



The Chorale Book for England

by

Catherine Winkworth

About *The Chorale Book for England* by Catherine Winkworth

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 - Markup to support indexing (author, first line, meter, scripture)
 - Included in comprehensive Winkworth author and first line indexes.
 - Added hyperlinks from the introduction and section headings to related hymns; and from authors to the full author index
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**THE
CHORALE BOOK
FOR ENGLAND;**

A COMPLETE HYMN-BOOK FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SERVICES AND FESTIVALS OF
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE HYMNS FROM THE
LYRA GERMANICA AND OTHER SOURCES,

TRANSLATED BY
CATHERINE WINKWORTH;

THE TUNES FROM THE SACRED MUSIC
OF THE

LUTHERAN, LATIN, AND OTHER CHURCHES,

FOR FOUR VOICES, WITH HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC., ETC.,

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,

AND

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

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**THE
CHORALE BOOK
FOR ENGLAND.**

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

Electronic Edition

featuring

Comprehensive Indexes



TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

The present volume fulfils the promise which was made in the Second Series of the Lyra Germanica, that the hymns contained there should be brought out in another edition, accompanied by their proper tunes. It constitutes, however, at the same time, an independent work, with an object different from that of the two preceding volumes of translations from the German hymnology. The Lyra Germanica was intended chiefly for use as a work of private devotion; the Chorale Book for England is intended primarily for use in united worship in the church and family, and in meetings for the practice of church music. This aim has throughout governed the choice of the hymns and

tunes, and the form given to them; many beautiful hymns contained in the *Lyra Germanica* have thus been excluded, because their length or their purely reflective character rendered them ill-adapted for congregational singing, while a large number of new translations--about one-third of the whole--have been introduced, either for the sake of their tunes, or to supply necessary requirements of our services. These have been selected from various sources, chiefly from some very early German hymn-books, from the collections of Tucher and Wackernagel, from the new Bavarian hymnbook of the Lutheran Church, and from the *Evangelisches Kirchengesangbuch*, Stuttgart, 1855, published by the Church Conference held in Eisenach in 1853.

With regard to the form of the hymns, considerable difficulty has arisen on two points;--the great length of many of them, and the peculiarity of their metres involving the constant use of dissyllable rhymes. It has seemed best, in many cases, considerably to curtail the longer hymns, to bring them within limits which, though they may still appear long to those accustomed to the English allowance of four verses only, may yet, it is thought, be used without inconvenience. The hymn may frequently be found in its complete form in the *Lyra Germanica*. This course has, however, been deemed inadmissible, where the hymn was very well known, or its meaning would have been seriously injured by abbreviation, and it has then been omitted altogether, or given at full length, as is the case with Luther's version of the Lord's Prayer, his Christmas Carol, and the fine old hymn on the Seven Words of our Lord on the Cross, here assigned to Good Friday.

As a rule, the hymn and tune have been considered as one and indivisible, and the original metres therefore strictly preserved for the sake of the tunes, which would not admit of any deviation without detriment to their characteristic beauty. This has necessitated the frequent use of the double rhymes, which the structure of the German language renders as common, and indeed inevitable, in German, as monosyllabic rhymes are with us. The comparatively small number of the former in our language presents a serious obstacle to rendering the German hymns into English with the force and simplicity they possess in their own tongue, and without which they cannot become truly naturalized among us; yet it is one which must be encountered if the tunes also are to be introduced with them, as they ought to be, and in their proper form. In this work the question has been dealt with in detail, according to the special character of each hymn and tune; in some few instances, mostly of more modern date, where the tune admitted without injury of adaptation to single rhymes, it has been thus arranged; in the greater number, the versions previously given in the *Lyra Germanica* have been remodelled to suit the music. Apart from the rhymes, it will be observed that these hymns possess a great variety of metres, some of which will at first, no doubt, strike an English ear as strange. But it must be remembered that by far the greater part of these hymns and tunes date from the earlier ages of German hymnology, when hymns were always written to be sung, not read; for this reason the long and monotonous lines which mark the compositions of a later period and of a more didactic character, were instinctively avoided, and metres of more complex movement, and capable of conveying more variety of sentiment, were invented. These metres will be found to follow a strict rule of their own, both in the varying



number of feet, and the frequent alternation of Trochaic and Iambic lines; and it is believed that when the ear has once learnt to perceive this, and to associate them with the appropriate rhythm of their tune, there is no reason why they should not become naturalized in England. A few, included here for the sake of the tunes only, may probably always retain an alien sound to us; but these are very few indeed, and, in general, it would certainly be greatly to the advantage of our hymn-books if we could widen the range both of form and thought which is now given to this class of compositions.

At the present time, when the whole subject of church music and congregational singing is receiving far more attention than ever before, it seems peculiarly desirable to seize the opportunity to enrich our own hymnology from the stores of a country so pre-eminently distinguished in this way. That these hymns and tunes first sprang up on a foreign soil is no reason why they should not take root among us; all who use our Common Prayer know well how the unity of Christian sentiment is felt to swallow up all diversity of national origin. In truth, any embodiment of Christian experience and devotion, whether in the form of hymn or prayer or meditation, or whatever shape art may give it, if it do but go to the heart of our common faith, becomes at once the rightful and most precious inheritance of the whole Christian Church. Much more, then, where the country is so nearly akin to our own, may we feel that it is at once our privilege and our duty to appropriate all that she can bestow on us, and to hope that her gifts will find a welcome and a home here.

C. W.

Clifton, September, 1862



EDITORS' PREFACE.

In laying before the public the "Chorale Book for England," the Editors desire that it should be accompanied by some observations explanatory of its contents, and also of the principles by which they have been guided in its compilation.

This work is based upon the translation of German hymns by Mrs C. Winkworth, well known under the title of "Lyra Germanica," and contains¹ hymns and tunes chiefly of German origin, and belonging more especially to the 16th and two following centuries. Had the "Chorale Book" however been restricted to a republication of the "Lyra Germanica" with music, it would not have comprised all that is requisite to illustrate the beauty of German Hymnology and to fit the work for use in the Church of England. It will be found therefore that, in addition to the principal contents of the "Lyra Germanica," much fresh matter has been brought forward.

¹ Whenever in this work the term *hymn* occurs, it is applied to the words as distinguished from the music.

Though the "Chorale Book" contains hymns for all the festivals and services of the Church of England, the Editors have abstained, with one exception,² from inserting either hymns or tunes of English origin: to do so would have detracted from the special character which they believe the work to possess, as the first introduction into England of all that ranks as the essence of German Hymnology in *words and music united*.

During the 16th and 17th centuries Hymnology was in its height in Germany, and bore its most precious blossoms; hymn and tune were then justly considered indivisible, and, though the beauty and popularity of a tune would cause fresh hymns to be written for it, the tune still continued to be known by the name of the original hymn with which it was associated.

In accordance with this precedent, the same original connection between hymn and tune has--with few exceptions--been maintained in this book.³

Many hymns rightly forming part of a German hymn-book, which in a great measure takes the place in Germany of the Book of Common Prayer in England, have for obvious reasons been excluded from this compilation, and the Editors have thus been enabled to limit the number to two hundred, believing at the same time, that none have been omitted which are essential to the purpose in view.

While the "Chorale Book" contains no English tunes, it nevertheless includes some already well known in this country, such as the "Old Hundredth," the "Veni Creator," that called "Luther's Hymn,"⁴ and others. The origin of every tune, as far as it can be traced, as also the names of the authors of the hymns, are given in the various Indexes at the end of the work, to which the reader is referred. It may however be desirable to give here a short sketch of the growth of hymnology on the continent, and more particularly in Germany, since the Reformation.

When Luther took up the cause of the Reformation, and had to remodel the services of the Church, he believed he could not better enhance their beauty than by appealing to his nation's love for song, and fostering the practice of congregational singing (*Gemeindegeseang*). With this view he made translations from the Latin hymns previously in use in the Church, paraphrased several of the Psalms and Canticles of Holy Scripture, himself wrote many new hymns, and requested his friends to contribute others. As to music, he availed himself in many cases of tunes already existing in the Church, which he sparingly modified to suit his new metres; of other tunes the origin is unknown, and of those ascribed to Luther, three only can

² Tune No. XCII.

³ In these cases the term *Original Tune* is used, with the quotation of the first line of the corresponding hymn in German above it; whenever the same tune appears in the book again, it is quoted with the first line of the English translation. In the few exceptional cases alluded to, the German name of the tune has been given, and the Psalms of Gaudimel have been quoted as they stand in his edition.

⁴ See tunes XC, CI, LXXI.

be traced with any certainty to him as the composer;⁵ two of which have been received into this work, No. 124, and No. VI. in the Appendix.



The first important German hymn-book, preceded in the same year by several smaller books, published under the name of "Enchiridion," Erfurt, &c. &c., appeared under the auspices of Luther in the year 1524. It was edited by his friend, Johann Walther,⁶ and was accompanied by a preface from the pen of Luther himself.

Walther's work (printed with the music for five voices, the melody in the Tenor, as usual at that time), with successive additions, went through several editions (1537 and 1551), and was followed in rapid sequence by numerous similar works, of which those published at Wittenberg, Nürnberg, and Strasburg, are the most important.⁷ Every new book brought fresh additions, and by the end of the 16th century the number of hymns introduced into the Church was counted by hundreds. Among the tunes of this century and the early part of the next, the Editors would especially name V, XIII, XXVI, XXXIX, CVI, CXVII.

The first metrical versions of the Psalms were published in France and Switzerland about the same period. Among the best known, though not the earliest in appearance, is that edited (with the music for four voices) by Goudimel (1565). This work was introduced into Germany by Dr Lobwasser--the Psalms metrically translated by him--in 1373, and its contents soon found their way as a whole or in parts into the Lutheran Church.

Several of Goudimel's Psalm tunes are believed to be of secular origin, and the same should be stated with regard to some among the finest tunes of the 16th century appropriated to the Lutheran service. It speaks well for the character of the secular music of that period, that any of its melodies should have taken a place in the Church, and should have retained it undisputed to the present day. (See XI, XL, LXXXV.)

As another source from which the Lutheran Church gladly drew, the Editors must name the rich store of the early Moravian hymn-books; specimens from which, as well as tunes from Goudimel's edition of the Psalms, will be found in this work.



About the same time Lutheran hymn-books were introduced into Scandinavia, where, especially in Sweden, the hymns and tunes of Germany, with numerous additions of home growth, have remained up to the present time the stock of the national hymn-book. Courland, Livonia, and Finland also received these sacred strains into their service, and still retain them, and it should be mentioned here that a Lutheran hymn-book was printed and published in the Icelandic language at Skalholt in Iceland, in the year 1594, of which a sixth edition appeared in 1691.⁸

Towards the middle of the following century (the 17th) Music enters into a new phase. Until then its sole purpose was to serve the Church, through the medium of the human voice and the organ. But now instrumental music, though at first subordinate, begins to make its appearance. Secular Cantatas, forerunners of the

⁵ C. von Winterfeld "*Der evangelische Kirchengesang*?" Vol. 1. p. 160.

⁶ Choirmaster ("*Sängermeister*") of the Palatine of Saxony.

⁷ We find Luther further contributing to hymn-books or supplying them with a preface in that of Kluge, Wittenberg, 1543, and the one printed by Babst, Leipzig, 1545.

⁸ Winterfeld, "*Bar Geschichte heiliger Zonlunst*," Vol. II.

Opera, are produced on festive occasions at the courts, particularly of Italy; and German musicians, like those of other countries, who had gone to Italy for study or other purposes, on their return spread the influence which they had themselves received.

In Protestant Germany, Church music gradually became less an object of ambition to composers; fewer tunes, and most of them inferior in quality and vigour to those of the first century after the Reformation, sprung up; nor did the nation at large any longer set its seal upon them by adopting or rejecting them, as before. In the hymn-books of the latter part of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century we also find some of the best old tunes omitted, others deprived of the triple time (3/2) peculiar to them, others again without their distinct rhythm, all levelled to a general standard of lifeless uniformity.

Before passing on to the last period which calls for notice in this place, the Editors would direct the attention of readers to the most prominent tune-composer of the 17th century, Johann Crüger (1598-1662), of whose writing many specimens will be found in this work; also to the tunes composed by Schein, H. Albert, and Schop, and lastly to the celebrated hymn and tune of G. Neumark,¹⁰ *Wer nur den lieben Gott ä?t waften*" (No. 134).

In the beginning of the 18th century, Freylinghausen of Halle published a hymn-book which soon became widely circulated. Further reference being made to it in another place, few words respecting it will suffice here. Among the numerous tunes published for the first time in that work, and of which the individual authors are not known, some are very fine, though differing in character from those of an earlier date.

With the exception of one or two tunes most probably composed by Bach, one by Kühnau, one by Layriz¹¹ of a still more recent date, and some few others, which need not be specified, Freylinghausen's work in its several enlarged editions is the latest source from which materials for the "Chorale Book for England", have been drawn; nor could it be otherwise, as from that time sacred tunes of real worth rarely make their appearance; and with the diminished interest which Religion commanded in Germany towards the close of the 18th century, the distinctive outward feature of its Church, the hymn-book, also decays. The old standard hymns are improved, as it is termed, by recasting them; the tunes disappear from the hymn-books and are collected separately for the use of the organist, and, the control of the congregation having thus ceased, it is with the organist and the precentor alone that the responsibility for their correct performance rests in future.¹² If we further remember the many Principalities of which Germany is made up, each with sovereign authority



¹⁰ The tune became so popular, that within 100 years after its appearance no less than 400 hymns had been written to be sung to it.

¹¹ Kühnau and Layriz have both compiled very good Chorale books.

¹² One of the immediate consequences was the predominance of the organ in the service at the expense of the singing of the congregation. This led eventually to a practice in every respect to be deprecated, and which we still find all over Germany, that of introducing between every line of the hymn an interlude performed by the organist.

in Church as well as State, and each possessing its own distinct hymn-book, we can hardly wonder at the unsettled and unsatisfactory state into which the congregational singing of Germany fell.

Of late years however Christian men interested in the services of the Church have raised their voices, trying to revive the interest of the Protestant part of the German nation in their congregational music, and urging a complete revision of the existing hymn-books. Recent publications, the result of these efforts, clearly show, that owing to the desire to see these tunes re-introduced with their exact rhythm and harmony as originally composed, too little allowance is made either for the progress of music or for the musical feelings prevalent in our own time. Much however had to be remedied, and these praiseworthy endeavours have not only already borne fruit, but will doubtless continue to do so.

