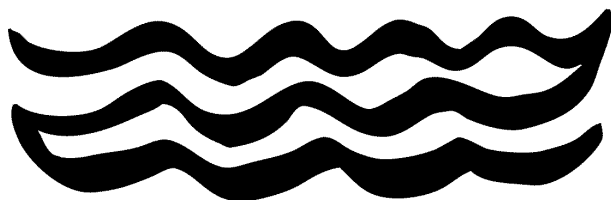
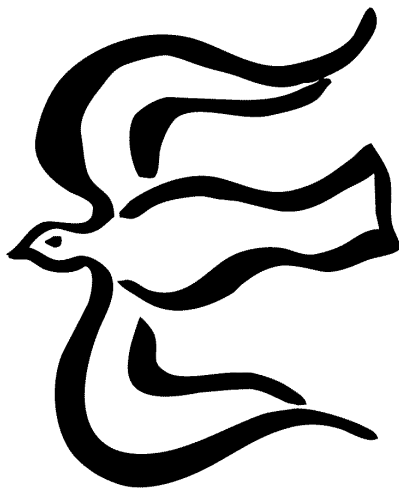


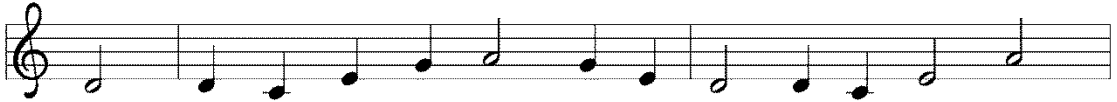
# **Large Print Hymns**



**March 1, 2026**



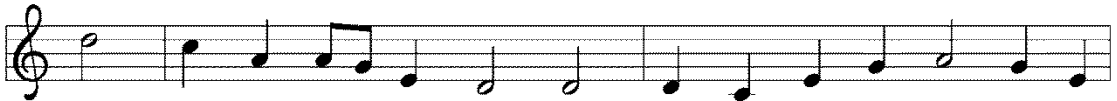
# What Wondrous Love Is This



1 What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What  
2 When I was sink - ing down, sink - ing down, sink - ing down, when  
3 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing; to  
4 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; and



won - drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is this  
I was sink - ing down, sink - ing down, when I was sink - ing down  
God and to the Lamb I will sing; to God and to the Lamb,  
when from death I'm free, I'll sing on; and when from death I'm free,



that caused the Lord of bliss to bear the dread-ful curse for my  
be - neath God's righ-teous frown, Christ laid a - side his crown for my  
who is the great I AM, while mil - lions join the theme, I will  
I'll sing God's love for me, and through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing



soul, for my soul, to bear the dread-ful curse for my soul?  
soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side his crown for my soul.  
sing, I will sing, while mil - lions join the theme, I will sing.  
on, I'll sing on; and through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on.

Text: North American folk hymn, 19th cent., alt.

Music: WONDROUS LOVE, W. Walker, *Southern Harmony*, 1835

# Mothering God, You Gave Me Birth



1 Moth - er - ing God, you gave me birth in the bright  
2 Moth - er - ing Christ, you took my form, of - fer - ing  
3 Moth - er - ing Spir - it, nur - t'ring one, in arms of



morn - ing of this world. Cre - a - tor, source of ev - 'ry  
me your food of light, grain . . . of life, and grape of  
pa - tience hold me close, so that in faith I root and



breath, you are my rain, my wind, my sun.  
love, your ver - y bod - y for my peace.  
grow un - til I flow'r, un - til I know.

Text: Jean Janzen, b. 1933; based on Julian of Norwich, c. 1342–c. 1413

Music: NORWICH, Carolyn Jennings, b. 1936

Text © 1991 Jean Janzen, admin. Augsburg Fortress.

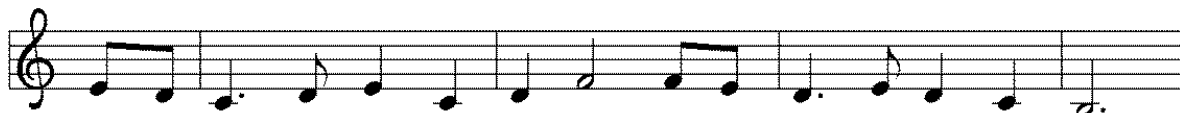
Music © 1995 Augsburg Fortress.

