

The Hymns

Adoration

OPENING OF SERVICE

Open Now Thy Gates of Beauty

1

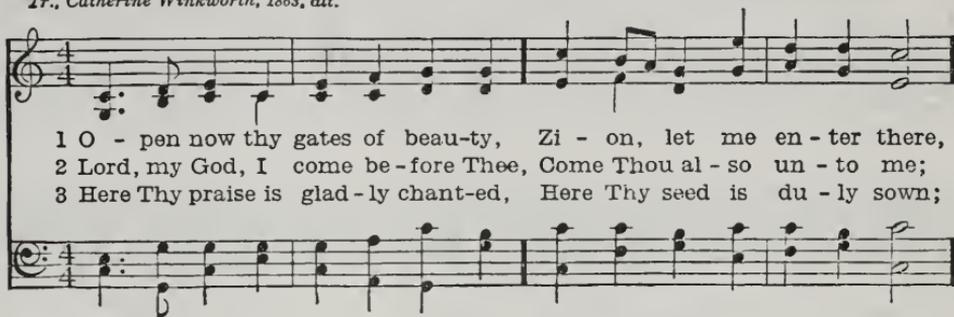
Ps. 100: 4

Tut mir auf die schöne Pforte
Benjamin Schmolck, 1732, cento
Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

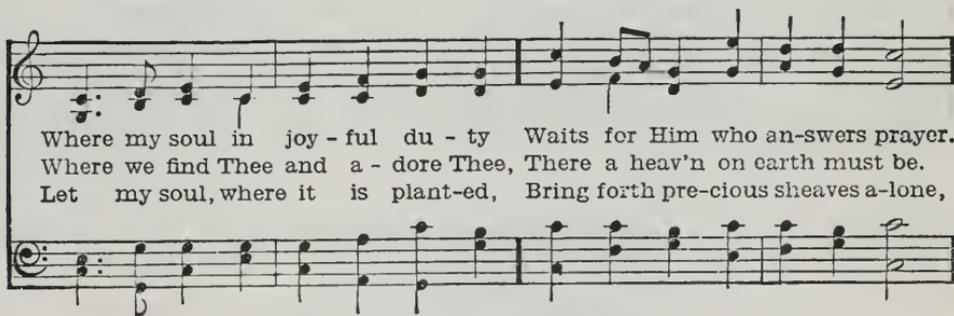
8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Neander

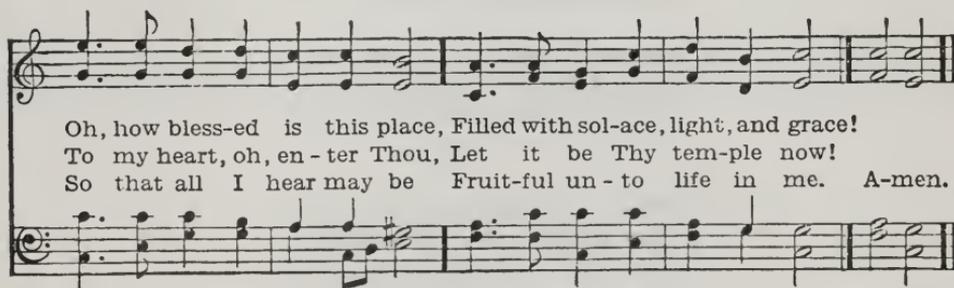
Joachim Neander, 1680



1 O - pen now thy gates of beau-ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,
2 Lord, my God, I come be - fore Thee, Come Thou al - so un - to me;
3 Here Thy praise is glad - ly chant-ed, Here Thy seed is du - ly sown;



Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer.
Where we find Thee and a - dore Thee, There a heav'n on earth must be.
Let my soul, where it is plant-ed, Bring forth pre - cious sheaves a - lone,



Oh, how bless-ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace!
To my heart, oh, en - ter Thou, Let it be Thy tem - ple now!
So that all I hear may be Fruit - ful un - to life in me. A - men.

- 4 Thou my faith increase and quicken, 5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let me keep Thy gift divine, Let Thy will be done indeed;
Howso'er temptations thicken; May I undisturbed draw near Thee
May Thy Word still o'er me shine While Thou dost Thy people feed.
As my guiding star through life, Here of life the fountain flows,
As my comfort in my strife. Here is balm for all our woes.

2 To Thy Temple I Repair

7. 7. 7. 7.

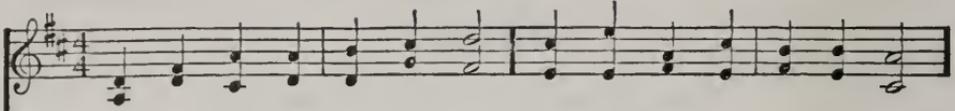
Gott sei Dank

Heb. 9: 14

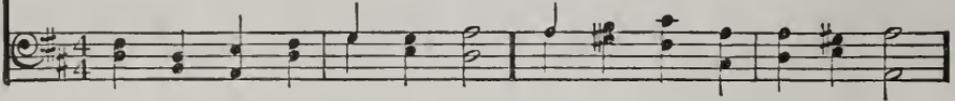
"Neues geistreiches Gesangbuch"

James Montgomery, 1813

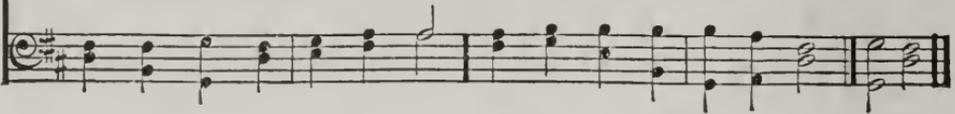
Halle, 1706



1 To Thy tem-ple I re-pair; Lord, I love to wor-ship there
 2 I through Him am rec-on-ciled, I through Him be-come Thy child.
 3 While Thy glo-rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un-loose my tongue,



When with-in the veil I meet Christ be-fore the mer-cy-seat.
 Ab - ba, Fa-ther, give me grace In Thy courts to seek Thy face.
 That my joy-ful soul may bless Christ the Lord, my Righteousness. Amen.



4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of Love, to mine attend.
 Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

5 While I hearken to Thy Law,
 Fill my soul with humble awe
 Till Thy Gospel bring to me
 Life and immortality.

6 While Thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon in Thy name,
 Through their voice, by faith, may I
 Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

7 From Thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn,
 And at evening let me say,
 "I have walked with God today."

Lord Jesus Christ, Be Present Now

Ps. 95: 2

Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend

Author unknown, 1651

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

L. M.

Herr Jesu Christ, dich
"Cantionale Germanicum"
Dresden, 1623

1 Lord Je - sus Christ, be pres - ent now, Our
2 Un - seal our lips to sing Thy praise, Our

hearts in true de - vo - tion bow, Thy Spir - it send with
souls to Thee in wor - ship raise, Make strong our faith, in -

grace di - vine, And let Thy truth with - in us shine.
crease our light That we may know Thy name a - right: A - men.

3 Until we join the hosts that cry,
"Holy art Thou, O Lord, most high!"
And in the light of that blest place
Fore'er behold Thee face to face.

4 Glory to God the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To Thee, O blessèd Trinity,
Be praise throughout eternity!

God Himself Is Present

Hab. 2: 20

6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8. 3. 3. 6. 6.

Gott ist gegenwärtig

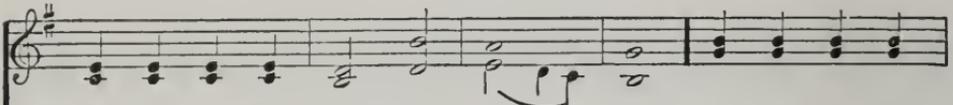
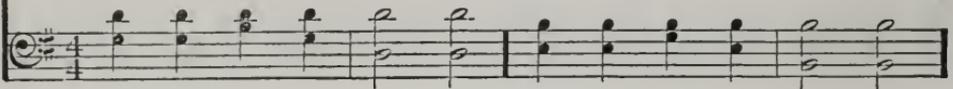
Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729, cento

Tr., Frederick W. Foster, c. 1826, alt.

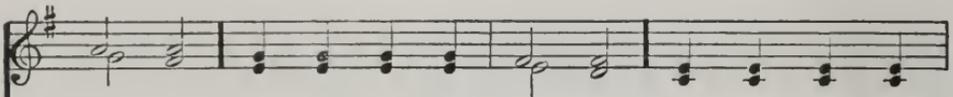
Wunderbarer König
Joachim Neander, 1680



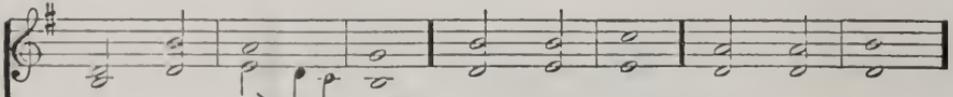
1 God Him-self is pres-ent: Let us now a-dore Him
2 God Him-self is pres-ent: Hear the harps re-sound-ing;
3 O Thou Fount of bless-ing, Pu-ri-fy my spir-it,



And with awe ap-pear be-fore Him. God is in His
See the hosts the throne sur-round-ing! "Ho-ly, ho-ly,
Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer--it. Like the ho-ly



tem-ple— All with-in keep si-lence, Pros-trate lie with
ho-ly"— Hear the hymn as-cend-ing, Songs of saints and
an-gels, Who be-hold Thy glo-ry, May I cease-less-



deep-est rev-'rence. Him a-lone God we own,
an-gels blend-ing. Bow Thine ear To us here:
ly a-dore Thee. Let Thy will Ev-er still



God Himself Is Present

Him, our God and Sav - ior; Praise His name for - ev - er.
 Hear, O Christ, the prais - es That Thy Church now rais - es.
 Rule Thy Church ter - res - trial As the hosts ce - les - tial. A - men.

Lord, Open Thou My Heart to Hear

5

Ps. 119: 140

L. M.

Herr, öffne mir die Herzenstür
 Johannes Olearius, 1671
 Tr., Matthias Loy, 1880

Erhalt uns, Herr
 "Geistliche Lieder"
 Wittenberg, 1548

1 Lord, o - pen Thou my heart to hear And through Thy
 2 Thy Word doth deep - ly move the heart, Thy Word doth
 3 To God the Fa - ther, God the Son, And God the

Word to me draw near; Let me Thy Word e'er pure re -
 per - fect health im - part, Thy Word my soul with joy doth
 Spir - it, Three in One, Shall glo - ry, praise, and hon - or

tain, Let me Thy child and heir re - main.
 bless, Thy Word brings peace and hap - pi - ness.
 be Now and through-out e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

6

Kyrie, God Father in Heaven Above

Ps. 28 : 2

Kyrie, Gott Vater in Ewigkeit

From the Latin, c. 1100

German author unknown, c. 1541

Tr., W. Gustave Polack, 1939

Irregular

Kyrie, Gott Vater

Based on "Kyrie fons bonitatis," c. 800

Kyr - i - e, God Fa - ther in heav'n a - bove, Great art Thou in

grace and love, Of all things the Mak - er and Pre - serv - er.

E - le - i - son, e - le - i - son! Kyr - i - e, O

Christ, our King, Sal - va - tion for sin - ners Thou didst bring.

O Lord Je - sus, God's own Son, Our Me - di - a - tor at the

Kyrie, God Father in Heaven Above

heav'n-ly throne, Hear our cry and grant our sup-pli - ca - tion.

E - le - i - son, e - le - i - son! Kyr - i - e; O

God the Ho - ly Ghost, Guard our faith, the gift we need the most;

Do Thou our last hour bless; Let us leave this sin - ful world with

glad - ness. E - le - i - son, e - le - i - son! A - men.

7

As We Begin Another Week

Rev. 1: 10

Heut' fangen wir in Gottes Nam'n

Martin Wandersleben, 11668

Tr., W. Gustave Polack, 1940

L. M.

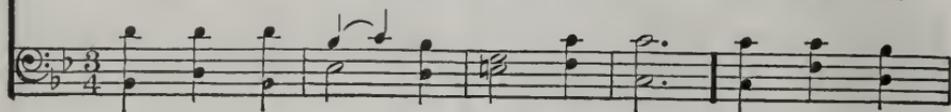
Herr Jesu Christ, mein's

"As Hymnodus Sacer"

Leipzig, 1625



1 As we be - gin an - oth - er week, In Je - sus'
 2 Thy gen - tle bless - ings, Lord, out - pour On all our



name this boon we seek: God, grant that thro' these sev - en
 la - bor ev - er - more; Our hearts with Thy good Spir - it



days No e - vil may be - fall our ways.
 fill That we may glad - ly do Thy will. A - men.



3 In every season, every place
 May we regard Thy Word of grace
 Until, when life's brief day is past
 We reach eternal joy at last

4 And keep with angels in Thy rest
 The endless Sabbaths of the blest.
 This grant to us through Christ, Thy Son,
 Who reigns with Thee upon Thy throne.

Father, Who the Light This Day

7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Gen. 1: 3

Julia A. Elliot, 1855, cento, alt.

Fred til Bod

Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1871

1 Fa - ther, who the light this day Out of dark-ness didst cre - ate,
2 Sav - ior, who this day didst break The dark pris-on of the tomb,

Shine up - on us now, we pray, While with-in Thy courts we wait.
Bid our slum-b'ring souls a - wake, Shine thro' all their sin and gloom;

Wean us from the works of night, Make us chil-dren of the light.
Let us, from our bonds set free, Rise from sin and live to Thee. A - men.

3 Blessed Spirit, Comforter,

Sent this day from Christ on high,

Lord, on us Thy gifts confer,

Cleanse, illumine, sanctify.

All Thy fulness shed abroad;

Lead us to the truth of God.

Day of Rest and Gladness

Ps. 118: 24

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862, cento, alt.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Ellaconbe

"Gesangbuch d. Herzogl.
Württemberg. Hofkapelle," 1784


1 O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2 On thee at the Cre - a - tion The light first had its birth;
3 Thou art a cool - ing foun - tain In life's dry, drear - y sand;



O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright,
On thee for our sal - va - tion Christ rose from depths of earth;
From thee, like Ne - bo's moun - tain, We view our Prom - ised Land;



On thee the high and low - ly Be - fore th' e - ter - nal throne
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from heav'n,
A day of sweet re - fec - tion, A day of ho - ly love,



Sing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great Three in One.
And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A three - fold light was giv'n.
A day of res - ur - rec - tion From earth to things a - bove. A - men.

© Day of Rest and Gladness

4 Today on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

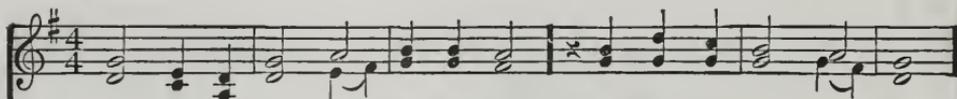
This Is the Day the Lord Hath Made

10

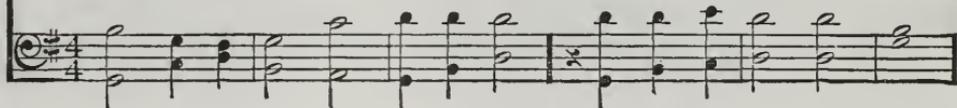
Ps. 118: 24
Isaac Watts, 1719

C. M.

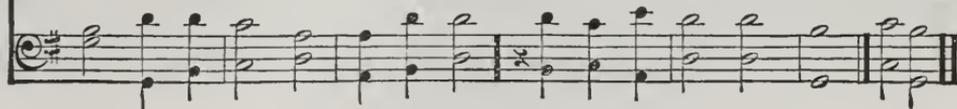
Nun danket all'
Johann Crüger, 1653



1 This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own;
2 To - day He rose and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em - pire fell;
3 Ho - san - na to th' a-noint-ed King, To Da-vid's ho - ly Son!



Let heav'n re-joyce, let earth be glad And praise surround the throne.
To - day the saints His triumphs spread And all His won - ders tell.
Help us, O Lord; de-scend and bring Sal - va-tion from the throne. A-men.



4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise.
The highest heavens, in which He reigns;
Shall give Him nobler praise.

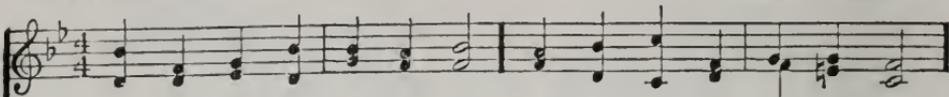
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Safely through Another Week

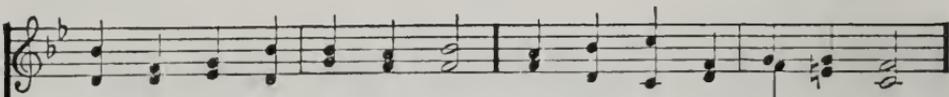
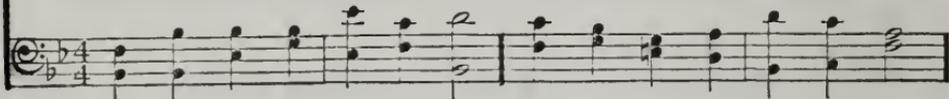
Ps. 65: 4

John Newton, 1774. *alt.*

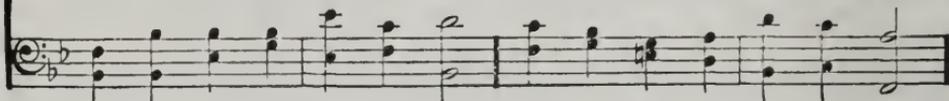
7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Voller Wunder
Johann G. Ebeling, 1668

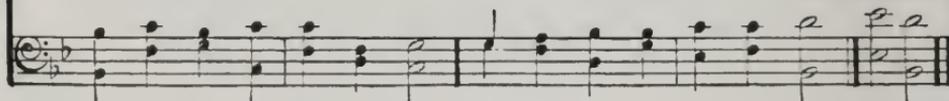
1 Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
 2 Mer - cies mul - ti - plied each hour Thro' the week our praise de - mand;
 3 While we pray for par - d'ning grace Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name,



Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:
 Guard - ed by al - might - y pow'r, Fed and guid - ed by His hand,
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Look not on our sin and shame.



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 How un - grate - ful we have been In re - pay - ing love with sin!
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee! A - men.



4 As we come Thy name to praise,
 May we feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes
 While we in Thy house appear!
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

5 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints.
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
 Till we join the Church above.

Gen. 1: 5
William W. How, 1871

L. M.

Winchester New
"Musikalisches Handbuch"
Hamburg, 1690

1 This day at Thy cre - at - ing word First o'er the
2 This day the Lord for sin - ners slain In might vic -
3 This day the Ho - ly Spir - it came With fi - ery

earth the light was poured: O Lord, this day up -
to - rious rose a - gain: O Je - sus, may we
tongues of clo - ven flame: O Spir - it, fill our

on us shine And fill our souls with light di - vine.
rais - ed be From death of sin to life in Thee!
hearts this day With grace to hear and grace to pray. A - men.

4 O day of light and life and grace,
From earthly toil sweet resting-place,
Thy hallowed hours, blest gift of love,
Give we again to God above.

5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore
Forever and forevermore.

13

Before Jehovah's Awe-full Throne

L. M.

Ps. 106
Isaac Watts, 1719, alt.

Old Hundredth
"Genevan Psalter," 1551

1 Be - fore Je - ho - vah's awe - full throne, Ye na - tions,
2 His sov - 'reign pow'r, with - out our aid, Made us of
3 We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls and

bow with sa - cred joy. Know that the Lord is God a -
clay and formed us men; And when like wan - d'ring sheep we
all our mor - tal frame. What last - ing hon - ors shall we

lone; He can cre - ate and He de - stroy.
strayed, He brought us to His fold a - gain.
rear, Al - might - y Mak - er, to Thy name? A - men.

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

All People that on Earth do Dwell

L. M.

Ps. 100
William Kethe, 1561

Old Hundredth
"Genevan Psalter," 1551

1 All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the
2 The Lord, ye know, is God in - deed; With - out our
3 Oh, en - ter, then, His gates with praise, Ap - proach with

Lord with cheer - ful voice. Him serve with fear, His praise forth -
aid He did us make. We are His folk; He doth us
joy His courts un - to; Praise, laud, and bless His name al -

tell; Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
ways, For it is seem - ly so to do. A - men.

4 For why? The Lord, our God, is good;
His mercy is forever sure.
His truth at all times firmly stood
And shall from age to age endure.

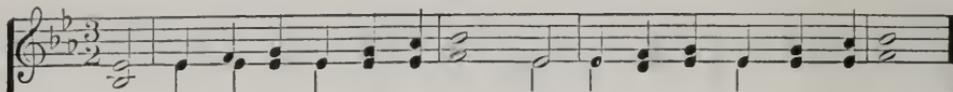
5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel host
Be praise and glory evermore.

15 From All that Dwell below the Skies

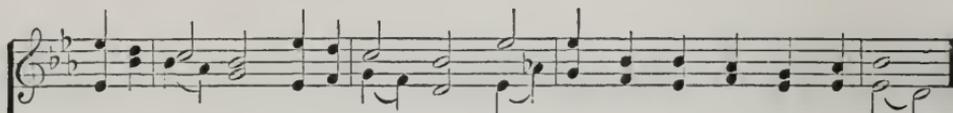
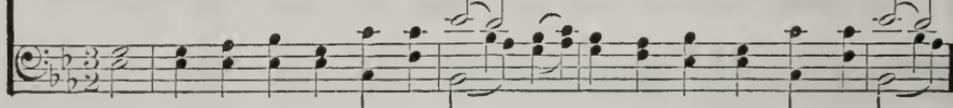
L. M. with Alleluias

Ps. 117
Isaac Watts, 1719

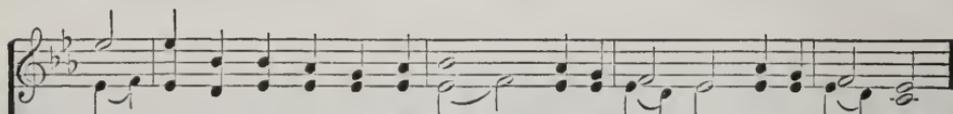
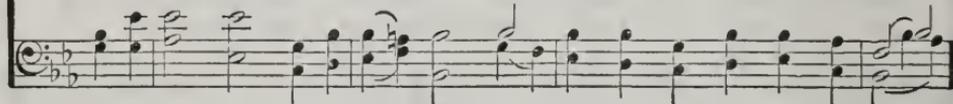
Lasst uns erfreuen
"Geistliche Kirchengesäng"
Cologne, 1623



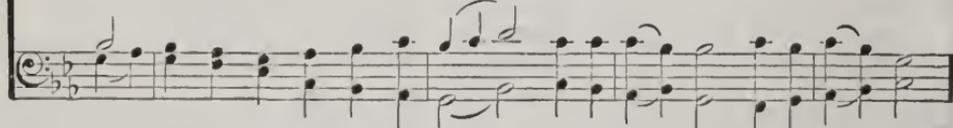
1 From all that dwell be-low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2 E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy Word:



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore



Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.



Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word

Luke 11 : 28

Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier

St. 1-3, Tobias Clausnitzer, 1667

St. 4, author unknown, 1707

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1858

Tr., st. 4, unknown

7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8.

Liebster Jesu

Johann R. Ahle, 1664

1 Bless - ed Je - sus, at Thy word We are gath - ered
 2 All our knowl - edge, sense, and sight Lie in deep - est
 3 Glo - rious Lord, Thy - self im - part, Light of Light, from
 4 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise to Thee and

all to hear Thee; Let our hearts and souls be stirred
 dark - ness shroud - ed Till Thy Spir - it breaks our night
 God pro - ceed - ing; O - pen Thou our ears and heart,
 ad - o - ra - tion! Grant that we Thy Word may trust

Now to seek and love and fear Thee, By Thy teach - ings,
 With the beams of truth un - cloud - ed. Thou a - lone to
 Help us by Thy Spir - it's plead - ing; Hear the cry Thy
 And ob - tain true con - so - la - tion While we here be -

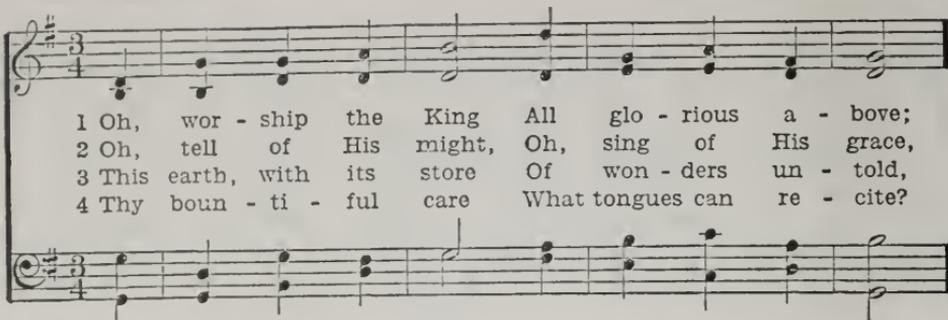
sweet and ho - ly, Drawn from earth to love Thee sole - ly.
 God canst win us; Thou must work all good with - in us.
 peo - ple rais - es, Hear and bless our prayers and prais - es.
 low must wan - der, Till we sing Thy prais - es yon - der. A - men.

Oh, Worship the King

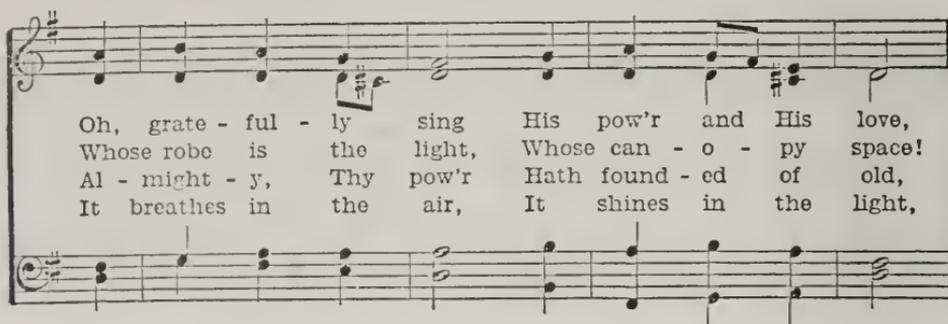
5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

Ps. 104
Robert Grant, 1853, alt.

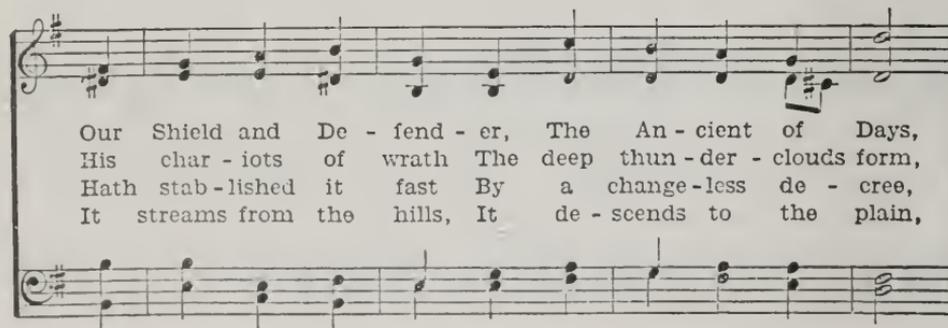
Hanover
"New Version," Supplement, 1703



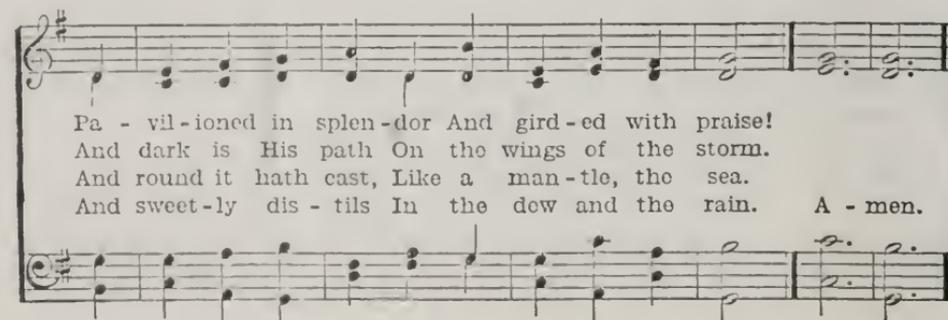
1 Oh, wor - ship the King All glo - rious a - bove;
2 Oh, tell of His might, Oh, sing of His grace,
3 This earth, with its store Of won - ders un - told,
4 Thy boun - ti - ful care What tongues can re - cite?



