

*To the Glory of God  
A Collection of Hymns  
Etc.*



*Written or Updated by  
Rev. Mark S. Willig*

If you wish to use these hymns they are posted on our congregation's web site.  
FICLC.org. Look for "Pastor's Hymns".  
They are JPG images so they can be inserted as you would a picture,  
and then enlarged to fit.  
There is no cost. But please include the copyright information.

**“He’s Your Immanuel”**

*(Tune LSB # 362)*



1. O sing to God a brand new song, For now the world’s re-deemed.
2. The gen-tile kings from far a - way Have heard the pro-phe - cies
3. In - to Je - ru - sa - lem Christ rode As dark - ness ga - thered round.
4. The dawn-ing sun on the third day Re - veals the wreck-age well



For He has giv - en us His Son And in that gift re - ceived,  
And bring - ing gifts they wor - ship Him Who brings our souls re - lease.  
In deep - est a - go - ny He prayed, Sweat fall - ing to the ground.  
It’s not His king - dom ly - ing ruin’d But ra - ther death and hell.



Our hearts He calls from wan - der - ing A - way from His em - brace.  
With - in His courts all na - tions come, Are wel - come by the Son,  
A - rest - ed, bea - ten, scourged and mocked To Gol - go - tha He went,  
The tomb is bro - ken Je - sus lives And we are sent to tell,



And brings us to the man - ger light That we might see His face.  
That we may live through end - less days With God the Three - in - One.  
And there to pur - chase souls from death His ho - ly blood He spent.  
Oh, world, He’s not for us a - lone He’s your Im - man - u - el!

Hymn "A Canaanite, She Comes to Pray" (Tune LSB # 666 "O Little Flock, Fear Not the Foe")



1 A Ca - naan - ite, She comes to pray Her daugh - ter,  
 2 But what a price, The child to win! A mir - ror  
 3 The fear - ful hoards, With e - vil's might, They gath - er  
 4 Oh wond - rous Love, What have You done? The Fath - er  
 5 Out - side the camp He came to win My soul for  
 6 Then can the grave O'er us pre - vail; The tomb en -



loved, Is torn a - way, By de - vils, sore, tor - men - ted.  
 of Her peo - ple's sin; The ran - som is God's own Son,  
 round With dread - ful spite To mock the sep - a - ra - tion.  
 of - fers up His Son To bear the judg - ment's rend - ing.  
 God And bring a - gain Man - kind in - to com - mun - ion.  
 close? No! They must fail. His death is death's un - do - ing.



Where else to go But to the Christ? The Son of  
 Whom He will give In - to the fires Of Sa - tan's  
 The rend - ing of The Trin - i - ty The fall of  
 "Be - hold My Son Who for the lost, With per - fect  
 Un - rav - el - ing Our twist - ed faith In Sat - an's  
 The third day dawns, And Love has won. The curse is



God, Of Dav - id's race. Her faith - less walk is end - ed.  
 hate, A sac - ri - fice Be - yond im - ag - in - a - tion.  
 God, Is all they see; But God forms our sal - va - tion.  
 faith Prays from the cross, With My love ov - er - com - ing."  
 lies. Christ's faith - ful death Has healed our se - par - a - tion.  
 gone, And God's own Son Claims me for life un - end - ing.

Hymn "Come, Mary, Gaze Into the Tomb"

(Common Version - Tune LSB # 455)



1 Come, Mar - y, gaze in - to the tomb. See where they brought  
 2 We had no way God's love to win By com - ing to  
 3 His blood He shed as sac - ri - fice, His rend - ing cry  
 4 But, Mar - y, in great sor - row's thrall, You weep on Ea -  
 5 Then take this mes - sage and go forth To the re - mot -



and laid Him; On ei - ther side the Cher - u - bim ---  
 His tem - ple; No sac - ri - fice for all the sin,  
 tears a - part The cur - tain in the Ho - ly Place  
 ster morn - ing, Un - til your Rab - bi comes to call  
 est na - tion. With Je - sus' name fill all the earth



Be - tween, the cloth that held Him. See the blood of  
 That caused our hearts to trem - ble. But now God has  
 That once blocked us from God's heart. We who once had  
 You by your name; and send - ing, "Tell My bro - thers  
 To bring all tribes sal - va - tion. Je - sus is for



sac - ri - fice, Off - ered be - fore God's ho - ly eyes.  
 come to bring His own True Lamb, His of - fer - ing.  
 gone far wrong, Now to God's fam - i - ly be - long.  
 how they may Come to the Fa - ther, I'm the Way,  
 you the one, Who has an off - 'ring made and done,



It is the Seat of Mer - cy! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Mess - i - ah, come to save us! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 He names Him - self our Bro - ther! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 The Truth and Life un - end - ing!" Al - le - lu - ia!  
 To give you life for - ev - er! Al - le - lu - ia!

