cred trea - sure there.
staff and guide, And draw me safe - ly to Thy side!

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76; tr. John B. Wesley, 1703–91, alt.

Tune: Norman Cocker, 1889–1953

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Communion Hymns for January 31-February 1, 2026

LSB 842 Son of God, Eternal Savior



1 Son of God, e - ter - nal Sav - ior, Source of life and
2 As You, Lord, have lived for oth - ers, So may we for
3 Come, O Christ, and reign a - mong us, King of love and
4 Son of God, e - ter - nal Sav - ior, Source of life and



truth and grace, Word made flesh, whose birth a - mong us
oth - ers live. Free - ly have Your gifts been grant - ed;
Prince of Peace; Hush the storm of strife and pas - sion,
truth and grace, Word made flesh, whose birth a - mong us



Hal - lows all our hu - man race, You our Head, who, throned in
Free - ly may Your ser - vants give. Yours the gold and Yours the
Bid its cru - el dis - cords cease. By Your pa - tient years of
Hal - lows all our hu - man race: By Your pray - ing, by Your



glo - ry, For Your own will ev - er plead: Fill us with Your
sil - ver, Yours the wealth of land and sea; We but stew - ards
toil - ing, By Your si - lent hours of pain, Quench our fe - vered
will - ing That Your peo - ple should be one, Grant, O grant our



love and pit - y, Heal our wrongs, and help our need.
of Your boun - ty Held in sol - emn trust will be.
thirst of plea - sure, Stem our self - ish greed of gain.
hope's fru - i - tion: Here on earth Your will be done.

Text: Somerset T. C. Lowry, 1855–1932, alt.

Tune: Oude en Nieuwe Hollantse . . . Contredansen, c. 1710, Amsterdam

Text and tune: Public domain

LSB 932 Jesus Sat with His Disciples



1 Je - sus sat with His dis - ci - ples On a
2 "Bless-ed are the meek and hum - ble, All the
3 "Bless-ed are God's sons and daugh - ters, Mak - ing



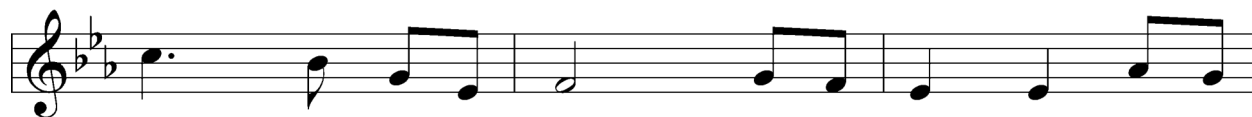
moun - tain - side one day; As the crowds of peo-ple
earth to them is willed. Those who hun - ger to be
peace where there is strife. Bless - ed are the per - se -



gath - ered, He be - gan to teach and say:
ho - ly, They are bless'd and will be filled.
cut - ed, Who for righ - teous - ness lose life;



"Bless-ed are the poor in spir - it, Heav - en's
Yes, the mer - ci - ful are bless - ed, Mer - cy
Their re - ward is great in heav - en, In the



king - dom they will share. Bless-ed are the sad and
will to them be shown. And the pure in heart are
king - dom up a - bove— So be glad to share My



mourn - ing, Joy and com - fort will be theirs.
bless - ed, They have eyes for God a - lone.
suf - f'ring And re - joice to know My love."

Text: Stephen P. Starke, 1955

Tune: Marty Haugen, 1950

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LSB 409: Hail, O Source of Every Blessing



1 Hail, O Source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Fa - ther of our
2 Once far off but now in - vit - ed, We ap - proach Your
3 Hail, O all - in - vit - ing Sav - ior! Gen - tiles now their



hu - man race! Gen - tiles now, Your grace pos - sess - ing, In Your
sa - cred throne, In Your cov - e - nant u - nit - ed, Rec - on -
of - f'rings bring, In Your tem - ples seek Your fa - vor, Je - sus



courts ob - tain a place. Grate - ful now, we fall be - fore You,
ciled, re - deemed, made one. Now re - vealed to east - ern sa - ges,
Christ, our Lord and King. May we, bod - y, soul, and spir - it,



In Your Church re - joice to live, See Your glo - ry
See the Star of Mer - cy shine, Mys - t'ry hid in
Live de - vot - ed to Your praise, Glo - rious realms of



and a - dore You, Thank - ful for the grace You give.
for - mer a - ges, Mys - t'ry great of love di - vine.
bliss in - her - it, Grate - ful an - thems ev - er raise.

Text: Basil Woodd, 1760–1831, alt.

Tune: Geist-reiches Gesang-Buch, 1704, Halle, ed. Johann A. Freylinghausen

Text and tune: Public domain

LSB 690 Hope of the World



1 Hope of the world, Thou Christ of great com - pas - sion;
2 Hope of the world, God's gift from high - est heav - en,
3 Hope of the world, a - foot on dust - y high - ways,
4 Hope of the world, who by Thy cross didst save us
5 Hope of the world, O Christ, o'er death vic - to - rious,



Speak to our fear - ful hearts by con - flict rent.
Bring - ing to hun - gry souls the bread of life,
Show - ing to wan - d'ring souls the path of light,
From death and dark de - spair, from sin and guilt,
Who by this sign didst con - quer grief and pain,



Save us, Thy peo - ple, from con - sum - ing pas - sion,
Still let Thy Spir - it un - to us be giv - en
Walk Thou be - side us lest the tempt - ing by - ways
We ren - der back the love Thy mer - cy gave us;
We would be faith - ful to Thy Gos - pel glo - rious.



Who by our own false hopes and aims are spent.
To heal earth's wounds and end our bit - ter strife.
Lure us a - way from Thee to end - less night.
Take Thou our lives and use them as Thou wilt.
Thou art our Lord! Thou dost for - ev - er reign!

Text: Georgia Harkness, 1891-1974

Tune: Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79

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LSB 837 Lift High the Cross

sts. 1, 3, 5-6

Refrain



Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro-claim Till



all the world a - dore His sa - cred name.



1 Come, Chris - tians, fol - low where our Cap - tain trod,
3 All new - born sol - diers of the Cru - ci - fied
5 Let ev - 'ry race and ev - 'ry lan - guage tell
6 So shall our song of tri - umph ev - er be:

Refrain



Our king vic - to - rious, Christ, the Son of God.
Bear on their brows the seal of Him who died.
Of Him who saves our lives from death and hell.
Praise to the Cru - ci - fied for vic - to - ry!

Text: George W. Kitchin, 1827–1912; rev. Michael R. Newbolt, 1874–1956, alt.

Tune: Sydney H. Nicholson, 1875–1947

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