

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 313

Let thy Blood in mercy poured

JESUS, MEIN ZUVERSICHT

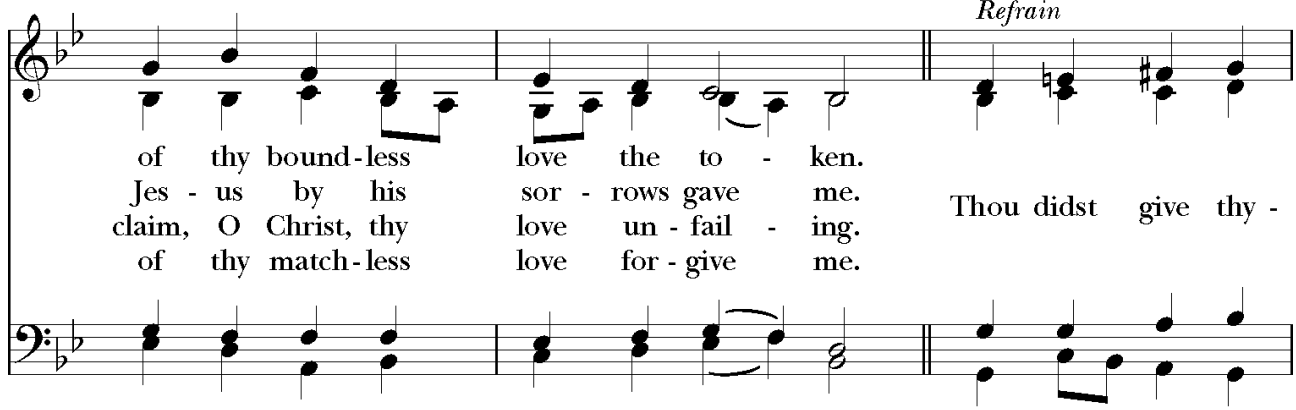


1 Let thy Blood in mer - cy poured, let thy gra - cious
 2 Thou didst die that I might live; bless - ed Lord, thou
 3 By the thorns that crowned thy brow, by the spear-wound
 4 Wilt thou own the gift I bring? All my pen - i -



Bo - dy bro - ken, be to me, O gra - cious Lord,
 cam'st to save me; all that love of God could give
 and the nail - ing, by the pain and death, I now
 tence I give thee; thou art my ex - alt - ed King,

Refrain



of thy bound-less love the to - ken.
 Jes - us by his sor - rows gave me. Thou didst give thy -
 claim, O Christ, thy love un - fail - ing.
 of thy match-less love for - give me.



self for me, now I give my - self to thee.

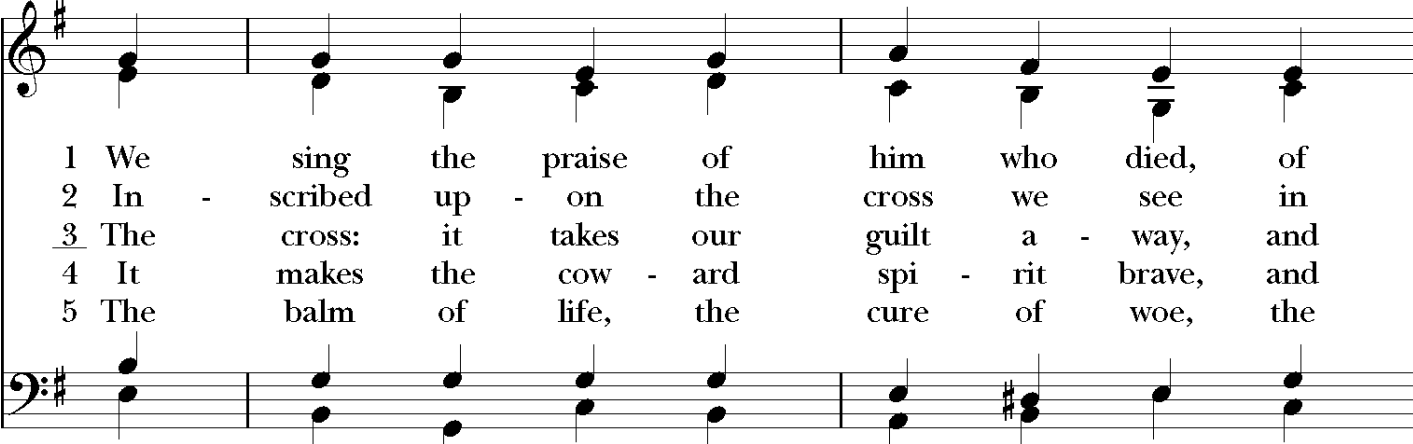
Words: John Brownlie (1859-1925) Music: *Jesus, meine Zuversicht*, melody Johann Cruger (1598-1662); harm. after *The Chorale Book for England*, 1863

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross where the young
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an