In this sketch, some brief mention of John Sebastian Bach, the great master, whose name, in the minds of all interested in the subject, is so closely associated with the Chorales of Germany, must necessarily find a place.

While during the 17th century the strictly congregational Church music declined, the sacred Cantata (subsequently expanding into the Oratorio) arose; not only did the solemn festival of the Passion offer the opportunity for cultivating it, as we find from Bach's "Passionsmusik" the text of which, with slight modifications, was set to music by his predecessors and contemporaries, Keyser, Mattheson, and Handel; but the other festivals also recommended themselves to Bach for the exercise of his great powers, and Cantatas of his composition exist for nearly every Sunday in the year, many of which in all probability were performed during or after the evening service, from the Organ gallery of St Thomas's, Leipzig, by an orchestra and choir under his direction.

Bach, fully alive to the beauty of the tunes and hymns of his country, adopted the practice, in which he was followed by his successors, Mendelssohn and others, of introducing Chorales into all his numerous sacred works, either to their own words or to new ones suiting better the subject of the Cantata, thereby doubtless bringing it more readily home to the appreciation of the congregation, well acquainted with the old familiar tunes.

How Bach harmonized these Chorales is well known, and need not be dwelt upon here, but his introduction of them in the manner described has much contributed to the confusion of the titles of hymns, which has continued to the present time.

After J. S. Bach's death, his son, Ph. E. Bach, undertook to extract the Chorales from his father's work, and to publish them in a separate collection. One hundred of these, edited by him, appeared in 1765. A second volume containing another hundred was published in 1769 (though not with Ph. E. Bach's name as editor). Then followed in 1784 an edition compiled by Kirnberger, and subsequently several others, all with the title, "Joh. Seb. Bach's Vierstimmige Choralgesänge."



They are well known, and the impression generally prevails that Bach is the author of the tunes, which is not surprising, considering the manner in which these compilations, with the single exception of the most recent one by Erck, have been published. After what has been stated, this erroneous belief requires no further refutation, but it should be mentioned, that a few tunes, probably justly ascribed to Bach, and contained in the "Choralgefänge," have been inserted by the Editors in the "Chorale Book."

Under the circumstances the correctness of the version of the tunes given in the following work must not be judged of from a comparison with those in Bach's works, or elsewhere in the compositions of Mendelssohn and other great masters. These masters could handle such Chorales freely for their own purposes, but the Editors were bound to go back to the sources, from which their melodies might be obtained not only most accurately, but also in the form most suitable for their object. They have therefore drawn either from the works in which the tunes originally appeared, or from those of Winterfeld, Tucher, and others of high standing into which they had been literally copied.

In determining the form in which to admit these tunes, the Editors were naturally beset with doubts, in consequence of the unsettled state of hymnology in Germany at the present moment. For while one party there insists on retaining the tunes even more than the hymns in the state of lifeless uniformity into which they have fallen, the other calls for their complete restitution to their original form.

Without going into detail, the Editors wish to state that they deemed it best to select the middle path. They have treated the tunes *individually*, not *collectively*; those written in 3/2 time (as, for example, V, LX, LXII, LXXXII, CXV, etc.) they have seen no right or reason to change, and in every case they have endeavoured to give the tune as nearly as possible according to its original version, and in a shape which might at the same time justify the hope of its being accepted by the English public. This however refers only to the *rhythmical* flow of the tune, not to the *melody* itself, which in no instance has been touched by the Editors, but is given according to the best-authenticated versions.¹³

A few words have still to be said respecting the harmonization of the tunes in this work. The Editors have in many cases retained the harmonies of the authors of the tunes, and in general have striven to preserve as far as possible the character belonging to the period of their composition; thus the melodies of the 16th and 18th century called for different styles of harmony, clearly indicated by their different flow in respect of distances. In all cases, however, the Editors have endeavoured to



¹³ A few specimens of tunes are given in the Appendix to illustrate the form in which those of an early date were originally published, and in which it is desired in some quarters to re-introduce them. They will be found divided not into the musical bars of modern music, but according to the length of the lines of the poetry, which would appear the only way to render legibly tunes containing recurring mixtures of common and triple time, in Germany now called "\$\$"-?~Vtmif~er vecef.ll



combine solemnity with simplicity, and to give harmonies, which, though offering no difficulty in execution, should yet approach the strength and purity peculiar to the best Church music of all times.

The Editors cannot bring this Preface to a close without pointing to the names of the meritorious inquirers into the interesting subject of Hymnology, who have of late years appeared in Germany, and without whose writings they believe no satisfactory hymn-book of modern times could be compiled; they mean G. von Tucher, P. Wackernagel, Layriz, and others, but particularly C. von Winterfeld, who, in his remarkable work on the "*Evangelische Kirchengesange*,"¹⁴ and other smaller writings, has vindicated the real importance of this sacred branch of music, and shown its historical basis and development in a manner at once to raise it in general estimation and to guide all who follow him in this difficult path. To his memory the grateful thanks of the Editors are due, and from his works, as well as from those previously named, they have drawn freely--as was their duty--and as seemed best for this work.

That the "Chorale Book for England" may be received into the new sphere for which it is intended, and that its sacred strains may contribute to the comfort of the troubled soul, the sanctification of home, and the glory of God's name in His Church on earth, is the earnest prayer of those who compiled it.

London, November, 1862.



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¹⁴ *Der evangelische Kirchengesang, und sein behälttnik zur Kunst des Zonfates. Dargestefft von Carl v. Winterfeld.* 3 vols. Leipzig, 1843-47.

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Praise and Thanksgiving

1. All glory be to God on High
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4. Cometh sunshine after rain
5. Oh would, my God, that I could praise Thee
6. I praise Thee, O my God and Father
7. My soul, now praise thy Maker
8. All my hope is grounded surely
9. Praise to the Lord! the Almighty, the King of creation
10. Shall I not sing praise to Thee

*Praise and Thanksgiving*

¹⁵(V.--"Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'.")

1.

¹⁶*Original Tune.*

¹⁵ The Roman Numerals which precede the German headings to each Hymn refer in all cases to the corresponding Numerals in the "Index of Tunes."

¹⁶ By the title "*Original Tune*" is meant the particular tune originally associated with the hymn.--See page ix.

8,7,8,7,8,8,7

Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'

N. Von Hofe, 1529

All glory be to God on High,
 Who hath our race befriended!
 To us no harm shall now come nigh,
 The feud at last is ended;
 God showeth His goodwill toward men,
 And peace shall dwell on earth again,
 Oh thank Him for His goodness.

We praise, we worship Thee, we trust,
 And give Thee thanks for ever,
 O Father, that Thy rule is just
 And wise, and changes never:
 Thy boundless power o'er all things reigns,
 Done is whate'er Thy will ordains;
 Well for us that Thou rulest!

O Jesu Christ, our God and Lord,
 Son of Thy heavenly Father,
 O Thou who hast our peace restored
 And the lost sheep dost gather,
 Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high
 From out our depths we sinners cry,
 Have mercy on us, Jesus!

O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,
 Thou Comforter unfailing,
 O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,
 And let Thy power availing
 Avert our woes and calm our dread,
 For us the Saviour's blood was shed
 We trust in Thee to save us!

*Praise and Thanksgiving*

(XXIX.--"Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.")

Chorale Book for England

All praise and thanks to God most High,
The God who doeth wonders.

The Father, whose is perfect love,
The God who from His Throne abode.

My soul with richest sacrifice fills,

The God who every sorrow fills,

Give glory now to Him, our God!

8,8,8,8,8,8

Sei Lob und Ehr dem höchsten Gut

Schutz, 1673

All praise and thanks to God most High,
 The Father who is perfect love;
 The God who doeth wondrously,
 The God who from His throne above
 My soul with richest solace fills,
 The God who every sorrow stills;
 Give glory now to Him, our God!

The host of heaven thy praises tell,
 All powers and thrones bow down to Thee,
 And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
 Alike in earth and air and sea,
 Declare and laud their Maker's might,
 Whose wisdom orders all things right:
 Give glory then to Him, our God!

And for the creatures He hath made,
 Our God will ceaselessly provide,
 His grace will be their constant aid,
 And guard them round on every side;
 His kingdom ye may surely trust,
 There all is equal, all is just;
 Give glory then to Him, our God!

I sought Him In my hour of need,
 I cried,--Lord God, now hear my prayer!
 For death He gave me life indeed,
 And hope and comfort for despair;
 For this my thanks shall endless be,
 O thank Him, thank Him too with me;
 Give glory now to Him, our God!

The Lord is never far away,
 Is never sundered from His flock,
 He is their refuge and their stay,
 He is their peace, their trust, their rock;
 And with a mother's watchful love
 He guides them wheresoe'er they rove:
 Give glory then to Him, our God!

Ah yes! till life hath reached its bound,
 My faithful God, I'll worship Thee!
 The chorus of Thy praise shall sound
 From henceforth over land and sea.

Oh soul and body, now rejoice,
My heart, send forth a gladsome voice;
Give glory now to Him, our God!

All ye who name Christ's holy name,
Give all the glory to our God!

Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
Give all the glory to our God!

All idols under foot be trod,
The Lord is God, the Lord is God!
Give glory evermore to Him!



Praise and Thanksgiving

(Index of Tunes, XC.)

3.

Lo, heaven and earth, and sea and air,
 Their Mak - er's glo - ry all do - clare;
 And thou, my soul, a - wake and sing,
 To Him Thy prais - es al - so bring.

8,8,8,8

Himmel, Erde, Luft und Meer

J. Neander, 1679

Lo, heaven and earth, and sea and air,
 Their Maker's glory all declare;
 And thou, my soul, awake and sing,
 To Him Thy praises also bring.

Through Him the glorious Source of Day
 Drives all the clouds of night away;
 The pomp of stars, the moon's soft light,
 Praise Him through all the silent night.

Behold, how He hath everywhere
 Made earth so wondrous rich and fair;
 The forest dark, the fruitful land,
 All living things do show His hand.

Behold, how through the boundless sky
 The happy birds all swiftly fly!
 And fire and wind and storm are still
 The ready servants of His will.

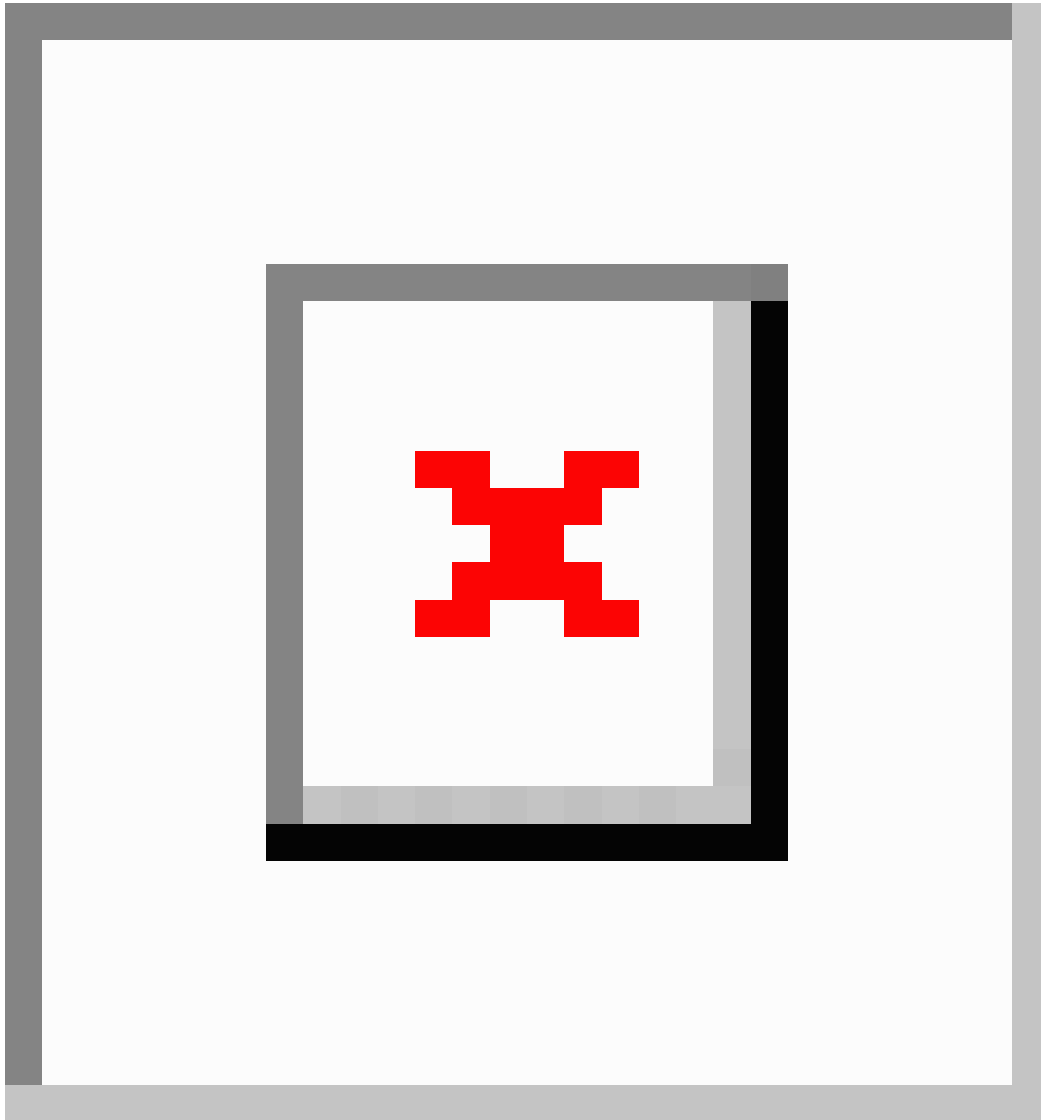
Behold the waters' ceaseless flow,
 For ever circling to and fro;
 The mighty sea, the bubbling well,
 Alike their Maker's glory tell.

My God, how wondrously dost Thou
 Unfold Thyself to us e'en now!
 O grave it deeply on my heart
 What I am, Lord, and what Thou art!



Praise and Thanksgiving

(LI.-- "In natali Domini.")