Oh, grate - ful - ly sing His pow'r and His love,
Whose robe is the light, Whose can - o - py space!
Al - might - y, Thy pow'r Hath found - ed of old,
It breathes in the air, It shines in the light,



Our Shield and De - fend - er, The An - cient of Days,
His char - iots of wrath The deep thun - der - clouds form,
Hath stab - lished it fast By a change - less de - cree,
It streams from the hills, It de - scends to the plain,



Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor And gird - ed with praise!
And dark is His path On the wings of the storm.
And round it hath cast, Like a man - tle, the sea.
And sweet - ly dis - tils In the dew and the rain. A - men.

Ob, Worship the King

5 Frail children of dust
 And feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust
 Nor find Thee to fail.
 Thy mercies, how tender,
 How firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might,
 Ineffable Love,
 While angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 Thy humbler creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall sing to Thy praise.

Lord, We Come Before Thee Now

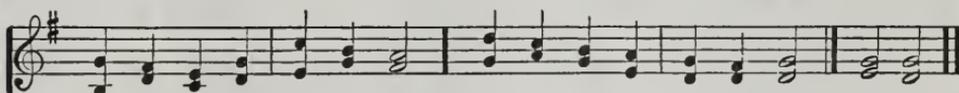
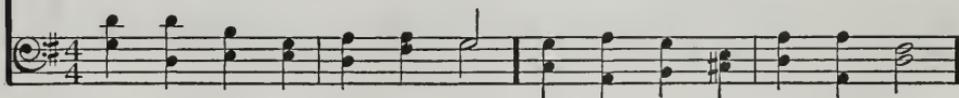
7. 7. 7. 7.

Ps. 27: 8
 William Hammond, 1745
 Cento by Martin Madan, 1760

Vienna
 Justin H. Knecht, 1797



1 Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
 2 Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend,
 3 In Thine own ap - point - ed way Now we seek Thee, here we stay.
 4 Send some mes - sage from Thy Word That may joy and peace af - ford;



Oh, do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 Lord, we know not how to go Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
 Let Thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart. A - men.



5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return;
 Those that are cast down lift up,
 Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a gracious God and kind.
 Heal the sick, the captive free;
 Let us all rejoice in Thee.

19 All Praise to God, Who Reigns Above

Dent. 32: 3

Sei Lob und Ehr' dem höchsten Gut

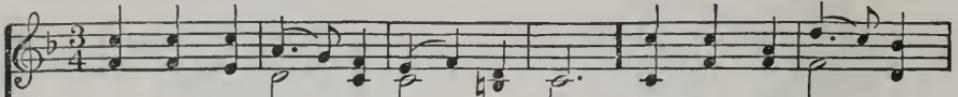
Johann J. Schütz, 1675, cento

Tr., composite

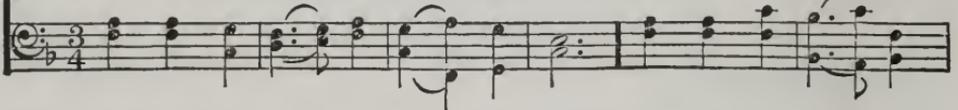
8 7. 8 7. 8 8 7.

Lobet den Herrn, ihr

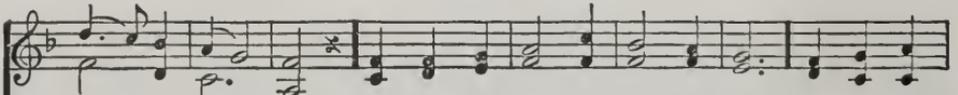
Melchior Vulpius, 1609



1 All praise to God, who reigns a - bove, The God of all cro-
 2 What God's al-might - y pow'r hath made His gra-cious mer - cy
 3 I cried to Him in time of need: Lord God, oh, hear my
 4 The Lord for-sak - eth not His flock, His cho-sen gen - er-



a - tion, The God of won - ders, pow'r, and love, The God of
 keep - eth; By morn-ing dawn or eve - ning shade His watch-ful
 call - ing! For death He gave me life in - deed And kept my
 a - tion; He is their Ref - uge and their Rock, Their Peace and



our sal - va - tion! With heal-ing balm my soul He fills, The God who
 eye ne'er sleep - eth; With - in the king - dom of His might, Lo, all is
 feet from fall - ing. For this my thanks shall endless be; Oh, thank Him,
 their Sal - va - tion. As with a moth - er's ten - der hand He leads His



ev - 'ry sor - row stills, — To God all praise and glo - ry!
 just and all is right, — To God all praise and glo - ry!
 thank our God, with me, — To God all praise and glo - ry!
 own, His cho - sen band, — To God all praise and glo - ry! A - men.



21 Jehovah, Let Me Now Adore Thee

John 16 : 23. Gal. 4 : 6

9. 10. 9. 10. 10. 10.

Dir, dir, Jehova. will ich singen

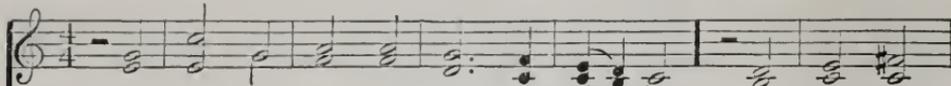
Dir, dir, Jehova

Bartholomäus Crasselius, 1697, cento

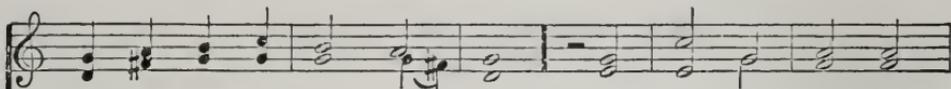
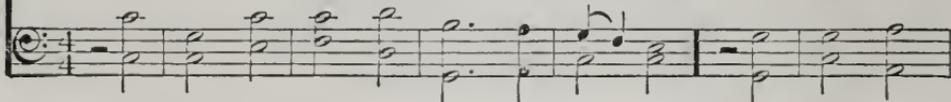
"Geistreiches Gesangbuch"

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

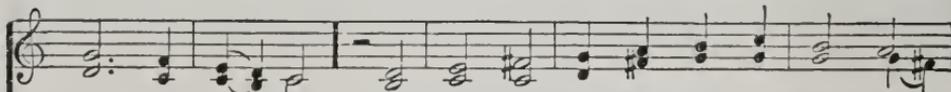
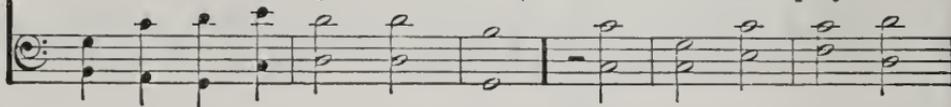
Halle, 1704



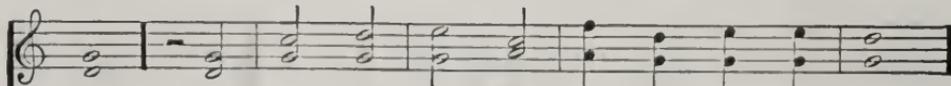
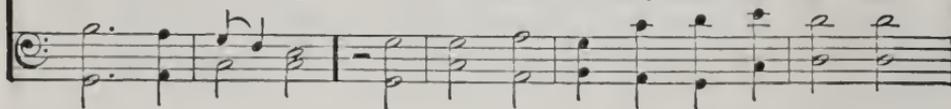
1 Je - ho - vah, let me now a - dore Thee, For where is
 2 O Fa - ther, draw me to my Sav - ior That Thy dear
 3 Grant that Thy Spir - it prompt my prais - es, Then shall my
 4 For He can plead for me with sigh - ings That are un -



there a God such, Lord, as Thou? With songs I fain would
 Son may draw me un - to Thee; Thy Spir - it guide my
 sing - ing sure - ly please Thine ear; Sweet are the sounds my
 speak - a - ble to lips like mine; He bids me pray with



come be - fore Thee; Oh, let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it teach me
 whole be - hav - ior And rule both sense and rea - son thus in
 heart then rais - es, My prayer in truth and spir - it Thou wilt
 ear - nest cry - ings, Bears wit - ness with my soul that I am



now To praise Thee in His name thro' whom a - lone
 me That, Lord, Thy peace from me may ne'er de - part,
 hear. Then shall Thy Spir - it raise my heart to Thee
 Thine, Joint heir with Christ, and thus may dare to say:



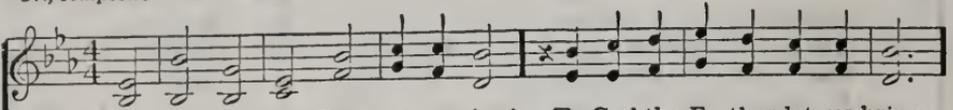
Jehovah, Let Me Now Adore Thee

Hallelujah! Let Praises Ring

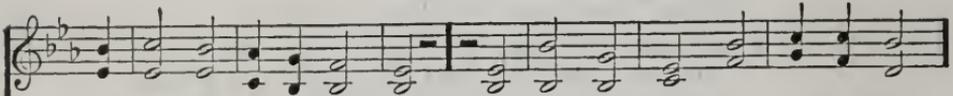
Rev. 19:1
Halleluja! Lob, Preis und Ehr'
Author unknown, 1698
Tr., composite

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 4. 4. 4. 4. 8.

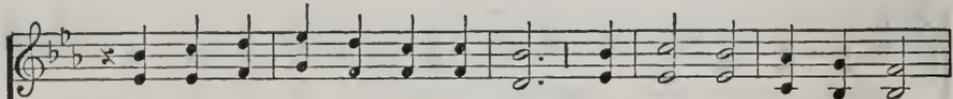
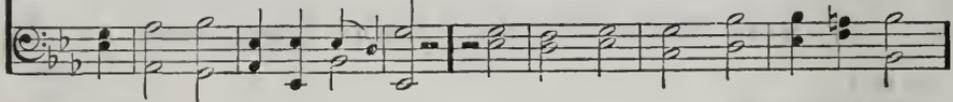
Wie schön leuchtet
Philipp Nicolai, 1599



1 Hal - le - lu - jah! Let prais-es ring! To God the Fa-ther let us bring
2 Hal - le - lu - jah! Let prais-es ring! Un-to the Lamb of God we sing,
3 Hal - le - lu - jah! Let prais-es ring! Un-to the Ho-ly Ghost we sing
4 Hal - le - lu - jah! Let prais-es ring! Un-to our Tri-une God we sing;



Our songs of ad-o-ra-tion. To Him thro' ev-er-last-ing days
In whom we are e-lect-ed. He bo't His Church with His own blood,
For our re-gen-er-a-tion. The sav-ing faith in us He wrought
Blest be His name for-ev-er! With an-gel hosts let us a-dore



Be wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r, and praise, Whose hand sus-tains cre-a-
He cleansed her in that bless-ed flood, And as His Bride se-lect-
And us un-to the Bridegroom bro't, Made us His cho-sen na-
And sing His prais-es more and more For all His grace and fa-



tion. Sing-ing, ring-ing: Ho-ly, ho-ly, God is ho-ly,-
ed. Ho-ly, ho-ly Is our un-ion And com-mun-ion.
tion. Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Joy e-ter-nal, Bliss su-per-mun-al;
vor! Sing-ing, ring-ing: Ho-ly, ho-ly, God is ho-ly,-



Hallelujah! Let Praises Ring

Spread the sto - ry Of our God, the Lord of Glo - ry.
 His be - friend - ing Gives us joy and peace un - end - ing.
 There is man - na And an end - less, glad ho - san - na.
 Spread the sto - ry Of our God, the Lord of Glo - ry! A - men.

Lord of My Life, Whose Tender Care

24

Ps. 95: 6
 "Omega," Chelsea, 1833

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

O Jesu
 "Evangelisches Gesangbuch"
 Hirschberg, 1741

1 Lord of my life, whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now,
 2 Oh, may I dai - ly, hour - ly, strive In heav'n - ly grace to grow,
 3 With prayer my hum - ble praise I bring For mer - cies day by day.

Here low - ly, at the hour of prayer, Be - fore Thy throne I bow.
 To Thee and to Thy glo - ry live, Dead to all else be - low!
 Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing; Lord, teach me how to pray.

I bless Thy gracious hand and pray For - give - ness for an - oth - er day.
 Tread in the path my Sav - ior trod, Tho' thorn - y, yet the path of God.
 All that I have and am, to Thee I of - fer thro' e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

25

I Will Sing My Maker's Praises

Eph. 5: 19, 20

Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht singen

Paul Gerhardt, 1659, cento

Tr., composite

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Sollt' ich meinem Gott

Johann Schop, 1641

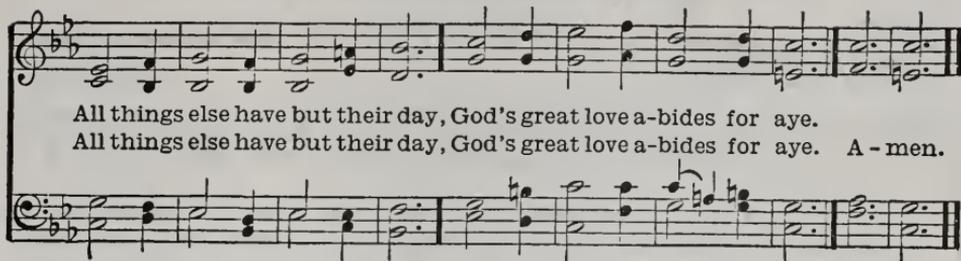
1 I will sing my Mak-er's prais-es And in Him most joy-ful be,
2 Yea, so dear did He es-teem me That His Son He loved so well

For in all things I see trac-es Of His ten-der love to me.
He hath giv-en to re-deem me From the quenchless flames of hell.

Not-hing else than love could move Him With such sweet and ten-der care
O Thou Spring of bound-less bless-ing, How could e'er my fee-ble mind

Ev-er-more to raise and bear All who try to serve and love Him.
Of Thy depth the bot-tom find Tho' my ef-forts were un-ceas-ing?

I Will Sing My Maker's Praises



All things else have but their day, God's great love a-bides for aye.
 All things else have but their day, God's great love a-bides for aye. A - men.

- 3 All that for my soul is needful
 He with loving care provides,
 Nor of that is He unheedful
 Which my body needs besides.
 When my strength cannot avail me,
 When my powers can do no more,
 Doth my God His strength outpour;
 In my need He doth not fail me.
 All things else have but their day,
 God's great love abides for aye.
- 4 When I sleep, He still is near me,
 O'er me rests His guardian eye;
 And new gifts and blessings cheer me
 When the morning streaks the sky.
 Were it not for God's protection,
 Had His countenance not been
 Here my guide, I had not seen
 E'er the end of my affliction.
 All things else have but their day,
 God's great love abides for aye.
- 5 As a father never turneth
 Wholly from a wayward child,
 For the prodigal still yearneth,
 Longing to be reconciled,
 So my many sins and errors
 Find a tender, pardoning God,
 Chastening frailty with His rod,
 Not, in vengeance, with His terrors.
 All things else have but their day,
 God's great love abides for aye.
- 6 Since, then, neither change nor coldness,
 In my Father's love can be,
 Lo! I lift my hands with boldness,
 As Thy child I come to Thee.
 Grant me grace, O God, I pray Thee,
 That I may with all my might,
 All my lifetime, day and night,
 Love and trust Thee and obey Thee
 And, when this brief life is o'er,
 Praise and love Thee evermore.

Praise the Almighty, My Soul, Adore Him

Ps. 146

10. 8. 10. 8. 8. 8. 4. 4.

Lobe den Herren, o meine Seele
 Johann D. Herrnschmidt, 1714
 Tr., Alfred Brauer, 1925, alt.

Lobe den Herren, o meine
 "Seelenharfe"
 Onolzbach, 1665

1 Praise the Al-might-y, my soul, a-dore Him! Yea, I will laud Him
 2 Trust not in princ-es, they are but mor-tal; Earth-born they are and
 3 Bless-ed, yea, bless-ed is he for-ev-er Whose help is in the
 4 God the Al-might-y, the great Cre-a-tor, Rul-er of sky and

un-til death. With songs and an-thems I'll come be-fore Him
 soon de-cay. Naught are their coun-sels at life's last por-tal,
 Lord most high, Whom from the sav-ing faith naught can sev-er
 land and sea, All things or-dain-ed, and soon-er or lat-er

As long as He doth give me breath. From Him my life and all things came;
 When the dark grave doth claim its prey. Since, then, no man can help af-ford,
 And who in hope to Christ draws nigh. To all who trust in Him, our Lord,
 They come to pass un-fail-ing-ly. His rule is o-ver rich and poor,

Bless, O my soul, His ho-ly name. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
 Trust ye in Christ, our God and Lord. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
 Coun-sel and aid He doth af-ford. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
 His prom-ise ev-er stand-eth sure. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

Praise the Almighty, My Soul, Adore Him

5 Penitent sinners, for mercy crying,
 Pardon and peace from Him obtain;
 Ever the wants of the poor supplying,
 Their faithful God He doth remain.
 He helps His children in distress,
 The widows and the fatherless.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

6 Praise, O mankind, now the name so holy
 Of Him who doth such wondrous things!
 All that hath being, to praise Him solely,
 With happy heart its "Amen" sings!
 Children of God, with angel host
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

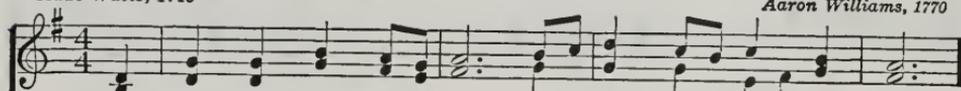
Oh, Bless the Lord, My Soul

27

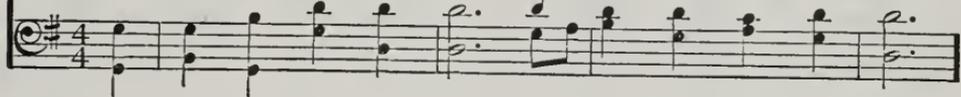
Ps. 103:1-7
 Isaac Watts, 1719

S. M.

St. Thomas
 Aaron Williams, 1770



1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join
 2 Oh, 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. A-men.



5 He fills the poor with good;
 He gives the sufferers rest:
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud
 And justice for th' opprest.

6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known,
 But sent the world His truth and grace
 By His beloved Son.

How Let All Loudly Sing Praise

1 Chron. 29: 11, 12

Nun preiset alle Gottes Barmherzigkeit

Matthäus A. v. Löwenstern, 1644

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

5. 6. 5. 6. 9. 10.

Nun preiset alle

"Apellislieder"

Breslau, 1644

1 Now let all loud-ly Sing praise to God the Lord;
 2 For the Lord reign-eth O - ver the u - ni-verse,
 3 Come, hea - then rac - es, Cast off all grief and care,

Chris - ten - dom, proud-ly Laud Him with one ac - cord.
 All He sus - tain - eth, All things His praise re - hearse,
 For pleas - ant plac - es Your Sav - ior doth pre - pare,

Gen - tly He bids thee come be - fore Him;
 The an - gel host His glo - ry tell - ing,
 Where His blest Word a - broad is sound - ed,

Haste, then, O Is - ra - el, now a - dore Him;
 Psal - ter and harp are the an - them swell - ing;
 Par - don for sin - ners and grace un - bound - ed;

Haste, then, O Is - ra - el, now a - dore Him.
 Psal - ter and harp are the an - them swell - ing.
 Par - don for sin - ners and grace un - bound - ed. A - men.

How Let All Loudly Sing Praise

4 Richly He feeds us
 Always and everywhere;
 Gently He leads us
 With a true father's care;
 The late and early rains He sends us,
 Daily His blessing, His love, attends us.

5 Sing we His praises
 Who is thus merciful;
 Christendom raises
 Songs to His glorious rule.
 Rejoice! No foe shall now alarm us;
 He will protect us, and who can harm us?

Through All the Changing Scenes of Life

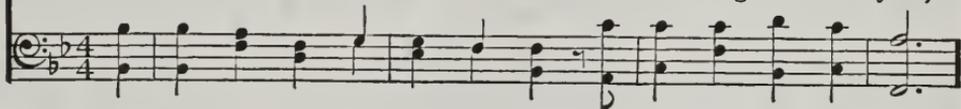
Ps. 34
 Nicholas Brady and
 Nahum Tate, 1696, alt.

C. M.

Ich singe dir
 "Harmonischer Liederschatz"
 Frankfurt, 1738



1 Thro' all the chang-ing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy,
 2 Of His de-liv'r-ance I will boast Till all that are dis-trest
 3 Oh, mag-ni-fy the Lord with me, With me ex-alt His name!
 4 The hosts of God en-camp a-round The dwell-ings of the just;



The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.
 From my ex-am-ple com-fort take And charm their griefs to rest.
 When in dis-tress to Him I cried, He to my res-cue came.
 De-liv'r-ance He af-fords to all Who on His suc-cor trust. A-men.



5 Oh, make but trial of His love!
 Experience will decide
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you His service your delight,
 He'll make your wants His care.

Oh, that I Had a Thousand Voices

Ps. 126 : 3

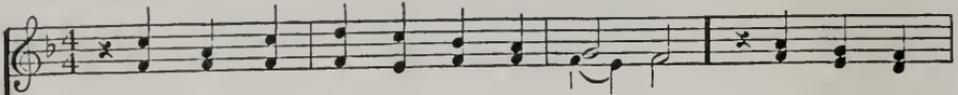
O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte

Johann Mentzer, 1704, cento

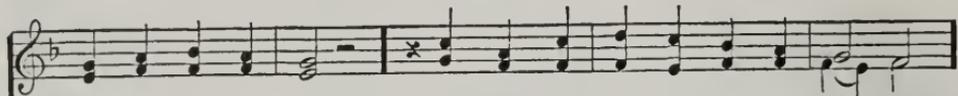
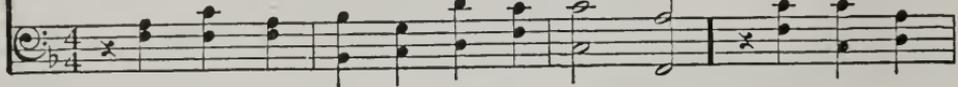
Tr., composite

9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

O dass ich tausend
Johann E. König, 1738



1 Oh, that I had a thou-sand voic - es To praise my
2 O all ye pow'rs that He im - plant-ed, A - rise, and
3 Ye for - est leaves so green and ten - der, That dance for
4 All crea-tures that have breath and mo - tion, That through the



God with thou-sand tongues! My heart, which in the Lord re - joic - es,
si - lence keep no more; Put forth the strength that He hath grant-ed,
joy in sum-mer air; Ye mead - ow grass-es, bright and slen - der,
earth, the sea, and sky, Now join me in my heart's de - vo - tion,



Would then pro-claim in grate-ful songs To all, wher - ev - er
Your no - blest work is to a - dore. O soul and bod - y,
Ye flow'rs, so won-drous sweet and fair; Ye live to show His
Help me to raise His prais-es high. My ut-most pow'rs can



I might be, What great things God hath done for me.
bo ye meet With heart-felt praise your Lord to greet!
praise a - lone, With me now make His glo - ry known.
ne'er a - right De - clare the won - ders of His might. A - men.



Ob, that I Had a Thousand Voices

5 Lord, I will tell, while I am living,
 Thy goodness forth with every breath
 And greet each morning with thanksgiving
 Until my heart is still in death;
 Yea, when at last my lips grow cold,
 Thy praise shall in my sighs be told.

6 O Father, deign Thou, I beseech Thee,
 To listen to my earthly lays;
 A nobler strain in heaven shall reach Thee,
 When I with angels hymn Thy praise
 And learn amid their choirs to sing
 Loud hallelujahs to my King.

When All Thy Mercies, O My God

31

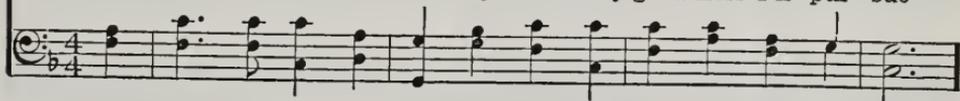
Ps. 33: 1
 Joseph Addison, 1712

C. M.

Winchester Old
 "Psalter"
 Thomas Este, 1592



1 When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
 2 Ten thou-sand thou-sand pre-cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em - ploy;
 3 Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good-ness I'll pur - sue



Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
 Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart That tastes those gifts with joy.
 And af - ter death, in dis-tant worlds, The glo-rious theme re - new. A - men.



4 When nature fails and day and night
 Divide Thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercies shall adore.

5 Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But, oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

Redeemed, Restored, Forgiven

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Ich dank' dir, lieber Herr
"Musika Deutsch"
Nürnberg, 1532

Luke 15: 24
Henry W. Baker, 1876

1 Re-deemed, re-stored, for-giv - en, Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious blood,
2 Once on the drear-y moun-tain We wan-dered far and wide,
3 Dear Mas - ter, Thine the glo - ry Of each re - cov - ered soul.
4 Now keep us, ho - ly Sav - ior, In Thy true love and fear

Heirs of His home in heav-en, Oh, praise our par-d'ning God!
Far from the cleans-ing foun-tain, Far from the pierc-ed side;
Ah! who can tell the sto - ry Of love that made us whole?
And grant us of Thy fa - vor The grace to per - se - vere

Praise Him in tune - ful mea - sures Who gave His Son to die;
But Je - sus sought and found us And washed our guilt a - way;
Not ours, not ours, the mer - it; Be Thine a - lone the praise
Till, in Thy new cre - a - tion, Earth's time-long trav - ail o'er,

Praise Him whose sev'nfold treasures En-rich and sanc - ti - fy.
With cords of love He bound us To be His own for aye.
And ours a thank-ful spir - it To serve Thee all our days.
We find our full sal - va - tion And praise Thee ev - er - more. A-men.

The Lord hath Helped Me Hitherto

1 Sam. 7: 12

Bis hieher hat mich Gott gebracht

Amilie Juliane, 1699

Tr., August Crull, 1832

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Allein Gott in der Höh'

Nikolaus Decius, 1539, asc.

1 The Lord hath helped me hith-er-to By His sur-pass-ing fa - vor;
 2 I praise and thank Thee, Lord, my God, For Thine a-bun-dant bless-ing
 3 Help me hence-forth, O God of grace, Help me on each oc-ca - sion,

His mer-cies ev - 'ry morn were new, His kind-ness did not wa - ver.
 Which here-to-fore Thou hast be-stowed And I am still pos-sess-ing.
 Help me in each and ev - 'ry place, Help me thro' Je - sus' Pas - sion;

God hith - er - to hath been my Guide, Hath plea-sures hith - er -
 In - scribe this on my mem - o - ry: The Lord hath done great
 Help me in life and death, O God, Help me thro' Je - sus'

to sup-plied, And hith - er - to hath helped me.
 things for me And gra - cious - ly hath helped me.
 dy - ing blood; Help me as Thou hast helped me! A - men.

My Soul, How Bless Thy Maker

Ps. 103

Nun lob, mein' Seel', den Herren

Johann Gramann, 1525

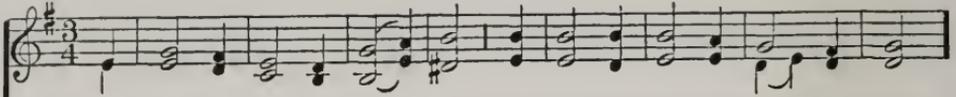
Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

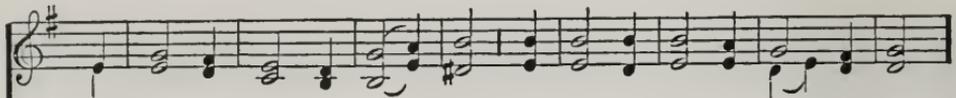
Nun lob, mein' Seel'

"Concentus Novi"

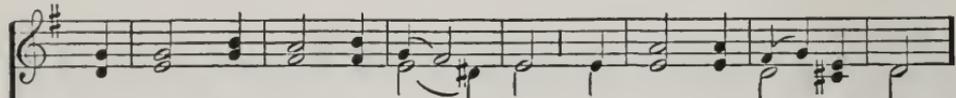
Augsburg, 1540



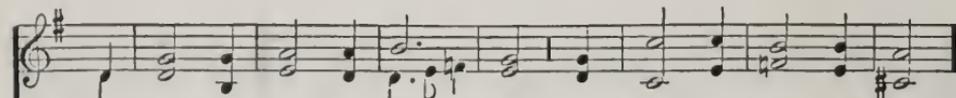
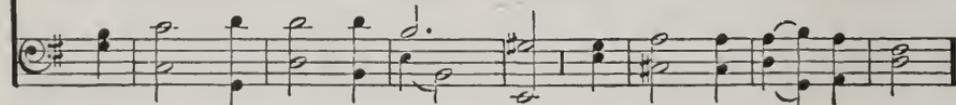
1 My soul, now bless thy Mak - er! Let all with - in me bless His name
 2 He shows to man His treas - ure Of judgment, truth, and righteousness,
 3 For as a ten - der fa - ther Hath pit - y on his chil - dren here,
 4 God's grace a - lone en - dur - eth, And children's children yet shall prove



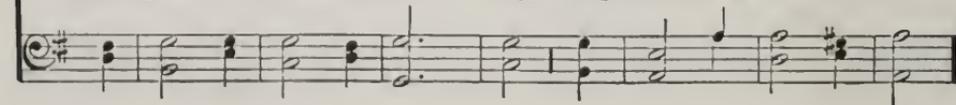
Who mak - eth thee par - tak - er Of mercies more than thou dar'st claim.
 His love be - yond all meas - ure, His yearn - ing pit - y o'er dis - tress,
 He in His arms will gath - er All who are His in child - like fear.
 How He with strength as - sur - eth The hearts of all that seek His love.



