

COMMUNION HYMNS FOR MARCH 21&22, 2026

LSB 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.**

**—- continued**

**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!**

# LSB 573 The Lamb



1 The Lamb, the Lamb, O Fa - ther, where's the sac - ri - fice?  
2 The Lamb, the Lamb, One per - fect fi - nal of - fer - ing.  
3 The Lamb, the Lamb, As way - ward sheep their shep - herd kill  
4 He sighs, He dies, He takes my sin and wretch - ed - ness.  
5 He rose, He rose, My heart with thanks now o - ver - flows.



Faith sees, be - lieves God will pro - vide the Lamb of price!  
The Lamb, the Lamb, Let earth join heav'n His praise to sing.  
So still, His will On our be - half the Law to fill.  
He lives, for - gives, He gives me His own righ - teous - ness.  
His song pro - long Till ev - 'ry heart to Him be - long.



Wor - thy is the Lamb whose death makes me His



own! The Lamb is reign - ing on His throne!

## LSB 688 Thanks to Thee, O Christ, Victorious



1 Thanks to Thee, O Christ, vic - to - rious! Thanks to Thee, O  
2 Thou hast died for my trans - gres - sion, All my sins on  
3 For the joy Thine ad - vent gave me, For Thy ho - ly,



Lord of Life! Death hath now no pow - er o'er us,  
Thee were laid; Thou hast won for me sal - va - tion,  
pre - cious Word; For Thy Bap - tism, which doth save me,



Thou hast con - quered in the strife. Thanks be - cause Thou didst a -  
On the cross my debt was paid. From the grave I shall a -  
For Thy blest Com - mu - nion board; For Thy death, the bit - ter



rise And hast o - pened par - a - dise! None can ful - ly  
rise And shall meet Thee in the skies. Death it - self is  
scorn, For Thy res - ur - rec - tion morn, Lord, I thank Thee



sing the glo - ry Of the res - ur - rec - tion sto - ry.  
tran - si - to - ry; I shall lift my head in glo - ry.  
and ex - tol Thee, And in heav'n I shall be - hold Thee.