7,7,7,7,7,7,7

Auf den Nebel folgt die Sonn'

Gerhardt, 1659

Cometh sunshine after rain,
 After mourning joy again,
 After heavy bitter grief
 Dawneth surely sweet relief!

And my soul, who from her height
 Sank to realms of woe and night,
 Wingeth new to heav'n her flight.

Bitter anguish have I borne,
 Keen regret my heart hath torn,
 Sorrow dimm'd my weeping eyes,

Satan blinded me with lies;
 Yet at last am I set free,
 Help, protection, love, to me
 Once more true companions be.

None was ever left a prey,
 None was ever turn'd away,
 Who had given himself to God,
 And on Him had cast his load.
 Who in God his hope hath placed
 Shall not life in pain outwaste,
 Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
 All thy hopes, have patience still,
 For perchance to-morrow's sun
 Sees thy happier days begun;
 As God willeth march the hours,
 Bringing joy at last in showers,
 When whate'er we ask'd is ours.

Now as long as here I roam,
 On this earth have house and home,
 Shall this wondrous gleam from Thee
 Shine through all my memory.
 To my God I yet will cling,
 All my life the praises sing
 That from thankful hearts outspring.

Every sorrow, every smart,
 That the Eternal Father's heart
 Hath appointed me of yore,
 Or hath yet for me in store,
 As my life flows on, I'll take
 Calmly, gladly for His sake,
 No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
 I will greet e'en Death's dark reign,
 I will lay me in the grave,
 With a heart still glad and brave;
 Whom the Strongest doth defend,
 Whom the Highest counts His friend,
 Cannot perish in the end.



Praise and Thanksgiving

(LXXVIII.--"O das ich tausend Zungen hätte.")

5.

Original Tune.

Oh would, my God, that I could praise Thee,
How many a song my lips should raise Thee,

With thou - sand tongues, by day and night I
Who or - der'd all things here a - night;

My thank - ful heart would ev - er be
Tell - ing what God hath done for me.

9,8,9,8,8,8

O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte

J. Mentzer, 1704

Oh would, my God, that I could praise Thee
With thousand tongues, by day and night!
How many a song my lips should raise Thee,

Who order'st all things here aright.
 My thankful heart would ever be
 Telling what God hath done for me.
 O all ye powers that He implanted,
 Arise, keep silence thus no more,
 Put forth the strength that He hath granted,
 Your noblest work is to adore;
 O soul and body, make ye meet
 With heartfelt praise your Lord to greet.
 Ye forest leaves so green and tender,
 That dance for joy in summer air;
 Ye meadow grasses bright and slender,
 Ye flowers, so wondrous sweet and fair;
 Ye live to thow His praise alone,
 Help me to make His glory known.
 O all things that have breath and motion,
 That throng with life earth, sea, and sky,
 Now join me in my heart's devotion,
 Help me to raise His praises high,
 My utmost powers can ne'er aright
 Declare the wonders of His might.
 But I will tell, while I am living,
 His goodness forth with every breath,
 And greet each morning with thanksgiving,
 Until my heart is still in death,
 Nay, when at last my lips grow cold,
 His praise shall in my sighs be told.
 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.

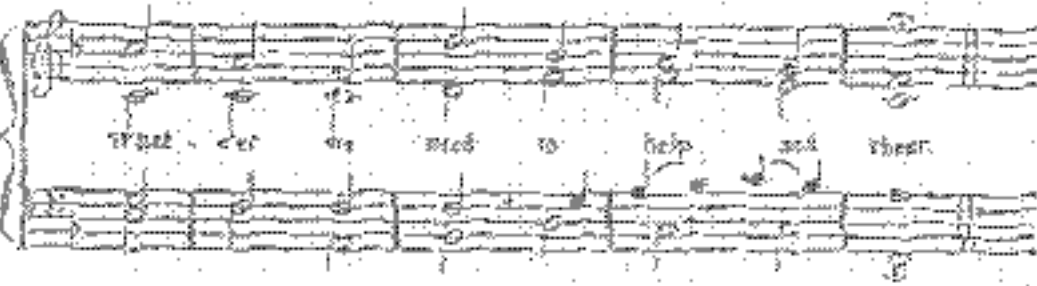
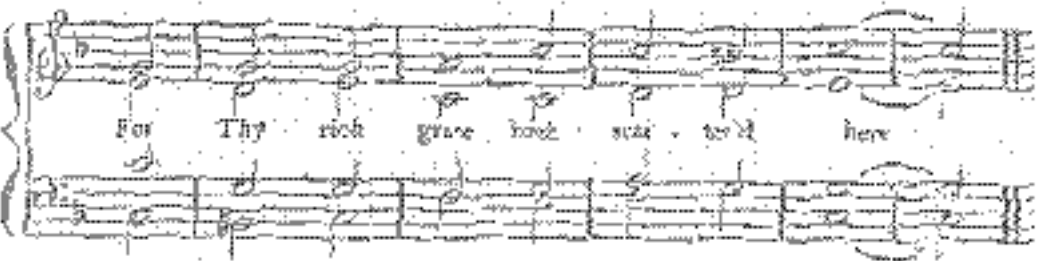
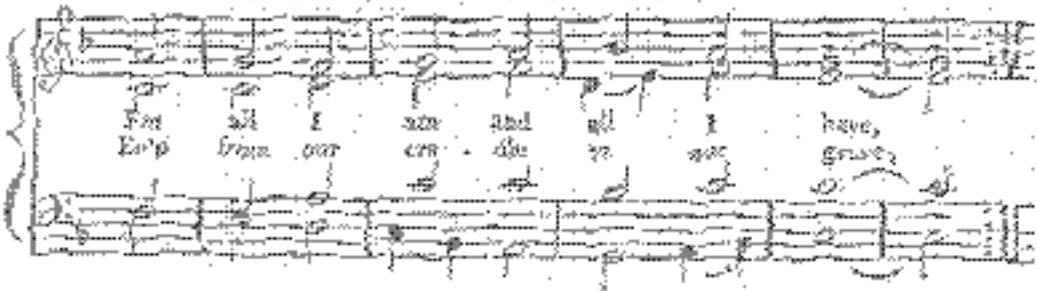


Praise and Thanksgiving

(Index of Tunes, LXXVIII.)

6.

Tune.--"Oh would, my God, that I could praise Thee."



9,8,9,8,8,8

Lob sei Dir, treuer Gott und Vater

Mentzer, 1704

I praise Thee, O my God and Father,
 For all I am and all I have,
 The blessings that we daily gather,
 Ev'n from our cradle to our grave;
 For Thy rich grace hath scatter'd here
 Whate'er we need to help and cheer.
 I praise Thee, Saviour, whose compassion

Hath brought Thee down to succour me;
 Thy pitying heart sought my salvation,
 Though keenest woes were heaped on Thee,
 Wrought me from bondage full release,
 Made me Thine own, and gave me peace.

 Thee too I praise, O Holy Spirit,
 By whose deep teachings I am made
 A heavenly kingdom to inherit,
 Who art my Comforter, my aid;
 Whate'er of good by me is done
 Is of Thy grace and light alone.

 And as my life is onward gliding,
 With each fresh scene anew I mark
 How Thou art holding me and guiding,
 Where all seems troubled, strange, and dark;
 When cares oppress and hopes depart,
 Thy light hath never failed my heart.

 Shall I not then be filled with gladness,
 Shall I not praise Thee evermore?
 And triumph o'er all fears and sadness,
 E'en when my cup of woe runs o'er?
 Though heaven and earth may pass away,
 I know Thy word stands fast for aye.

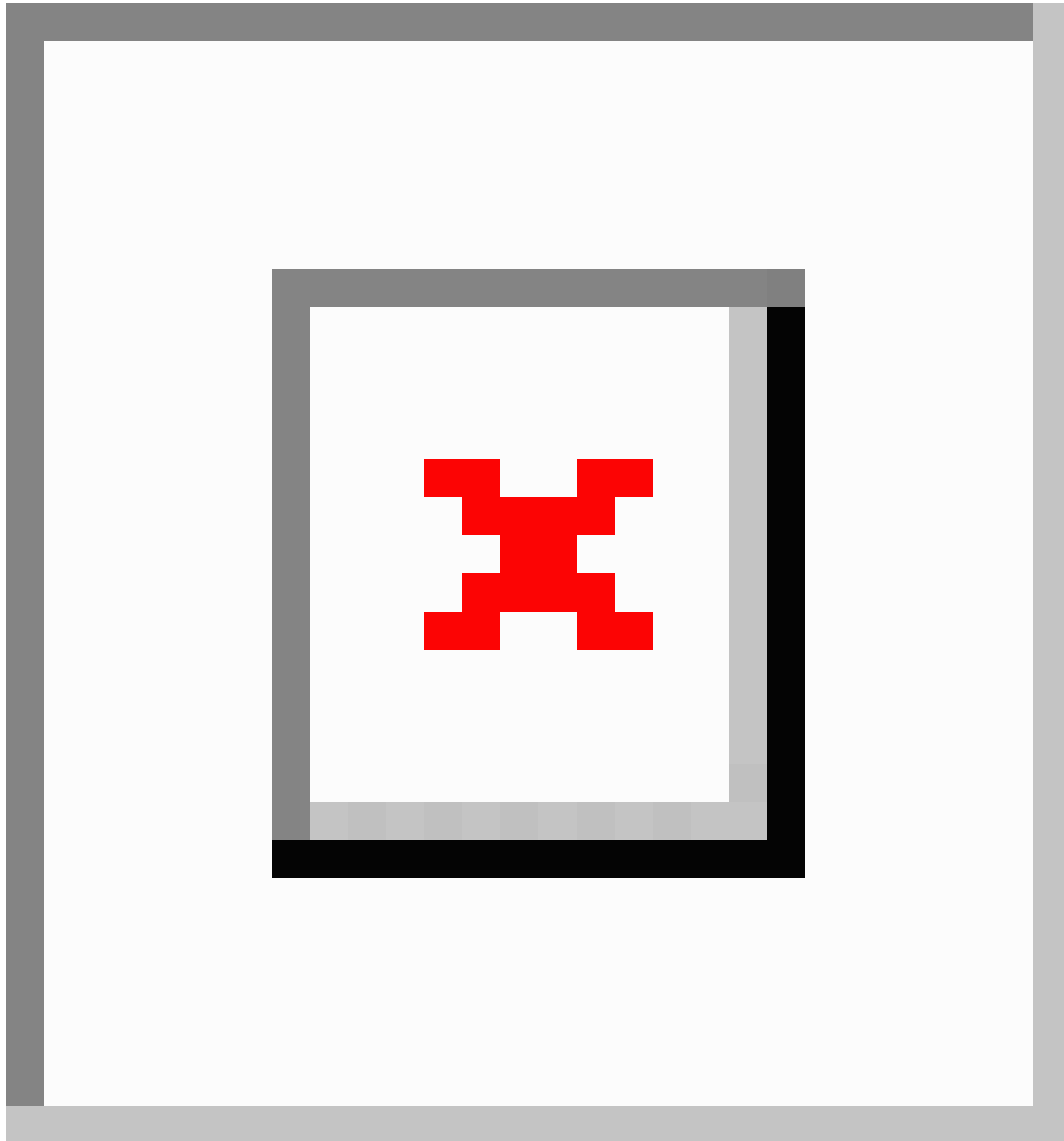


Praise and Thanksgiving

(LXXIV.--"Nun lob' mein Seel' den Herren.")

7.

Original Tune.



7,8,7,8,7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6

Nun lob' mein Seel' den Herren

Gramann, 1540

My soul, now praise thy Maker!
 Let all within me bless His name,
 Who maketh thee partaker
 Of mercies more than thou dar'st claim!
 Forget him not, whose meekness
 Still bears with all thy sin,
 Who healeth all thy weakness,
 Renews thy life within,
 Whose grace and care are endless,
 And sav'd thee thro' the past;

Who leaves no sufferer friendless,
 But rights the wrong'd at last!
 He shows to man His treasure
 Of judgment, truth, and righteousness,
 His love beyond our measure,
 His yearning pity o'er distress;
 Nor treats us as we merit,
 But lays His anger by,
 The humble contrite spirit
 Finds His compassions nigh;
 And high as heaven above us,
 As break from close of day,
 So far, since He doth love us,
 He puts our sins away.
 For as a tender father
 Hath pity on his children here,
 He in His arms will gather
 All who are His in childlike fear;
 He knows how frail our powers,
 Who but from dust are made,
 We flourish as the flowers,
 And even so we fade,
 A storm-wind o'er them passes,
 And all their bloom is o'er,--
 We wither like the grasses,
 Our place knows us no more.
 His grace alone endureth,
 And children's children yet shall prove
 How God with strength assureth
 The hearts of all that seek His love.
 In heaven is fixed His dwelling,
 His rule is over all,
 Angels in might excelling,
 Bright hosts, before Him fall!
 Praise Him who ever reigneth,
 All ye who hear His word;
 Nor our poor hymns disdaineth,--
 My soul, O praise the Lord!



Praise and Thanksgiving

(LXVI.--"Meine Hoffnung stehet feste.")

8.

Original Tune.

All my hope is grounded surely,
I can trust His aid securely,
On the ever-living God,
God,
For this Rock fears no shock,
And our trust will never mock.