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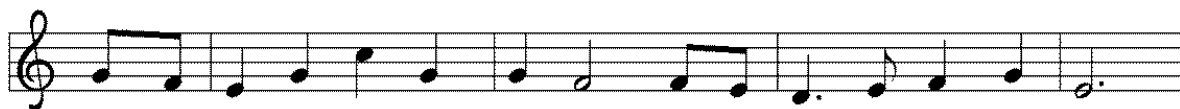
# We Are Baptized in Christ Jesus



1 We are bap-tized in Christ Je - sus, we are bap - tized in his death;  
2 In the wa - ter and the wit - ness, in the break - ing of the bread,  
3 Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, glo - ry be to Christ the Son,



that as Christ is raised vic - to - rious, we might live a brand new life.  
in the wait - ing arms of Je - sus who is ris - en from the dead,  
glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it, ev - er three and ev - er one;



And if we have been u - nit - ed in a dread - ful death like his,  
God has made a new be - gin - ning from the ash - es of our past;  
as it was in the be - gin - ning, glo - ry now re - sounds a - gain



we will all be re - u - nit - ed, for he lives.  
in the los - ing and the win - ning we hold fast.  
in a song that has no end - ing. . . . A - men.

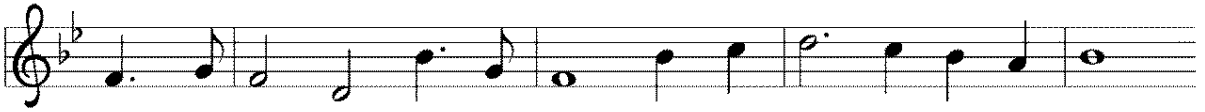
Text: John C. Ylvisaker, b. 1937

Music: OUIMETTE, John C. Ylvisaker

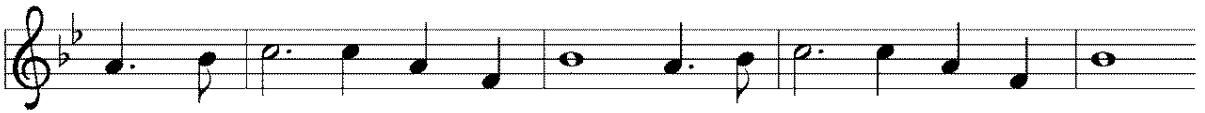
Text and music © 1985 John C. Ylvisaker

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## Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me



- 1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee;
- 2 Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill thy law's de - mands;
- 3 Noth - ing in my hand I bring; sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
- 4 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when mine eye - lids close in death,



let the wa - ter and the blood, from thy riv - en side which flowed,  
could my zeal no res - pite know, could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
Na - ked, come to thee for dress; help - less, look to thee for grace;  
when I soar to worlds un - known, see thee on thy judg - ment throne,

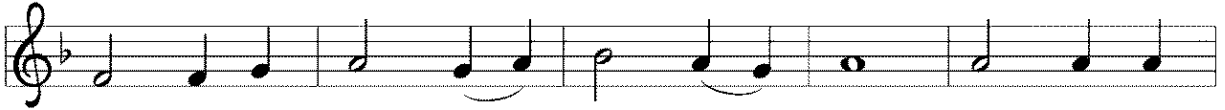


be of sin the dou - ble cure; cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.  
all for sin could not a - tone; thou must save, and thou a - lone.  
foul, I to the foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.  
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.

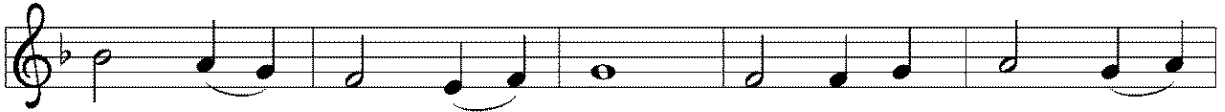
Text: Augustus M. Toplady, 1740–1778

Music: TOPLADY, Thomas Hastings, 1784–1872

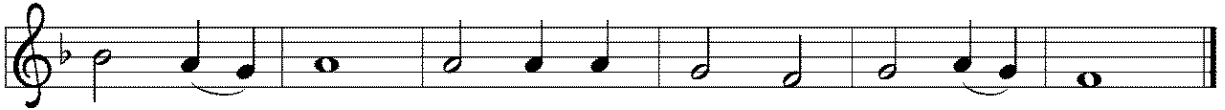
# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the  
2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast save in the  
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and  
4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a



prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I  
death of Christ, my God; all the vain things that  
love flow min - gled down. Did e'er such love and  
pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,



count but loss and pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

Music: HAMBURG, Lowell Mason, 1792–1872