For - get Him not whose meek - ness Still bears with all thy sin,
 Nor treats us as we mer - it, But lays His an - ger by.
 He knows how frail our pow - ers Who but from dust are made;
 In heav'n is fixed His dwell - ing, His rule is o - ver all;



Who heal - eth all thy weak - ness, Re - news thy life with - in;
 The hun - ble, con - trite spir - it Finds His com - pas - sion nigh;
 We flour - ish like the flow - ers, And e - ven so we fade;
 An - gels, in might ex - cel - ling, Bright hosts, be - fore Him fall.



My Soul, Now Bless Thy Maker

Whose grace and care are end - less And saved thee thro' the past;
 And high as heav'n a - bove us, As break from close of day,
 The wind but o'er them pass - es, And all their bloom is o'er-
 Praise Him who ev - er reign - eth, All ye who hear His Word,

Who leaves no suf - f'rer friend-less, But rights the wronged at last.
 So far, since He doth love us, He puts our sins a - way.
 We with - er like the grass - es, Our place knows us no more.
 Nor our poor hymns dis - dain - eth — My soul, O bless the Lord! A-men.

Songs of Praise the Angels Sang

35

Job 38: 7

James Montgomery, 1819, alt.

7. 7. 7. 7.

Innocents

French melody, 13th century

1 Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,
 2 Songs of praise a - woke the morn When the Prince of Peace was born;
 3 Heav'n and earth must pass a - way; Songs of praise shall crown that day.
 4 And shall man a - lone be dumb Till that glo - rious king - dom come?

When cre - a - tion was be - gun, When God spake and it was done.
 Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
 God will make new heav'ns and earth; Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 No; the Church delights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise. Amen.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

How Thank We All Our God

Eccles. 50 : 22-24

Nun danket alle Gott

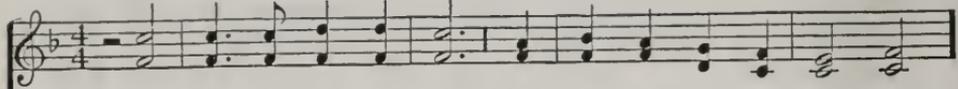
Martin Rinckart, 1636

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1858

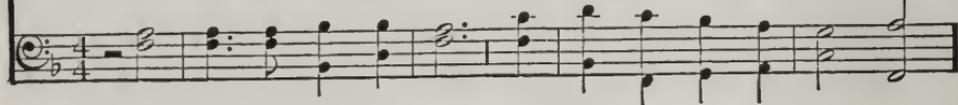
6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Nun danket alle Gott

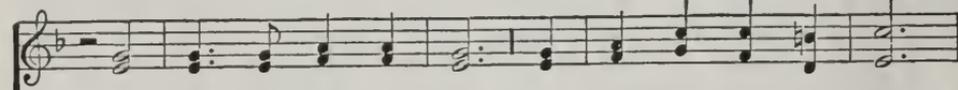
Johann Crüger, 1648



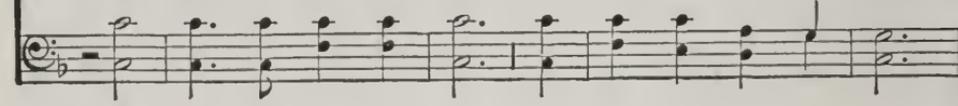
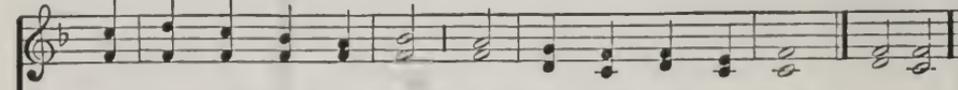
1 Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - es,
 2 Oh, may this boun-teous God Thro' all our life be near us,
 3 All praise and thanks to God The Fa-ther now be giv - en,



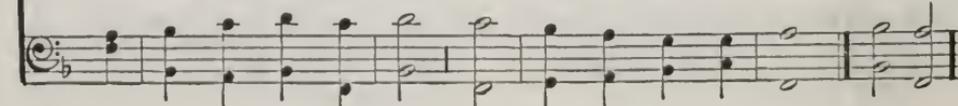

Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;
 With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless-ed peace to cheer us
 The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high-est heav - en:

Who from our moth-er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
 And keep us in His grace And guide us when per-plexed
 The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore!

With count-less gifts of love And still is ours to - day.
 And free us from all ills In this world and the next!
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more. A-men.



Lord, 'Tis Not that I did Choose Thee

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

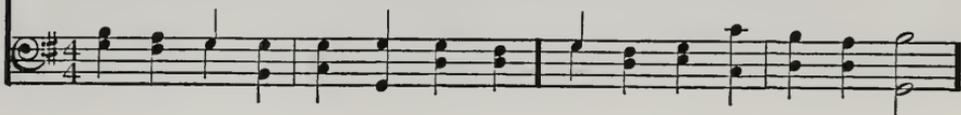
John 15: 16

Josiah Conder, 1843, alt.

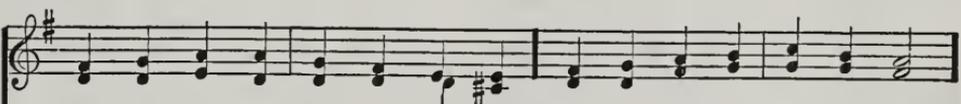
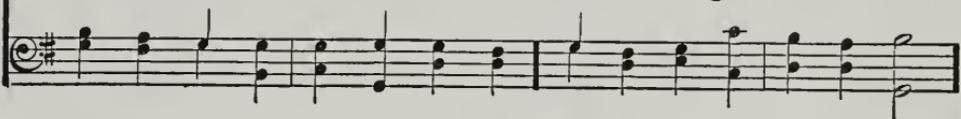
O du Liebe
 "Musikalischer Christenschatz"
 Basel, 1745



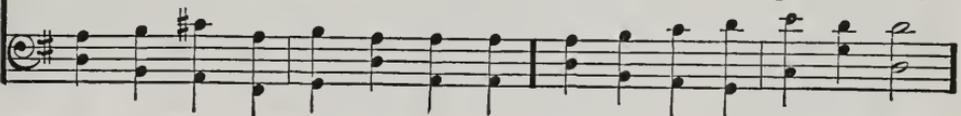
1 Lord, 'tis not that I did choose Thee; That, I know, could nev-er be;
 2 'Twas Thy grace in Christ that called me, Taught my darkened heart and mind;
 3 Praise the God of all cre - a - tion; Praise the Fa-ther's boundless love.



For this heart would still re - fuse Thee Had Thy grace not cho-sen me.
 Else the world had yet en-thralled me, To Thy heav'n-ly glo-ries blind.
 Praise the Lamb, our Ex - pi - a - tion, Priest and King enthroned a-bove.



Thou hast from the sin that stained me Washed and cleansed and set me free
 Now my heart owns none a - bove Thee; For Thy grace a - lone I thirst,
 Praise the Spir - it of sal - va - tion, Him by whom our spir - its live.



And un-to this end or-dained me, That I ev - er live to Thee.
 Knowing well that, if I love Thee, Thou, O Lord, didst love me first.
 Un - di - vid - ed ad - o - ra - tion To the great Je - ho - vah give. A-men.

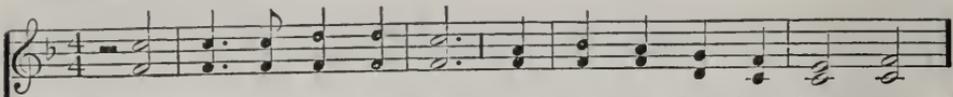


38 The Lord, My God, be Praised

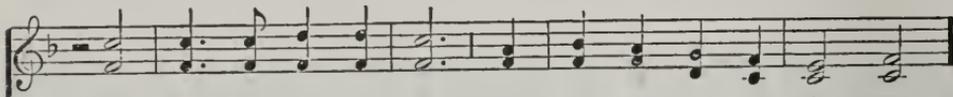
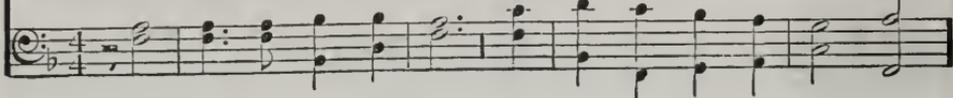
Deut. 32 : 3
 Gelobet sei der Herr
 Johann Olearius, 1671
 Tr., August Crull, 11923, alt.

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

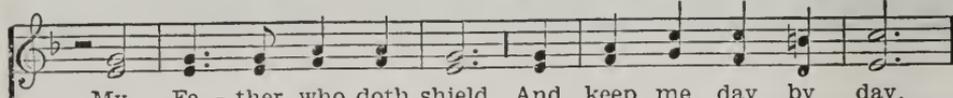
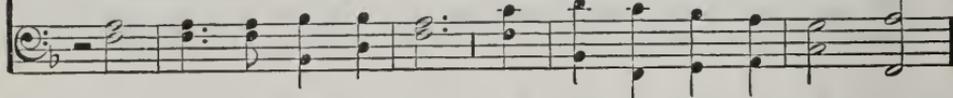
Nun danket alle Gott
 Johann Crüger, 1648



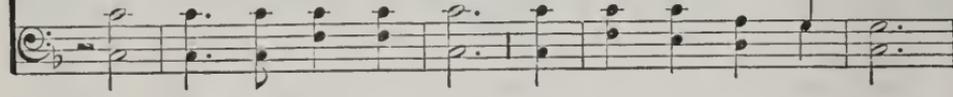
1 The Lord, my God, be praised, My Light, my Life from heav - en;
 2 The Lord, my God, be praised, My Trust, my Life from heav - en,
 3 The Lord, my God, be praised, My Hope, my Life from heav - en,



My Mak - er, who to me Hath soul and bod - y giv - en;
 The Fa - ther's own dear Son, Whose life for me was giv - en;
 The Spir - it, whom the Son In love to me hath giv - en.



My Fa - ther, who doth shield And keep me day by day,
 Who for my sin a - toned With His most pre - cious blood,
 'Tis He re - vives my heart, 'Tis He that gives me pow'r,



Doth make each mo - ment yield New bless - ings on my way.
 Who giv - eth me by faith The high - est heav'n - ly good.
 Help, com - fort, and sup - port In sor - row's gloom - y hour. A - men.



4 The Lord, my God, be praised,
 My God, who ever liveth,
 To whom the heavenly host
 All praise and honor giveth.
 The Lord, my God, be praised,
 In whose great name I boast,
 God Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost.

5 To Him with joyful song
 Our praises we are bringing
 And with the angel throng
 Thrice "Holy" we are singing.
 With one united voice
 The Church doth Him adore.
 The Lord, my God, be praised
 Now and forevermore.

Neh. 9: 6

14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen

Lobe den Herren, den

Joachim Neander, 1679

"Erneuerets Gesangbuch"

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

Stralsund, 1665



1 Praise to the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre-a-tion!
 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous-ly reign-eth,
 3 Praise to the Lord, who hath fear-ful-ly, won-drous-ly, made thee;
 4 Praise to the Lord, who doth pros-per thy work and de-fend thee,



O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy Health and Sal-va-tion!
 Who, as on wings of an ea-gle, up-lift-eth, sus-tain-eth.
 Health hath vouchsafed and, when heed-less-ly fall-ing, hath stayed thee.
 Who from the heav-ens the streams of His mer-cy doth send thee.



Join the full throng; Wake, harp and psal-ter and song;
 Hast thou not seen How thy de-sires all have been
 What need or grief Ev-er hath failed of re-lief?
 Pon-der a-new What the Al-might-y can do,



Sound forth in glad ad-o-ra-tion!
 Grant-ed in what He or-dain-eth?
 Wings of His mer-cy did shade thee.
 Who with His love doth be-friend thee. A-men.



5 Praise to the Lord! Oh, let all that is in me adore Him!
 All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
 Let the Amen
 Sound from His people again;
 Gladly for aye we adore Him.

The God of Abraham Praise

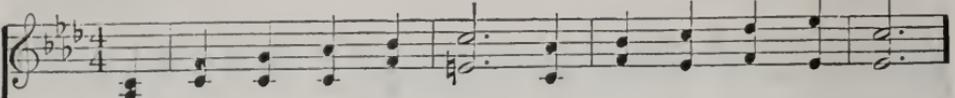
6. 6. 8. 4. D.

Ex. 3 : 6

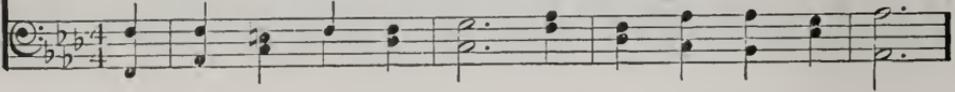
Thomas Olivers, c. 1770, cento

Yigdal

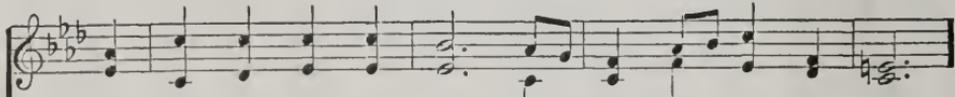
Hebrew melody, 17th century



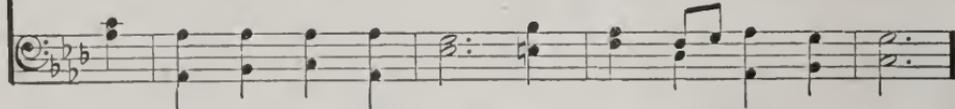
1 The God of A-br'ham praise; All prais-ed be His name
 2 The God of A-br'ham praise, At whose su-preme com-mand
 3 He by Him-self hath sworn,—I on His oath de-pend,—
 4 The whole tri-um-phiant host Give thanks to God on high;



Who was and is and is to be And still the same!
 From earth I rise and seek the joys At His right hand.
 I shall, on ea-gles' wings up-borne, To heav'n as-cend;
 "Hail, Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost!" They ev-er cry.



The one e-ter-nal God, Ere aught that now ap-pears;
 I all on earth for-sake, Its wis-dom, fame, and pow'r.
 I shall be-hold His face, I shall His pow'r a-dore
 Hail, A-br'ham's God and mine!— I join the heav'n-ly lays —



The First, the Last: be-yond all tho't His time-less years!
 And Him my on-ly Por-tion make, My Shield and Tow'r.
 And sing the won-ders of His grace For-ev-er-more.
 All might and maj-es-sy are Thine And end-less praise. A-men.



Wondrous King, All-Glorious

Ps. 150: 6

Wunderbarer König

Joachim Neander, 1680

Tr., Wm. J. Schaefer, 1938

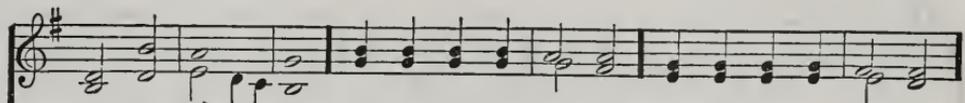
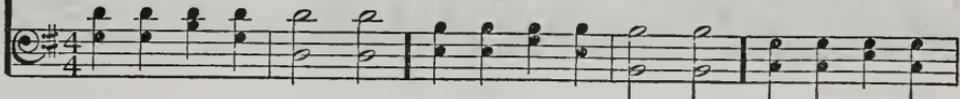
6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8. 3. 3. 6. 6.

Wunderbarer König

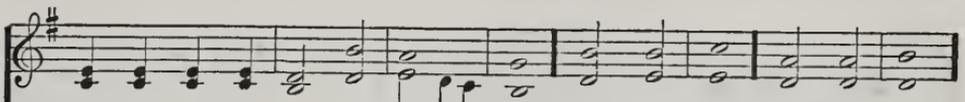
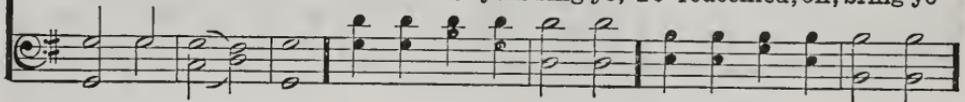
Joachim Neander, 1680



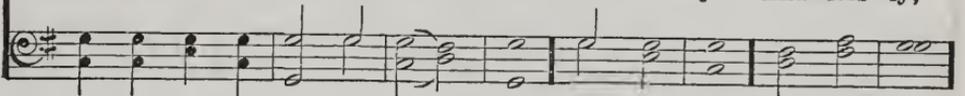
1 Wondrous King, all-glo - rious, Sov'reign Lord vic - to - rious, Oh, re - ceive our
 2 Heav - ens, spread the sto - ry Of our Mak - er's glo - ry, All the pomp of
 3 O my soul, re - joic - ing, Sing, thy prais - es voic - ing, Sing, with hymns of
 4 Hal - le - lu - jahs ren - der To the Lord most ten - der, Ye who know and



praise with fa - vor! From Thee welled God's kindness Tho' we in our blind - ness
 earth ob - scur - ing. Sun, thy rays be send - ing, Thy bright beams expending,
 faith a - dore Him! All who here have be - ing, Shout, your voices free - ing,
 love the Sav - ior. Hal - le - lu - jahs sing ye, Ye redeemed, oh, bring ye



Strayed from Thee, our bless - ed Sav - ior. Strength - en Thou, Help us now;
 Light to all the earth as - sur - ing. Moon and star, Praise a - far
 Bow down in the dust be - fore Him. He is God Sab - a - oth;
 Hearts that yield Him glad be - hav - ior. Blest are ye End - less - ly;



Let our tongues be sing - ing, Thee our prais - es bring - ing.
 Him who glo - rious made you; The vast heav - ens aid you.
 Praise a - lone the Sav - ior, Here and there for - ev - er.
 Sin - less there for - ev - er, Ye shall laud Him ev - er. A - men.



○ Thou Love Unbounded

6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8. 3. 3. 6. 6.

John 16: 27
 Unumschränkte Liebe
 Johann J. Rambach, 1735
 Tr., W. Gustave Polack, 1940

Wunderbarer König
 Joachim Neander, 1680

1 O Thou Love unbounded, Grant to eyes en-shroud-ed, E'en for earth-ly
 2 All Thy vast do-min-ion—Earth and air and o - cean—Is the field of
 3 All our words are fee-ble As the heart up - rais - es For Thy pa-tience,
 4 Sinners Thou for-giv-est, Hear'st when they implore Thee, When they, weeping,

sight be - cloud - ed, Grace to see Thy pa-tience, All the world en-fold - ing,
 Thy de - vo - tion; And Thy great long-suff'ring, Ev - er new - ly test - ed,
 Lord, its prais - es. With un-told transgressions Day by day Thou bear-est,
 come be - fore Thee; Thy right hand may threaten, Yet Thy mercy yearn-eth

Thy long-suff'ring thus be - hold - ing. Lo, its rays, To Thy praise,
 With more beau-ty is in - vest - ed. Oh, how far Its wings are
 Man - y mil - lion sin - ners spar - est! Dai - ly new Lov - est, too,
 And Thine an-ger from us turn - eth, Tho' we may Yet de - lay

Joy to men be - stow - ing, Like the sun are glow - ing.
 As they stretch forth dai - ly O - ver hill and val - ley!
 All who here of - fend Thee.—Who can com-pre-hend Thee?
 Tru - ly to es - pouse Thee, To new wrath a - rouse Thee. A - men.

○ Thou Love Unbounded .

5 Lord, no one has ever,
 Who on Thee believèd,
 Justice here for grace receivèd.
 All guilt Thou removest
 When we bow before Thee
 And in penitence implore Thee;
 For our smart
 Moves Thy heart;
 Thou wouldst mercy show us
 And with grace endow us.

6 O Most High, we praise Thee
 That Thou us regardest
 Nor our evil deeds rewardest!
 Zion's Hope, continue
 Thy dominion o'er us,
 Wielding well Thy scepter for us
 Lovingly.
 Patient be,
 Lord, we now implore Thee:
 Thine shall be the glory!

We Sing the Almighty Power of God

43

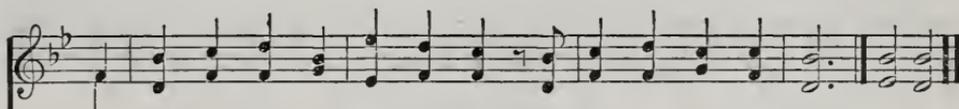
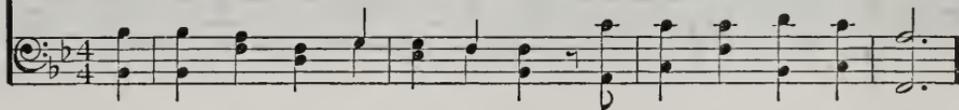
Ps. 149
 Isaac Watts, 1715

C. M.

Ich singe dir
 "Harmonischer Liederschatz"
 Frankfurt, 1738



1 We sing th' al-might-y pow'r of God, Who bade the moun-tains rise,
 2 We sing the wis-dom that or-dained The sun to rule the day;
 3 We sing the good-ness of the Lord, Who fills the earth with food,
 4 Lord, how Thy won-ders are dis-played Wher-e'er we turn our eyes,



Who spread the flow-ing seas a - broad And built the loft - y skies.
 The moon shines, too, at His command, And all the stars o - bey.
 Who formed His creatures by a word And then pronounced them good.
 When-e'er we view the ground we tread Or gaze up - on the skies! A-men.



5 There's not a plant nor flower below
 But makes Thy glories known;
 And clouds arise and tempests blow
 By order from Thy throne.

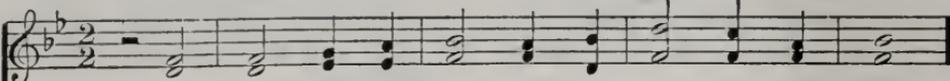
6 On Thee each moment we depend;
 If Thou withdraw, we die.
 Oh, may we ne'er that God offend
 Who is forever nigh!

44 The Lands, to the Lord Make a Jubilant Noise

Ps. 100
 Al Verden nu raabe for Herren med Fryd
Ulrik V. Koren, 1874
Tr., Harriet R. Spach, 1899, alt.

11. 5. 12. 9.

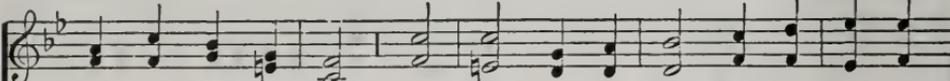
Guds Menighed, syng
Erik Hoff, c. 1860



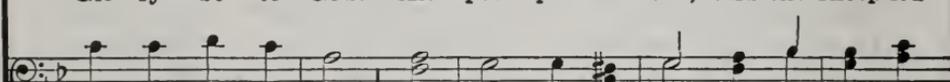
1 Ye lands, to the Lord make a ju - bi - lant noise;
 2 Not we, but the Lord is our Mak - er, our God;



Glo - ry be to God! Oh, serve Him with joy, in His pres-ence
 Glo - ry be to God! His peo - ple we are, and the sheep led



now re - joice; Sing praise un - to God out of Zi - on!
 by His rod; Sing praise un - to God out of Zi - on! A-men.



3 Oh, enter His gates with thanksgiving and praise;
 Glory be to God!
 To bless Him and thank Him our voices we will raise;
 Sing praise unto God out of Zion!



4 For good is the Lord, and His mercy is sure;
 Glory be to God!
 To all generations His truth shall still endure;
 Sing praise unto God out of Zion!

Now, the Hour of Worship O'er

Ps. 121: 8

7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8.

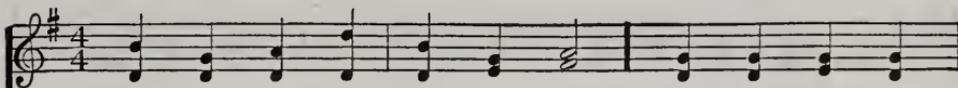
Nun Gott Lob, es ist vollbracht

Hartman Schenck, 1680

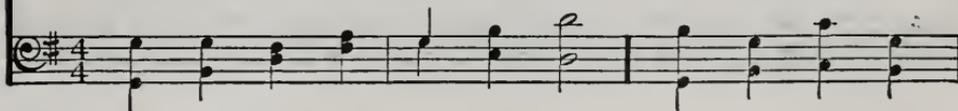
Tr., st. 1-2, composite; st. 3, Oscar Kaiser, 1933

Liebster Jesu

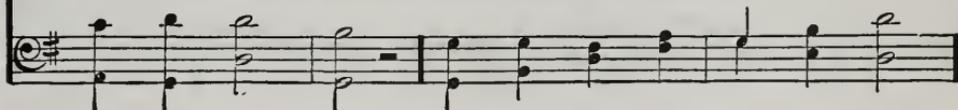
Johann R. Ahle, 1664



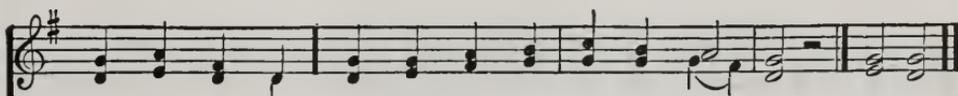
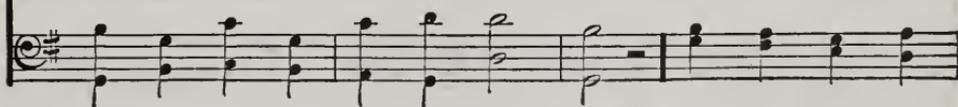
1 Now, the hour of wor - ship o'er, Teach - ing, hear - ing,
 2 Now the Bless - ing cheers our heart, By His grace to
 3 Bless our go - ing out, we pray, Bless our en - trance



pray - ing, sing - ing, Let us glad - ly God a - dore,
 us ex - tend - ed. Let us joy - ful - ly de - part;
 in like mea - sure; Bless our bread, O Lord, each day,



For His Word our prais - es bring - ing; For the rich re -
 Be our souls to God com - mend - ed. May His Spir - it
 Bless our toil, our rest, our plea - sure; Bless us when we



past He gave us Bless the Lord, who deigned to save us.
 ev - er guide us And with all good gifts pro - vide us!
 reach death's por - tal, Bless us then with life im - mor - tal. A - men.



On What has Now been Sown

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

1 Cor. 3: 6

*John Newton, 1779, cento, alt.*Darwall's 148th
John Darwall, 1770

1 On what has now been sown Thy bless-ing, Lord, be - stow;
2 To Thee our wants are known, From Thee are all our pow'rs;
3 Oh, grant that each of us Now met be - fore Thee here

The pow'r is Thine a - lone To make it spring and grow.
Ac - cept what is Thine own And par - don what is ours.
May meet to - geth - er thus When Thou and Thine ap - pear

Do Thou in grace the har - vest raise, And
Our prais - es, Lord, and prayers re - ceive And
And fol - low Thee to heav'n, our home. E'en

Thou a - lone shalt have the praise.
to Thy Word a bless - ing give.
so, A - men, Lord Je - sus, come! A - men.

Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise

47

10. 10. 10. 10.

Ps. 110: 2

John Ellerton, 1866

Ellers

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869

1 Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise
 2 Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way;
 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night;

With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise.
 With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end, the day.
 Turn Thou for us its dark - ness in - to light.