8,6,8,6,6,7

Meine Hoffnung stehet feste

Neander, 1679

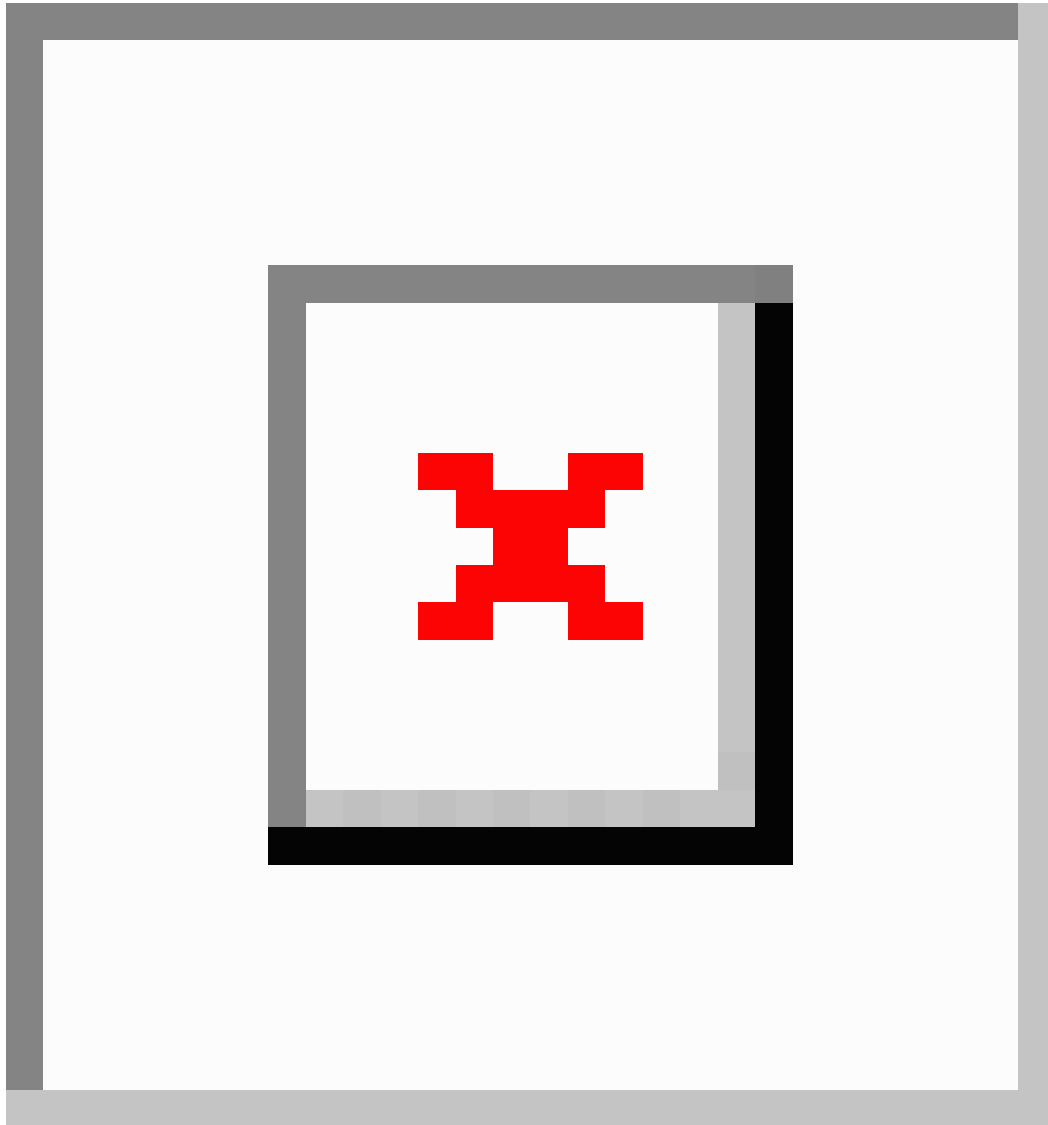
All my hope is grounded surely
On the ever-living God,
I can trust His aid securely,

He shall be my highest Good;
 For this Rock fears no shock,
 And our trust will never mock.
 Tell me, if no dread e'er seizes
 You, who lean on some frail man?
 Can you build on waves and breezes?
 Dare you trust your wisest plan?
 Soon 'tis past, cannot last,
 Nought that earth has standeth fast.
 But His goodners still shall flourish
 Evermore, nought changes here;
 Man and beast His hand doth nourish
 Day by day through all the year;
 Morn and eve, doth He give
 All they need to all that live.
 Are we not by gifts surrounded
 More than we dare ask of good?
 For His mercies are unbounded,
 Flowing like a mighty flood;
 Earth and air to us bear
 Tokens of His loving care.
 Let not then His gifts upbraid us,
 Who His very Son hath given;
 Thank, O thank Him who hath made us
 From the dust, yet heirs of heaven.
 God is our shield and tower,
 Great in wisdom, love, and power.



Praise and Thanksgiving

(LXII.--"*Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren.*")



14,14,4,7,8

Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren

J. Neander, 1679

Praise to the Lord! the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!

All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near,
Join me in glad adoration!

Praise to the Lord! who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea so gently sustaineth;

Hast thou not seen
How thy desires have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

Chorale Book for England

Praise to the Lord! who doth prosper thy work and defend thee,
 Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;

Ponder anew
 What the Almighty can do,
 If with His love He befriend thee!

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!

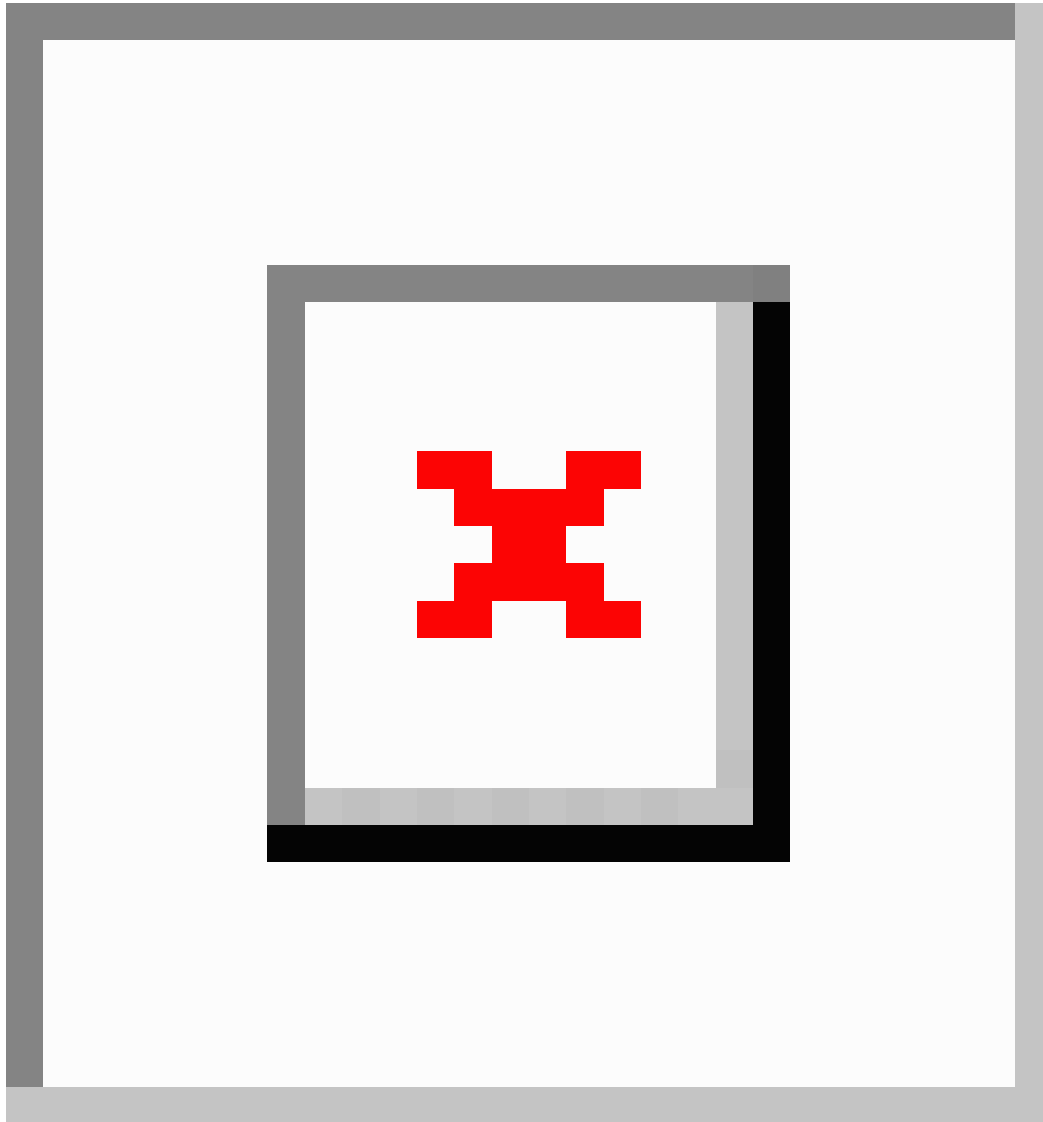
Let the Amen
 Sound from His people again,
 Gladly for aye we adore Him!



Praise and Thanksgiving

(LX.--"*Lasset uns den Herren preisen.*")

10.



7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7

Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht singen

Gerhardt, 1659

Shall I not sing praise to Thee,
 Shall I not give thanks, O Lord?
 Since for us in all I see
 How Thou keepest watch and ward;
 How the truest, tend'rest love
 Ever fills Thy heart, my God,
 Helping, cheering, on their road
 All who in Thy service move.

All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

As the eagle o'er her nest
 Spreads her sheltering wings abroad,
 So from all that would molest
 Doth Thine arm defend me, Lord;
 From my youth up e'en till now
 Of the being Thou did'st give,
 And the earthly life I live,
 Faithful Guardian still wert Thou.

All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

When I sleep my Guardian wakes,
 And revives my wearied mind;
 Every morning on me breaks
 With some mark of love most kind;
 Had my God not stood my Friend,
 Had His countenance not been
 Here my guide, I had not seen
 Many a trial reach its end.

All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

As a father ne'er withdraws
 From a child his all of love,
 Though it often break his laws,
 Though it careless, wilful, prove:
 Even so my loving Lord
 Doth my faults with pity see;
 With His rod He chastens me,
 Not avenging with His sword.

All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

When His strokes upon me light,
 Bitterly I feel their smart,
 Yet are they, if seen aright,
 Tokens that my Father's heart
 Yearns to bring me back again
 Through these crosses to His fold,
 From the world that fain would hold
 Soul and body in its chain.

All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

All my life I still have found,
 And I will forget it never,

Every sorrow hath its bound,
 And no cross endures for ever.
 After all the winter's snows
 Comes sweet summer back again;
 Patient souls ne'er wait in vain,
 Joy is given for all their woes.

All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

Since then neither change nor end
 In Thy love can e'er have place,
 Father! I beseech Thee send
 Unto me Thy loving grace.
 Help Thy feeble child, and give
 Strength to serve Thee day and night,
 Loving Thee with all my might,
 While on earth I yet must live;

So shall I, when Time is o'er,
 Praise and love Thee evermore.

Public Worship

11. Now thank we all our God
12. Blessed Jesus, at Thy word
13. Lord Jesus Christ, be present now
14. Abide among us with Thy grace
15. Open now Thy gates of beauty
16. Thou, Fount of blessing, we adore
17. Light of light, enlighten me
18. Once more the daylight shines abroad
19. Lord Jesu Christ, with us abide



Public Worship

(LXX.--"Nun danket alle Gott.")

11.

Original Tune.

Chorale Book for England



Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joi - ces;

Who from our mo - ther's arms Hath bless'd us on our way

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

6,7,6,7,6,6,6,6

Nun danket alle Gott

Rinckart, 1648

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom the world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven,
 The One eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore!



Public Worship

(LXI.--"Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.")

12.

Original Tune.

Bless - ed Je - su, at Thy word We are ga - ther'd
 Let our hearts and souls be stir'd Now to seek and
 all to hear Thee; By Thy teach - ings sweet and
 love and fear Thee; ho - ly Drawn from earth to love Thee sole - - ly.

7,8,7,8,8,8

Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.

Clausnitzer, 1671

Blessed Jesus, at Thy word
 We are gather'd all to hear Thee;
 Let our hearts and souls be stirr'd
 Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
 By Thy teachings sweet and holy
 Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

All our knowledge, sense, and sight
 Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
 Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
 With the beams of truth unclouded;
 Thou alone to God canst win us,
 Thou must work all good within us.

Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
 Light of light from God proceeding,
 Open Thou our ears and heart,
 Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading,
 Hear the cry Thy people raises,
 Hear, and bless our prayers and praises!



Public Worship

(XXXVII.--"Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend'.")

13.

Original Tune.

Lord Je - sus Christ, be pre - sent now! And let Thy
 Ho - ly Spi - rit bow All hearts in love and fear to -
 day, To hear the truth and keep Thy way.

8,8,8,8

Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend'

W. August II, Duke of Saxeweimar, 1651

Lord Jesus Christ, be present now!
 And let thy Holy Spirit bow
 All hearts in love and fear today,
 To hear the truth and keep Thy way.

Open our lips to sing Thy praise,
 Our hearts in true devotion raise,
 Strengthen our faith, increase our light,
 That we may know Thy name aright:

Until we join the host that cry
 "Holy, Holy art Thou most High,"
 And 'mid the light of that blest place
 Shall gaze upon Thee face to face.

Glory to God, the Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
 To Thee, O blessed Trinity,

Be praise throughout eternity!



Public Worship

(Index of Tunes, LXXVI.)

14.

Tune.--"Now that the sun doth shine no more."

A - bide a - mong us with Thy grace, Lord Je - sus, ev - er - more,
 Nor let us e'er to sin give place, Nor grieve Him we a - dore.

8,6,8,6

Ach bleib' mit deiner Gnade

Stegmann, 1629

Abide among us with Thy grace,
 Lord Jesus, evermore,
 Nor let us e'er to sin give place,
 Nor grieve Him we adore.

Abide among us with Thy word,
 Redeemer whom we love,
 Thy help and mercy here afford,
 And life with Thee above.

Abide among us with Thy ray,
 O Light that lighten'st all,
 And let Thy truth preserve our way,
 Nor suffer us to fall.

Abide with us to bless us still,

O bounteous Lord of peace;
 With grace and power our souls fulfill,
 Our faith and love increase.

Abide among us as our shield,
 O Captain of Thy host;
 That to the world we may not yield,
 Nor e'er forsake our post.

Abide with us in faithful love,
 Our God and Saviour be,
 Thy help at need, Oh let us prove,
 And keep us true to Thee.



Public Worship

(XCVIII.--"Unser Herrscher, unser König.")

15.

O - pen now Thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on,
 Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for
 let me en - ter there, Oh, how bleff - ed
 Him who an - swers pray'r;
 is this place, Fill'd with so - lace, light, and grace.

8,7,8,7,7

Thut mir auf die schöne Pforte

Schmolck, 1704

Open now Thy gates of beauty,
 Zion, let me enter there,
 Where my soul in joyful duty
 Waits for Him who answers pray'r;
 Oh, how blessed is this place,
 Fill'd with solace, light, and grace.

Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
 Come Thou also down to me;
 Where we find Thee and adore Thee
 There a heaven on earth must be.
 To my heart oh enter Thou,
 Let it be Thy temple now.

Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
 Here Thy seed is duly sown,
 Let my soul where it is planted,
 Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
 So that all I hear may be
 Fruitful unto life in me.

Thou my faith increase and quicken,
 Let me keep Thy gift divine
 Howsoe'er temptations thicken,
 May Thy word still o'er me shine,
 As my pole-star through my life,
 As my comfort in my strife.

Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
 Let Thy will be done indeed;
 May I undisturbed draw near Thee
 While Thou dost Thy people feed;
 Here of Life the Fountain flows,
 Here is balm for all our woes.

*Public Worship*

(Index of Tunes, CXXI.)

16.*Tune.*--"O blest the house, whate'er befall."

Thee, Fount of bleff - ing, we a - dore! Lo! we un -
lock our lips once more Be - fore Thy deep of
ho - li - nefs, Oh. deign to hear us now and bleff.

8,8,8,8

Brunn alles Heils, dich ehren wir

Tersteegen, 1731

Thou, Fount of blessing, we adore!
Lo! we unlock our lips once more
Before Thy deep of holiness,
Oh deign to hear us now and bless.

The Lord, the Maker, with us dwell,
In soul and body shield us well,
And guard us with His sleepless might
From every ill by day and night!

The Lord, the Saviour, Light Divine,
Now cause His face on us to shine,
That seeing Him, with perfect faith
We sruft His love for life and death!

The Lord, the Comforter, be near,
Imprint His image deeply here,
From bonds of sin and dread release,
And give us His unchanging peace!

O Triune God! Thou vast abyss!
 Thou ever-flowing Fount of bliss,
 Flow through us, heart and soul and will
 With endless praise and blessing fill!



Public Worship

(LXVII.--"Meinen Jesum lass ich nicht.")

17.

Light of light, en - light - en me
 Sun of grace, the sha - dows flee,

Now a - new the day is dawn - ing,
 Bright - en Thou my Sab - bath morn - ing,

With Thy joy - ous sun - shine blest

Hap - py is my day of rest!

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes.

7,8,7,8,7,7

Licht von Licht erleuchte mich

Schmolck, 1731

Light of light, enlighten me
 Now anew the day is dawning;
 Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
 Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning,
 With Thy joyous sunshine blest
 Happy is my day of rest!

 Fount of all our joy and peace!
 To Thy living waters lead me,
 Thou from earth my soul release
 And with grace and mercy feed me;
 Bless Thy word that it may prove
 Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
 That upon my lips is lying;
 Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
 That, from every error flying,
 No strange fire may in me glow
 That Thine altar doth not know.

 Let me with my heart to-day,
 Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
 Rapt awhile from earth away,
 All my soul to Thee upspringing,
 Have a foretaste inly given
 How they worship Thee in Heaven.

 Rest in me and I in Thee,
 Build a Paradise within me;
 Oh reveal Thyself to me;
 Blessed Love, who diedst to win me;
 Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
 Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

 Hence all care, all vanity,
 For the day to God is holy;
 Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
 Deign to fill this temple lowly;
 Nought to-day my soul shall move,
 Simply resting in Thy love.



Public Worship

(XXI.--"Der tag bricht und zeigt sich.")

18.

Once more the day - light shines a - broad,

bre-thren, let us praise the Lord, Whose grace and mer - cy

thus have kept The night - ly watch while we have slept.

8,8,8,8

Es geht daher des Tages Schein

B. Brethren

Once more the daylight shines abroad,
 O brethren, let us praise the Lord,
 Whose grace and mercy thus have kept
 The nightly watch while we have slept.

To Him let us together pray
 With all our heart and soul to-day,
 That He would keep us in His love,
 And all our guilt and sin remove.

Eternal God! Almighty Friend,
 Whose deep compassions have no end,
 Whose never-failing strength and might
 Have kept us safely through the night:

Now send us from Thy heavenly throne
 Thy grace and help through Christ Thy Son,
 That with Thy strength our hearts may glow,
 And fear nor man nor ghostly foe.

Lord God! oh, hear us, we implore!
 Be Thou our Guardian evermore,
 Our mighty Champion and our Shield
 That goeth with us to the field.

We offer up ourselves to Thee,
 That heart and word and deed may be
 In all things guided by Thy mind,
 And in Thine eyes acceptance find.

Thus, Lord, we bring, through Christ Thy Son,
 Our morning offering to Thy throne;
 Now be Thy precious gift outpour'd,
 And help us for Thine honour, Lord!



Public Worship

(I.--"Ach bleib' bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ.")

19.

Original Tune.

Lord Je - su Christ, with us a - bide, For round us
falls the ev' - ning tide; Nor let Thy Word,
our glo - rious light, For us be ev - er veil'd . . in night.

8,8,8,8

Ach bleib' bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ

Selnecker, 1587

Lord Jesu Christ, with us abide,
For round us falls the ev'ning tide;
Nor let Thy Word, our glorious light,
For us be ever veil'd in night.

In these dark days that yet remain,
May we Thy Sacraments maintain,
And keep Thy Word still free and pure,
And steadfast in the faith endure.

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Advent

20. Ye heav'ns, oh haste your dews to shed
21. Ah! Lord, how shall I meet Thee
22. Arise, the kingdom is at hand
23. Redeemer of the nations, come
24. Let the earth now praise the Lord
25. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates
26. Once he came in blessing
27. Awake, thou careless world, awake
28. A dread hath come on me

Advent

(Index of Tunes, CIV.)

20.

Tune.--"From heaven above to earth I come."

Ye heav'ns, oh haste your dewes to shed, Ye clouds, rain
 glad - nefs on our head, Thou earth, be - hold the
 time of grace, And blou - som forth in right - eouf - nefs!

Ihr Himmel tröpfelt Tau in Eil'

J. Franck, 1653

Ye heav'ns, oh haste your dewes to shed,
 Ye clouds, rain gladness on our head,
 Thou earth, behold the time of grace,
 And blossom forth in righteousness!

O living Sun, with joy break forth,
 And pierce the gloomy clefts of earth;
 Behold, the mountains melt away
 Like wax beneath Thine ardent ray!

O Life-dew of the Churches, come,
 And bid this arid desert bloom!
 The sorrows of Thy people see,
 And take our human flesh on Thee.

Refresh the parch'd and drooping mind,

The broken limb in mercy bind,
 Us sinners from our guilt release,
 And fill us with Thy heavenly peace.

O wonder! night no more is night!
 Comes then at last the long'd-for light?
 Ah yes, Thou shinest, O true Sun,
 In whom are God and man made one!

Advent

(CXVIII.--"Wie soll ich dich empfangen.")

21.

Original Tune.



Ah! Lord, how shall I meet Thee, How welcome Thee a - right?
 All na - tions long to greet Thee, My hope, my sole de - light!

Brigh - ten the lamp that burn - eth But dim - ly in my breast,

And teach my soul, that yearn - eth To hon - our such high guest.

Wie soll ich dich empfangen

Gerhardt, 1653

Ah! Lord, how shall I meet Thee,

How welcome Thee aright?
 All nations long to greet Thee,
 My hope, my sole delight!
 Brighten the lamp that burneth
 But dimly in my breast,
 And teach my soul, that yearneth
 To honour such high guest.

Thy Zion strews before Thee
 Her fairest buds and palms,
 And I too will adore Thee
 With sweetest songs and psalms;
 My soul breaks forth in flowers
 Rejoicing in Thy fame,
 And summons all her powers
 To honour Jesus' name.

Nought, nought, dear Lord, could move Thee
 To leave Thy rightful place
 Save love, for which I love Thee;
 A love that could embrace
 A world where sorrow dwelleth,
 Which sin and suffering fill,
 More than the tongue e'er telleth;--
 Yet Thou couldst love it still!

O ye sad hearts that sicken
 With hope deferred, and see
 The gloom around you thicken,
 The joys ye hoped for flee,--
 Despair not, He is near you,
 Yea, at the very door,
 Who best can help and cheer you,
 He will not linger more.

Nor sin shall make you fearful,
 Ashamed to see His face,
 The contrite heart and tearful
 He covers with His grace;
 He comes to heal the spirit
 That mourneth sin-oppressed,
 And raise us to inherit
 With Him our proper rest.

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 of cheering
And guide us safely home!



Advent

(Index of Tunes, XII.)

22.

Tune.--"My inmost heart now raises."

Chorale Book for England

A - rise, the king - dom is at hand, The
A - rise with joy, ye faith - ful band, To

King is draw - ing nigh; Ye Chris - tians, haf - ten forth,
greet the Lord most High!

With ho - ly ar - dours greet your King, And glad Ho -

san - nas to Him sing, Nought else your love is worth.

Auf, auf, ihr Reichgenossen

Rist, 1651

Arise, the kingdom is at hand,
The king is drawing nigh;
Arise with joy, ye faithful band,
To greet the Lord most High!
Ye Christians, hasten forth,
With holy ardours greet your King,
And glad Hosannas to Him sing,
Nought else your love is worth.

Look up, ye drooping hearts, to-day!
 The King is very near,
 Oh cast your griefs and fears away,
 For lo! your Help is here;
 And comfort rich and sweet
 In many a place for us is stored,
 Where in His sacraments and word
 Our Saviour we can meet.

Look up, ye souls weigh'd down with care!
 The Sovereign is not far;
 Look up, faint heart, from your despair,
 Behold the Morning Star!
 The Lord is with us now,
 Who shall the sinking spirit feed
 With strength and comfort at its need,
 To whom e'en Death shall bow.

Hope, O ye broken hearts, at last!
 The King comes on in might,
 He loved us in the ages past
 When we sat wrapp'd in night;
 Now are our sorrows o'er,
 And fear and wrath to joy give place,
 Since God hath made us in His grace
 His children evermore.

O rich the gifts Thou bringest us,
 Thyself made poor and weak;
 O love beyond compare that thus
 Can foes and sinners seek!
 For this to Thee alone
 We raise on high a gladsome voice,
 And evermore with thanks rejoice
 Before Thy glorious throne.



Advent

(LVI.--"Komm, Heiden Heiland, Lösegeld.")

23.

Original Tune.

Re - deem - er of the na - tions, come! Ran - som of
 earth, here make Thy home! Bright Sun, oh dart Thy flame to
 earth, For in shall God in Christ have birth!

Komm Heiden Heiland, Lösegeld

after St. Ambrose

J. Franck

Redeemer of the nations, come!
 Ransom of earth, here make Thy home!
 Bright Sun, oh dart Thy flame to earth,
 For so shall God in Christ have birth!

Thou comest from Thy kingly throne,
 O Son of God, the Virgin's Son!
 Thou Hero of a twofold race,
 Dost walk in might earth's darkest place.

Thou stooped once to suffer here,
 And risest o'er the starry sphere;
 Hell's gates at thy descent were riven,
 Thy ascent is to highest Heaven.

One with the Father! Prince of might!
 O'er nature's realm assert Thy right,
 Our sickly bodies pine to know
 Thy heavenly strength, Thy living glow,

How bright Thy lowly manger beams!
 Down earth's dark vale its glory streams,
 The splendour of Thy natal night
 Shines through all time in deathless light.



Advent

(XXXIII.--"Gott sei Dank durch alle Welt.")

24.

Original Tune.

Let the earth now praise the Lord, Who hath truly kept His word,
 And the sinner's help and Friend Now at last to us doth send.

Gott sei Dank durch alle Welt

H. Held, 1643

Let the earth now praise the Lord,
 Who hath truly kept His word,
 And the sinner's help and Friend
 Now at last to us doth send.

What the fathers most desired,
 What the prophets' heart inspired,
 What they long'd for many a year,
 Stands fulfill'd in glory here.

Abram's promised great reward,
 Zion's Helper, Jacob's Lord;
 Him of twofold race behold,
 Truly come, as long foretold.

Welcome, O my Saviour, now!
 Hail! my portion, Lord, art Thou!
 Here too in my heart, I pray,
 Oh prepare Thyself a way.

Enter, King of Glory, in!
 Purify the wastes of sin
 As Thou hast so often done;
 It belongs to Thee alone.

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

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!

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



Advent

(LXIV.--"*Macht hoch die Thür, die Thor' macht weit.*")

25.

Original Tune.

Lift up your heads, ye might - ty gates, Be - hold the King of glo - ry waits ;

The King of kings is draw - ing near, The Sa - viour of the world is here ;

Life and fal - va - tion doth He bring, Wherefore re - joice and glad - ly sing ;

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

Macht hoch die Thür, die Thor macht weit

Weiszel, 1635

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here;
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing:

We praise Thee, Father, now!
Creator, wise art Thou!

The Lord is just, a Helper tried,
 Mercy is ever at His ride,
 His kingly crown is holiness,
 His sceptre, pity in distress,
 The end of all our woe He brings;
 Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:
 We praise Thee, Saviour, now,
 Mighty in deed art Thou!

Oh blest the land, the city blest,
 Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
 Oh 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:
 O Comforter Divine,
 What boundless grace is Thine!

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
 Make it a temple set apart
 From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
 Adorn'd 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!

Redeemer, come! I open wide
 My heart to Thee,--here, Lord, abide!
 Let me Thy 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.



Advent

(XXXVIII.--"*Herr nun lass in Friede.*")

Once He came in bleff - - ing, All our ills re-
 dress - - ing, Came in like - ness low - - ly,
 Son of God most ho - - ly, Bore the cross to
 save us, Hope and free - dom gave us.

Gottes Sohn ist kommen

M. Weiss, 1531

Once he came in blessing,
 All our ills redressing,
 Came in likeness lowly,
 Son of God most holy,
 Bore the cross to save us,
 Hope and freedom gave us.

Still He comes within us,
 Still His voice would win us

From the sins that hurt us;
 Would to Truth convert us
 From our foolish errors,
 Ere He comes in terrors.

Thus if thou hast known Him,
 Not ashamed to own Him,
 Nor dost love Him coldly,
 But wilt trust Him boldly,
 He will now receive thee,
 Heal thee, and forgive thee.

But through many a trial,
 Deepest self-denial,
 Long and brave endurance,
 Must thou win assurance
 That His own He makes thee,
 And no more forsakes thee.

He who thus endureth
 Bright reward secureth;
 Come then, O Lord Jesus,
 From our sins release us.
 Let us here confess Thee,
 Till in heaven we bless Thee.