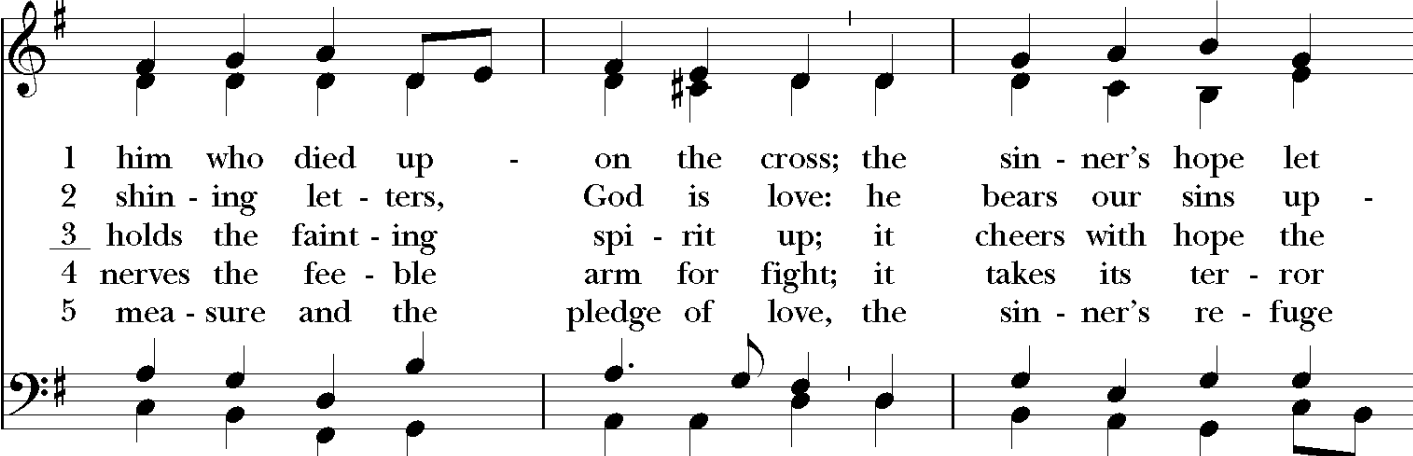
Prince of Glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 cross of Christ, my God: all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 of - fering far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

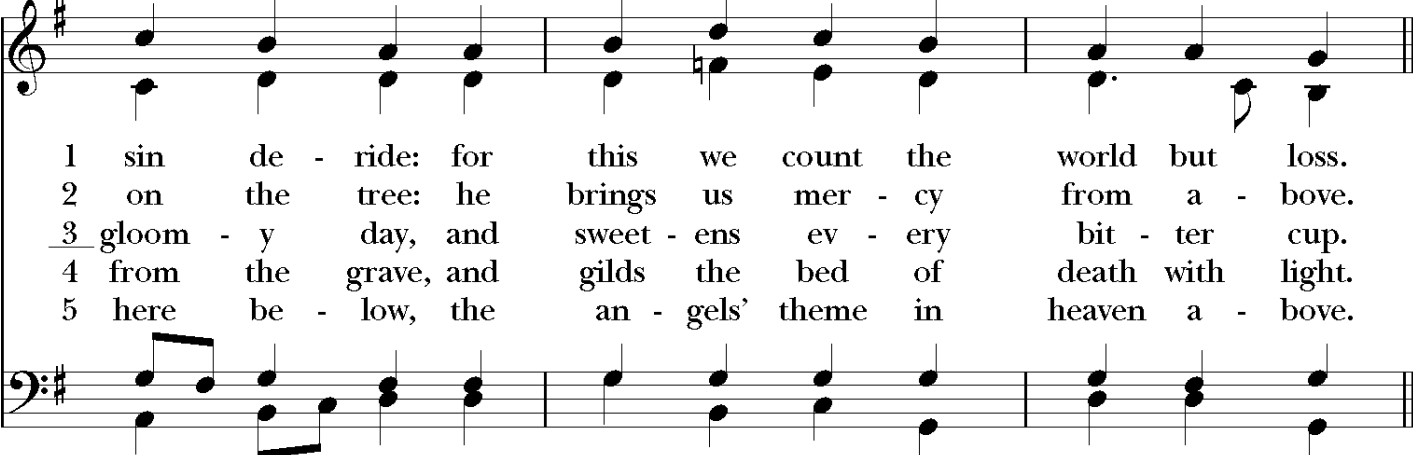
Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748) Music: *Rockingham*, from *Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature*, ca. 1780; harm. Edward Miller (1731-1807)



1 We sing the praise of him who died, of
 2 In - scribed up - on the cross we see in
 3 The cross: it takes our guilt a - way, and
 4 It makes the cow - ard spi - rit brave, and
 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe, the



1 him who died up - on the cross; the sin - ner's hope let
 2 shin - ing let - ters, God is love: he bears our sins up -
 3 holds the faint - ing spi - rit up; it cheers with hope the
 4 nerves the fee - ble arm for fight; it takes its ter - ror
 5 mea - sure and the pledge of love, the sin - ner's re - fuge



1 sin de - ride: for this we count the world but loss.
 2 on the tree: he brings us mer - cy from a - bove.
 3 gloom - y day, and sweet - ens ev - ery bit - ter cup.
 4 from the grave, and gilds the bed of death with light.
 5 here be - low, the an - gels' theme in heaven a - bove.

Words: Thomas Kelly (1769-1855), alt. Music: *Breslau*, melody from *Lochamer Gesangbuch*, ca. 1450; harm. Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)