Once more we bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease,
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren free;

Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 For dark and light are both a - like to Thee. A - men.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our Balm in sorrow and our Stay in strife;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

48 How Blest Are They Who Hear God's Word

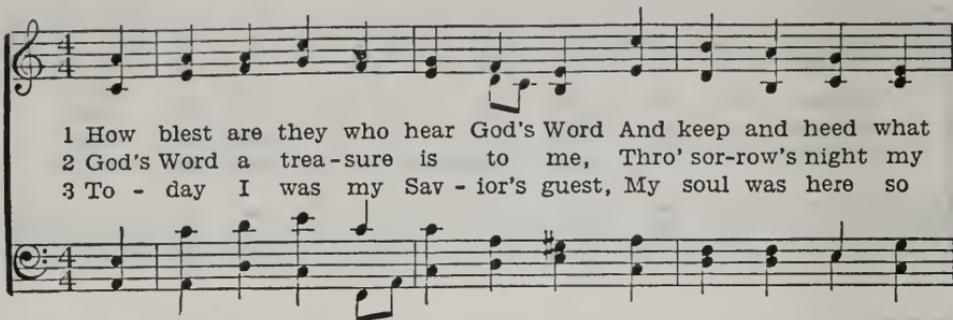
Is. 61: 3

O sällig den Guds Ord har hört

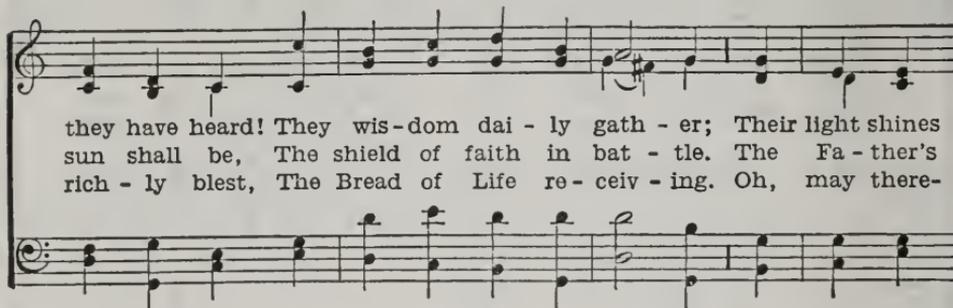
Johan N. Brun, 1786

Tr., Oluf H. Smeby, 1913

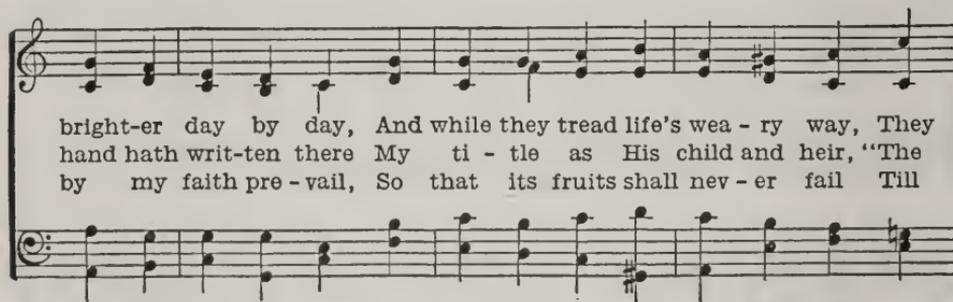
8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7.

Min Sjal og Aand
"Psalmebog," 1569


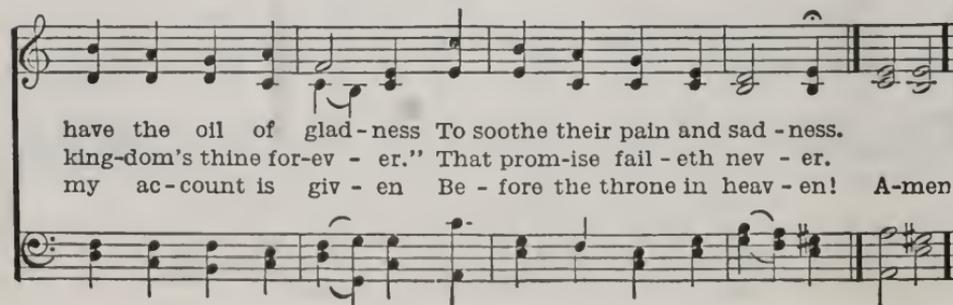
1 How blest are they who hear God's Word And keep and heed what
2 God's Word a trea-sure is to me, Thro' sor-row's night my
3 To - day I was my Sav - ior's guest, My soul was here so



they have heard! They wis-dom dai - ly gath - er; Their light shines
sun shall be, The shield of faith in bat - tle. The Fa - ther's
rich - ly blest, The Bread of Life re - ceiv - ing. Oh, may there-



bright-er day by day, And while they tread life's wea - ry way, They
hand hath writ-ten there My ti - tle as His child and heir, "The
by my faith pre - vail, So that its fruits shall nev - er fail Till



have the oil of glad-ness To soothe their pain and sad - ness.
king-dom's thine for-ev - er." That prom-ise fail - eth nev - er.
my ac-count is giv - en Be - fore the throne in heav - en! A-men.

Almighty God, Thy Word is Cast

49

C. M.

Mark 4: 3-9

John Cawood, 1819

Dundee

"Scottish Psalter," 1615

1 Al - might - y God, Thy Word is cast Like
2 Let not the foe of Christ and man This

seed in - to the ground; Now let the dew of
ho - ly seed re - move, But give it root in

heav'n de - scend And right - eous fruits a - bound.
ev - 'ry heart To bring forth fruits of love. A - men.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield a hundredfold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow
That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know.

50 Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Num. 6 : 24-26
John Fawcett, 1773

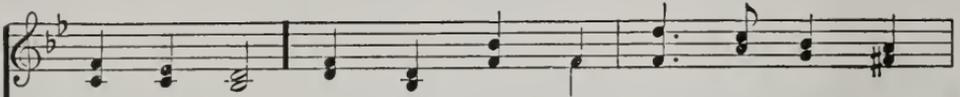
(FIRST TUNE)

Regent Square
Henry Smart, 1867

1 Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with



joy and peace. Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,



Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace. Oh, re - fresh us,



Oh, re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der - ness! A - men.



2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound.
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 Ever faithful, Ever faithful
 To the Truth may we be found!

Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing

3 So when'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever, May we ever,
 Reign with Christ in endless day!

Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing

Num. 6: 24-26

John Fawcett, 1773

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

(SECOND TUNE)

New Ulm

Fritz Reuter, 1910

1 Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with

joy and peace. Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,

Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace. Oh, re - fresh us,

Oh, re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der - ness! A - men.

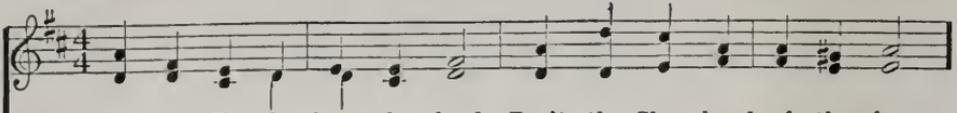
51

How May He Who from the Dead

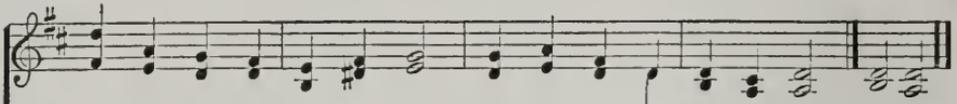
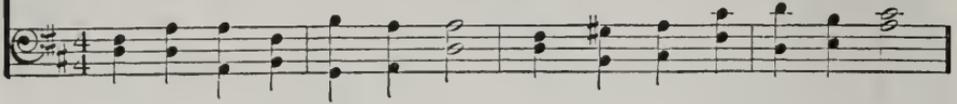
7. 7. 7. 7.

Heb. 13:20, 21
John Newton, 1779

Buckland
Leighton G. Hayne, 1863



1 Now may He who from the dead Bro't the Shep-herd of the sheep,
2 May He teach us to ful - fil What is pleas - ing in His sight,
3 To that dear Re-deem-er's praise, Who the cov-'nant sealed with blood.



Je - sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe - ty keep!
Per - fect us in all His will, And pre - serve us day and night!
Let our hearts and voic - es raise Loud thanksgivings to our God. A - men.



52

Almighty Father, Bless the Word

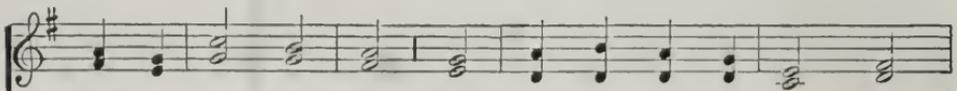
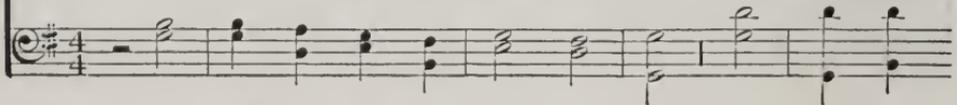
Luke 8: 8
From the Scandinavian
Author unknown

L. M.

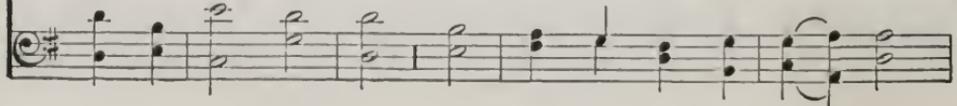
Old Hundredth
"Genevan Psalter," 1551



1 Al - might - y Fa - ther, bless the Word Which thro' Thy
2 We praise Thee for the means of grace As home - ward



grace we now have heard. Oh, may the pre-cious seed take
now our steps we trace. Grant, Lord, that we who wor - shiped



Almighty Father, Bless the Word

root, Spring up, and bear a - bun - dant fruit!
 here May all at last in heav'n ap - pear. A - men.

Abide, O Dearest Jesus

53

Luke 24 : 29

Ach bleib mit deiner Gnade

Josua Stegmann, 1628

Tr., August Crull, 1928

7. 6. 7. 6.

Christus, der ist mein
Melchior Vulpius, 1609

1 A - bide, O dear - est Je - sus, A - mong us with Thy grace
 2 A - bide, O dear Re - deem - er, A - mong us with Thy Word
 3 A - bide with heav'n - ly bright - ness A - mong us, pre - cious Light;

That Sa - tan may not harm us Nor we to sin give place.
 And thus now and here - af - ter True peace and joy af - ford.
 Thy truth di - rect and keep us From er - ror's gloom - y night. A - men.

4 Abide with richest blessings
 Among us, bounteous Lord;
 Let us in grace and wisdom
 Grow daily through Thy Word.

5 Abide with Thy protection
 Among us, Lord, our Strength,
 Lest world and Satan fell us
 And overcome at length.

6 Abide, O faithful Savior,
 Among us with Thy love;
 Grant steadfastness and help us
 To reach our home above.

54

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Ex. 13: 21

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Arglwydd arwain trwy'r Anialwch

William Williams, 1745

Tr., William and Peter Williams, 1771-2

Guide Me

George W. Warren, 1884

1 Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this
 2 O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing
 3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious

bar - ren land. I am weak, but Thou art might - y;
 stream doth flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar
 fears sub - side; Death of death and hell's De - struc - tion,

Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand. Bread of heav - en,
 Lead me all my jour - ney through. Strong De - liv - 'rer,
 Land me safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais - es

Feed me till I want no more.
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
 I will ev - er give to Thee. A - men.

The Church Year

ADVENT

Come, Thou Precious Ransom, Come

55

Matt. 21 : 5

Komm, du werthes Lösegeld

Johann G. Olearius, 1664

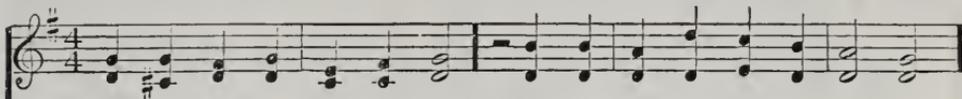
Tr., August Crull, †1923, alt.

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Meinen Jesum lass' ich nicht

"Neuerfertigtes Gesangbuch"

Darmstadt, 1699



1 Come, Thou precious Ransom, come, On - ly Hope for sin - ful mor - tals!
2 En - ter now my wait - ing heart, Glo - rious King and Lord most ho - ly.
3 My ho - san - nas and my palms Gra - cious - ly re - ceive, I pray Thee;



Come, O Sav - ior of the world! O - pen are to Thee all por - tals.
Dwell in me and ne'er de - part, Tho' I am but poor and low - ly.
Ev - er - more, as best I can, Sav - ior, I will hom - age pay Thee,



Come, Thy beau - ty let us see; Anx - ious - ly we wait for Thee.
Ah, what rich - es will be mine When Thou art my Guest Di - vine!
And in faith I will em - brace, Lord, Thy mer - it thro' Thy grace. A - men.



4 Hail, hosanna, David's Son!
Help, Lord, hear our supplication!
Let Thy kingdom, scepter, crown,
Bring us blessing and salvation,
That forever we may sing:
Hail, hosanna! to our King.

Jesus Came, the Heavens Adoring

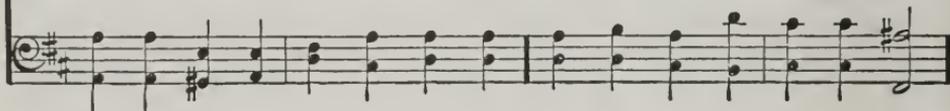
8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Zech. 9: 9
Godfrey Thring, 1864Sieh, hier bin ich
"Geistreiches Gesangbuch"
Darmstadt, 1698

1 Je - sus came, the heav'ns a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;
 2 Je - sus comes a - gain in mer - cy When our hearts are bowed with care;
 3 Je - sus comes to hearts re - joic - ing, Bring - ing news of sins for - giv'n;



Je - sus came for man's re - demp - tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;
 Je - sus comes a - gain in an - swer To an ear - nest, heart - felt prayer;
 Je - sus comes in sounds of glad - ness, Lead - ing souls re - deemed to heav'n.



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Comes to save us from de - spair.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Now the gate of death is riv'n. A - men.



4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;
 Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant
 When the heavens shall pass away;
 Jesus comes again in glory.
 Let us, then, our homage pay,
 Alleluia! ever singing
 Till the dawn of endless day.

Luke 19: 28-40

Fryd dig, du Kristi Brud

Danish author unknown, c. 1600

Tr., Victor O. Petersen, 1899

6. 6. 7. 7. 7.

Wo soll ich fliehen hin
 "Der bussfertige Sünder"
 Nürnberg, 1679

1 O bride of Christ, re - joice; Ex - ul - tant raise thy voice
 2 Let shouts of glad - ness rise Tri - um - phant to the skies.
 3 He wears no king - ly crown, Yet as a King is known;

To hail the day of glo - ry Fore - told in sa - cred sto - ry.
 Now comes the King most glo - rious To reign o'er all vic - to - rious.
 Tho' not ar - rayed in splen - dor, He still makes death sur - ren - der.

Ho - san - na, praise, and glo - ry! Our King, we bow be - fore Thee.
 Ho - san - na, praise, and glo - ry! Our King, we bow be - fore Thee.
 Ho - san - na, praise, and glo - ry! Our King, we bow be - fore Thee. A - men.

4 The weak and timid find
 How meek He is and kind;
 To them He gives a treasure
 Of bliss beyond all measure.
 Hosanna, praise, and glory!
 Our King, we bow before Thee.

5 Thy heart now open wide,
 Bid Christ with thee abide.
 He graciously will hear thee
 And be forever near thee.
 Hosanna, praise, and glory!
 Our King, we bow before Thee.

6 Then go thy Lord to meet;
 Strew palm-leaves at His feet;
 Thy garments spread before Him
 And honor and adore Him.
 Hosanna, praise, and glory!
 Our King, we bow before Thee.

7 E'en babes with one accord
 With thee shall praise the Lord
 And every Gentile nation
 Respond with exultation:
 Hosanna, praise, and glory!
 Our King, we bow before Thee.

Lord, How Shall I Meet Thee

Matt. 21: 1-9

Wie soll ich dich empfangen

Paul Gerhardt, 1653, cento

Tr., composite

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

(FIRST TUNE)

Valet will ich dir geben

Melchior Teschner, 1613

1 O Lord, how shall I meet Thee, How wel-come Thee a - right?

Thy peo - ple long to greet Thee, My Hope, my heart's De - light!

Oh, kin - dle, Lord most ho - ly, Thy lamp with - in my breast

To do in spir - it low - ly All that may please Thee best. A-men.

2 Thy Zion strews before Thee
Green boughs and fairest palms,
And I, too, will adore Thee
With joyous songs and psalms.
My heart shall bloom forever
For Thee with praises new
And from Thy name shall never
Withhold the honor due.

3 I lay in fetters, groaning,
Thou com'st to set me free;
I stood, my shame bemoaning,
Thou com'st to honor me;
A glory Thou dost give me,
A treasure safe on high,
That will not fail or leave me
As earthly riches fly.

4 Love caused Thy incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty.
O love beyond all telling,
That led Thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race!

5 Rejoice, then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed
And tremble at your doom.
Despair not, He is near you,
Yea, standing at the door,
Who best can help and cheer you
And bids you weep no more.

◎ Lord, How Shall I Meet Thee

6 Ye need not toil nor languish
Nor ponder day and night
How in the midst of anguish
Ye draw Him by your might.
He comes, He comes all willing,
Moved by His love alone,
Your woes and troubles stilling;
For all to Him are known.

7 Sin's debt, that fearful burden,
Let not your souls distress;
Your guilt the Lord will pardon
And cover by His grace.
He comes, for men procuring
The peace of sin forgiven,
For all God's sons securing
Their heritage in heaven.

8 What though the foes be raging,
Heed not their craft and spite;
Your Lord, the battle waging,
Will scatter all their might.
He comes, a King most glorious,
And all His earthly foes
In vain His course victorious
Endeavor to oppose.

9 He comes to judge the nations,
A terror to His foes,
A Light of consolations
And blessed Hope to those
Who love the Lord's appearing.
O glorious Sun, now come,
Send forth Thy beams most cheering,
And guide us safely home.

◎ Lord, How Shall I Meet Thee

Matt. 21: 1-9

Wie soll ich dich empfangen

Paul Gerhardt, 1653, cento

Tr. composite

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

(SECOND TUNE)

Wie soll ich dich

Johann Crüger, 1653

1 O Lord, how shall I meet Thee, How wel-come Thee a - right?

Thy peo - ple long to greet Thee, My Hope, my heart's De - light!

Oh, kin - dle, Lord, most ho - ly, Thy lamp with - in my breast

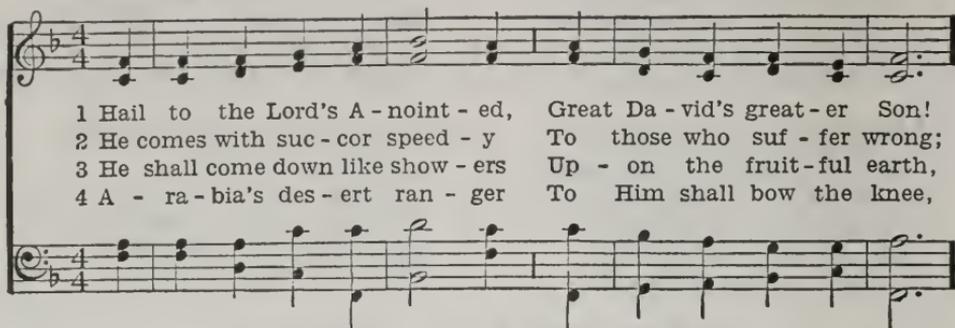
To do in spir - it low - ly All that may please Thee best. A-men.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed

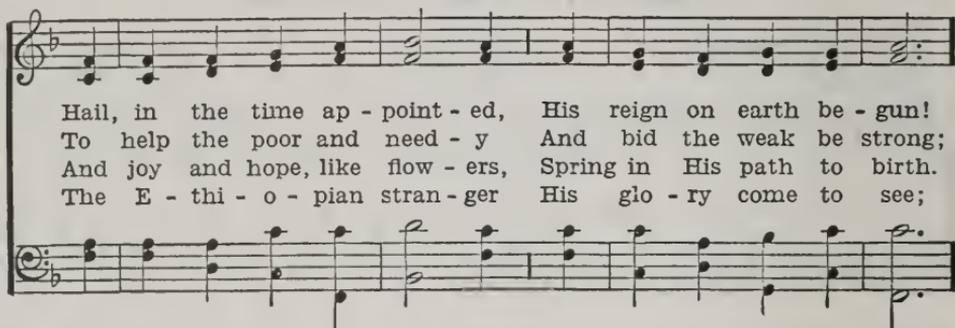
7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Ps. 72

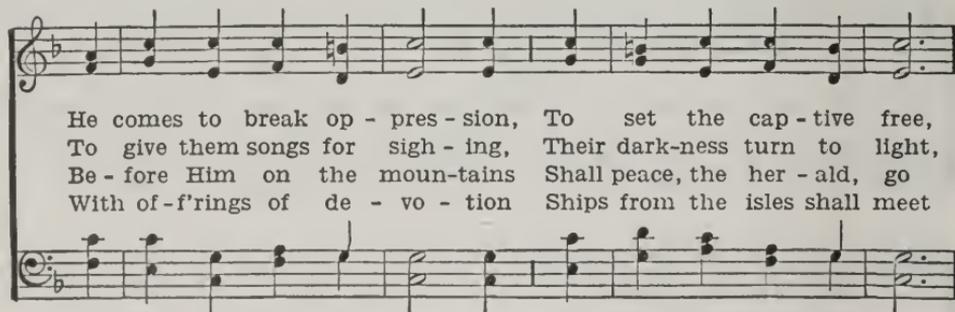
James Montgomery, 1821

Freut euch, ihr lieben
Leonhart Schröter, 1587


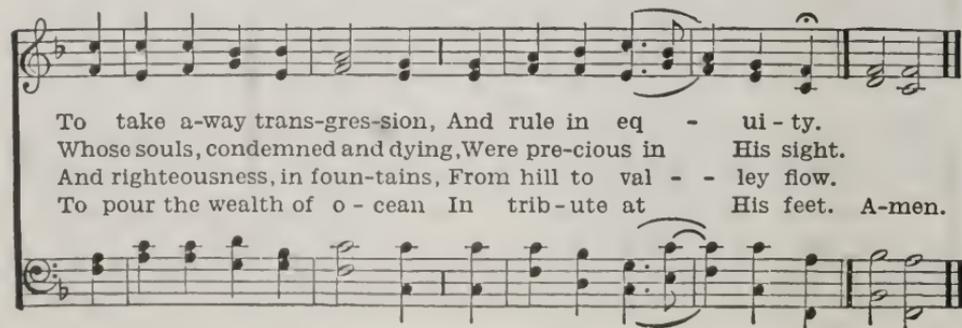
1 Hail to the Lord's A-noint-ed, Great Da-vid's great-er Son!
 2 He comes with suc-cor speed-y To those who suf-fer wrong;
 3 He shall come down like show-ers Up-on the fruit-ful earth,
 4 A-ra-bia's des-ert ran-ger To Him shall bow the knee,



Hail, in the time ap-point-ed, His reign on earth be-gun!
 To help the poor and need-y And bid the weak be strong;
 And joy and hope, like flow-ers, Spring in His path to birth.
 The E-thi-o-pian stran-ger His glo-ry come to see;



He comes to break op-press-ion, To set the cap-tive free,
 To give them songs for sigh-ing, Their dark-ness turn to light,
 Be-fore Him on the moun-tains Shall peace, the her-ald, go
 With of-f'rings of de-vo-tion Ships from the isles shall meet



To take a-way trans-gres-sion, And rule in eq-ui-ty.
 Whose souls, condemned and dying, Were pre-cious in His sight.
 And righteousness, in foun-tains, From hill to val-ley flow.
 To pour the wealth of o-cean In trib-ute at His feet. A-men.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed

5 Kings shall bow down before Him
 And gold and incense bring;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all peoples sing;
 To Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend,
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all-blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand forever —
 That name to us is Love.

Hark, a Thrilling Voice is Sounding

60

Rom. 13: 11

Vox clara ecce intonat

Latin, c. 900

Tr., Edward Caswall, 1849

8. 7. 8. 7.

O der alles

"Neues geistreiches Gesangbuch"

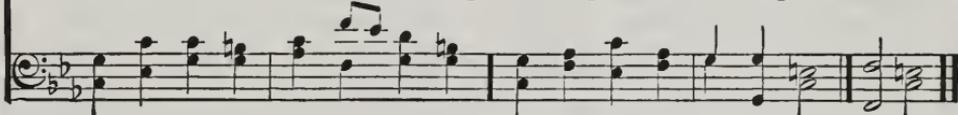
Halle, 1705



1 Hark, a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing! "Christ is nigh!" we hear it say;
 2 Star-tled at the sol-emn warn-ing, Let the earth-bound soul a- rise;



"Cast a-way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day!"
 Christ, her Sun, all sloth dis-pel-ling, Shines up-on the morning skies. A-men.



3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected.
 Comes with pardon down from heaven.
 Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
 One and all, to be forgiven,

4 That, when next He comes with glory
 And the world is wrapped in fear
 He may shield us with His mercy
 And with words of love draw near.

5 Honor, glory, might, dominion,
 To the Father and the Son.
 With the everlasting Spirit,
 While eternal ages run!

61

Comfort, Comfort, Ye My People

Is. 40: 1-8

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

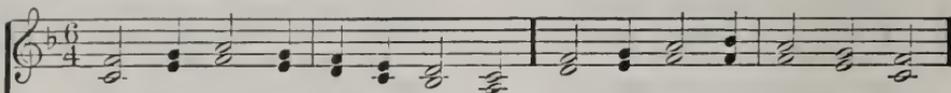
Trüftet, trüftet meine Lieben

Johann Olearius, 1671

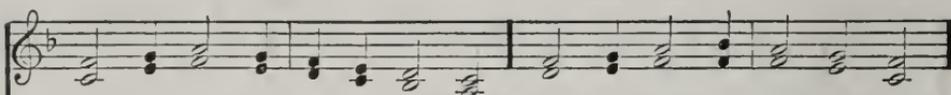
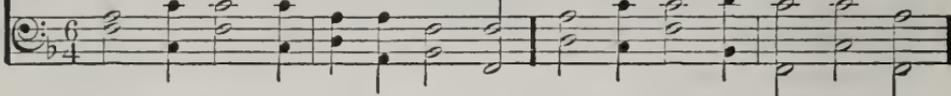
Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

Freu dich sehr

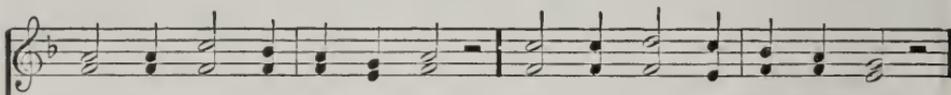
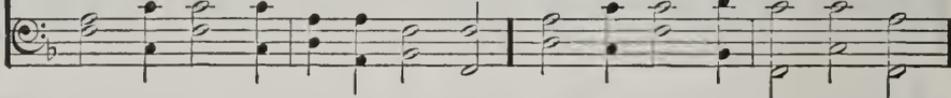
"Genevan Psalter," 1551



1 Com-fort, com-fort, ye My peo-ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
 2 Yea, her sins our God will par-don, Blot-ting out each dark mis-deed;
 3 Hark, the Her-ald's voice is cry-ing In the des-ert far and near,
 4 Make ye straight what long was crook-ed, Make the rough-er plac-es plain;



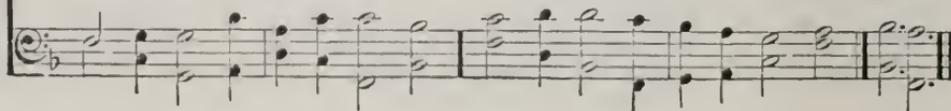
Com-fort those who sit in dark-ness, Mourn-ing 'neath their sor-rows' load.
 All that well de-served His an-ger He no more will see or heed.
 Bid-ding all men to re-pent-ance Since the King-dom now is here.
 Let your hearts be true and hum-ble, As be-fits His ho-ly reign.



Speak ye to Je-ru-sa-lem Of the peace that waits for them;
 She hath suf-ered man-y a day, Now her griefs have passed a-way;
 Oh, that warn-ing cry o-bey! Now pre-pare for God a way;
 For the glo-ry of the Lord - Now o'er earth is shed a-broad,



Tell her that her sins I cov-er And her war-fare now is o-ver.
 God will change her pining sadness In-to ev-er-spring-ing glad-ness.
 Let the val-leys rise to meet Him And the hills bow down to greet Him.
 And all flesh shall see the to-ken That His Word is nev-er bro-ken. A-men.