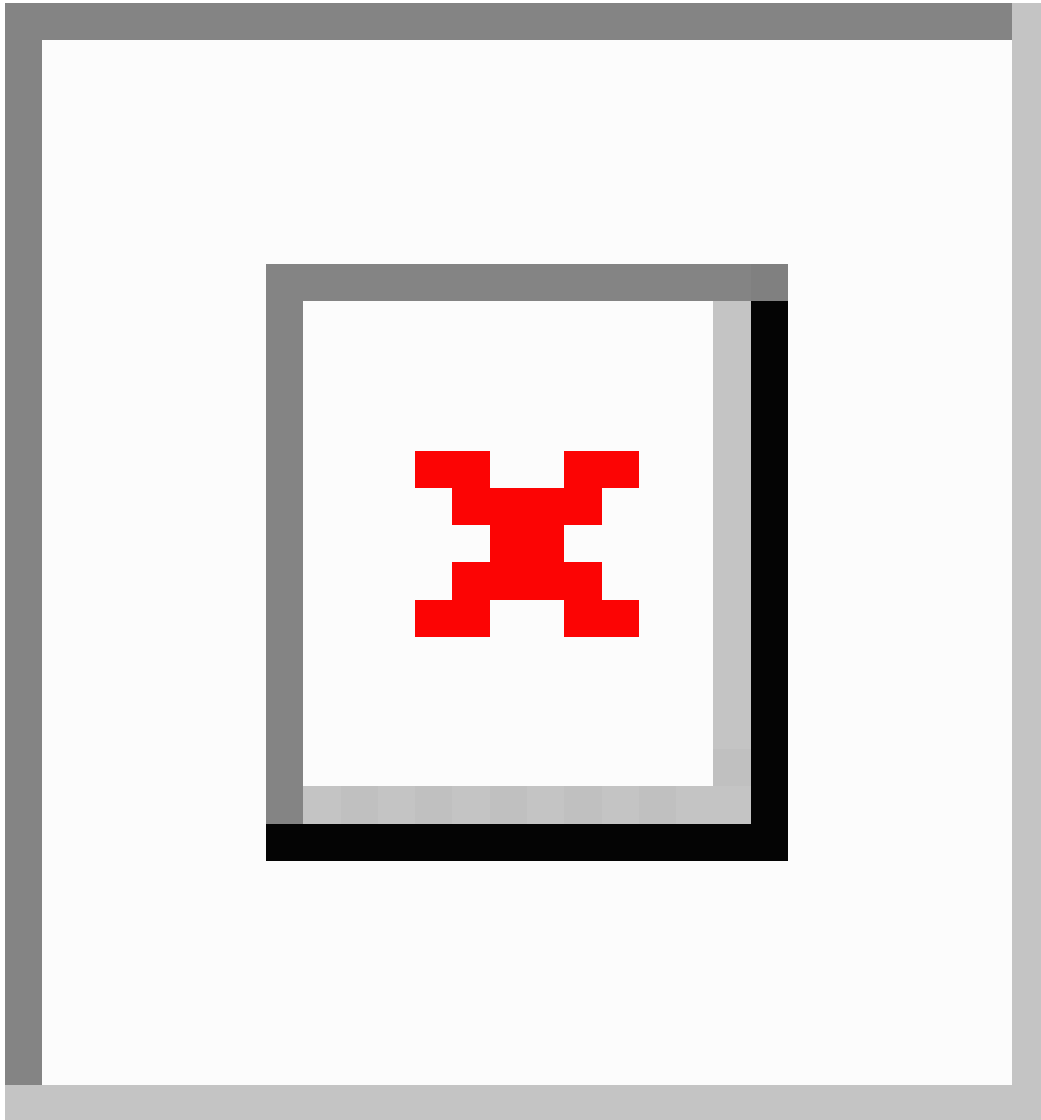


Advent

(CV.--"Wach auf, wach auf, du sich're Welt.")

27.

Original Tune.



Wach auf, wach auf, du sich're Welt

Rist, 1651

Awake, thou careless world, awake!
 That final Judgment day will surely come;
 What Heav'n hath fix'd no Time can shake,
 Time never more shall sweep away thy doom.
 Know what the Lord Himself hath spoken
 Shall come at last and not delay:
 Though heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 His steadfast Word can ne'er be broken.

Awake! thou careless world, awake!
 For none can tell how soon our God may please
 That suddenly that day should break,

No human wisdom fathoms depths like these:
 O flee earth's base delights and pride,
 For as the bird is in the snare,
 Or ever of its foe aware,
 So comes that day so long denied.

Yet He in love delayeth long
 That awful day, and grants the sinner space
 To turn away from sin and wrong,
 And mourning seek in time His love and grace.
 He holdeth back that best of days
 Until the righteous shall approve
 Their faith and hope, their constant love;
 So gentle us-ward are His ways!

And those found faithful then shall see
 That glorious morning dawn in love and joy,
 Their Saviour comes to set them free,
 Their Judge Himself shall all their bonds destroy;
 He the true Joshua then shall bring
 His people with a mighty hand
 Into their promised fatherland,
 Where songs of victory they thall sing.

Arise, and let us night and day
 Watch for our Lord, and study o'er His word,
 And in the Spirit ever pray,
 That we be ready when His call is heard;
 Arise, and let us haste to meet
 The Bridegroom standing at the door,
 That with the angels evermore
 We too may worship at His feet.



Advent

(XLVII.--"Ich steh' in Angst und Pein.")

28.

Original Tune.

A dread hath come on me, I know not

where to flee, My pow'rs can nought a - vail me;

My trem - bling limbs grow weak, My lips re - fuse to

speak, My heart and sens - es fail me:

Ich steh' in Angst und Pein

S. Dach, 1640

A dread hath come on me,

I know not where to flee,

My pow'rs can nought avail me;

My trembling limbs grow weak,

My lips refuse to speak,

My heart and senses fail me:

For thinking on that sound

That once shall pierce the ground

And make its slumb'ers tremble,--

"Arise! the Day of Doom
 Is come at last,--is come!
 Before the judge assemble!

Ah God! no tempest's shock
 That cleaves the solid rock
 Could make my spirit shiver
 As doth that awful tone;
 Were my heart steel or stone
 'T would hear that voice and quiver.

I eat, or wake, or sleep,
 I talk, or smile, or weep,
 Yet still that voice of thunder
 Is sounding through my heart,--
 "Forget not what thou art,
 The doom thou liest under!

For daily do I see
 How many deaths there be,
 How swiftly all things wither;
 How sickness fills the grave,
 Or fire, or sword, or wave
 Is sweeping thousands thither.

My turn will soon be here,
 The end is drawing near,
 I hear its warning plainly;
 Death knocketh at my door
 And tells me all is o'er,
 And I would fly him vainly.

Ah! who in this my strait
 Will be mine Advocate?
 Will all things leave me friendless?
 My wealth and power are dust,
 This Judge is ever just,
 His righteous doom is endless.

Lord Jesus Christ! 't is Thou
 Alone canst help me now,
 But 't was for this Thou camest,
 To save us in this hour;--
 Then show Thy mercy's power,
 For they are safe Thou claimest.

Speak Thou for me! Thou art

The refuge of my heart;
 With gladness let me hear Thee;
 Bid me to Thee ascend,
 Where praise shall never end,
 And love shall aye be near Thee.

Christmas

29. Let us all with gladsome voice
30. From heaven above to earth I come
31. All my heart this night rejoices
32. Rejoice, rejoice, ye Christians
33. O rejoice, ye Christians, loudly
34. We Christians may rejoice to-day
35. Thee, O Immanuel, we praise

Christmas

(LIX.--"Lasst uns alle fröhlich sein.")

29.

Original Tune.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Lasst uns alle fröhlich sein'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes.

||: Let us all with glad-some voice Praise the God of hea - ven, ||
 Who to bid our hearts re - joice His own Son hath giv - en.

Lasst uns alle fröhlich sein

Anon., appears 1682

||: Let us all with gladsome voice
 Praise the God of heaven, :||
 Who to bid our hearts rejoice

His own Son hath given.

||:Down to this sad earth He comes,
 Here to serve us deigning,:||
 That with Him in yon fair homes
 We may once be reigning.

||:We are rich, for He was poor,
 Gaze upon this wonder!:||
 Let us praise God evermore,
 Here on earth, and yonder!

.
 ||:Look on all who sorrow here,
 Lord, in pity bending,:||
 Grant us now a glad New Year,
 And a blessed ending!



Christmas

(CIV.--"Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her.")

30.

Original Tune.

From heaven a - bove to earth I come

To hear good news to ev' - - ry home;

Glad tid - - ings of great joy I bring,

Where - of I now will say and sing;

Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her

Luther, 1538

From heaven above to earth I come
 To hear good news to ev'ry home;
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
 Whereov I now will say and sing:

To you this night in born a child
 of Mary, chosen mother mild;
 This little child, of lowly birth,
 Shall be the joy of all your earth.

'Tis Christ, our God, who far on high
 Hath heard your sad and bitter cry
 Himself will your Salvation be,
 Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago
 Prepared by God for all below;
 Henceforth His kingdom open stands
 To you, as to the angel bands.

There are the tokens ye shall mark,
 The swaddling clothes and manger dark;
 There shall ye find the young child laid,
 By whom the heavens and earth were made.

Now let us all with gladsome cheer
 Follow the shepherds, and draw near
 To see this wondrous gift of God,
 Who hath His only Son bestow'd.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
 Who is it in yon manger lies?
 Who is this child, so young and fair?
 The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

Welcome to earth, Thou noble guest,
 Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
 Thou com'st to share our misery,
 What can we render, Lord, to Thee!

Ah Lord, who hast created all,
 How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
 That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
 Where ass and ox but lately fed!

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
 Beset with gold and jewels rare,
 She yet were far too poor to be
 A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

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.

Thus hath it pleased Thee to make plain
 The truth to us poor fools and vain,
 That this world's honour, wealth, and might
 Are nought and worthless in Thy fight.

Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
 Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
 Within my heart, that it may be
 A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

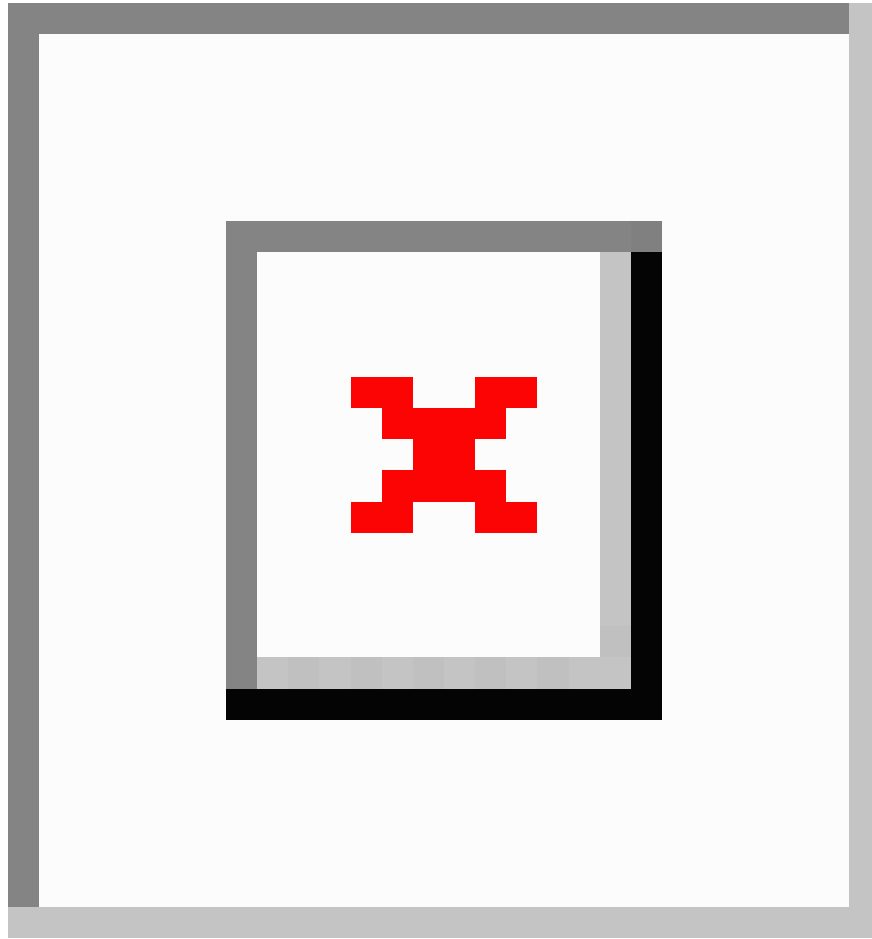
My heart for very joy doth leap,
 My lips no more can silence keep;
 I too must raise with joyful tongue
 That sweetest ancient cradle-song--

Glory to God in highest heaven,
 Who unto man His Son hath given!
 While angels sing with pious mirth
 A glad New Year to all the earth.



Christmas

(CVIII.--"Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen.")



Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen,

Gerhardt, 1656

All my heart this night rejoices,
 As I hear,
 Far and near,
 Sweetest angel voices;
 "Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
 Till the air
 Ev'rywhere
 Now with joy is ringing.
 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
 Soft and sweet,
 Doth entreat,
 "Flee from woe and danger;
 Brethren, come, from all doth grieve you,
 You are freed,
 All you need
 I will surely give you.";

Come then, let us hasten yonder;
 Here let all,
 Great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder,
 Love Him who with love is yearning;
 Hail the Star
 That from far
 Bright with hope is burning!
 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
 Weep no more,
 For the door
 Now is found of gladness.
 Cling to Him, for He will guide you
 Where no cross,
 Pain or loss
 Can again betide you.
 Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
 Who for sin
 Deep within,
 Long and sore have smarted;
 For the poison'd wounds you're feeling
 Help is near,
 One is here
 Mighty for their healing!
 Hither come, ye poor and wretched!
 Know His will
 Is to fill
 Every hand outstretched;
 Here are riches without measure,
 Here forget
 All regret,
 Fill your hearts with treasure.
 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
 Live to Thee,
 And with Thee
 Dying, shall not perish;
 But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
 Far on high,
 In the joy
 That can alter never.

