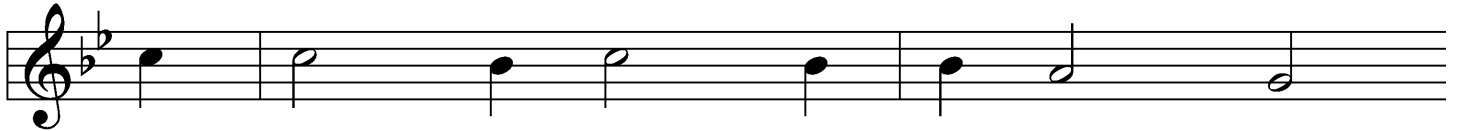


# O Wondrous Type! O Vision Fair

LSB 413



1 O won - drous type! O vi - sion fair  
2 With Mo - ses and E - li - jah nigh  
3 With shin - ing face and bright ar - ray  
4 And faith - ful hearts are raised on high  
△ 5 O Fa - ther, with the e - ter - nal Son



Of glo - ry that the Church may share,  
The in - car - nate Lord holds con - verse high;  
Christ deigns to man - i - fest to - day  
By this great vi - sion's mys - ter - y,  
And Ho - ly Spir - it ev - er one,



Which Christ up - on the moun - tain shows,  
And from the cloud the Ho - ly One  
What glo - ry shall be theirs a - bove  
For which in joy - ful strains we raise  
We pray Thee, bring us by Thy grace



Where bright - er than the sun He glows!  
Bears rec - ord to the on - ly Son.  
Who joy in God with per - fect love.  
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.  
To see Thy glo - ry face to face.

Text: Sarum Breviary, 1495, Salisbury; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.

Tune: English, 15th cent.

Text and tune: Public domain

# Open Now Thy Gates of Beauty

LSB 901 sts. 1-2, 5



1 O - pen now thy gates of beau - ty; Zi - on, let me  
2 Gra - cious God, I come be - fore Thee; Come Thou al - so  
5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee; Let Thy will be



en - ter there, Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty  
un - to me. Where we find Thee and a - dore Thee,  
done in - deed. May I un - dis - turbed draw near Thee



Waits for Him who an - swers prayer. Oh, how bless - ed  
There a heav'n on earth must be. To my heart, O  
While Thou dost Thy peo - ple feed. Here of life the



is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace!  
en - ter Thou; Let it be Thy tem - ple now!  
foun - tain flows; Here is balm for all our woes.

Text: Benjamin Schmolck, 1672-1737; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.

Tune: Joachim Neander, 1650-80

Text and tune: Public domain

# O Bless the Lord, My Soul

LSB 814



1 O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join  
2 O bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let His mer - cies lie  
3 'Tis He for - gives thy sins; 'Tis He re - lieves thy pain;  
4 He crowns thy life with love When ran - somed from the grave;



And aid my tongue to bless His name Whose fa - vors are di - vine.  
For - got - ten in un - thank - ful - ness And with - out prais - es die!  
'Tis He that heals thy sick - ness - es And makes thee young a - gain.  
He that re - deemed my soul from hell Hath sov - 'reign pow'r to save.

- 5 He fills the poor with good;  
He gives the sufferers rest.  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud  
And justice for th'oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known,  
But sent the world His truth and grace  
By His beloved Son.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

Tune: Aaron Williams, 1731–76

Text and tune: Public domain

# Jesus on the Mountain Peak

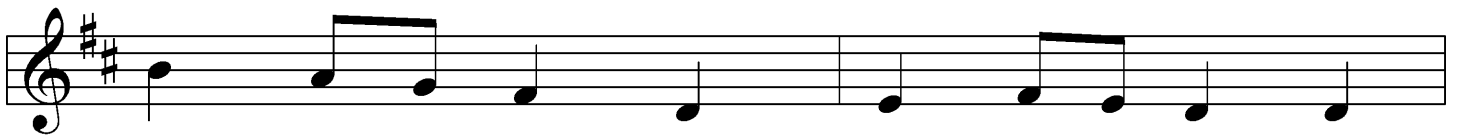
LSB 415



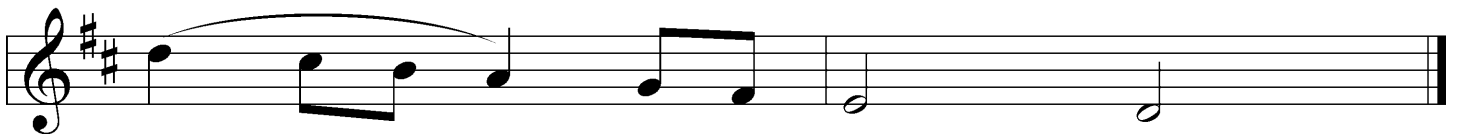
1 Je - sus on the moun - tain peak      Stands a - lone in  
2 Trem - bling at His feet we saw      Mo - ses and E -  
3 Swift the cloud of glo - ry came:      God pro - claim - ing  
4 This is God's be - lov - ed Son!      Law and proph - ets



glo - ry blaz - ing; Let us, if we dare to speak,  
li - jah speak - ing. All the proph - ets and the law  
in its thun - der Je - sus as the Son by name!  
sing be - fore Him, First and Last and on - ly One.



Join the saints and an - gels prais - ing.  
Shout through them their joy - ful greet - ing:  
Na - tions, cry a - loud in won - der,  
All cre - a - tion shall a - dore Him!



Al - le - lu - ia!  
Al - le - lu - ia!  
Al - le - lu - ia!  
Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Brian Wren, 1936

Tune: Theodore A. Beck, 1929–2003, alt.

Text: © 1977 Hope Publishing Co. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110000749

Tune: © 1998 Theodore A. Beck. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110000749

# Alleluia, Song of Gladness

LSB 417



1 Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that  
2 Al - le - lu - ia, thou re - sound - est, True Je - ru - sa -  
3 Al - le - lu - ia can - not al - ways Be our song while  
4 There - fore in our hymns we pray Thee, Grant us, bless - ed



can - not die; Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them  
lem and free; Al - le - lu - ia, joy - ful moth - er,  
here be - low; Al - le - lu - ia, our trans - gres - sions  
Trin - i - ty, At the last to keep Thine Eas - ter



Ev - er raised by choirs on high; In the house of  
All thy chil - dren sing with thee, But by Bab - y -  
Make us for a while for - go; For the sol - emn  
With Thy faith - ful saints on high; There to Thee for -



God a - bid - ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.  
lon's sad wa - ters Mourn - ing ex - iles now are we.  
time is com - ing When our tears for sin must flow.  
ev - er sing - ing Al - le - lu - ia joy - ful - ly.

Text: Latin, c. 11th cent.; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.

Tune: John Goss, 1800–80

Text and tune: Public domain