Oh, Come, Oh, Come, Emmanuel

Is. 59: 20

♩ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

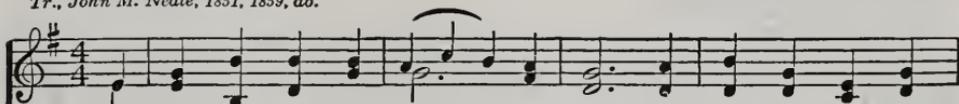
Veni, veni, Emmanuel

Veni, Emmanuel

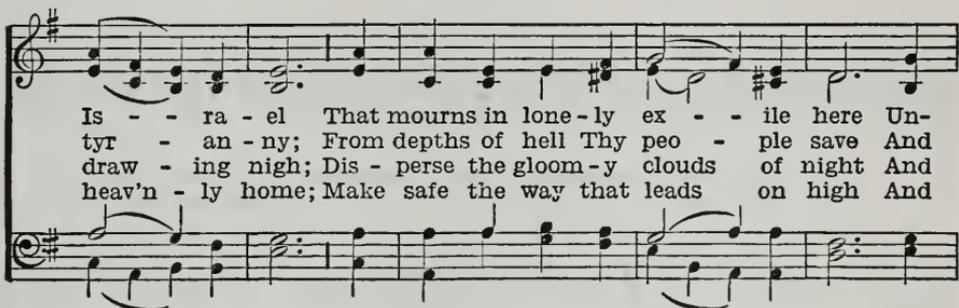
Latin author unknown, c. 1100

Choir-song melody, c. 1200

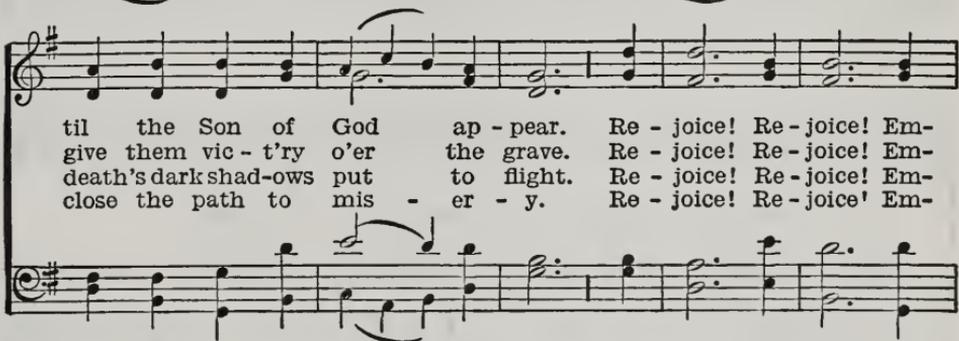
Tr., John M. Neale, 1851, 1859, ab.



1 Oh, come, Oh, come, Em-man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive
 2 Oh, come, Thou Rod of Jes - - se, free Thine own from Sa-tan's
 3 Oh, come, Thou Day-spring from on high, And cheer us by Thy
 4 Oh, come, Thou Key of Da - - vid, come And o - pen wide our



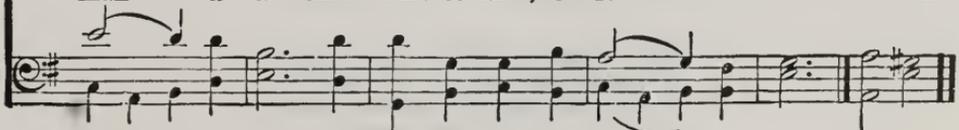
Is - - ra - el That mourns in lone-ly ex - - ile here Un-
 tyr - an - ny; From depths of hell Thy peo - ple save And
 draw - ing nigh; Dis - perse the gloom-y clouds of night And
 heav'n - ly home; Make safe the way that leads on high And



til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em-
 give them vic - t'ry o'er the grave. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em-
 death's darkshad-ows put to flight. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em-
 close the path to mis - er - y. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em-



man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - - ra - el.
 man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - - ra - el.
 man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - - ra - el.
 man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - - ra - el. A-men.



63

On Jordan's Bank the Baptist's Cry

Is. 40: 3; Matt. 3: 3

Jordanis oras praevia

Charles Coffin, 1736, ab.

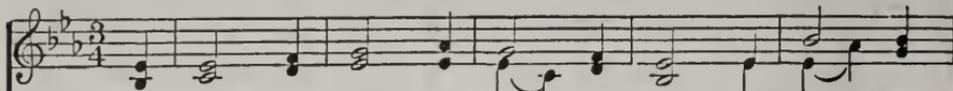
St. 1-3, tr., John Chandler, 1837

St. 4, 5, tr., unknown

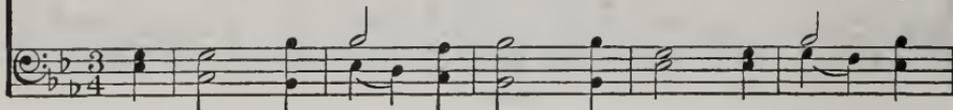
L. M.

Puer nobis nascitur

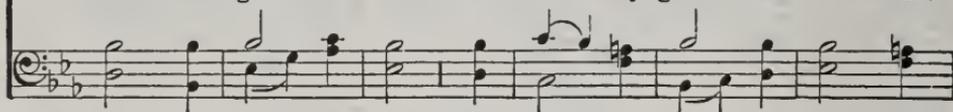
"Musae Sioniae," VI, 1609



1 On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An - nounc - es
 2 Then cleansed be ev - 'ry Chris - tian breast And fur - nished
 3 For Thou art our Sal - va - tion, Lord, Our Ref - uge,



that the Lord is nigh; Come, then, and heark - en, for he
 for so great a Guest. Yea, let us each our hearts pre -
 and our great Re - ward. With - out Thy grace our souls must



brings Glad ti - dings from the King of kings.
 pare For Christ to come and en - ter there.
 fade And with - er like a flow'r de - cayed. A - men.



4 Lay on the sick Thy healing hand
 And make the fallen strong to stand;
 Show us the glory of Thy face
 Till beauty springs in every place.

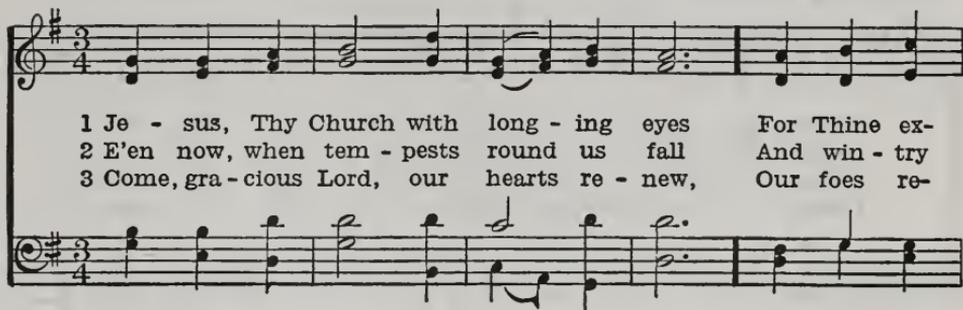
5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee
 Whose advent sets Thy people free,
 Whom, with the Father, we adore
 And Holy Ghost forevermore.

Jesus, Thy Church with Longing Eyes

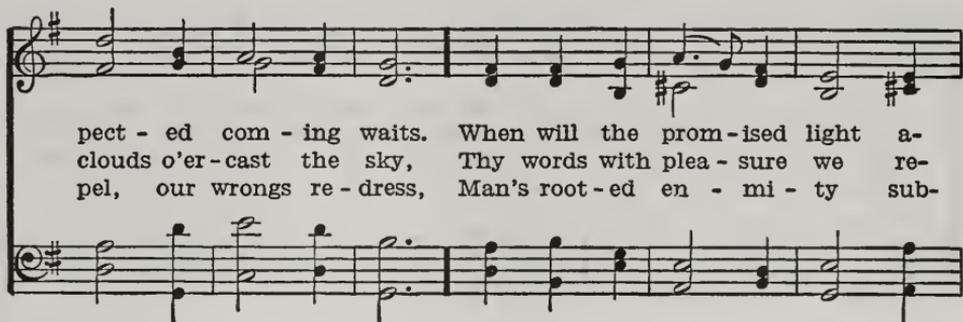
L. M.

Rev. 1: 7

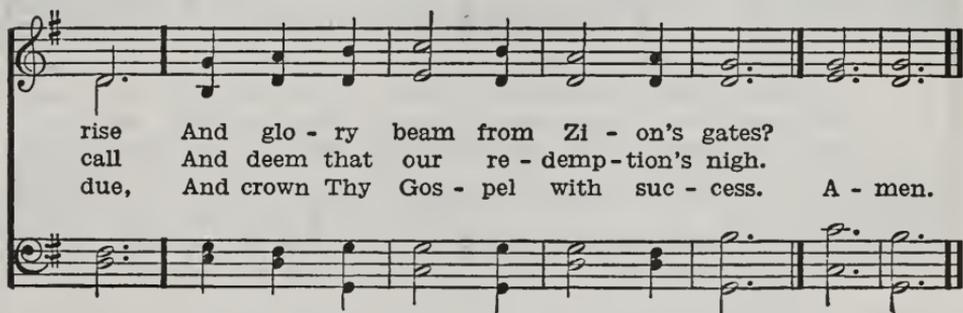
William H. Bathurst, 1831, ab.

O Jesu Christ, mein's
"Nürnbergisches Gesangbuch," 1676


1 Je - sus, Thy Church with long - ing eyes For Thine ex -
2 E'en now, when tem - pests round us fall And win - try
3 Come, gra - cious Lord, our hearts re - new, Our foes re -



pect - ed com - ing waits. When will the prom - ised light a -
clouds o'er - cast the sky, Thy words with plea - sure we re -
pel, our wrongs re - dress, Man's root - ed en - mi - ty sub -



rise And glo - ry beam from Zi - on's gates?
call And deem that our re - demp - tion's nigh.
due, And crown Thy Gos - pel with suc - cess. A - men.

4 Oh, come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

5 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

65

When Sinners See Their Lost Condition

John 20: 19-26

9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

Naar Synderen ret ser sin Vaade

Magnus B. Landstad, 1863

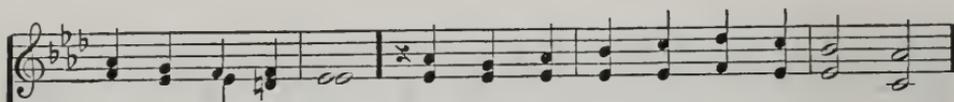
Tr., Oluf H. Smeby, 1909, alt.

Wer weiss, wie nahe

Christian Möck, 1818



1 When sin - ners see their lost con - di - tion And feel the
 2 When Je - sus en - ters meek and low - ly To fill the
 3 When Je - sus en - ters land and na - tion And moves the
 4 When Je - sus comes,—O bless - ed sto - ry!— He works a



press - ing load of sin, And Je - sus com - eth on His mis - sion
 home with sweet - est peace; When hearts have felt His bless - ing ho - ly
 peo - ple with His love; When, yield - ing to His kind per - sua - sion,
 change in heart and life; God's king - dom comes with pow'r and glo - ry



To heal the sin - sick heart with - in, All grief must flee be -
 And found from sin com - plete re - lease, Then light and calm with -
 Our hearts His truth and bless - ing prove, Then shall our life on
 To young and old, to man and wife; Thro' Sac - ra - ment and



fore His grace, And joy di - vine will take its place.
 in shall reign And hearts di - vid - ed love a - gain.
 earth be blest, The peace of God on us shall rest.
 liv - ing Word, Faith, love, and hope are now con - ferred. A - men.



When Sinners See Their Lost Condition

5 Then stilled are cries and lamentation,
Then loosed is Satan's every band;
In death is hope and consolation,
The soul is safe in Jesus' hand.
When we shall walk through death's dark vale,
His rod and staff shall never fail.

6 Oh, may He soon to every nation
Find entrance where He is unknown,
With life and light and full salvation,
That heathendom may be o'erthrown
And healing to the hearts may come
In heathen land and Christian home!

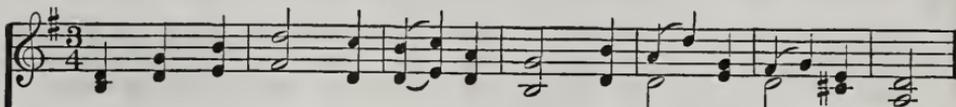
Hark the Glad Sound! The Savior Comes

66

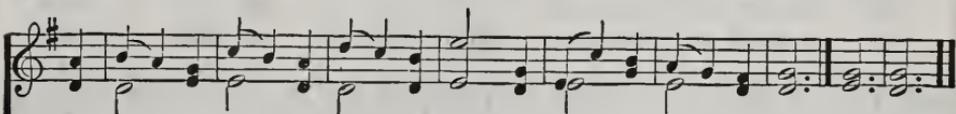
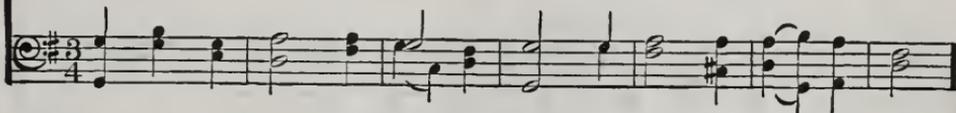
C. M.

Is. 61 : 1, 2; Luke 4 : 18
Philip Doddridge, 1735, cento

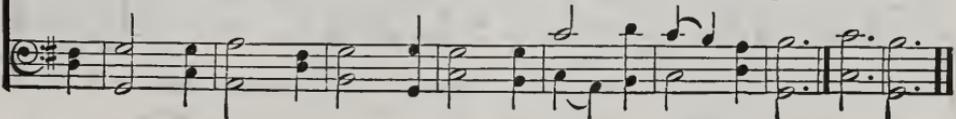
Chesterfield
Thomas Haweis, 1792



1 Hark the glad sound! The Sav-ior comes, The Sav-ior prom-ised long;
2 He comes the pris-'ners to re-lease, In Sa-tan's bond-age held.
3 He comes, from thick-est films of vice To clear the men-tal ray
4 He comes the bro-ken heart to bind, The bleed-ing soul to cure,



Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare a throne And ev-'ry voice a song.
The gates of brass be-fore Him burst, The i-ron fet-ters yield.
And on the eye-balls of the blind To pour ce-les-tial day.
And with the trea-sures of His grace T'en-rich the hum-ble poor. A-men.



5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

67 The Bridegroom Soon Will Call Us

Matt. 25: 6

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Der Bräut'gam wird bald rufen
 Johann Walther, 1552, cento
 Tr., Matthias Loy, 1880

Ach Gott vom Himmelreiche
 "Musae Sioniae," VII, 1609

1 The Bride-groom soon will call us: Come, all ye wed-ding-guests!
 2 There shall we see de-light - ed Our dear Re-deem-er's face,
 3 They will not blush to own us As broth-ers, sis-ters dear;

May not His voice ap-pal us While slum-ber binds our breasts!
 Who leads our souls be-night - ed To glo-ry by His grace.
 Love ev-er will be shown us When we with them ap-pear.

May all our lamps be burn - ing And oil be found in store
 The pa - tri - archs shall meet us, The proph-ets' ho - ly band,
 We all shall come be - fore Him Who for us man be - came,

That we, with Him re-turn - ing, May o - pen find the door!
 A - pos-tles, mar-tyrs, greet us In that ce - les-tial land.
 As Lord and God a - dore Him, And ev - er bless His name. A - men.

The Bridegroom Soon Will Call Us

4 Our Father, rich in blessing,
Will give us crowns of gold
And, to His bosom pressing,
Impart a bliss untold,
Will welcome with embraces
Of never-ending love,
And deck us with His graces
In blissful realms above.

5 In yonder home shall never
Be silent music's voice;
With hearts and lips forever
We shall in God rejoice.
The angels shall adore Him,
All saints shall sing His praise
And bring with joy before Him
Their sweetest heavenly lays.

6 In mansions fair and spacious
Will God the feast prepare
And, ever kind and gracious,
Bid us its riches share.
There bliss that knows no measure
From springs of love shall flow,
And never-changing pleasure
His bounty will bestow.

7 Thus God shall from all evil
Forever make us free,
From sin, and from the devil,
From all adversity,
From sickness, pain, and sadness,
From troubles, cares, and fears,
And grant us heavenly gladness
And wipe away our tears.

The Advent of Our King

68

Zech. 9 : 9

S. M.

Instantis adventum Del

Charles Coffin, 1736

Tr., John Chandler, 1837, att.

St. Thomas

Aaron Williams, 1770

1 The ad - vent of our King Our prayers must now em - ploy,
2 The ev - er - last - ing Son In - car - nate deigns to be;
3 O Zi - on's Daugh - ter, rise To meet thy low - ly King,
4 As Judge, on clouds of light, He soon will come a - gain

And we must hymns of wel - come sing In strains of ho - ly joy.
Him - self a serv - ant's form puts on To set His serv - ants free.
Nor let thy faith - less heart de - spise The peace He comes to bring.
And His true mem - bers all u - nite With Him in heav'n to reign. A - men.

5 Before the dawning day
Let sin's dark deeds be gone,
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on.

6 All glory to the Son,
Who comes to set us free,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
Through all eternity.

Arise, Sons of the Kingdom

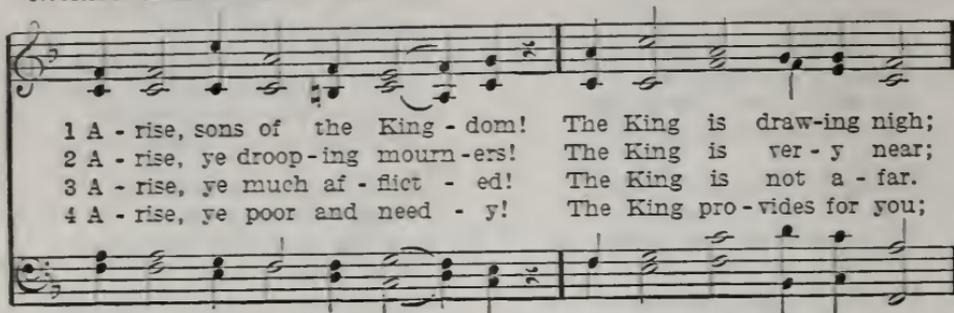
Luke 19: 38

Auf, auf, ihr Reichsgenossen

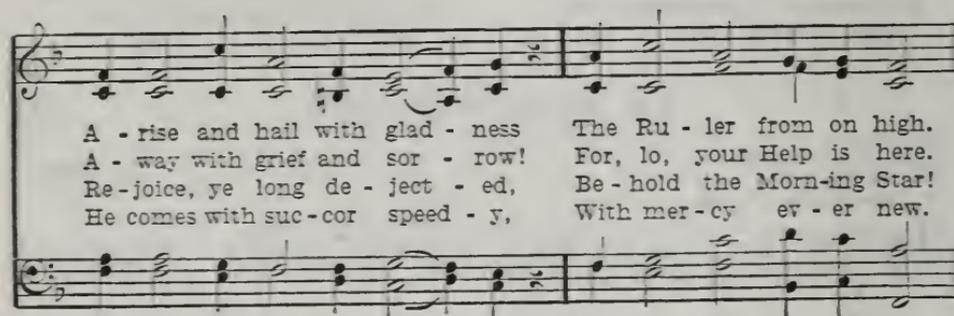
Johann Rist, 1651, cento

Tr. based on Catherine Winkworth, 1853

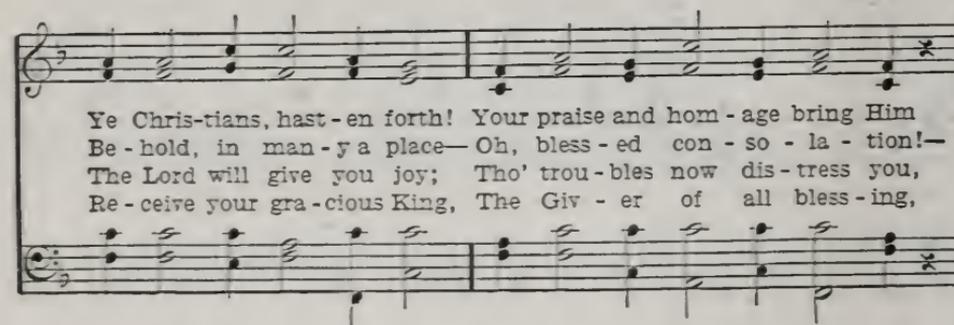
7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 7. 6.

Aus meines Herzens Grunde
"Neu Catechismus-Gesangbüchlein"
Hamburg, 1598


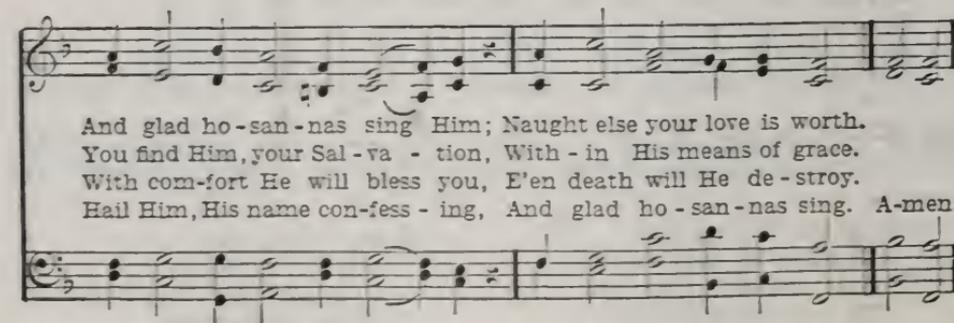
1 A - rise, sons of the King - dom! The King is draw - ing nigh;
2 A - rise, ye droop - ing mourn - ers! The King is ver - y near;
3 A - rise, ye much af - flict - ed! The King is not a - far.
4 A - rise, ye poor and need - y! The King pro - vides for you;



A - rise and hail with glad - ness The Ru - ler from on high.
A - way with grief and sor - row! For, lo, your Help is here.
Re - joice, ye long de - ject - ed, Be - hold the Morn - ing Star!
He comes with suc - cor speed - y, With mer - cy ev - er new.



Ye Chris - tians, hast - en forth! Your praise and hom - age bring Him
Be - hold, in man - y a place— Oh, bless - ed con - so - la - tion!—
The Lord will give you joy; Tho' trou - bles now dis - tress you,
Re - ceive your gra - cious King, The Giv - er of all bless - ing,



And glad ho - san - nas sing Him; Naught else your love is worth.
You find Him, your Sal - va - tion, With - in His means of grace.
With com - fort He will bless you, E'en death will He de - stroy.
Hail Him, His name con - fess - ing, And glad ho - san - nas sing. A - men.

Arise, Sons of the Kingdom

5 Be righteous, ye His subjects,
The King is just and true;
Prepare for Him a highway,
Make all things straight and new.
For, lo, He means it well;
Then willing bear the crosses
That He Himself imposes,
Nor let your courage fail.

6 Oh, rich the gifts Thou bringest,
Thyself made poor and weak!
O Love beyond expression,
That thus can sinners seek!
For this, O Lord, will we
Our joyous tribute bring Thee
And glad hosannas sing Thee
And ever grateful be.

Hosanna to the Living Lord

70

Matt. 21: 9

Reginald Heber, 1811. 1827, ab.

L. M.

Vom Himmel hoch
"Geistliche Lieder"
Leipzig, 1539

1 Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho -
2 O Sav - ior, with pro - tect - ing care A -
3 But, chief - est, in our cleans - ed breast, E -
4 So in the last and dread - ful Day, When

san - na to th' In - car - nate Word! To Christ, Cre - a - tor,
bide in this Thy house of prayer, Where we Thy part - ing
ter - nal, bid Thy Spir - it rest And make our se - cret
earth and heav'n shall melt a - way, Thy flock, re - deemed from

Sav - ior, King, Let earth, let heav'n, ho - san - na sing.
prom - ise claim, As - sem - bled in Thy sa - cred name.
soul to be A tem - ple pure and wor - thy Thee.
sin - ful stain, Shall swell the sound of praise a - gain. A - men.

Watchman, Tell Us of the Night

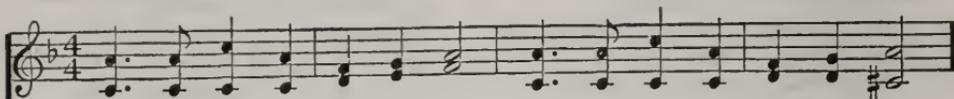
7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Is. 21: 11

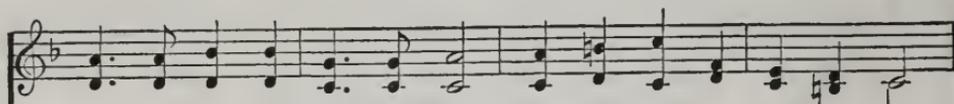
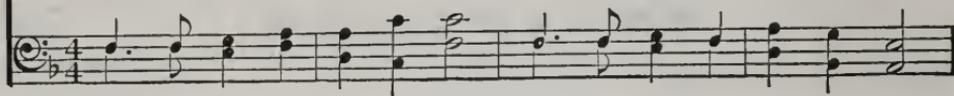
John Bowring, 1825

St. George

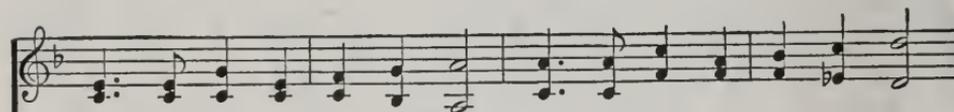
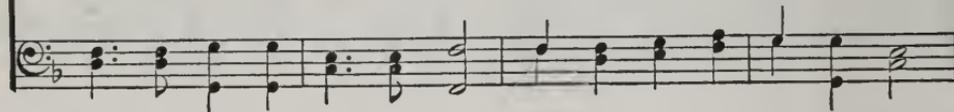
George J. Elvey, 1858



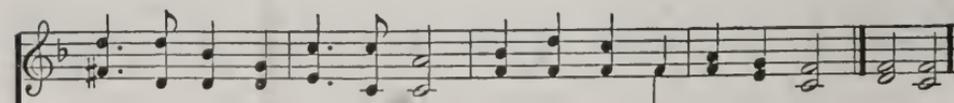
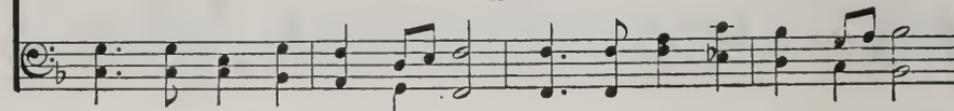
1 Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.
 2 Watch-man, tell us of the night; High-er yet that star as-cends.
 3 Watch-man, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn.



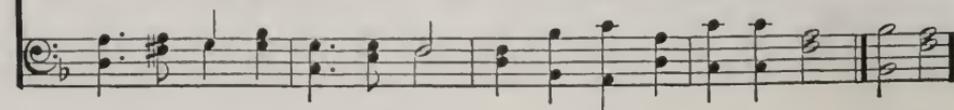
Trav-'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star.
 Trav-'ler, bless-ed-ness and light, Peace and truth, its course por-tends.
 Trav-'ler, dark-ness takes its flight; Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.



Watch-man, doth its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
 Watch-man, will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Watch-man, let thy wan-d'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui-et home.



Trav-'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.
 Trav-'ler, a-ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
 Trav-'ler, lo, the Prince of Peace, Lo, the Son of God, is come! A-men.