Hymn "Come, Mary, Gaze Into the Tomb" (Messianic Jewish Version - Tune LSB # 455)



1 Come, Mar - y, gaze in - to the tomb. See where they brought  
 2 You won - der if for - give - ness can En - dure when there's  
 3 His blood He shed as sac - ri - fice, His rend - ing cry  
 4 But, Mar - y, in great sor - row's thrall, You weep on Ea -  
 5 Then take this mes - sage and go forth To the re - mot -



and laid Him; On ei - ther side the Cher - u - bim --  
 no tem - ple; No lamb ro bring, to cov - er sin,  
 tears a - part The cur - tain in the Ho - ly Place  
 ster morn - ing, Un - til your Rab - bi comes to call  
 est na - tion. With Je - sus' name fill all the earth



Be - tween, the cloth that held Him. See the blood of  
 To soothe our hearts that trem - ble. Hear how God has  
 That once blocked us from God's heart. We who once had  
 You by your name; and send - ing, "Tell My bro - thers  
 To bring all tribes sal - va - tion. Je - sus is for



sac - ri - fice, Off - ered be - fore God's ho - ly eyes.  
 come to bring His own True Lamb, His of - fer - ing.  
 gone far wrong, Now to God's fam - i - ly be - long.  
 how they may Come to the Fa - ther, I'm the Way,  
 you the one, Who has an off - 'ring made and done,



It is the Seat of Mer - cy! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Mess - i - ah, sent to save us! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 He names Him - self our Bro - ther! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 The Truth and Life un - end - ing!" Al - le - lu - ia!  
 To give you life for - ev - er! Al - le - lu - ia!

Hymn "The Living Lord Sits Down with Us"

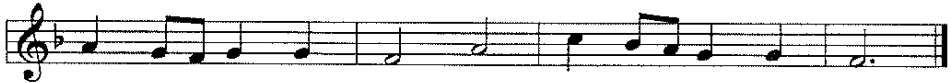
(Tune LSB 389)



1 The liv - ing Lord sits down with us His mer - cy  
2 His ris - en bo - dy here He puts In - to this  
3 In words e - ter - nal Je - sus calls, A sin - ner  
4 And in this feast brings me a - gain His cross and  
5 The Eas - ter pow'r of God's own might, Let loose in



to pro - claim. With bread and wine gives us Him - self His  
glor - ious meal; And pours out His for - giv - ing blood That  
with - out worth, In - vites me to His heav'n - ly meal, Spread  
blood to see. In my for - give - ness and new life Claims  
bread and wine, I eat and His trans - form - ing word Takes



king - dom and His name, His king - dom and His name.  
He my soul might heal, That He my soul might heal.  
out right here on earth, Spread out right here on earth.  
His own vic - tor - y, Claims His own vic - tor - y.  
heav'n and makes it mine, Takes heav'n and makes it mine.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 6. I eat, amazed at Jesus' grace.<br>In silent awe I pray,<br>"What can I say to thank You, Lord?"<br>My words all fade away,<br>As on that Glorious Day.* | 7. Lord Jesus Christ, by word and meal,<br>Sustain us by Your grace,<br>That we before Your throne may kneel,<br>And see You face to face,<br>And see You face to face. |
|--|---|

\*Revelation 8:1

# Hymn # 744 "Amazing Grace"

LSB 744



1 A - maz - ing grace— how sweet the sound— That  
2 When chains of sin had taught me fear The  
3 Though all my works are fil - thy rags, Be -



saved a wretch like me! I once was lost but  
cross brought per - fect peace! How sweet the grace of  
fore the Lord I'll stand; In fin - est right - ous -

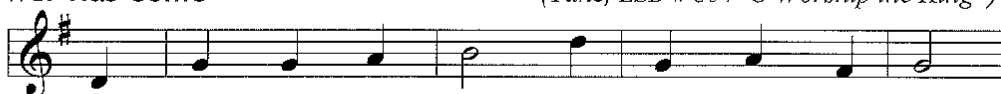


now am found, Was blind but now I see!  
Christ the Lamb, Whose blood bought my re - lease!  
ness re - ceived From His own nail - pierced hand.