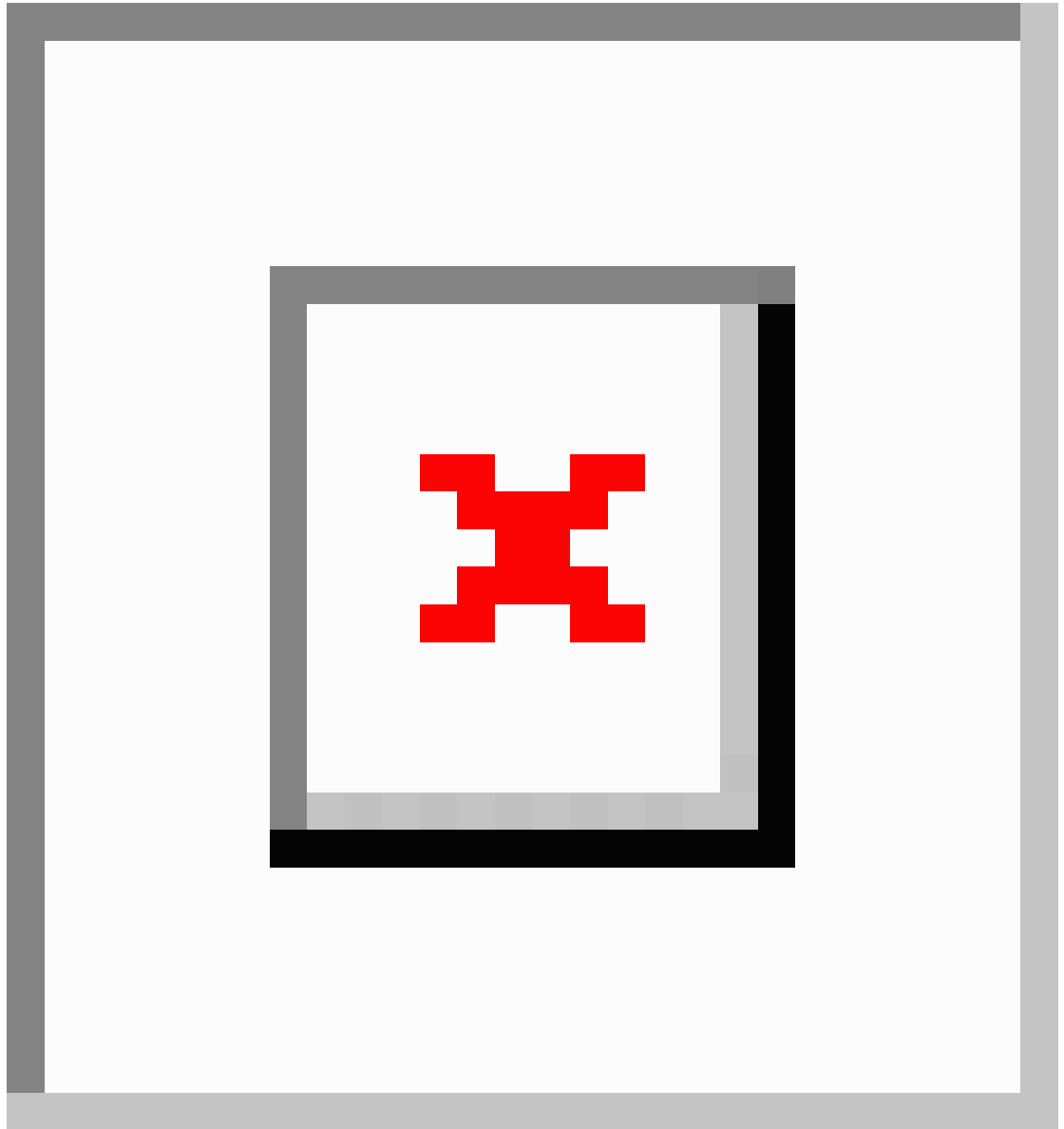


Christmas

(XXX.--"Freut euch, ihr lieben Christen.")

32.

Original Tune.



Freut euch, ihr lieben Christen

Anon., *early*

Rejoice, rejoice, ye Christians,
 With all your hearts this morn!
O hear the blessed tidings,
 "The Lord, the Christ, is born,"

Now brought us by the angels
 That stand about God's throne;
 Oh lovely are the voices
 ||:That make such tidings known.:||
 Oh hearken to their singing,
 "This Child shall be your Friend,
 The Father so hath will'd it,
 That thus your woes should end;
 The Son is freely given,
 That in Him ye may have
 The Father's grace and blessing,
 ||:And know He loves to save.:||
 Nor deem the form too lowly
 That clothes Him at this hour;
 For know ye what it hideth?
 'Tis God's almighty power.
 Though now within the manger
 So poor and weak He lies,
 He is the Lord of all things,
 ||:He reigns above the skies.:||
 Sin, Death, and Hell, and Satan
 Have lost the victory;
 This Child shall overthrow them,
 As ye shall surely see;
 Their wrath shall nought avail them,
 Fear not, their reign is o'er;
 This Child shall overthrow them,--
 ||:Oh hear and doubt no more.:||

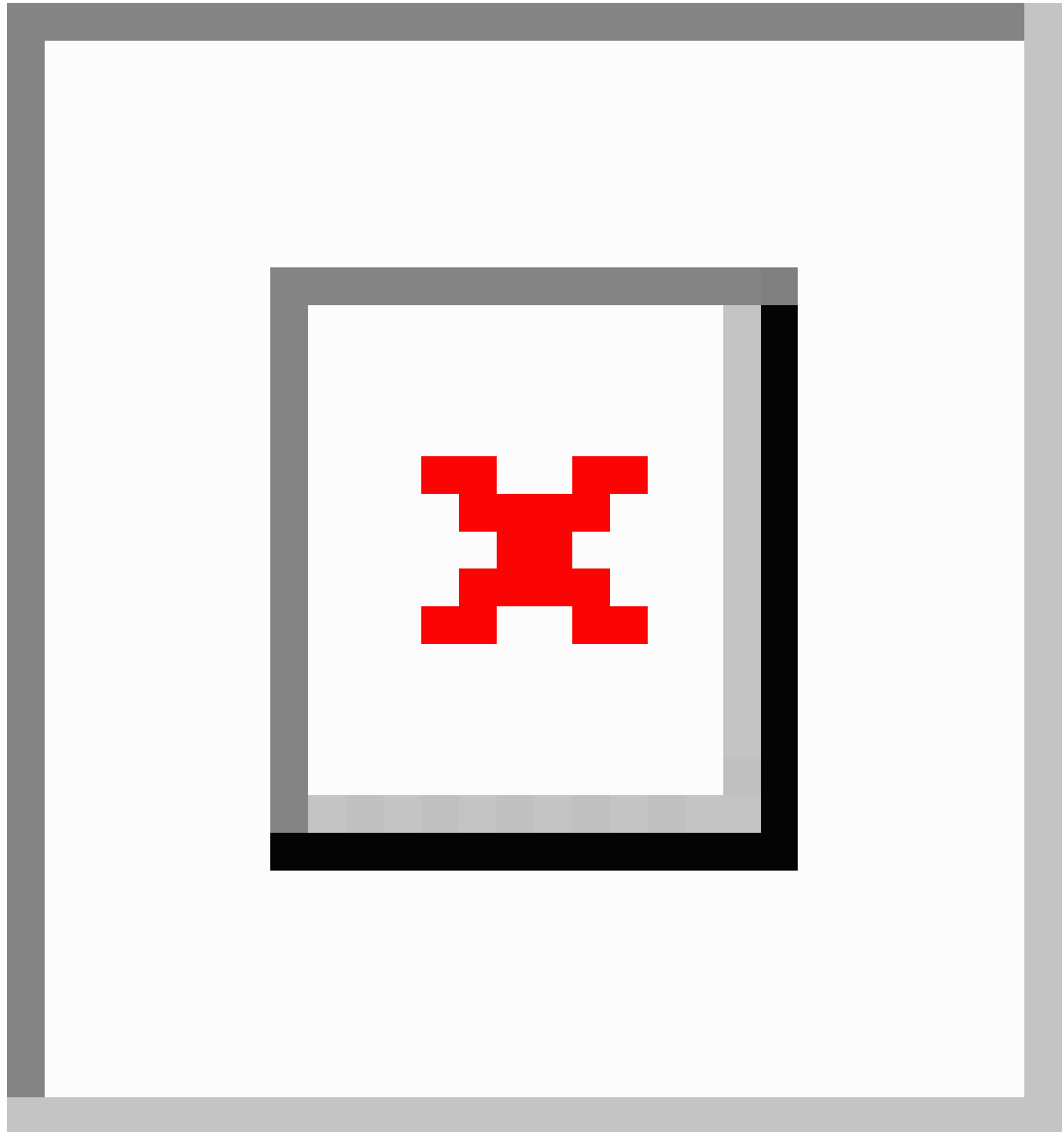
Christmas

(XXXI.--"Freuet euch, ihr Christen alle.")

33.

Original Tune.





To be sung only at the beginning and end of the hymn.

Freuet euch, ihr Christen alle

Keimann, 1656

||:Hallelujah:||

Oh rejoice, ye Christians, loudly,
 For your joy is now begun;
 Wondrous things our God hath done;
 Tell abroad His goodness proudly,
 Who our race hath honour'd thus
 That he deigns to dwell with us:
 Joy, O joy, beyond all gladness!
 Christ hath done away with sadness!
 Hence, all sorrow and repining,

For the Son of grace is shining.
 See, my soul, thy Saviour chooses
 Weakness here and poverty,
 In such love He comes to thee,
 Nor the hardest couch refuses;
 All He suffers for thy good,
 To redeem thee by His blood:
 Joy, then, joy beyond all gladness!
 Christ hath done away with sadness!
 Hence, all sorrow and repining,
 For the Sun of grace is shining.

 Lord, how thall I thank Thee rightly?
 I acknowledge that from Thee
 Every blessing flows to me.
 Let me not forget it lightly,
 But to Thee through all things cleave;
 So shall heart and mind receive
 Joy, yea, joy beyond all gladness!
 Christ hath done away with sadness!
 Hence, all sorrow, all repining,
 For the Sun of grace is shining!

 Jesu, guard and guide Thy members,
 Fill Thy brethren with Thy grace,
 Hear their prayers in every place,
 Quicken now life's faintest embers;
 Grant all Christians, far and near,
 Holy peace, a glad New Year!
 Joy, O joy, beyond all gladness!
 Christ hath done away with sadness!
 Hence, all sorrow, all repining,
 For the Sun of grace is shining!

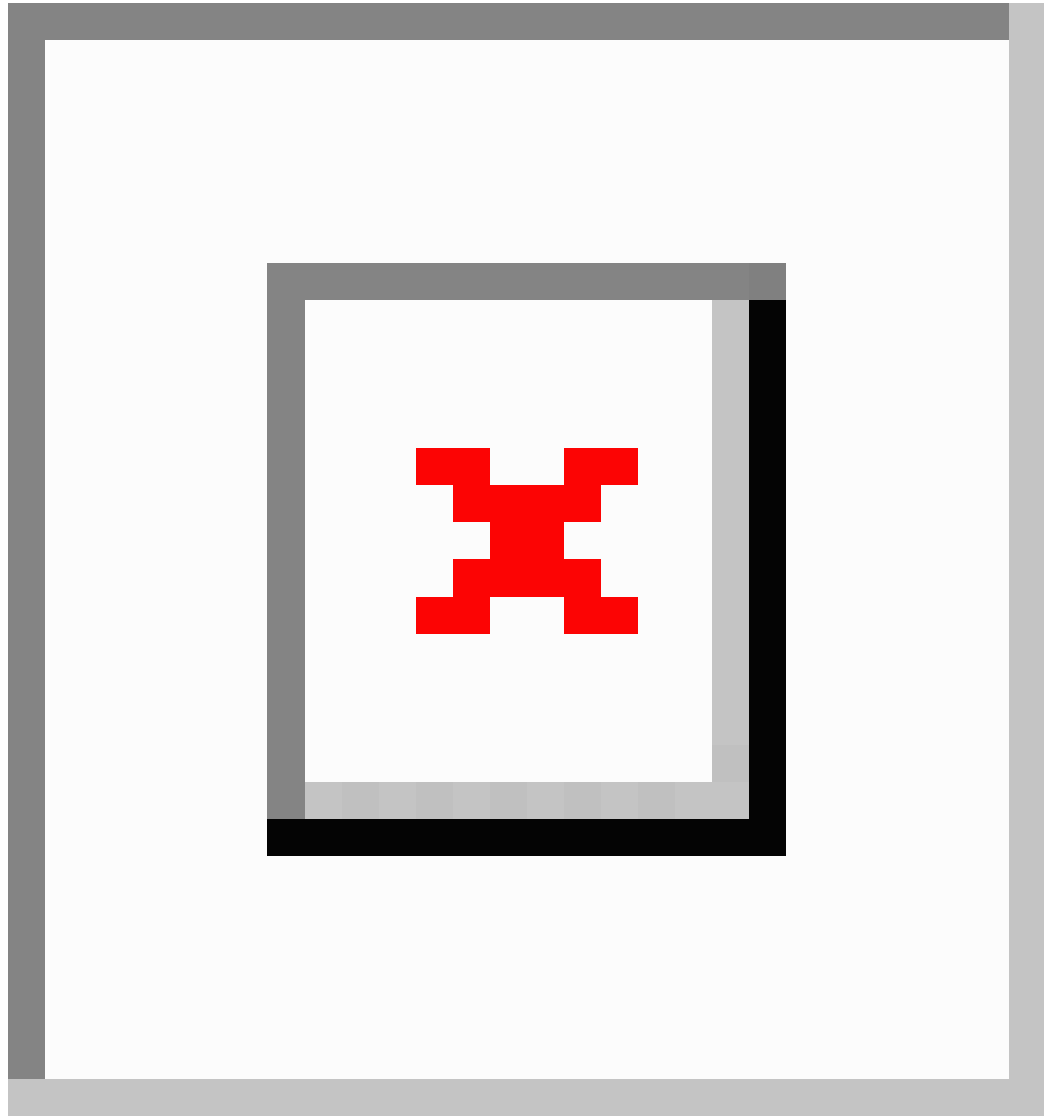
Christmas

(CXIX.--"Wir Christenleut'.")

34.

Original Tune.





Wir Christenleut' han jetzund Freud'

Anon., *Appears* 1645

? Author Gaspar Fugger, +1617

We Christians may rejoice to-day,
 When Christ was born to comfort and to save us;
 Who thus believes no longer grieves,
 For none are lost who grasp the hope He gave us.