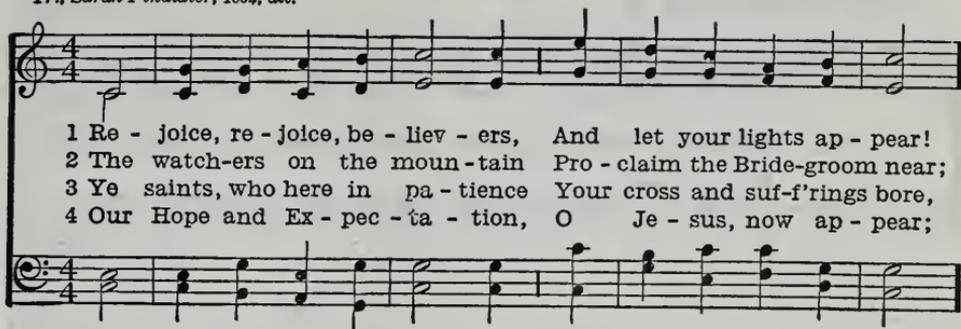
Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers

Matt. 25: 6

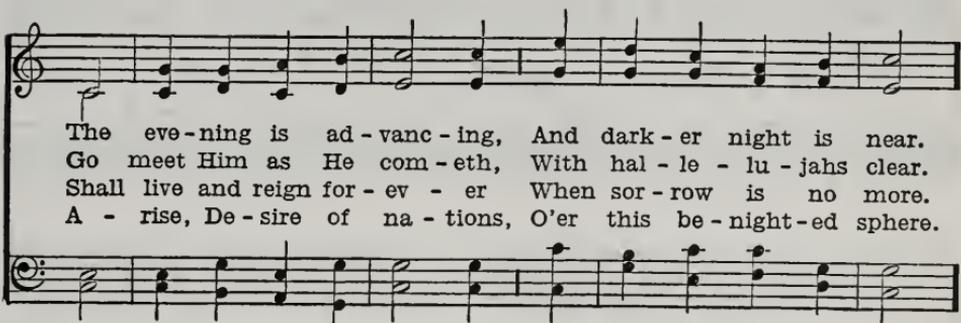
Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen
Laurentius Laurenti, 1700, cento
Tr., Sarah Findlater, 1854, alt.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

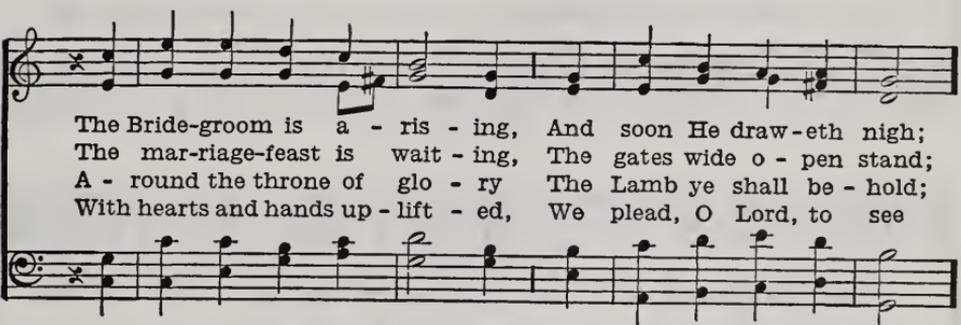
Valet will ich dir geben
Melchior Teschner, 1613



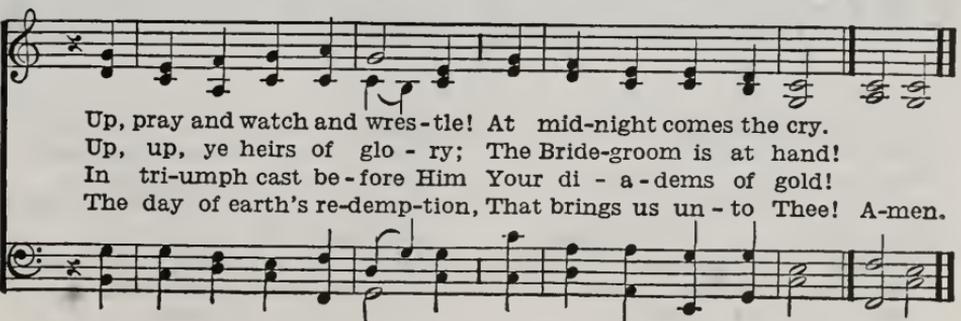
1 Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear!
 2 The watch - ers on the moun - tain Pro - claim the Bride - groom near;
 3 Ye saints, who here in pa - tience Your cross and suf - f' rings bore,
 4 Our Hope and Ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear;



The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
 Go meet Him as He com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear.
 Shall live and reign for - ev - er When sor - row is no more.
 A - rise, De - sire of na - tions, O'er this be - night - ed sphere.



The Bride - groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draw - eth nigh;
 The mar - riage - feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand;
 A - round the throne of glo - ry The Lamb ye shall be - hold;
 With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to see



Up, pray and watch and wres - tle! At mid - night comes the cry.
 Up, up, ye heirs of glo - ry; The Bride - groom is at hand!
 In tri - umph cast be - fore Him Your di - a - dems of gold!
 The day of earth's re - demp - tion, That brings us un - to Thee! A - men.

73

Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates

Ps. 24

Macht hoch die Tür

Georg Weissel, 1642

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1855, alt.

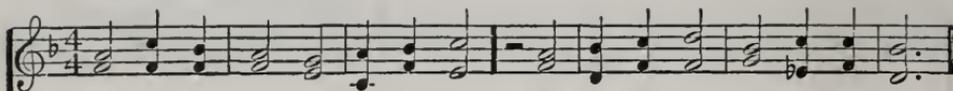
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(FIRST TUNE)

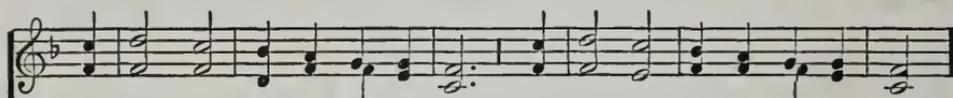
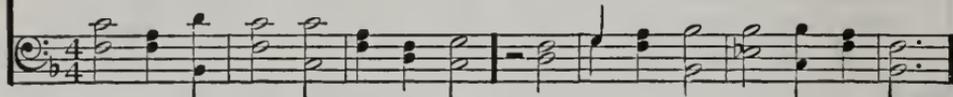
Macht hoch die Tür

"Prazis Pietatis Melica"

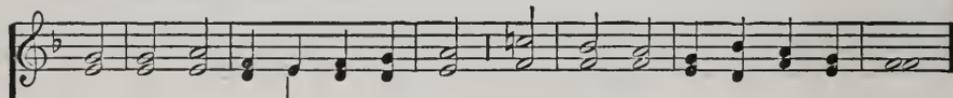
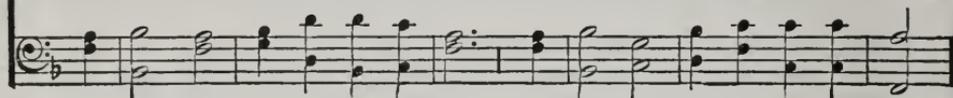
Berlin, 1661



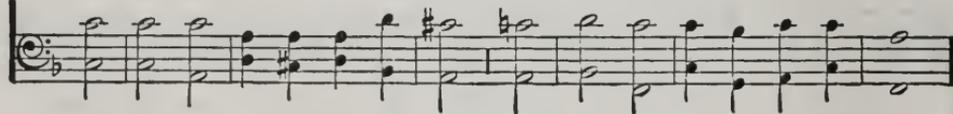
1 Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be-hold, the King of Glo-ry waits;



The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav-ior of the world is here.



Life and sal - va - tion He doth bring, Where - fore re - joi - ce and glad - ly sing:



We praise Thee, Fa - ther, now, Cre - a - tor, wise art Thou! A - men.



2 A Helper just He comes to thee,
His chariot is humility,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His scepter, pity in distress.
The end of all our woe He brings,
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:
We praise Thee, Savior, now,
Mighty in deed art Thou!

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.
We praise Thee, Spirit, now,
Our Comforter art Thou!

Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
 Make it a temple set apart
 From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
 Adorned with prayer and love and joy.
 So shall your Sovereign enter in
 And new and nobler life begin.
 To Thee, O God, be praise
 For word and deed and grace!

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
 My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
 Let me Thine inner presence feel,
 Thy grace and love in me reveal;
 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
 Until our glorious goal is won.
 Eternal praise and fame
 We offer to Thy name.

Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates

Ps. 24

Macht hoch die Tür

Georg Weissel, 1642

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1855, alt.

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6. 6.

(SECOND TUNE)

Macht hoch die Tür

Johann A. Freylinghausen, 1704

1 Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be-hold, the King of Glo-ry waits;

The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav-ior of the world is here.

Life and sal-va-tion He doth bring, Where-fore re-joyce and glad-ly sing:

We praise Thee, Fa-ther, now, Cre-a-tor, wise art Thou! A-men.

Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates

Ps. 24

Macht hoch die Tür

Georg Weissel, 1642

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1855, alt

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6. 6.

(THIRD TUNE)

Macht hoch die Tür

August Lemke, 1849

1 Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be-hold, the King of Glo-ry waits;

The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav-ior of the world is here.

Life and sal-va-tion He doth bring, Where-fore re-joyce and glad-ly sing:

We praise Thee, Fa-ther, now, Cre-a - - tor, wise art Thou! A-men.

2 A Helper just He comes to thee,
His chariot is humility,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His scepter, pity in distress.
The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:
We praise Thee, Savior, now,
Mighty in deed art Thou!

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.
We praise Thee, Spirit, now,
Our Comforter art Thou!

Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates

- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.
So shall your Sovereign enter in
And new and nobler life begin.
To Thee, O God, be praise
For word and deed and grace!
- 5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal is won.
Eternal praise and fame
We offer to Thy name.

Once He Came in Blessing

74

Luke 4: 18

Gottes Sohn ist kommen

Johann Roh, 1544, cento

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863

6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Gottes Sohn ist kommen

Michael Weisse, 1531

1 Once He came in bless - ing, All our ills re - dress - ing;
2 Still He comes with - in us, Still His voice would win us
3 Thus, if thou hast known Him, Not a-shamed to own Him,
4 He who thus en - dur - eth Bright re - ward se - cur - eth.

Came in like - ness low - ly, Son of God most ho - ly;
From the sins that hurt us; Would to Truth con - vert us
But wilt trust Him bold - ly Nor dost love Him cold - ly,
Come, then, O Lord Je - sus, From our sins re - lease us;

Bore the cross to save us, Hope and free - dom gave us.
From our fool - ish er - rors Ere He comes in ter - rors.
He will then re - ceive thee, Heal thee, and for - give thee.
Let us here con - fess Thee Till in heav'n we bless Thee. A - men.

75

Ye Sons of Men, Oh, Harken

Luke 3: 4, 5

Mit Ernst, o Menschenkinder

Valentin Thilo, Jr., 1659, alt.

Tr., based on Arthur T. Russell, 1851

7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 7. 6.

Aus meines Herzens Grunde
"Neu Catechismus-Gesangbüchlein"
Hamburg, 1598

1 Ye sons of men, oh, hear - en: Your heart and mind pre - pare;
2 Pre - pare the way be - fore Him; Pre - pare for Him the best.
3 The hum - ble heart and low - ly God lift - eth up on high;
4 Pre - pare my heart, Lord Je - sus, Turn not from me a - side,

To hail th' Al - might - y Sav - ior, O sin - ners, be your care.
Cast out what - e'er of - fend - eth This great, this heav'n - ly Guest.
Be - neath His feet in an - guish The haugh - ty soul shall lie.
And grant that I re - ceive Thee This bless - ed Ad - vent - tide.

He who of grace a - lone Our Life and Light was giv - en,
Make straight, make plain, the way: The low - ly val - leys rais - ing,
The heart, sin - cere and right, That heeds God's in - vi - ta - tion
From stall and man - ger low Come Thou to dwell with - in me;

The prom - ised Lord from heav - en, Un - to our world is shown.
The heights of pride a - bas - ing, His path all e - ven lay.
And makes true prep - a - ra - tion, It is the Lord's de - light.
Loud prais - es will I sing Thee And forth Thy glo - ry show. A - men.

A Great and Mighty Wonder

1 Tim. 3: 16

Μέγα καὶ παράδοξον Θαῦμα

St. Germanus, 1734

Tr., John M. Neale, 1862, ab.

7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 6.

Es ist ein' Ros'
"Alte geistliche Kirchengesäng"
Cologne, 1599

1 A great and might - y won - der, A full and
2 The Word be - comes in - car - nate And yet re -
3 While thus they sing your Mon - arch, Those bright an -

ho - ly cure: The Vir - gin bears the In - fant With
mains on high, And cher - u - bim sing an - thems To
gel - ic bands, Re - joice, ye vales and moun - tains, Ye

vir - gin hon - or pure! Re - peat the hymn a - gain: "To
shep - herds from the sky. Re - peat the hymn a - gain: "To
o - ceans, clap your hands. Re - peat the hymn a - gain: "To

God on high be glo - ry And peace on earth to men!"
God on high be glo - ry And peace on earth to men!"
God on high be glo - ry And peace on earth to men!" A - men.

4 Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Beth'lem,
The Savior and the Lord.
Repeat the hymn again:
"To God on high be glory
And peace on earth to men!"

5 And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His scepter,
Our Lord and God for aye.
Repeat the hymn again:
"To God on high be glory
And peace on earth to men!"

77 All My Heart This Night Rejoices

Luke 2: 11

Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen

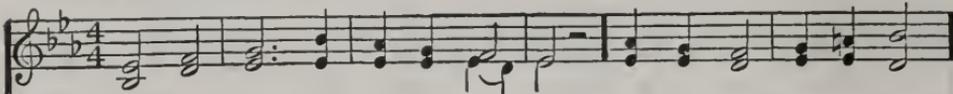
Paul Gerhardt, 1653

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1858, alt.

8. 3. 3. 6. 8. 3. 3. 6.

Fröhlich soll mein Herze

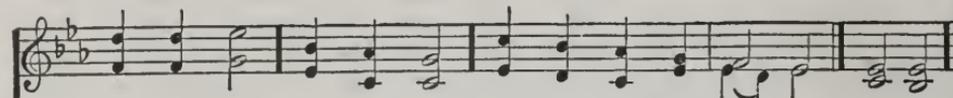
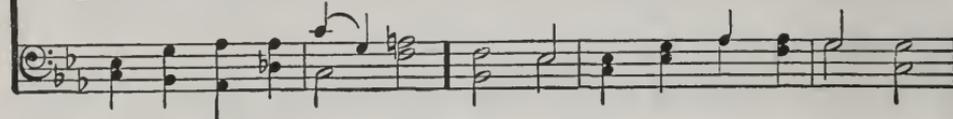
Johann Crüger, 1653



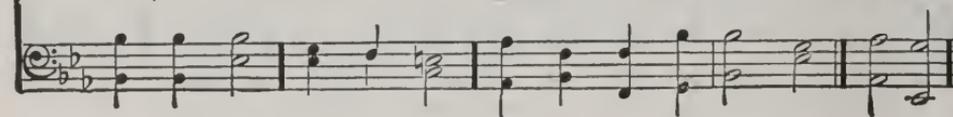
1 All my heart this night re-joic - es As I hear Far and near
 2 Forth to - day the Con-queror go - eth, Who the foe, Sin and woe,
 3 Shall we still dread God's dis-plea - sure, Who, to save, Free-ly gave
 4 Should He who Him-self im-part - ed Aught with-hold From the fold.



Sweet-est an-gel voic - es. "Christ is born," their choirs are sing-ing
 Death and hell, o'er-throw-eth. God is man, man to de-liv - er;
 His most cher-ished Trea-sure? To re-deem us, He hath giv - en
 Leave us bro-ken-heart-ed? Should the Son of God not love us,



Till the air Ev - 'ry-where Now with joy is ring-ing.
 His dear Son Now is one With our blood for-ev - er.
 His own Son From the throne Of His might in heav-en.
 Who, to cheer Suf-f'ers here, Left His throne a - bove us? **A-men.**



5 If our blessed Lord and Maker
 Hated men, Would He then
 Be of flesh partaker?
 If He in our woe delighted,
 Would He bear All the care
 Of our race benighted?

6 He becomes the Lamb that taketh
 Sin away And for aye
 Full atonement maketh.
 For our life His own He tenders
 And our race, By His grace,
 Meet for glory renders.

All My Heart This Night Rejoices

- 7 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, Doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger.
Brethren, from all ills that grieve you
You are freed; All you need
I will surely give you."
- 8 Come, then, banish all your sadness,
One and all, Great and small;
Come with songs of gladness.
Love Him who with love is glowing;
Hail the Star Near and far
Light and joy bestowing.
- 9 Ye whose anguish knew no measure,
Weep no more; See the door
To celestial pleasure.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, Pain, or loss
Can again betide you.
- 10 Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
Who for sin, Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted;
For the poisoned wounds you're feeling
Help is near, One is here
Mighty for their healing.
- 11 Hither come, ye poor and wretched;
Know His will is to fill
Every hand outstretchèd.
Here are riches without measure;
Here forget All regret,
Fill your hearts with treasure.
- 12 Let me in my arms receive Thee;
On Thy breast Let me rest,
Savior, ne'er to leave Thee.
Since Thou hast Thyself presented
Now to me, I shall be
Evermore contented.
- 13 Guilt no longer can distress me;
Son of God, Thou my load
Bearest to release me.
Stain in me Thou findest never;
I am clean, All my sin
Is removed forever.
- 14 I am pure, in Thee believing,
From Thy store Evermore
Righteous robes receiving.
In my heart I will enfold Thee,
Treasure rare, Let me there,
Loving, ever hold Thee.
- 15 Dearest Lord, Thee will I cherish.
Though my breath Fail in death.
Yet I shall not perish,
But with Thee abide forever
There on high, In that joy
Which can vanish never.

78

Hail the Day So Rich in Cheer

Is. 9: 6

7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 6. 7. 7. 6.

Dies est laetitia

Author unknown, 15th century

Tr., W. Gustave Polack, 1940

Der Tag, der ist
German melody, 15th century

1 Hail the day so rich in cheer For each earth-born crea - ture!
2 Child of won - der, vir - gin - born, King of all cre - a - tion,

God's own Son from heav'n draws near, Takes our hu - man na - ture;
On this hap - py Christ - mas morn Come for our sal - va - tion!

Of a vir - gin born is He; Ma - ry, by the Lord's de - cree,
Were this Child for us not born, We should all be lost, for - lorn,

Is be - come a moth - er. See the mir - a - cle of love:
No true hope pos - sess - ing. Dear Lord Je - sus, thanks to Thee

God Him - self, from heav'n a - bove, Came to be our Broth - er!
Now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty For this grace and bless - ing! A - men.

Rejoice, Rejoice, This Happy Morn

Luke 2: 11

Os er idag en Frelser födt

Birgitta Boye, 1778

Tr., Carl Döving, 1911

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 4. 4. 4. 4. 8.

Wie schön leuchtet

Philipp Nicolai, 1599

Re-joyce, re-joyce, this hap-py morn, A Sav-ior un-to us is born,

The Christ, the Lord of Glo - ry. His low - ly birth in Beth-le-hem

The an-gels from on high proclaim And sing re-demp-tion's sto - ry.

My soul, ex - tol God's great fa-vor, Bless Him ev-er For sal-va-tion,

Give Him praise and ad - o - ra - tion. A - men.

All Praise to Thee, Eternal God

John 1: 14

Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ

Based on Latin sequence, 11th century

German, st. 1, 1370

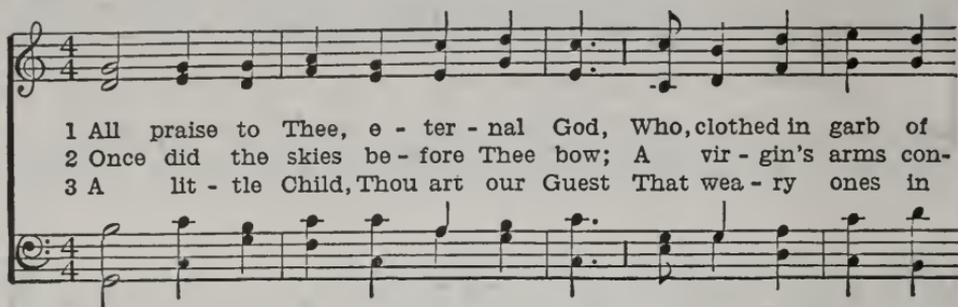
Martin Luther, 1524, cento

Tr., unknown, 1853

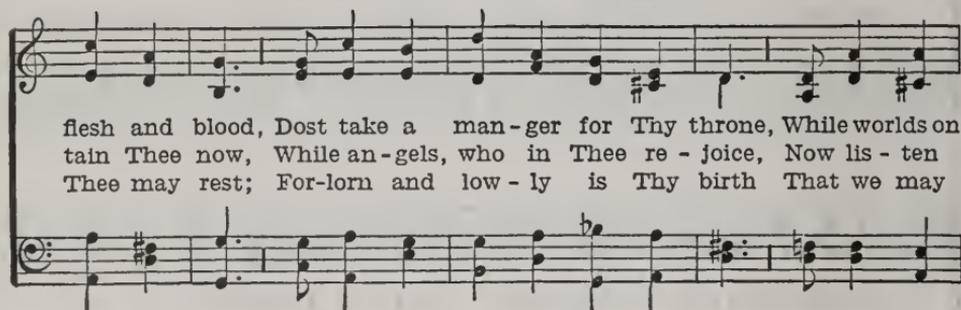
L. M., with Hallelujah

Gelobet seist du, Jesu

Ancient melody, c. 1400



1 All praise to Thee, e - ter - nal God, Who, clothed in garb of
 2 Once did the skies be - fore Thee bow; A vir - gin's arms con -
 3 A lit - tle Child, Thou art our Guest That wea - ry ones in



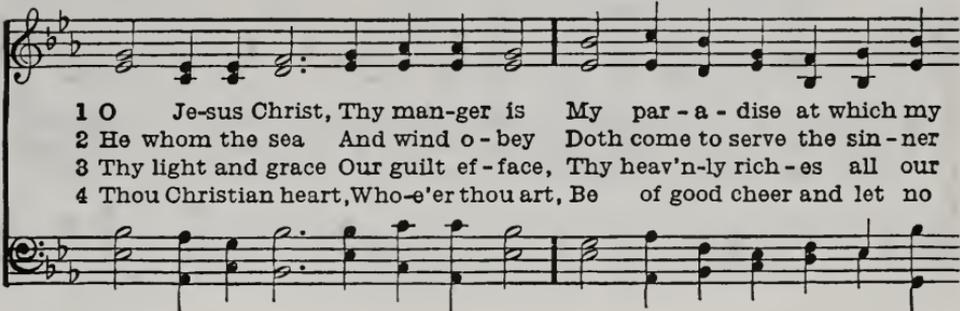
flesh and blood, Dost take a man - ger for Thy throne, While worlds on
 tain Thee now, While an - gels, who in Thee re - joice, Now lis - ten
 Thee may rest; For - lorn and low - ly is Thy birth That we may



worlds are Thine a - lone. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 for Thine in - fant voice. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 rise to heav'n from earth. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
 To make us children of the light,
 To make us in the realms divine,
 Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.
 Hallelujah!

5 All this for us Thy love hath done;
 By this to Thee our love is won;
 For this our joyful songs we raise
 And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.
 Hallelujah!


 ☉ Jesus Christ, Thy Manger Is

81

Luke 2 : 7

4. 4. 11. 4. 4. 11.

O Jesu Christ, dein Kripplein ist
 Paul Gerhardt, 1653, cento
 Tr., composite

O Jesu Christ, dein Kripplein
 Johann Crüger, 1653

1 O Je-sus Christ, Thy man-ger is My par-a - dise at which my
 2 He whom the sea And wind o - bey Doth come to serve the sin - ner
 3 Thy light and grace Our guilt ef - face, Thy heav'n - ly rich - es all our
 4 Thou Christian heart, Who - e'er thou art, Be of good cheer and let no

soul re - clin - eth. For there, O Lord, Doth lie the Word
 in great meek - ness. Thou, God's own Son, With us art one,
 loss re - triev - ing. Im - man - u - el, Thy birth doth quell
 sor - row move thee! For God's own Child, In mer - cy mild,

Made flesh for us; here - in Thy grace forth shin - eth.
 Dost join us and our chil - dren in our weak - ness.
 The pow'r of hell and Sa - tan's bold de - ceiv - ing.
 Joins thee to Him; how great - ly God must love thee! A - men.

5 Remember thou
 What glory now
 The Lord prepared thee for all earthly sadness.
 The angel host
 Can never boast
 Of greater glory, greater bliss or gladness.

6 The world may hold
 Her wealth and gold;
 But thou, my heart, keep Christ as thy true Treasure.
 To Him hold fast
 Until at last
 A crown be thine and honor in full measure.

Come Rejoicing, Praises Voicing

Luke 2: 1-14

Čas radosti

Juraj Tranovský, †1637

Tr., composite

4. 4. 6. 4. 4. 6. 6. 6. 11.

Gladness

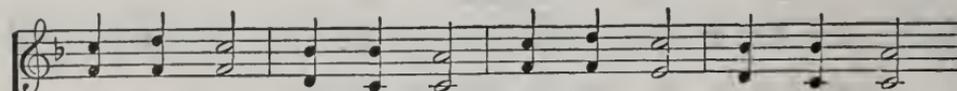
Bohemian melody, 12th century



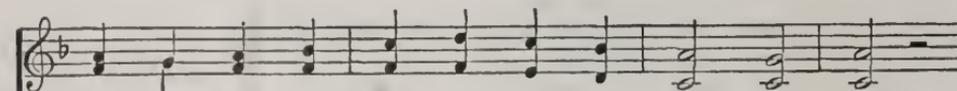
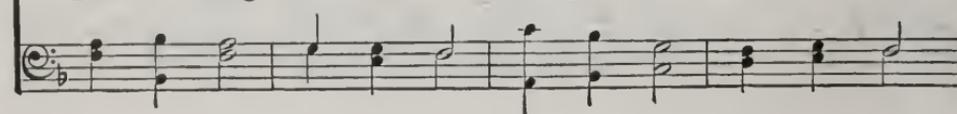
1 Come re-joic-ing, Prais-es voic-ing, Christ-mas Day is break-ing;
 2 Un-a-bat-ed For Him wait-ed Man-y gen-er-a-tions;
 3 Ten-der Flow-er, Might-y Tow-er, Je-sus Christ, our Sav-ior;



Now th'E-ter-nal, Lord su-per-nal, Hu-man form is tak-ing.
 Him now proud-ly An-gels loud-ly Praise the Hope of na-tions.
 Heav'n-ly Trea-sure, With-out mea-sure Thee we love for-ev-er.



On the hay-lo, be-hold Vir-gin's Son, as fore-told—
 Let us, then, glad-ly sing, Let our songs gai-ly ring,
 Lord and King with-out end, Our poor hearts now be-friend,



Lies the pre-cious In-fant in the win-try cold,
 As we to this ho-ly Child our prais-es bring,
 All Thy gifts of grace and good-ness to us send,



Come Rejoicing, Praises Voicing

Lies the pre-cious In - fant in the win - try cold.
As we to this ho - ly Child our prais - es bring.
All Thy gifts of grace and good - ness to us send. A - men.

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices

83

Luke 2: 14
John Cawood, 1819, alt.

8. 7. 8. 7.

Stuttgart
"Psalmodia Sacra"
Gotha, 1715

1 Hark! what mean those ho-ly voic - es Sweet-ly sound-ing thro' the skies?
2 Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy,
3 Peace on earth, good will from heav-en, Reach-ing far as man is found;
4 Christ is born, the great A - noint-ed; Heav'n and earth, His prais-es sing!

Lo, th' an-gel-ic host re - joic - es, Heav'n-ly hal - le - lu-jahs rise.
Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!
Souls re-deemed and sins for-giv-en! Loud our gold-en harps shall sound.
Oh, re-ceive whom God ap-point-ed For your Prophet, Priest, and King! Amen.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

84 Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn

.0. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Luke 2 : 1-18

John Byrom, 1749, cento, alt.

Yorkshire

John Wainwright, 1750

1 Chris - tians, a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn
 2 Then to the watch - ful shep - herds it was told,
 3 He spake; and straight - way the ce - les - tial choir

Where - on the Sav - ior of the world was born.
 Who heard th' an - gel - ic her - ald's voice, "Be - hold,
 In hymns of joy, un - known be - fore, con - spire;

Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love
 I bring good ti - dings of a Sav - ior's birth
 The prais - es of re - deem - ing love they sang,

Which hosts of an - gels chant - ed from a - bove,
 To you and all the na - tions up - on earth;
 And heav'n's whole orb with al - le - lu - ias rang.

Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn

With them the joy - ful ti - dings first be - gun
 This day hath God ful - filled His prom - ised word;
 God's high - est glo - ry was their an - them still,

Of God In - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.
 This day is born a Sav - ior, Christ the Lord."
 Peace up - on earth and un - to men good will. A - men.

4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds ran
 To see the wonder God had wrought for man
 And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,
 Her Son, the Savior, in a manger laid;
 Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
 And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.

5 Oh, may we keep and ponder in our mind
 God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind!
 Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
 From His poor manger to His bitter cross,
 Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, th' angelic hosts among,
 To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song.
 He that was born upon this joyful day
 Around us all His glory shall display.
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
 Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

85 From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

Luke 2: 1-18

Vom Himmel hoch, da komm' ich her

Martin Luther, 1535

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1855, alt.

L. M.

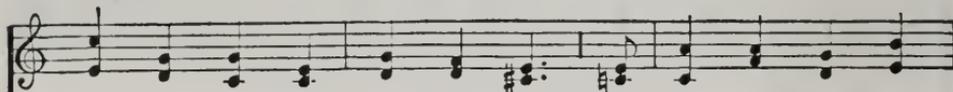
Vom Himmel hoch

"Geistliche Lieder"

Leipzig, 1539



1 "From heav'n a - bove to earth I come To
 2 "To you this night is born a child Of
 3 "This is the Christ, our God and Lord, Who



bear good news to ev - 'ry home; Glad ti - dings of great
 Ma - ry, cho - sen vir - gin mild; This lit - tle child, of
 in all need shall aid af - ford; He will Him - self your



joy I bring, Where-of I now will say and sing:
 low - ly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.
 Sav - ior be From all your sins to set you free. A - men.



