

## Built on a Rock



1 Built on a rock the church shall stand, e - ven when stee - ples are  
 2 Sure - ly, in tem - ples made with hands God the Most High is not  
 3 Christ builds a house of liv - ing stones: we are his own hab - i -  
 4 Yet in this house, an earth - ly frame, Je - sus the chil - dren is  
 5 Through all the pass - ing years, O Lord, grant that, when church bells are



fall - ing; crum - bled have spires in ev - 'ry land, bells still are  
 dwell - ing— high in the heav'ns his tem - ple stands, all earth - ly  
 ta - tion; he fills our hearts, his hum - ble thrones, grant - ing us  
 bless - ing; hith - er we come to praise his name, faith in our  
 ring - ing, man - y may come to hear your Word, who here this



chim - ing and call - ing— call - ing the young and old to rest, call - ing the  
 tem - ples ex - cel - ling. Yet God who dwells in heav'n a - bove deigns to a -  
 life and sal - va - tion. Where two or three will seek his face, he in their  
 Sav - ior con - fess - ing. Je - sus to us his Spir - it sent, mak - ing with  
 prom - ise is bring - ing: "I know my own, my own know me; you, not the

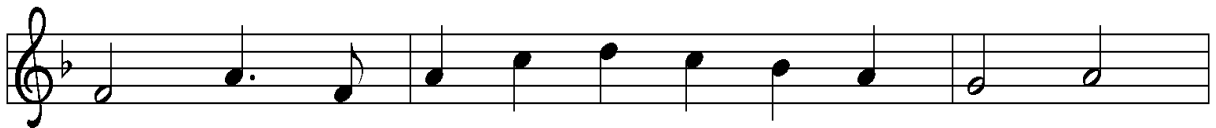


souls of those dis - tressed, long - ing for life ev - er - last - ing.  
 bide with us in love, mak - ing our bod - ies his tem - ple.  
 midst will show his grace, bless - ings up - on them be - stow - ing.  
 us his cov - e - nant, grant - ing his chil - dren the king - dom.  
 world, my face shall see; my peace I leave with you. A - men."

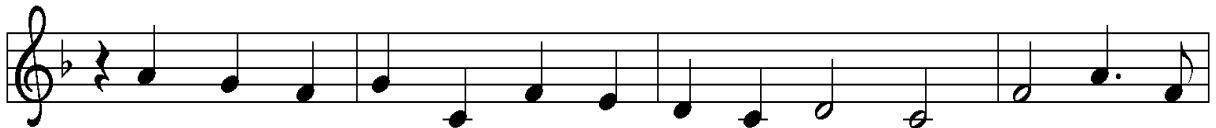
Text: Nikolai F. S. Grundtvig, 1783–1872; tr. Carl Doving, 1867–1937, adapt.  
 Music: KIRKEN DEN ER ET GAMMEL HUS, Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1812–1887  
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## Rise, Shine, You People!



1 Rise, shine, you peo - ple! Christ the Lord has en - tered  
 2 See how he sends the pow'rs of e - vil reel - ing;  
 3 Come, cel - e - brate; your ban - ners high un - furl - ing,  
 4 Tell how the Fa - ther sent the Son to save us.



our hu - man sto - ry; God in him is cen - tered. He comes to  
 he brings us free - dom, light and life and heal - ing. All men and  
 your songs and prayers a - gainst the dark-ness hurl - ing. To all the  
 Tell of the Son, who life and free-dom gave us. Tell how the



us, by death and sin sur-round - ed, with grace un - bound - ed.  
 wom - en, who by guilt are driv - en, now are for - giv - en.  
 world go out and tell the sto - ry of Je - sus' glo - ry.  
 Spir - it calls from ev - 'ry na - tion God's new cre - a - tion.

Text: Ronald A. Klug, b. 1939, alt.

Music: WOJTKIEWIECZ, Dale Wood, 1934–2003

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## Lord Jesus, Think on Me



- 1 Lord Je - sus, think on me, and purge a - way my sin;  
 2 Lord Je - sus, think on me, by anx - ious thoughts op - pressed;  
 3 Lord Je - sus, think on me, nor let me go a - stray;  
 4 Lord Je - sus, think on me, that, when the flood is past,



from self - ish pas - sions set me free and make me pure with - in.  
 let me your lov - ing ser - vant be and taste your prom - ised rest.  
 through dark - ness and per - plex - i - ty point out your cho - sen way.  
 I may the\_e - ter - nal bright - ness see and share your joy at last.

Text: Synesius of Cyrene, 375–430; tr. Allen W. Chatfield, 1808–1896, alt.  
 Music: SOUTHWELL, W. Daman, *The Psalmes of David*, 1579, alt.

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## The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!



- 1 The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; now is the vic - tor's
- 2 The pow'rs of death have done their worst; Je - sus their le - gions
- 3 The three sad days have quick - ly sped, Christ ris - es glo - rious
- 4 Christ closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; the bars from heav'n's high
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed you, from death's sting free your



tri - umph won! Now be the song of praise be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!  
has dis - persed. Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!  
from the dead. All glo - ry to our ris - en head! Al - le - lu - ia!  
por - tals fell. Let hymns of praise his tri - umph tell. Al - le - lu - ia!  
ser - vants too, that we may live and sing to you. Al - le - lu - ia!

*After the final stanza*



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

Text: *Symphonia Sirenum*, Köln, 1695; tr. Francis Pott, 1832–1909

Music: VICTORY, Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, 1525–1594; arr. William H. Monk, 1823–1889