4. Through many dangers, toils, and snares  
I have already come;  
His grace has brought me safe thus far,  
His grace will see me home.
5. When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.

# The Sower Has Come

(Tune, LSB # 804 "O Worship the King")



1 The Sow - er has come, And faith - ful, stead - fast,  
2 The Word, Who first spoke, And light then be - came,  
3 His word from the cross, For - giv - ing our sins,  
4 Lord, teach me to sow, As You have now done,



The seed ev - ery - where Has wi - ld - ly cast;  
Came, heal - ing the ill, The blind and the lame,  
Then break - ing the tomb Is how our God wins  
Your Word ev - ery - where, And as it is sown,



In weeds that can smo - ther, And rock - i - est field -  
Who called His friend Laz' - rus To life once a - gain.  
Our souls un - re - pent - ant, And lives rife with sin -  
In rocks or a - long paths, Or on fer - tile plain,



But con - fi - dent this seed A har - vest must yield.  
Stood 'neath the Law with us, To car - ry our pain.  
His word gives a new heart, And works faith with - in.  
To know Your word's pow - er Must ev - er re - main.



Hymn "A Wondrous Mystery"

(Tune LSB # 563)



1 A won - drous my - ste - ry is here To chall - enge  
 2 This world is love - less but a - bove, God reach - es  
 3 In con - se - crat - ed bread and wine No eye can  
 4 Though weak are mind and ev' - ry sense To grasp the  
 5 So plain this meal ap - pears on earth, That faith a -



faith and con - quer fear: The Sav - ior comes as  
 down with bound - less love. The King of Glo - ry  
 see our Lord di - vine; But Je - sus' words are  
 food our Lord pre - sents; He spreads here hea - ven's  
 lone di - scerns its worth. The Word, not sense, must



food di - vine, Con - cealed in earth - ly bread and wine.  
 stoops to me My spir - it's life and strength to be!  
 strong and clear, "My bo - dy and My blood are here."  
 ban - quet true And seals it with the words, "For you."  
 be our guide For faith to walk where sight's de - nied.

6. You gave Your body, Lord, and blood  
 To be my soul's eternal food,  
 And put Yourself into this meal  
 That here my soul Your Word should heal.
7. Lord, grant to me the favor here  
 To know Your love, and to be sure  
 That by Your promise freely giv'n  
 I am a child and heir of heav'n.

Amen.

Hymn "Are You Weary, Are You Troubled"

(Tune: LSB 729)



- 1. Are you wea - ry, are you trou - bled, Are you sore dis - tressed?
- 2. Has He marks to lead me to Him If He be my Guide?
- 3. Has He di - a - dem, as Mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?
- 4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His boun - ty here?



- "Come to Me," says One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
- "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
- "Yes, a crown of no - ble roy'ly - ty, But of thorns."
- "Man - ya sor - row, man - ya la - bor, Man - ya tear."

- 5. If I still hold closely to Him,  
What has He at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed."
- 6. If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He turn away?  
"He will bring me to the realms of  
Endless day."
- 7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs  
Answer, 'Yes!'"

Public Domain

Updated from TLH # 513 "Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Troubled"

Hymn # 670 "Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones"

LSB 670 sts. 1, 3



1 Ye watch - ers and ye ho - ly ones, Bright  
 3 Re - spond, ye souls in end - less rest, Ye  
 5 Un - til that day we hear His voice, Who



ser - aphs, cher - u - bim, and thrones, Raise the glad strain:  
 pa - tri - archs and proph - ets blest: "Al - le - lu - ia,  
 prayed for us up - on the cross, Al - le - lu - ia,



"Al - le - lu - ia!" Cry out, do - min - ions, prince - doms,  
 al - le - lu - ia!" Ye ho - ly Twelve, ye mar - tyrs  
 al - le - lu - ia! Ex - ult - ing in His Church set



pow'rs, Vir - tues, arch - an - gels, an - gels'  
 strong, All saints tri - um - phant, raise the  
 free, Sing - ing sal - va - tion's vic - to -



choirs: "Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -  
 song: "Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -  
 ry! "Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -



lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!"  
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!"  
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!"

Agnus Dei

(Tune: LSB 376)

Lamb of God, You are, Lord Je - sus. Take a -  
way our sin, we pray. Lamb of God, You are, Lord  
Je - sus. In Your mer - cy save, we pray. Lamb of  
God, You set us free. Je - sus grant Your heav'n-ly peace.