

Eighth Sunday after Pentecost ~ July 13-14, 2024

Communion Hymns

LSB 587 I Know My Faith Is Founded



1 I know my faith is found - ed On Je - sus Christ, my
2 In - crease my faith, dear Sav - ior, For Sa - tan seeks by
3 In faith, Lord, let me serve You; Though per - se - cu - tion,



God and Lord; And this my faith con - fess - ing, Un -
night and day To rob me of this trea - sure And
grief, and pain Should seek to o - ver - whelm me, Let



moved I stand on His sure Word. Our rea - son can - not
take my hope of bliss a - way. But, Lord, with You be -
me a stead - fast trust re - tain; And then at my de -



fath - om The truth of God pro - found; Who trusts in hu - man
side me, I shall be un - dis - mayed; And led by Your good
par - ture, Lord, take me home to You, Your rich - es to in -



wis - dom Re - lies on shift - ing ground. God's Word is
Spir - it, I shall be un - a - fraid. A - bide with
her - it As all You said holds true. In life and



all - suf - fi - cient, It makes di - vine - ly sure; And
me, O Sav - ior, A firm - er faith be - stow; Then
death, Lord, keep me Un - til Your heav'n I gain, Where



trust - ing in its wis - dom, My faith shall rest se - cure.
I shall bid de - fi - ance To ev - 'ry e - vil foe.
I by Your great mer - cy The end of faith at - tain.

COMMUNION HYMN: LSB 824 MAY GOD BESTOW ON US HIS GRACE



1 May God be - stow on us His grace, With bless - ings rich pro -
2 Thine o - ver all shall be the praise And thanks of ev - 'ry
△ 3 O let the peo - ple praise Thy worth, In all good works in -



vide us; And may the bright - ness of His face
na - tion; And all the world with joy shall raise
creas - ing; The land shall plen - teous fruit bring forth,



To life e - ter - nal guide us, That we His sav - ing
The voice of ex - ul - ta - tion. For Thou shalt judge the
Thy Word is rich in bless - ing. May God the Fa - ther,



health may know, His gra - cious will and plea - sure,
earth, O Lord, Nor suf - fer sin to flour - ish;
God the Son, And God the Spir - it bless us!



And al - so to the na - tions show Christ's rich - es with - out
Thy peo - ple's pas - ture is Thy Word Their souls to feed and
Let all the world praise Him a - lone, Let sol - emn awe pos -



mea - sure And un - to God con - vert them.
nour - ish, In righ - teous paths to keep them.
sess us. Now let our hearts say, "A - men!"

COMMUNION HYMN

724 IF GOD HIMSELF BE FOR ME



1 If God Him - self be for me, I may a host de - fy;
2 I build on this foun - da - tion, That Je - sus and His blood
3 Christ Je - sus is my splen - dor, My sun, my light, a - lone;
4 He can - celed my of - fens - es, De - liv - ered me from death;



For when I pray, be - fore me My foes, con - found - ed, fly.
A - lone are my sal - va - tion, My true, e - ter - nal good.
Were He not my de - fend - er Be - fore God's judg - ment throne,
He is the Lord who cleans - es My soul from sin through faith.



If Christ, my head and mas - ter, Be - friend me from a - bove,
With - out Him all that pleas - es Is val - ue - less on earth;
I nev - er should find fa - vor And mer - cy in His sight,
In Him I can be cheer - ful, Cou - ra - geous on my way;



What foe or what dis - as - ter Can drive me from His love?
The gifts I have from Je - sus A - lone have price - less worth.
But be de - stroyed for - ev - er As dark - ness by the light.
In Him I am not fear - ful Of God's great Judg - ment Day.

**5 For no one can condemn me
Or set my hope aside;
Now hell no more can claim me:
Its fury I deride.
No sentence now reproves me,
No guilt destroys my peace;
For Christ, my Savior, loves me
And shields me with His grace.**

**6 Who clings with resolution
To Him whom Satan hates
Must look for persecution;
For him the burden waits**

Of mock'ry, shame, and losses
Heaped on his blameless head;
A thousand plagues and crosses
Will be his daily bread.

- 7 From me this is not hidden,
Yet I am not afraid;
I leave my cares, as bidden,
To whom my vows were paid.
Though life from me be taken
And ev'rything I own,
I trust in You unshaken
And cleave to You alone.
- 8 No danger, thirst, or hunger,
No pain or poverty,
No earthly tyrant's anger
Shall ever vanquish me.
Though earth should break asunder,
My fortress You shall be;
No fire or sword or thunder
Shall sever You from me.
- 9 No angel and no gladness,
No throne, no pomp, no show,
No love, no hate, no sadness,
No pain, no depth of woe,
No scheming, no contrivance,
No subtle thing or great
Shall draw me from Your guidance
Nor from You separate.
- 10 My heart with joy is springing;
I am no longer sad.
My soul is filled with singing;
Your sunshine makes me glad.
The sun that cheers my spirit
Is Jesus Christ, my King;
The heav'n I shall inherit
Makes me rejoice and sing.