4 "He will on you the gifts bestow
 Prepared by God for all below,
 That in His kingdom, bright and fair,
 You may with us His glory share.

5 "These are the tokens ye shall mark:
 The swaddling-clothes and manger dark;
 There ye shall find the Infant laid
 By whom the heavens and earth were made."

From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

- 6 Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Go with the shepherds and draw near
To see the precious Gift of God,
Who hath His own dear Son bestowed.
- 7 Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
What is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.
- 8 Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through whom the sinful world is blest!
Thou com'st to share my misery;
What thanks shall I return to Thee?
- 9 Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How weak art Thou, how poor and small,
That Thou dost choose Thine infant bed
Where humble cattle lately fed!
- 10 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
It yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.
- 11 For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon Thou, King, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.
- 12 And thus, dear Lord, it pleaseth Thee
To make this truth quite plain to me,
That all the world's wealth, honor, might,
Are naught and worthless in Thy sight.
- 13 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.
- 14 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I, too, must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:
- 15 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto us His Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth.

Christ the Lord to Us is Born

7. 4. 7. 4. 6. 6. 6.

Luke 2: 11

Narodil se Kristus Pán

Bohemian author unknown, c. 1400

Tr., st. 1-4, Vincent Pisek, 11929

Tr., st. 5-6, John Bajus, 1939

Salvator natus
Bohemian melody, c. 1400

1 Christ the Lord to us is born, Hal-le-lu - jah! On this joy-ous
 2 Proph-e-sied in days of old, Hal-le-lu - jah! God has sent Him
 3 Our poor hu-man form He took, Hal-le-lu - jah! Realms of heav-en
 4 Pros-trate lies the E - vil One, Hal-le-lu - jah! God has saved us

Christ-mas morn, Hal-le-lu - jah! Of a vir - gin low - ly,
 as fore - told, Hal-le-lu - jah! Of a vir - gin low - ly,
 He for - sook, Hal-le-lu - jah! Of a vir - gin low - ly,
 through His Son, Hal-le-lu - jah! Of a vir - gin low - ly,

He, the King most ho - ly, Born this day to save us.
 He, the King most ho - ly, Born this day to save us.
 He, the King most ho - ly, Born this day to save us.
 He, the King most ho - ly, Born this day to save us. A - men.

5 Grace divine, be with us still, Hallelujah!
 Keep us from all harm and ill, Hallelujah!
 For the sake of Jesus,
 Who from sin now saves us,
 Grant to us Thy mercy.

6 Grant us, Lord, a blessed end, Hallelujah!
 To our souls Thy comfort send, Hallelujah!
 Come to us, dear Jesus,
 Born this day to save us,
 Bless us all forever.

Joy to the World, the Lord is Come

Luke 2: 10; Ps. 98
Isaac Watts, 1719

G. M.

Antioch
Georg F. Händel, 1742, arr.

Congregation and Choir

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-
2 Joy to the earth, the Sav - ior reigns! Let men their
3 No more let sins and sor - rows grow Nor thorns in-
4 He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the

Choir only

ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous -

room And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
plains Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
ness And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His

Congregation and Choir

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love. A - men.

This Night a Wondrous Revelation

Luke 1: 78, 79

9. 8. 9. 8. 8.

Dies ist die Nacht, da mir erschienen

Caspas F. Nachtenhöfer, c. 1683, ab.

Tr., Anna Hoppe, 1922

O dass ich tausend

Johann B. König, 1738

1 This night a won-drous rev - e - la - tion Makes known to
 2 The Sun of Grace for thee is beam - ing; Re - joice, my
 3 This light, which all thy gloom can ban - ish, The bliss of

me God's love and grace; The Child that mer-its ad - o - ra - tion
 soul, in Je - sus' birth! The light from yon-der man-ger stream-ing
 heav-en glo - ri - fies; When sun and moon and stars shall van - ish,

Brings light to our be-night-ed race; And though a thou-sand
 Sends forth its rays o'er all the earth. It drives the night of
 Its rays shall still il-lume the skies. This light thro' all e-

suns did shine, Still bright-er were that Light di - vine.
 sin a - way And turns our dark-ness in - to day.
 ter - ni - ty Thy heav'n and all to thee shall be. A-men.

- 4 O Jesus, precious Sun of gladness,
 Fill Thou my soul with light, I pray.
 Dispel the gloomy night of sadness
 And teach Thou me this Christmas Day
 How I a child of light may be,
 Aglow with light that comes from Thee.

To Thee My Heart I Offer

Luke 2 : 7

Mein Herz will ich dir schenken

Author unknown, 1653

Tr., composite

7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Cordis donum

"Clausener Gesangbuch," 1653

1 To Thee my heart I of - fer, O Christ-child sweet and dear,
 2 My heart with - in is glow - ing, O Christ-child sweet and dear;
 3 What bro't Thee to the man - ger, O Christ-child sweet and dear?

Up - on Thy love re - ly - ing; Oh, be Thou ev - er near!
 I love Thee, Lord and Sav - ior, Oh, be Thou ev - er near!
 Thy love for me, a stran - ger - Oh, be Thou ev - er near!

Take Thou my heart and give me Thine And let it be for - ev - er mine,
 I see Thee in a man - ger laid, Near cat - tle rest - ing un - a - fraid;
 O Lord, how great is this Thy love That reaches down from heav'n a - bove,

O Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed, My Sav - ior meek and mild.
 I see Thy deep hu - mil - i - ty And low - ly bow to Thee.
 Thy love for us, by sin de - filed, That made Thee, God, a child! A - men.

4 With all my heart and being,
 O Christ-child sweet and dear,
 I love Thee, and Thee only;
 Oh, be Thou ever near!
 My heart I in Thy manger lay;
 Let it remain there and for aye
 Draw it to Thee that it may be
 Secure eternally.

5 Let me be Thine forever,
 O Christ-child sweet and dear;
 Uphold me with Thy mercy,
 And be Thou ever near.
 From Thee I gladly all receive,
 And what is mine to Thee I give,
 My heart, my soul, and all I own.
 Let these be Thine alone.

Come, Your Hearts and Voices Raising

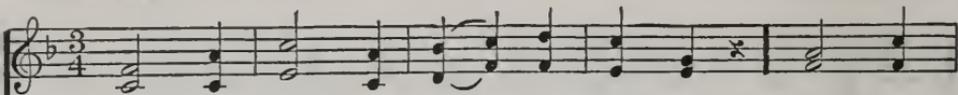
Luke 2: 15

Kommt und lasst uns Christum ehren

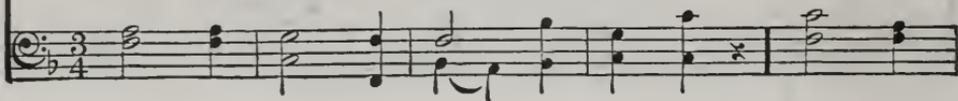
Paul Gerhardt, 1667

Tr., composite

8. 8. 8. 7.

Quem pastores
14th-century melody

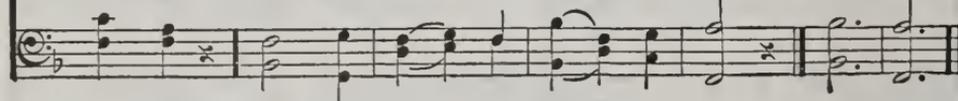
1 Come, your hearts and voic - es rais - ing, Christ the
 2 Sin and death may well be groan - ing, Sa - tan
 3 See how God, for us pro - vid - ing, Gave His



Lord with glad - ness prais - ing; Loud - ly sing His love a -
 now may well be moan - ing; We, our full sal - va - tion
 Son and life a - bid - ing; He our wea - ry steps is



maz - ing, Wor - thy folk of Chris - ten - dom.
 own - ing, Cast our ev - 'ry care a - way.
 guid - ing From earth's woe to heav'n - ly joy. A - men.



4 Christ, from heaven to us descending
 And in love our race befriending,
 In our need His help extending,
 Saved us from the wily Foe.

5 Jacob's Star in all its splendor
 Beams with comfort sweet and tender,
 Forcing Satan to surrender,
 Breaking all the powers of hell.

6 From the bondage that oppressed us,
 From sin's fetters that possessed us,
 From the grief that sore distressed us,
 We, the captives, now are free.

Come, Your Hearts and Voices Raising

7 Oh, the joy beyond expressing
When by faith we grasp this blessing
And to Thee we come confessing
That our freedom Thou hast wrought!

8 Gracious Child, we pray Thee, hear us,
From Thy lowly manger cheer us,
Gently lead us and be near us
Till we join th' angelic choir.

Let the Earth Now Praise the Lord

91

Luke 24 : 27

Gott sei Dank durch alle Welt

Heinrich Held, 1659

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863

Tr., st. 7, unknown

7. 7. 7.

Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland

"Geistliches Gesangbüchlein"

Wittenberg, 1524, ad.

1 Let the earth now praise the Lord, Who hath tru - ly kept His word
2 What the fa - thers most de - sired, What the proph - ets' heart in - spired,
3 A - bram's prom - ised great Re - ward, Zi - on's Help - er, Ja - cob's Lord -

And the sin - ners' Help and Friend Now at last to us doth send.
What they longed for man - y a year, Stands ful - filled in glo - ry here.
Him of two - fold race be - hold - Tru - ly came, as long fore - told. A - men.

4 Welcome, O my Savior, now!
Hail! My Portion, Lord, art Thou.
Here, too, in my heart, I pray,
Oh, prepare Thyself a way!

5 King of Glory, enter in;
Cleanse it from the filth of sin,
As Thou hast so often done;
It belongs to Thee alone.

6 As Thy coming was in peace,
Quiet, full of gentleness,
Let the same mind dwell in me
That was ever found in Thee.

7 Comfort my desponding heart;
Thou my Strength and Refuge art.
I am weak, and cunningly
Satan lays his snares for me.

8 Bruise for me the Serpent's head
That, set free from doubt and dread,
I may cleave to Thee in faith,
Safely kept through life and death,

9 And when Thou dost come again
As a glorious King to reign,
I with joy may see Thy face,
Freely ransomed by Thy grace.

How Sing We, How Rejoice

Luke 2: 1-14

6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 5. 5.

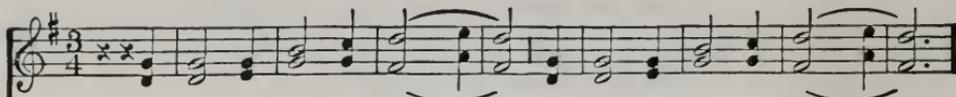
In dulci iubilo

In dulci iubilo

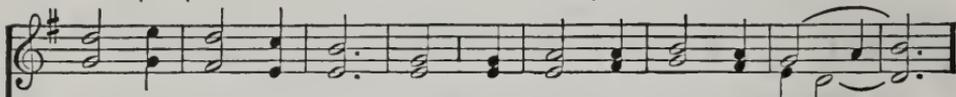
Author unknown, c. 1500

German melody, 14th century

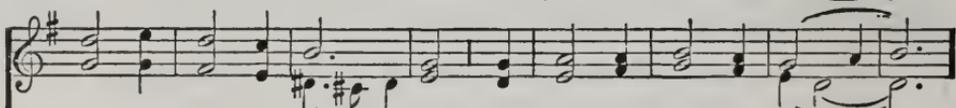
Tr., Arthur T. Russell, 1851, alt.



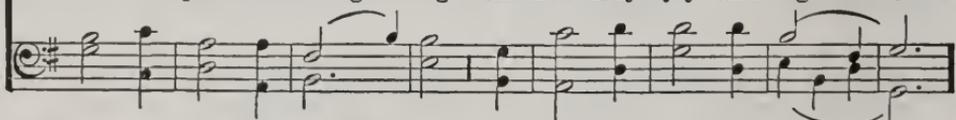
1 Now sing we, now re - joice, Now raise to heav'n our voice;
 2 Come from on high to me; I can - not rise to Thee.
 3 Now thro' His Son doth shine The Fa - ther's grace di - vine.
 4 Oh, where shall joy be found? Where but on heav'n - ly ground?



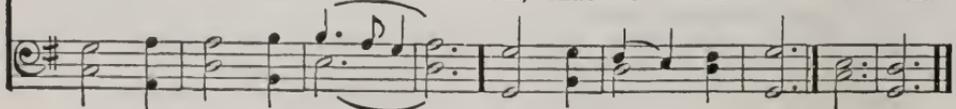
He from whom joy stream - eth Poor in a man - ger lies;
 Cheer my wea - ried spir - it, O pure and ho - ly Child; . . .
 Death o'er us had reign - ed Thro' sin and van - i - ty;
 Where the an - gels sing - ing With all His saints u - nite,



Not so bright - ly beam - eth The sun in yon - der skies. . . .
 Thro' Thy grace and mer - it, Blest Je - sus, Lord most mild, . . .
 He for us ob - tain - ed E - ter - nal joy on high. . . .
 Sweet - est prais - es bring - ing In heav'n - ly joy and light. . . .



Thou my Sav - ior art! Thou my Sav - ior art!
 Draw me un - to Thee! . . . Draw me un - to Thee!
 May we praise Him there! . . . May we praise Him there!
 Oh, that we were there! . . . Oh, that we were there! A - men.



Lord, We Welcome Thee

Is. 9:6

Ich freue mich in dir

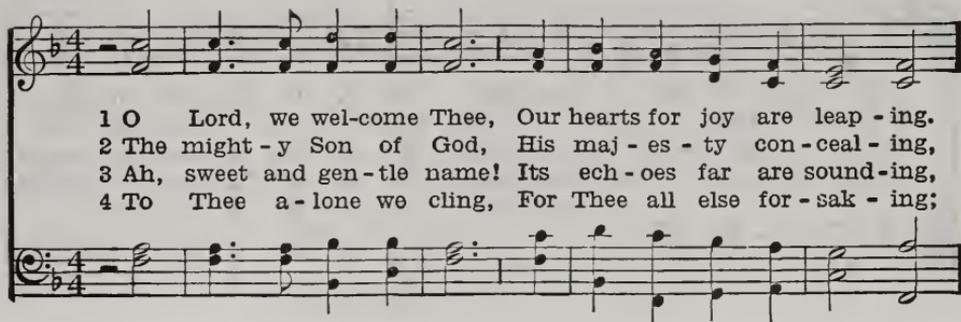
Caspar Ziegler, 1648

Tr., composite

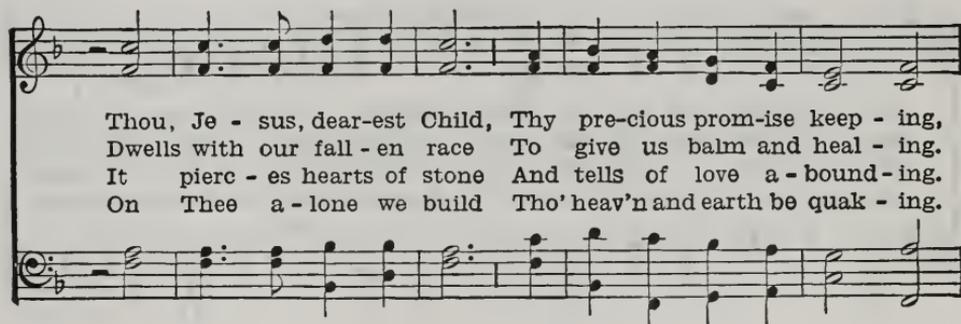
6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Nun danket alle Gott

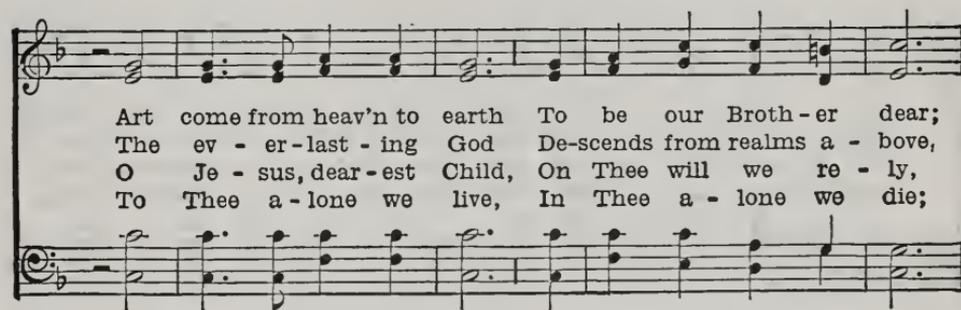
Johann Crüger, 1648



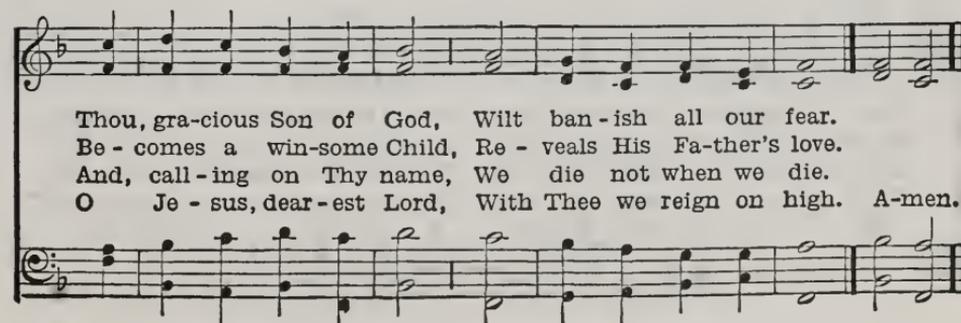
1 O Lord, we wel-come Thee, Our hearts for joy are leap - ing.
 2 The might - y Son of God, His maj - es - ty con - ceal - ing,
 3 Ah, sweet and gen - tle name! Its ech - oes far are sound - ing,
 4 To Thee a - lone we cling, For Thee all else for - sak - ing;



Thou, Je - sus, dear - est Child, Thy pre - cious prom - ise keep - ing,
 Dwells with our fall - en race To give us balm and heal - ing.
 It pierc - es hearts of stone And tells of love a - bound - ing.
 On Thee a - lone we build Tho' heav'n and earth be quak - ing.



Art come from heav'n to earth To be our Broth - er dear;
 The ev - er - last - ing God De - scends from realms a - bove,
 O Je - sus, dear - est Child, On Thee will we re - ly,
 To Thee a - lone we live, In Thee a - lone we die;



Thou, gra - cious Son of God, Wilt ban - ish all our fear.
 Be - comes a win - some Child, Re - veals His Fa - ther's love.
 And, call - ing on Thy name, We die not when we die.
 O Je - sus, dear - est Lord, With Thee we reign on high. A - men.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

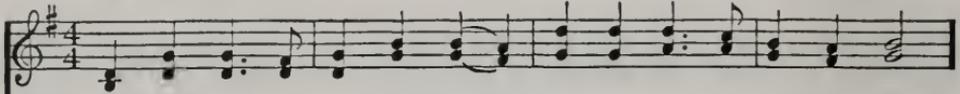
7. 7. 7. 7. D., with Refrain

Luke 2: 14

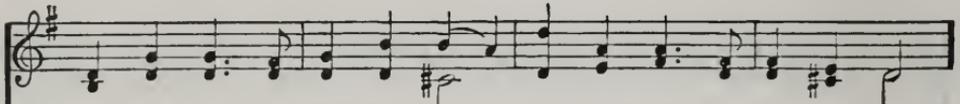
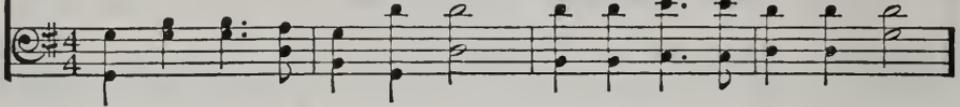
Charles Wesley, 1739, et al.

Mendelssohn

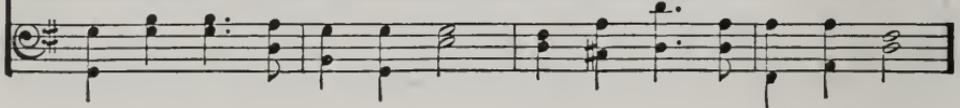
Felix Mendelssohn, 1840, ad.



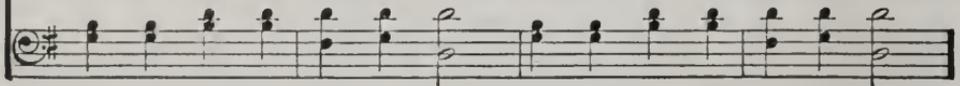
1 Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King;
 2 Christ, by high-est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord,
 3 Hail, the heav'n-ly Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Right-eous-ness!
 4 Come, De - sire of na - tions, come, Fix in us Thy hum-ble home;



Peace on earth and mer-cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off-spring of a vir - gin's womb.
 Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings.
 Oh, to all Thy - self im - part, Formed in each be - liev - ing heart!



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God-head see, Hail th' in-car-nate De - i - ty!
 Mild He leaves His throne on high, Born that man no more may die;
 Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;



With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell; Je - sus, our Im-man-u - el!
 Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
 Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - cled!"



Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"
 Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"
 Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"
 Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!" A-men.

Savior of the Nations, Come

95

John 1: 14

Veni, Redemptor gentium

St. Ambrose, †397

German version, Martin Luther, 1524

Tr., William M. Reynolds, 1860, alt.

7. 7. 7. 7.

Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland

"Geistliches Gesangbüchlein"

Wittenberg, 1524, ad.

1 Sav - ior of the na-tions, come, Vir - gin's Son, make here Thy home!
 2 Not by hu - man flesh and blood, By the Spir - it of our God,
 3 Won-drous birth! O won-drous Child Of the Vir - gin un - de - filed!

Mar - vel now, O heav'n and earth, That the Lord chose such a birth.
 Was the Word of God made flesh—Woman's Offspring, pure and fresh.
 Tho' by all the world dis-owned, Still to be in heav'n enthroned. A-men.

4 From the Father forth He came
 And returneth to the same,
 Captive leading death and hell—
 High the song of triumph swell!

6 Brightly doth Thy manger shine,
 Glorious is its light divine.
 Let not sin o'ercloud this light;
 Ever be our faith thus bright.

5 Thou, the Father's only Son,
 Hast o'er sin the victory won.
 Boundless shall Thy kingdom be;
 When shall we its glories see?

7 Praise to God the Father sing,
 Praise to God the Son, our King,
 Praise to God the Spirit be
 Ever and eternally.

96 Ob, Rejoice, Ye Christians, Loudly

2 Cor. 8: 9

8. 7. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 8. 8.

Freuet euch, ihr Christen alle

Christian Keimann, 1646

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

Freuet euch, ihr Christen

Andreas Hammerschmidt, 1648

1 Oh, re-joyce, ye Chris-tians, loud-ly, For our joy hath now be-gun;
 2 See, my soul, thy Sav-ior choos-es Weak-ness here and pov-er-ty;
 3 Lord, how shall I thank Thee right-ly? I ac-knowl-edge that by Thee
 4 Je-sus, guard and guide Thy mem-bers, Fill Thy breth-ren with Thy grace,

Won-drous things our God hath done. Tell a-broad His good-ness proud-ly
 In such love He comes to thee Nor the hard-est couch re-fus-es;
 I am saved e-ter-nal-ly. Let me not for-get it light-ly,
 Hear their prayers in ev-'ry place. Quick-en now life's faint-est em-bers;

Who our race hath hon-ored thus That He deigns to
 All He suf-fers for thy good, To re-deem thee
 But to Thee at all times cleave And my heart true
 Grant all Chris-tians, far and near, Ho-ly peace, a

dwell with us. Joy, O joy, be-yond all glad-ness,
 by His blood. Joy, O joy, be-yond all glad-ness,
 peace re-ceive. Joy, O joy, be-yond all glad-ness,
 glad New Year! Joy, O joy, be-yond all glad-ness,

Ob, Rejoice, Ye Christians, Loudly

Christ hath done a - way with sad - ness! Hence, all sor - row
 Christ hath done a - way with sad - ness! Hence, all sor - row
 Christ hath done a - way with sad - ness! Hence, all sor - row
 Christ hath done a - way with sad - ness! Hence, all sor - row

and re - pin - ing, For the Sun of Grace is shin - ing!
 and re - pin - ing, For the Sun of Grace is shin - ing!
 and re - pin - ing, For the Sun of Grace is shin - ing!
 and re - pin - ing, For the Sun of Grace is shin - ing! A - men.

Let Us All with Gladsome Voice

97

2 Cor. 8: 9

Lasst uns alle fröhlich sein

Author unknown, 1632

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

7. 6. 7. 6. Trochaic

Lasst uns alle

"Gesangbuch, Ander Teil"

Dresden, 1632

1 Let us all with glad - some voice Praise the God of heav - en,
 2 To this vale of tears He comes, Here to serve in sad - ness,
 3 We are rich, for He was poor; Is not this a won - der?
 4 O Lord Christ, our Sav - ior dear, Be Thou ev - er near us.

Who, to bid our hearts re - joice, His own Son hath giv - en.
 That with Him in heav'n's fair homes We may reign in glad - ness.
 There - fore praise God ev - er - more Here on earth and yon - der.
 Grant us now a glad new year. A - men, Je - sus, hear us! A - men.

Of the Father's Love Begotten

1 Tim. 3 : 16

Corde natus ex Parentis

Aurelius C. Prudentius, †413, cento

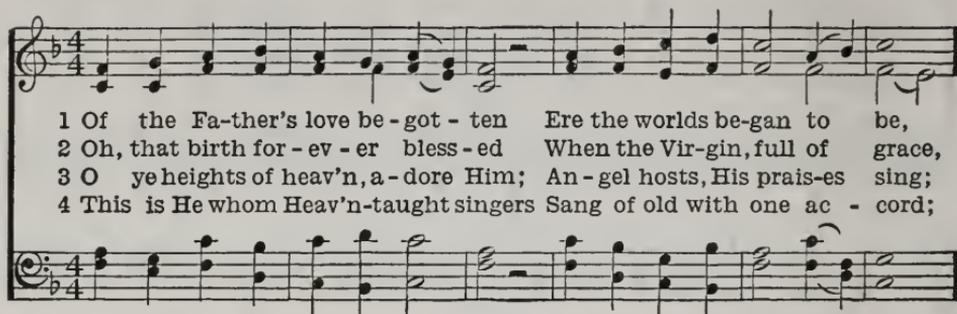
Tr., John M. Neale, 1854, and

Henry W. Baker, 1861

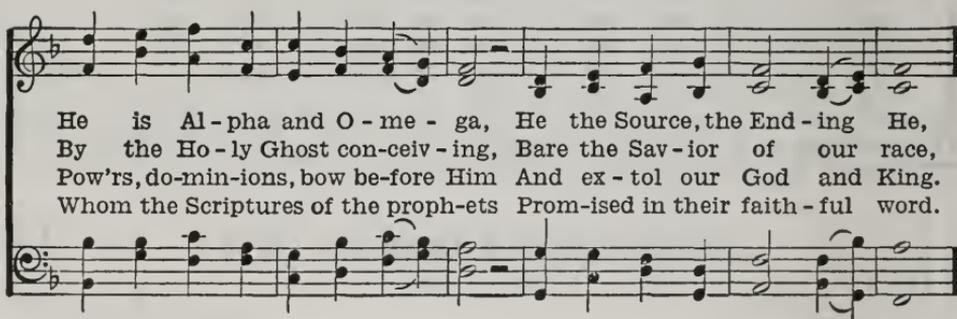
8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Divinum mysterium

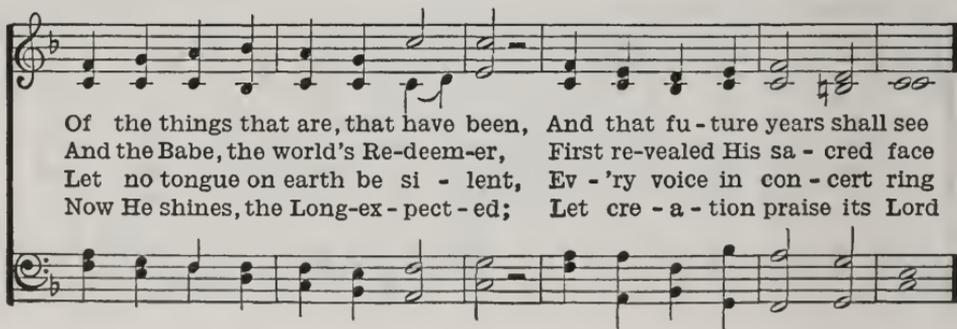
Plain-song tune, 13th century



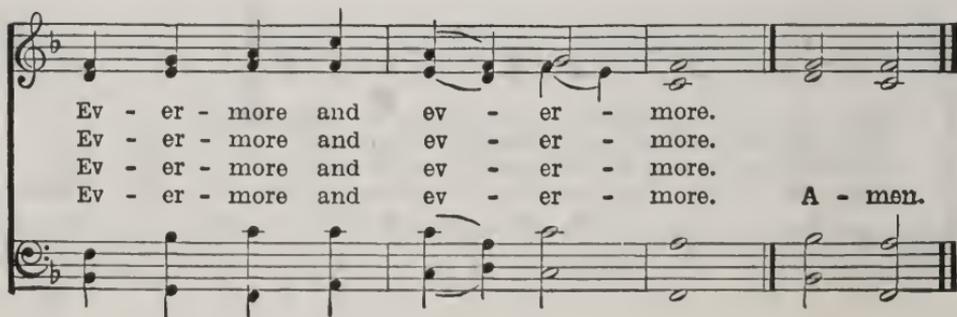
1 Of the Fa-ther's love be - got - ten Ere the worlds be - gan to be,
 2 Oh, that birth for - ev - er bless - ed When the Vir - gin, full of grace,
 3 O ye heights of heav'n, a - dore Him; An - gel hosts, His prais - es sing;
 4 This is He whom Heav'n - taught singers Sang of old with one ac - cord;



He is Al - pha and O - me - ga, He the Source, the End - ing He,
 By the Ho - ly Ghost con - ceiv - ing, Bare the Sav - ior of our race,
 Pow'rs, do - min - ions, bow be - fore Him And ex - tol our God and King.
 Whom the Scriptures of the proph - ets Prom - ised in their faith - ful word.



Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu - ture years shall see
 And the Babe, the world's Re - deem - er, First re - vealed His sa - cred face
 Let no tongue on earth be si - lent, Ev - 'ry voice in con - cert ring
 Now He shines, the Long - ex - pect - ed; Let cre - a - tion praise its Lord



Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more. A - men.

Of the Father's Love Begotten

5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
 And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee
 Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving
 And unending praises be,
 Honor, glory, and dominion,
 And eternal victory
 Evermore and evermore.

How Are the Days Fulfilled

99

Cal. 4: 4

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Nun ist die Zeit erfüllt

Author unknown, 1746

Tr., Frederick W. Herzberger, †1980, alt.

Was frag' ich nach der Welt

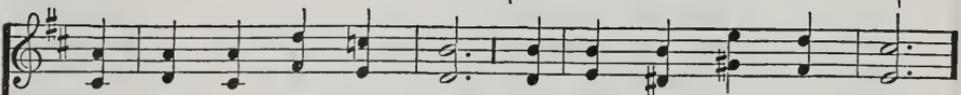
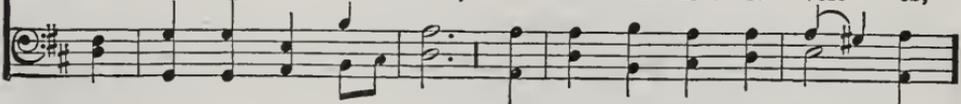
Ahasverus Fritsch, 1679



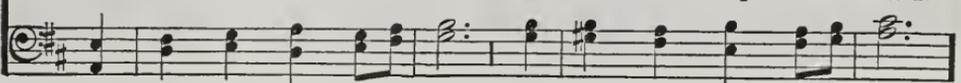
1 Now are the days ful-filled, God's Son is man-i - fest - ed,
 2 Now are the days ful-filled, Lo, Ja-cob's Star is shin-ing;
 3 Now are the days ful-filled, The child of God re-joic-es;



Now His great maj-es - ty In hu-man flesh is vest - ed.
 The gloom-y night has fled Where-in the world lay pin - ing.
 No bond-age of the Law, No curs-es that it voic - es,



Be - hold the might-y God, By whom all wrath is stilled,
 Now, Is - rael, look on Him Who long thy heart hath thrilled;
 Can fill our hearts with fear; On Christ our hope we build.



The wom-an's prom-ised Seed— Now are the days ful-filled.
 Hear Zi-on's watch-men cry: Now are the days ful-filled.
 Be - hold the Prince of Peace— Now are the days ful-filled. A - men.



Christians, Sing Out with Exultation

1 John 4 : 2
Faisons éclater notre joie
Benedict Pictet, 1705, ab.
Tr., Henry L. Jenner, 1886

9. 8. 9. 8. D.

Navarre
Louis Bourgeois, 1544

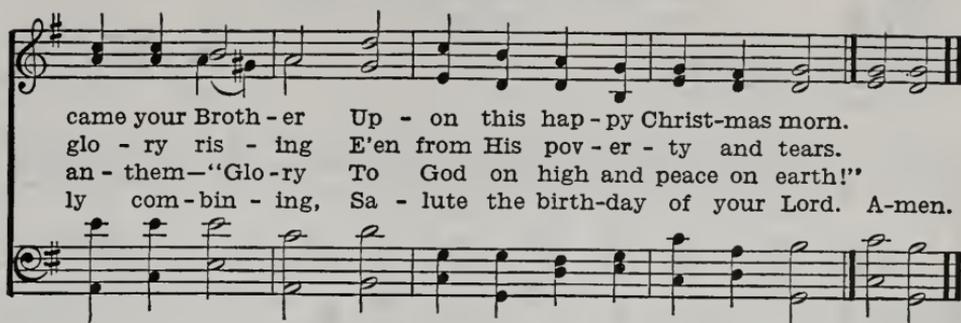
1 Chris-tians, sing out with ex - ul - ta - tion And praise your Ben-e-
2 In Him e - ter - nal might and pow - er To hu-man weak-ness
3 A sta - ble serves Him for a dwell - ing And for a bed a
4 For thro' this ho - ly in - car - na - tion The pri-mal curse is

fac - tor's name! To - day the Au - thor of sal - va - tion, The
hath in - clined; And this poor Child brings rich - est dow - er Of
man - ger mean; Yet o'er His head, His ad - vent tell - ing, A
done a - way; And bless - ed peace o'er all cre - a - tion Hath

Fa-ther's Well - be - lov - ed, came. Of un - de - fil - ed vir - gin moth -
gifts and grac - es to man - kind. While here, His maj - es - ty dis - guis -
new and won - drous star is seen. An - gels re - hearse to men the sto -
shed its pure and gen - tle ray. Then, in that heav'n - ly con - cert join -

er An In - fant all di - vine was born, And God Him - self be -
ing, A serv - ant's form the Mas - ter wears, Be - hold the beams of
ry, The joy - ful sto - ry of His birth; To Him they raise the
ing, O Chris - tian men, with one ac - cord, Your voic - es tune - ful -

Christians, Sing Out with Exultation



came your Broth - er Up - on this hap - py Christ - mas morn.
 glo - ry ris - ing E'en from His pov - er - ty and tears.
 an - them—"Glo - ry To God on high and peace on earth!"
 ly com - bin - ing, Sa - lute the birth - day of your Lord. A - men.

Ⓞ Gladsome Light, Ⓞ Grace

101

John 1: 9

6. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7.

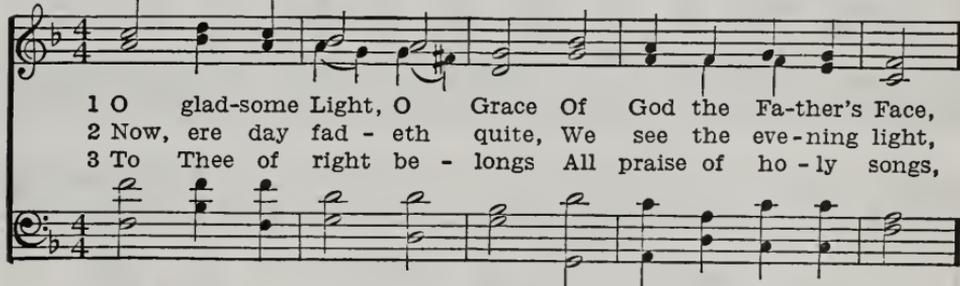
Φῶς ἴλαρόν ἁγίας δόξης

Author unknown, c. 200

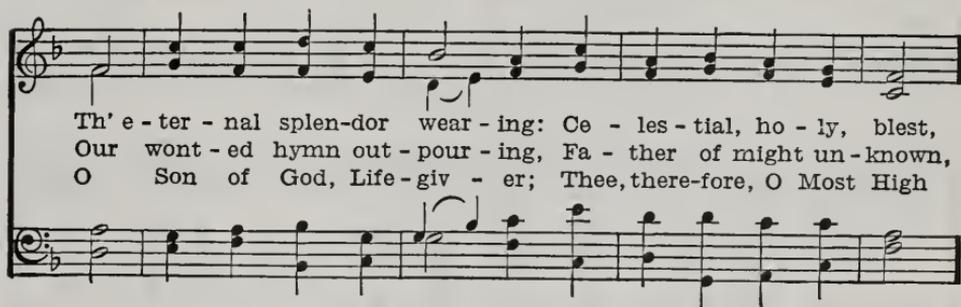
Tr., Robert Bridges, 1895

Nunc dimittis

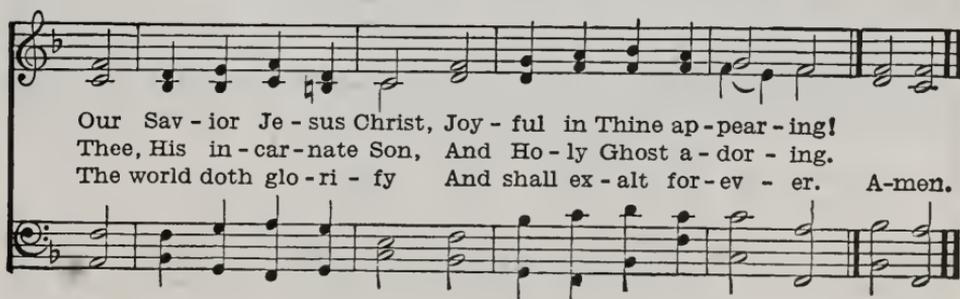
"Genevan Psalter," 1549



1 O glad - some Light, O Grace Of God the Fa - ther's Face,
 2 Now, ere day fad - eth quite, We see the eve - ning light,
 3 To Thee of right be - longs All praise of ho - ly songs,



Th' e - ter - nal splen - dor wear - ing: Ce - les - tial, ho - ly, blest,
 Our wont - ed hymn out - pour - ing, Fa - ther of might un - known,
 O Son of God, Life - giv - er; Thee, there - fore, O Most High



Our Sav - ior Je - sus Christ, Joy - ful in Thine ap - pear - ing!
 Thee, His in - car - nate Son, And Ho - ly Ghost a - dor - ing.
 The world doth glo - ri - fy And shall ex - alt for - ev - er. A - men.

102

Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful

Luke 2: 15

Adeste fideles

Author unknown, 18th century

Tr., Edward Caswall and

Philip Schaff, 1849, 1870

Irregular

Adeste fideles
"Cantus Diversi," 1751

1 Oh, come, all ye faith - ful, tri - um - phant - ly sing;
2 True Son of the Fa - ther, He comes from the skies;

Come, see in the man - ger our Sav - ior and King!
To be born of a vir - gin He doth not de - spise.

To Beth - le - hem has - ten with joy - ful ac - cord;
To Beth - le - hem has - ten with joy - ful ac - cord;

Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him,
Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him,

Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord!
Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord! A - men.

Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful

3 Hark, hark, to the angels all singing in heaven,
 "To God in the highest all glory be given!"
 To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
 Oh, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth
 Be glory and honor through heaven and earth,
 True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word!
 Oh, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

To Shepherds as They Watched by Night

103

Luke 2: 10, 11

Vom Himmel kam der Engel Schar

Martin Luther, 1543

Tr., Richard Massie, 1854, alt.

L. M.

Puer nobis nascitur
 "Musae Sioniae," VI, 1609

1 To shep-herds as they watched by night Ap - peared a
 2 At Beth - le - hem, in Da - vid's town, As Mi - cah
 3 Oh, then re - joice that thro' His Son God is with
 4 What harm can sin and death then do? The true God

host of an - gels bright; Be - hold the ten - der Babe, they
 did of old make known; 'Tis Je - sus Christ, your Lord and
 sin - ners now at one; Made like your-selves of flesh and
 now a - bides with you. Let hell and Sa - tan rage and

said, In yon - der low - ly man - ger laid,
 King, Who doth to all sal - va - tion bring.
 blood, Your broth - er is th' e - ter - nal God.
 chafe, Christ is your Broth - er - ye are safe. A - men.

5 Not one He will or can forsake
 Who Him his confidence doth make.
 Let all his wiles the Tempter try,
 You may his utmost powers defy.

6 Ye shall and must at last prevail;
 God's own ye are, ye cannot fail.
 To God forever sing your praise
 With joy and patience all your days.

How Praise We Christ, the Holy One

Phil. 2: 6, 7

A solis ortus cardine

Coelius Sedulius, c. 450

German version, Martin Luther, 1524, ab.

Tr., Richard Massie, 1854, alt.

L. M.

Christum wir sollen loben schon

"Enchiridion"

Erfurt, 1524

1 Now praise we Christ, the Ho - ly One, The bless - ed vir - gin
 2 He who Him - self all things did make A ser - vant's form vouch -
 3 The grace and pow'r of God the Lord Up - on the moth - er
 4 The no - ble moth - er bore a Son - For so did Ga - briel's

Ma - ry's Son, Far as the glo - rious sun doth shine
 safed to take That He as man man - kind might win
 was out - poured; A vir - gin pure and un - de - filed
 prom - ise run, - Whom John con - fessed and leaped with joy

Ending for st. 1-6: Ending for last stanza:

E'en to the world's re - mote con - fine.
 And save His crea - tures from their sin.
 In won - drous wise con - ceived a child.
 Ere yet the moth - er knew her Boy. 7 time be lost. A - men.

- 5 Upon a manger filled with hay
 In poverty content He lay;
 With milk was fed the Lord of all,
 Who feeds the ravens when they call.
- 6 The heavenly choirs rejoice and raise
 Their voice to God in songs of praise.
 To humble shepherds is proclaimed
 The Shepherd who the world hath framed.
- 7 All honor unto Christ be paid,
 Pure Offspring of the favored maid,
 With Father and with Holy Ghost,
 Till time in endless time be lost.

Luke 2: 1-14

C. M.

Lobt Gott, ihr Christen allzugleich

Lobt Gott, ihr Christen

Nikolaus Herman, 1560

Nikolaus Herman, 1554

Tr., August Crull, †1923, alt.

1 Praise God the Lord, ye sons of men, Be - fore His
 2 He leaves His heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, Is born an
 3 He veils in flesh His pow'r di - vine A ser - vant's
 4 He nes - ties at His moth - er's breast, Re - ceives her

high - est throne; To - day He o - pens heav'n a - gain And
 In - fant small, And in a man - ger, poor and lone, Lies
 form to take; In want and low - li - ness must pine Who
 ten - der care, Whom an - gels hail with joy most blest, King

gives us His own Son, And gives us His own Son.
 in a hum - ble stall, Lies in a hum - ble stall.
 heav'n and earth did make, Who heav'n and earth did make.
 Da - vid's roy - al Heir, King Da - vid's roy - al Heir. A - men.

- 5 'Tis He who in these latter days
 From Judah's tribe should come,
 By whom the Father would upraise
 The Church, His Christendom.
- 6 A wondrous change which He does make!
 He takes our flesh and blood,
 And He conceals for sinners' sake
 His majesty of God.
- 7 He serves that I a lord may be;
 A great exchange indeed!
 Could Jesus' love do more for me
 To help me in my need?
- 8 He opens us again the door
 Of Paradise today;
 The angel guards the gate no more.
 To God our thanks we pay.

The People That in Darkness Sat

C. M.

Is. 9: 2; Matt. 4: 16
John Morison, 1770, alt.Lobt Gott, ihr Christen
Nikolaus Herman, 1554

1 The peo - ple that in dark - ness sat A glo - rious
2 To hail Thee, Sun of Right - eous - ness, The gath - 'ring
3 For Thou their bur - den dost re - move And break the

light have seen; The light has shined on them who long In
na - tions come; They joy as when the reap - ers bear Their
ty - rant's rod As in the day when Mid - ian fell Be -

shades of death have been, In shades of death have been.
har - vest trea - sures home, Their har - vest trea - sures home.
fore the sword of God, Be - fore the sword of God. A - men.

- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.
- 5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The God by all adored.
- 6 His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.
- 7 Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
And make us Thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit, one.

We Christians May Rejoice Today

Luke 2: 20

Wir Christenleut' hab'n jetzund Freud'

Caspar Fülger, 1592

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1863

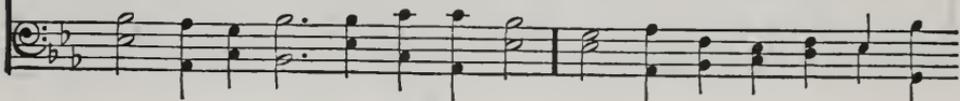
4. 4. 11. 4. 4. 11.

O Jesu Christ, dein Kripplein

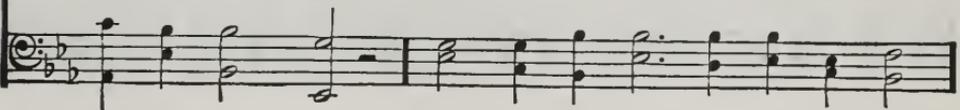
Johann Crüger, 1653



1 We Christians may Re - joice to - day, When Christ was born to com-fort
 2 Oh, won-drous joy That God most high Should take our flesh and thus our
 3 Sin bro't us grief, But Christ re - lief, When down to earth He came for



and to save us. Who thus be-lieves No long-er grieves,
 race should hon - or! A vir - gin mild Hath borne this Child;
 our sal - va - tion. Since God with us Is dwell-ing thus,



For none are lost who grasp the hope He gave us.
 Such grace and glo - ry God hath put up - on her.
 Who dares to speak the Chris-tian's con-dem-na - tion? A - men.



4 Then hither throng With happy song
 To Him whose birth and death are our assurance;
 Through whom are we At last set free
 From sins and burdens that surpassed endurance.

5 Yea, let us praise Our God and raise
 Loud hallelujahs to the skies above us.
 The bliss bestowed Today by God
 To ceaseless thankfulness and joy should move us.

We Sing, Immanuel, Thy Praise

Matt. 1: 23

Wir singen dir, Immanuel

Paul Gerhardt, 1653, cento

Tr., composite

L. M., with Hallelujah

Erschienen ist

Nikolaus Herman, 1560

1 We sing, Im - man - u - el, Thy praise, Thou Prince of
 2 For Thee, since first the world was made, So man - y
 3 Now art Thou here, Thou Ev - er - blest! In low - ly
 4 From Thee a - bove all glad - ness flows, Yet Thou must

Life and Fount of grace, Thou Flow'r of heav'n and Star of morn,
 hearts have watched and prayed; The pa - tri - archs' and proph-ets' throng
 man - ger dost Thou rest. Thou, mak - ing all things great, art small;
 bear such bit - ter woes; The Gen - tiles' Light and Hope Thou art,

Thou Lord of lords, Thou Vir - gin - born. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 For Thee have hoped and wait - ed long. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 So poor art Thou, yet cloth - est all. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Yet find - est none to soothe Thine heart. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

5 But I, Thy servant, Lord, today
 Confess my love and freely say,
 I love Thee truly, but I would
 That I might love Thee as I should.
 Hallelujah!

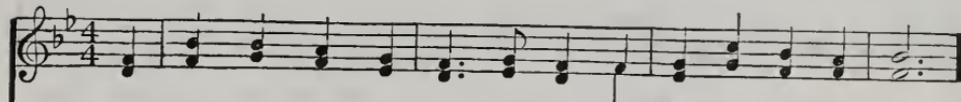
6 I have the will, the power is weak;
 Yet, Lord, my humble offering take
 And graciously the love receive
 Which my poor heart to Thee can give.
 Hallelujah!

7 Had I no load of sin to bear,
 Thy grace, O Lord, I could not share;
 In vain hadst Thou been born for me
 If from God's wrath I had been free.
 Hallelujah!

8 Thus will I sing Thy praises here
 With joyful spirit year by year;
 And when we reckon years no more,
 May I in heaven Thy name adore!
 Hallelujah!

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night 109

C. M. D.

Luke 2: 11
Nahum Tate, 1700Bethlehem
Gottfried W. Fink, 1842

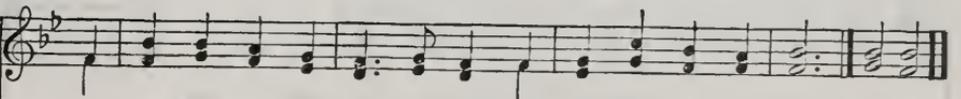
1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
 2 "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day, Is born of Da-vid's line
 3 Thus spake the ser-aph,—and forth-with Ap-peared a shin-ing throng



The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.
 A Sav-ior, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign:
 Of an-gels, prais-ing God, and thus Ad-dressed their joy-ful song:



"Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind;
 The heav'n-ly Babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-played,
 "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace;



"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind.
 All meanly wrapped in swaddling-clothes And in a man-ger laid."
 Good will henceforth from Heav'n to men Be-gin and nev-er cease." A-men.



Across the Sky the Shades of Night

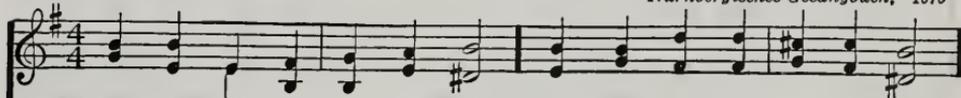
- 5 In many an hour when fear and dread,
Like evil spells, have bound us
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us.
In many a night when seas ran high,
Thy gracious presence, drawing nigh,
Hath made all calm around us.
- 6 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever may betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall enfold and hide us.

Thou Who Roll'st the Year Around

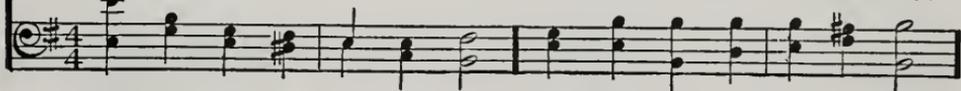
111

Ps. 90: 12
Ray Palmer, 1882

7. 7. 7. 7.

Aus der Tiefe
"Nürnbergisches Gesangbuch," 1676

- 1 Thou who roll'st the year a - round, Crowned with mer-cies large and free,
2 Kind - ly to our wor - ship bow While our grate-ful thanks we tell,
3 All its num-bered days are sped, All its bus - y scenes are o'er,
4 Min-gled with th' e - ter - nal past, Its re-mem-brance shall de-cay,



- Rich Thy gifts to us a - bound; Warm our praise shall rise to Thee.
That, sustained by Thee, we now Bid the part-ing year fare-well.
All its joys for - ev - er fled, All its sor-rows felt no more.
Yet to be re-vived at last At the sol-emn Judg-ment Day. A-men.



- 5 All our follies, Lord, forgive;
Cleanse us from each guilty stain.
Let Thy grace within us live
That we spend not years in vain.
- 6 Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!

112

To God the Anthem Raising

Ps. 101: 1

Helft mir Gott's Güte preisen

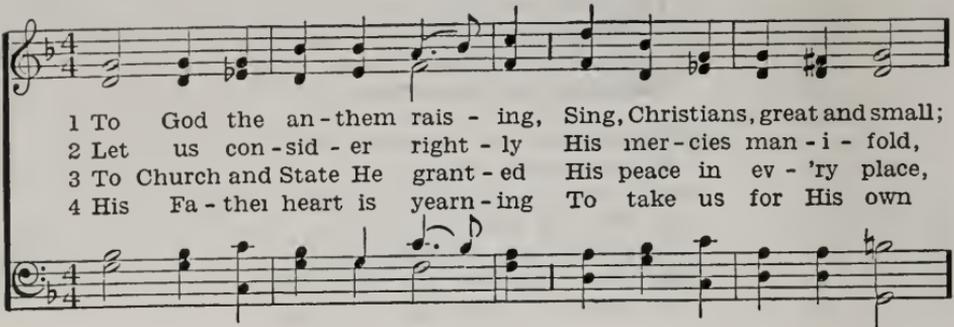
Paul Eber, 1571

Tr., Carl Döving, 1907

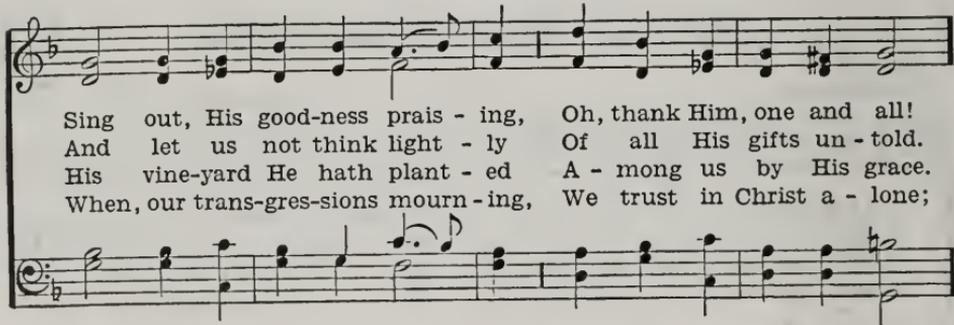
7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 7. 6.

Helft mir Gott's Güte

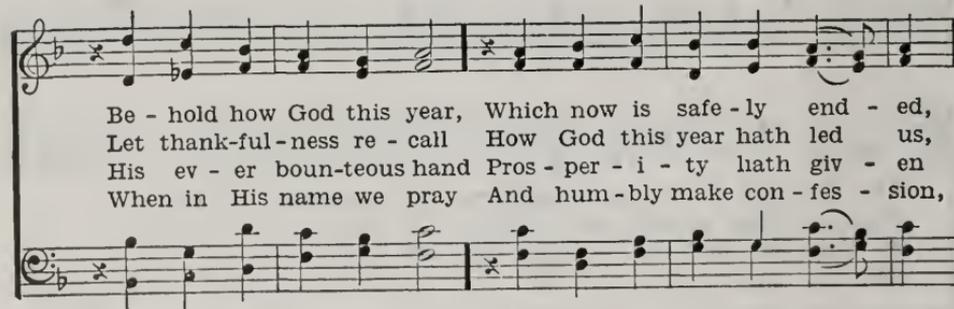
Wolfgang Figulus, 1575



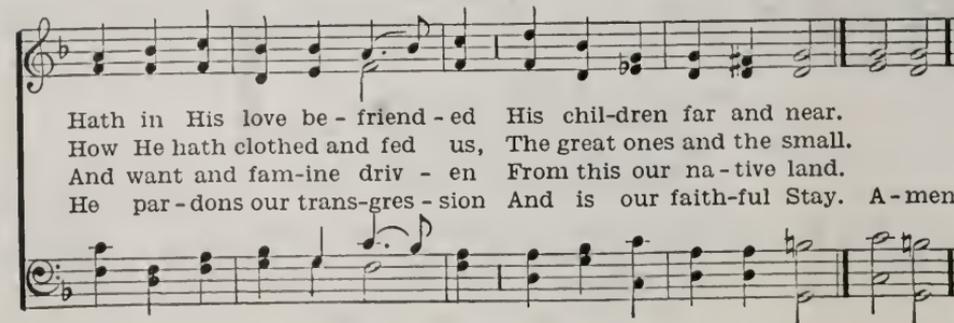
1 To God the an - them rais - ing, Sing, Christians, great and small;
 2 Let us con - sid - er right - ly His mer - cies man - i - fold,
 3 To Church and State He grant - ed His peace in ev - 'ry place,
 4 His Fa - thei heart is yearn - ing To take us for His own



Sing out, His good - ness prais - ing, Oh, thank Him, one and all!
 And let us not think light - ly Of all His gifts un - told.
 His vine - yard He hath plant - ed A - mong us by His grace.
 When, our trans - gres - sions mourn - ing, We trust in Christ a - lone;



Be - hold how God this year, Which now is safe - ly end - ed,
 Let thank - ful - ness re - call How God this year hath led us,
 His ev - er boun - teous hand Pros - per - i - ty hath giv - en
 When in His name we pray And hum - bly make con - fes - sion,



Hath in His love be - friend - ed His chil - dren far and near.
 How He hath clothed and fed us, The great ones and the small.
 And want and fam - ine driv - en From this our na - tive land.
 He par - dons our trans - gres - sion And is our faith - ful Stay. A - men.