






Lubec


Tr.  5
1. Let all our tongues be one To praise our God on high, Who from his
2. It cost him cries and tears To bring us near to God; Great was our

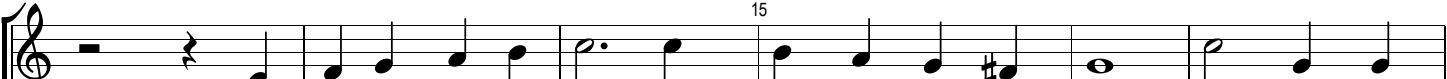
T.  8
3. In - fi - nite was our guilt, But he, our Priest, a - tones; On the cold
4. There, on the cur - sed tree, In dy - ing pangs he lies. Ful - fills his

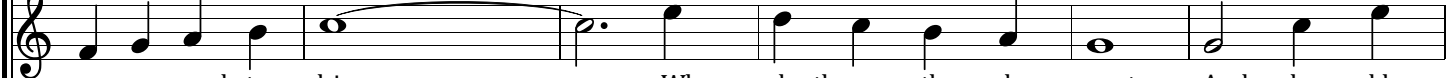
B.  5. While the e - ter - nal three Bear ther re - cord a - bove, Here I be -

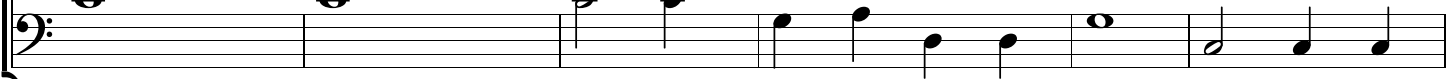
Tr.  10
bo - som sent his Son To fetch us stran - gers nigh.
debt, and he ap - pears To make the ay - ment good.


T.  8
ground his life was spilled, And of - fered with his groans. Look
Fa - ther's great de - cree, And all our want sup - plies. Thus


B.  lieve he died for me, And seal my Sa - vior's love. Lord, cleanse my soul from


Tr.  15
Nor let our voi - ces cease To sing the Sa - vior's name; Je - sus, th'am -
My Sa - vior's pier - ced side Poured out a dou - ble flood; By wa - ter

T.  8
up, my soul, to him, Whose death was thy de - sert, And hum - bly
the Re - dee - mer came By wa - ter and by blood; And when the

B.  sin, Nor let thy grace de - part; Great Com - for -

Tr.  20 1. 2.
bas - sa - dor of peace, How cheer - ful - ly he came! Nor
we are pu - ri - fied, And par - doned by his blood. My

T.  8
view the li - ving stream Flow from his brea - king heart. Look
Spi - rit speaks the same, We feel his wit - ness good. Thus

B.  ter, a - bide with - in, And wit - ness to my heart. Lord,