

In joy, the music of my feast,
And when all else has lost its zest,
This manna still shall feed me; In thirst my
drink; in want my food; My company in solitude
To comfort and to lead me.

IX.

Of death I am no more afraid,
New life from Thee is flowing;
Thy cross afford me cooling shade
When noonday's sun is glowing.
When by my grief I am oppressed,
On Thee my weary soul shall rest
Serenely as on pillows.
Thou art My Anchor when by woe
My bark is driven to and fro
On trouble's surging billows.

X

And when Thy glory I shall see
And taste Thy kingdom's pleasure,
Thy blood my royal robe shall be,
My joy beyond all measure;
When I appear before Thy throne,
Thy righteousness shall be my crown,-
With these I need not hide me.
And there, in garments richly wrought
As Thine own bride, I shall be brought
To stand in joy beside Thee. Amen!

Words written by Paul Gerhardt, 1648, and based on
John 1:29 and Isaiah 53:4-7. The authority Laux-
mann calls it "the masterpiece of all Passion
Hymns." The tune first appeared in 1525 and was
used with a versification of Psalm 137.

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A N N O U N C E M E N T

Next Sunday's service and next Wed. Lenten ser-
vice will be held at Red Hill. The rose window
with lead bars and the hardware for the front
doors have not yet arrived. We shall start using
the new building as soon as it is completed ac-
cording to specifications and accepted.



L E N T

2480201

SAIN PAUL'S EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH

Parkersburg, West Virginia

Order of Worship for Ash Wednesday, Mar. 2, 1949

8 O'clock, PM.

Opening Hymns "Jesus, I Will Ponder Now"
Lutheran Hymnal, # 140 (VV. 1-4)

The Order of Vespers, Hymnal, pages 41-45.

The Readings: Joel 2:12-19; Matthew 6:16-21.

The Meditation: "A LAMB GOES UNCOMPLAINING
FORTH." Text: Isaiah 53:7.

The Text of the Lenten Hymn by Paul Gerhardt

I
A Lamb goes uncomplaining forth, The guilt of all
men bearing; And laden with the sins of earth,
None else the burden sharing! Goes patient on,
grows weak and faint, To slaughter led without
complaint, That spotless life to offer; Bears shame
and stripes, and wounds and death, Anguish and mock-
ery and saith, "Willing all this I suffer!"

II
This Lamb is Christ the Soul's great Friend, The
Lamb of God, our Savior; Him God the Father chose
to send, To gain for us His favor. "Go forth, My
Son", the Father saith, "And free men from the fear
of death, From guilt and condemnation. The wrath &
stripes are hard to bear, But by Thy Passion men
shall share The fruit of Thy salvation."

III
"Yea, Father, yea, most willingly I'll bear what Thou
commandest; My will conforms to Thy decree, I do
what Thou demandest." - O wondrous Love, what hast
Thou done! The Father offers up His Son!

The Son content descendeth! O Love, how strong art
Thou to save! Thou beddest Him within the grave
Whose word the mountains rendeth.

IV.

Thou lay'st Him, Love, upon the cross, With nail
and spear Him goring; Thou slay'st Him as a
lamb, His loss From soul and body pouring;
From body 'tis the crimson flood of precious
sacrificial blood; From soul, the strength of
anguish. My gain it is; sweet Lamb to Thee
What can I give, whose love to me
For me doth make Thee languish?

V

Lord, all my life I'll cleave to Thee, Thy love
fore'er beholding, Thee ever, as Thou ever me.
With loving arms enfolding. Yea, Thou shalt be my
Beacon-Light To guide me safe through death's
dark night And cheer my heart in sorrow. Hence-
forth myself and all that's mine To Thee, My Sa-
vior, I consign, From whom all things I borrow.

VI.

From morn till eve my theme shall be Thy mercy's
wondrous measure; To sacrifice myself for Thee
Shall be my aim and pleasure. My stream of life
shall ever be/A current flowing ceaselessly,
Thy constant praise outpouring. I'll treasure in
my memory, O Lord, all Thou hast done for me,
Thy gracious love adoring.

VII

Enlarge, shrine of my heart, and swell,
To thee shall now be given/A treasure that
doth far excel/ The worth of earth and heaven.
Away with the Arabian gold, With treasures of
An earthly mold! I've found a better jewel.
My priceless treasure, Lord, my God,/ Is Thy
Most Holy Precious Blood, Which flowed from
wounds so cruel.

VIII

This treasure ever I'll employ, This every aid
shall yield me; In sorrow it shall be my joy,
In conflict it shall shield me; -