O wondrous joy, that God most high
 Should take our flesh, and thus our race should honour;
 A virgin mild hath borne this Child,
 Such grace and glory God hath put upon her.

Sin brought us grief, but Christ relief,
 When down to earth He came for our salvation;

Since God with us is dwelling thus,
Who dares to speak the Christian's condemnation?

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.

Yes, let us praise our God and raise
Loud hallelujahs to the skies above us
The bliss bestowed to-day by God,
To ceaseless thankfulness and joy should move us.



Christmas

(Index of Tunes, XXVIII.)

35.

Tune.--"Ere yet the dawn hath fill'd the skies."

Thee, O Im - man - u - el, we praise, The

Prince of Life and Fount of Grace, The Morn - ing

Heav'nly Flower,
Star, the Heav'n - ly Flower, The Vir - gin's

Son, the Lord of Power, Hal - le - lu - jah.

Wir singen dir, Immanuel

Gerhardt, 1653

Thee, O Immanuel, we praise,
The Prince of Life and Fount of Grace,
The Morning Star, the Heav'nly Flower,
The Virgin's Son, the Lord of Power.
Hallelujah.

With all Thy saints, Thee, Lord, we sing,
Praise, honour, thanks to Thee we bring,
That Thou, O long-expected guest,
Hast come at last to make us blest!

Hallelujah.

Since first the world began to be,
 How many a heart hath long'd for Thee;
 Long years our fathers hoped of old
 Their eyes might yet Thy Light behold:
 Hallelujah.

The prophets cried; "Ah, would He came
 To break the fetters of our shame:
 That help from Zion came to men,
 Israel were glad, and prosper'd then!"
 Hallelujah.

Now art Thou here; we know Thee now,
 In lowly manger lieth Thou;
 A child, yet makest all things great,
 Poor, yet is earth Thy robe of state.
 Hallelujah.

From Thee alone all gladness flows,
 Who yet shalt bear such bitter woes
 Earth's light and comfort Thou shalt be,
 Yet none shall watch to comfort Thee.
 Hallelujah.

All heavens are Thine, yet Thou dost come
 To sojourn in a stranger's home;
 Thou hangest on Thy mother's breast
 Who art the joy of spirits blest.
 Hallelujah.

Now fearless I can look on Thee,
 From sin and grief Thou sett'st me free;
 Thou bearest wrath, Thou conquerest Death,
 Fear turns to joy Thy glance beneath.
 Hallelujah.

Thou art my Head, my Lord Divine,
 I am Thy member, wholly Thine,
 And in Thy Spirit's strength would still
 Serve Thee according to Thy will.
 Hallelujah.

Thus will I sing Thy praises here
 With joyful spirit year by year;
 And they shall sound before Thy throne,
 Where time nor number more are known.

Hallelujah.

Epiphany

- 36. How brightly beams the Morning Star
- 37. O Jesu, King of Glory
- 38. Rise, O Salem, rise and shine
- 39. Is thy heart athirst to know



Epiphany

(Index of Tunes, CXVII.)

36.

Tune.--"O Morning Star! how fair and bright."

How bright-ly beams the Morn-ing Star! What sud-den ra-diance
Bright-ness of God, that breaks our night And fills the dark-en'd

from a-far Doth glad us with its shin-ing,
souls with light Who long for truth were pin-ing!

Thy Word, Je-su, In-ly feeds us, Right-ly leads us, Life be-stow-ing;

Praise, oh praise such love o'er-flow-ing.

Wie herrlich strahlt der Morgenstern

J. A. Schlegel, 1765

How brightly beams the Morning Star!

What sudden radiance from afar

Doth glad us with its shining,

Brightness of God that breaks our night

And fills the darken'd souls with light

Who long for truth were pining!

Thy Word, Jesu, Inly feeds us,

Rightly leads us,

Life bestowing;
 Praise, oh praise such love o'erflowing.
 Thou here my Comfort, there my Crown,
 Thou King of Heaven, who camest down
 To dwell as man beside me;
 My heart doth praise Thee o'er and o'er,
 If Thou art mine I ask no more,
 Be wealth or fame denied me;
 Thee I seek now; None who proves Thee,
 None who loves Thee
 Finds Thee fail him;
 Lord of life, Thy powers avail him!
 Through Thee alone can I be blest,
 Then deep be on my heart imprest
 The love that Thou hast borne me;
 So make it ready to fulfil
 With burning zeal Thy holy will,
 Though men may vex or scorn me;
 Saviour, let me Never lose Thee,
 For I choose Thee,
 Thirst to know Thee;
 All I am and have I owe Thee!
 O God, our Father far above,
 Thee too I Praise, for all the love
 Thou in Thy Son dost give me!
 In Him am I made one with Thee,
 My Brother and my Friend is He;
 Shall aught affright or grieve me?
 He is Greatest, Best, and Highest,
 Ever nighest
 To the weakest;
 Fear no foes, if Him thou seekest!
 O praise to Him who come to save,
 Who conquer'd death and burst the grave;
 Each day new praise resoundeth
 To Him the Lamb who once was slain,
 The Friend whom none shall trust in vain,
 Whose grace for aye aboundeth;
 Sing, ye Heavens, Tell the story
 Of His glory,
 Till His praises
 Flood with light Earth's darkest places.

Epiphany

(XLIV.--"Ich dank' Dir lieber Herre.")

37.



O Je - su, King of Glo - ry! Our Sov'-reign and our
Thy throne is fix'd in Hea - ven, Thy king-dom hath no
Friend! end, Oh now to all men, far and near,
Lord, make it known, we pray, That as in Heaven all
crea - tures here May know Thee and o - bey.

O König aller Ehren

M. Behemb, 1606

O Jesu, King of Glory!
Our Sov'reign and our Friend!
Thy throne is fix'd in Heaven,
Thy kingdom hath no end:

Oh now to all men, far and near,
 Lord, make it known, we pray,
 That as in Heaven all creatures here
 May know Thee and obey.

 The Eastern sages bringing
 Their tribute-gifts to Thee,
 Bear witness to Thy Kingdom,
 And humbly bow the knee;
 To Thee the Morning Star doth lead,
 To Thee th' inspired Word,
 We hail Thee, Saviour in our need,
 We worship Thee, the Lord.

 Ah, look on me with pity,
 Though I am weak and poor,
 Admit me to Thy kingdom
 To dwell there blest and sure.

Oh rescue me from all my woes,
 And shield me with Thine arm
 From Sin and Death, the mighty foes
 That daily seek our harm.

 And bid Thy Word within us
 Shine as the fairest Star;
 Keep sin and all false doctrine
 From all Thy people far:
 Let us Thy name aright confess,
 And with Thy Christendom,
 Our King and Saviour own and bless
 Through all the world to come.



(Index of Tunes, LV.)

Epiphany

38.

Tune.--"Jesus Christ, my sure Defence."

Rise, O Sa - lem, rise and shine!
Herald of a morn divine,

Lo! the Gen - tiles hail thy waking;
See the day - spring o'er us break - ing,

Tell - ing God has call'd to mind

Those who long in dark - ness pined,

Werde Licht, du Stadt der Heiden

Rist, 1655

Rise, O Salem, rise and shine!

Lo! the Gentiles hail thy waking;

Herald of a morn divine,

See the dayspring o'er us breaking,

Telling God has call'd to mind

Those who long in darkness pined.

Ah, how blindly did we stray,

Ere this sun our earth had brightened,

Heaven we sought not, for no ray

Had our 'wilder'd eyes enlighten'd!
 All our looks were earthward bent,
 All our strength on earth was spent.
 But, the day-spring from on high
 Hath arisen with beams unclouded,
 And we aee before it fly
 All the heavy gloom that shrouded
 This sad earth, where sin and woe
 Seem'd to reign o'er all below.
 Thy appearing, Lord, shall fill
 All my thoughts in sorrow's hour;
 Thy appearing, Lord, shall still
 All my dread of death's dark power;
 Whether joy or tears be mine,
 Through them still Thy light shall shine.
 Let me, when my course is run,
 Calmly leave a world of sadness
 For the place that needs no sun,
 For Thou art its light and gladness,
 For the mansions fair and bright,
 Where Thy saints are crown'd with light.



(Index of Tunes, IV.)

Epiphany

39.

Tune.--"What shall I, a sinner, do?"

Is thy heart a - thirft to know That the King of

heav'n and earth Deigns to dwell with man be - low,

Yea, hath stoop'd to mor - tal birth? Search the Word with

cease - less care Till thou find this trea - sure there.

Wer im Herzen will erfahren

Laurenti, 1700

Is thy heart athirst to know
 That the King of heav'n and earth
 Deigns to dwell with man below,
 Yea, hath stoop'd to mortal birth?
 Search the Word with ceaseless care
 Till thou find this treasure there.
 With the sages from afar
 Journey on o'er sea and land,
 Till thou see the Morning Star

O'er thy heart unchanging stand,
 Then shalt thou behold His face
 Full of mercy, truth, and grace.
 For if Christ be born within,
 Soon that likeness shall appear
 Which the heart had lost through sin,
 God's own image fair and clear,
 And the soul serene and bright
 Mirrors back His heavenly light.
 Jesus, let me seek for nought
 But that Thou shouldst dwell in me
 Let this only fill my thought,
 How I may grow liker Thee,
 Through this earthly care and strife,
 Through the calm eternal life.
 With the wise who know Thee right,
 Though the world accounts them fools,
 I will praise Thee day and night;
 I will order by Thy rules
 All my life, that it may be
 FUN with praise and love of Thee.

Lent

- 40. Out of the depths I cry to Thee
- 41. Not in anger, mighty God
- 42. Against Thee only have I sinn'd, I own it
- 43. Am I on earth alone and friendless stranger?
- 44. Lord, to Thee I make confession
- 45. Hear, O my God, low at Thy feet I bend me



Lent

(XIII.--"*Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu Dir.*")

40.

Original Tune.

Out of the depths I cry to Thee, Lord,
Bend down Thy gra - cious ear to me, Let

hear me, I im - plore Thee! If Thou re - mem - b'rest
my prayer come be - fore Thee!

each mis - deed, If each should have its right - ful meed,

Who may a - bide Thy pre - sence?

Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu Dir

Luther, 1524

Out of the depths I cry to Thee,
 Lord, hear me, I implore Thee!
 Bend down Thy gracious ear to me,
 Let my prayer come before Thee!
 If Thou rememb'rest each misdeed,
 If each should have its rightful meed,
 Who may abide Thy presence?

Our pardon is Thy gift, Thy love
 And grace alone avail us;

Our works could ne'er our guilt remove,
 The strictest life must fail us,
 That none may boast himself of aught,
 But own in fear Thy grace hath wrought
 What in him seemeth righteous.

And thus my hope is in the Lord,
 And not in mine own merit;
 I rest upon His faithful word
 To them of contrite spirit;
 That He is merciful and just--
 Here is my comfort and my trust,
 His help I wait with patience.

And though it tarry till the night,
 And round till morning waken,
 My heart shall ne'er mistrust His might,
 Nor count itself forsaken.

Do thus, O ye of Israel's aeed,
 Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
 Wait for our God's appearing.

Though great our sins and sore our woes.
 His grace much more aboundeth;
 His helping love no limit knows,
 Our utmost need it soundeth;
 Our kind and faithful Shepherd, He
 Who shall at last set Israel free
 From all their sin and sorrow.



Lent

(XCVII.--"Straf' mich nicht in deinem Zorn.")

41.

Original Tune.

Not in an - ger, migh - ty God, Not in an - ger
 We must per - ish if Thy rod Just - ly should re -
 smite quite us; We are nought, Sin hath brought, Lord, Thy wrath up -
 on us, Yet have mer - cy on us!

Straf' mich nicht in deinem Zorn

Albinus, 1652

Not in anger, mighty God,
 Not in anger smite us;
 We must perish if Thy rod
 Justly should requite us.
 We are nought,
 Sin hath brought,
 Lord, thy wrath upon us,
 Yet have mercy on us!

Show me now a Father's love,
 And His tender patience,
 Heal my wounded soul, remove
 These too sore temptations!
 I am weak,
 Father, speak
 Thou of peace and gladness,
 Comfort Thou my sadness.

Weary am I of my pain,

Weary with my sorrow,
 Sighing still for help in vain,
 Longing for the morrow;
 Why wilt Thou
 Tarry now?
 Wilt Thou friendless leave me,
 And of hope bereave me?

Hence, ye foes! He comes in grace,
 God hath deign'd to hear me;
 I may come before His face,
 He is inly near me;
 He o'erthrows
 All my foes,
 Death and hell are vanquish'd
 In Whose bonds I languish'd.

Father, hymns to Thee we raise,
 Here and once in heaven!
 And the Son and spirit praise,
 Who our bonds have riven;
 Evermore
 We adore
 Thee whose grace hath stirr'd us,
 And whose pity heard us.



Lent

(IX.--"An dir allein, an dir hab' ich gefündigt.")

42.

Original Tune.

A - gainst Thee on - ly have I sinn'd, I own

it, And done this e - vil in Thy sight;

My guilt de - serves Thy wrath, and Thou hast shown

it,-- Ah! see my grief, my wretch - ed plight,

An dir allein, an dir hab' ich gefündigt

Gellert, 1757

Against Thee only have I sinn'd, I own it,
 And done this evil in Thy sight;
 My guilt deserves Thy wrath, and Thou hast shown it,--
 Ah! see my grief, my wretched plight.

My secret prayers and sighs Thou hearest plainly,
 My tears are ever known to Thee;
 Ah God, my God, and shall I seek Thee vainly?
 How long wilt Thou be far from me?

Lord, not according to my guilt requite me,
 But deal with me in tender grace;
 Thy patience and long-suffering still invite me,
 I come! Ah hide Thou not thy face!

 Make me to sing once more of joy and gladness,
 Father of mercies, hear my voice!
 For Thy name's sake, oh raise me from this sadness,
 Thou, God, dost love that we rejoice.

 Teach me Thy law, with spirit glad and fervent
 Let me go forth upon my way;
 Thou art my God, I am Thy willing servant
 To do Thy pleasure day by day.

 Oh haste Thou, my Defence, be now beside me!
 Behold, the Lord hath heard my prayer!
 Now on a plainer path His hand shall guide me,
 My soul is safe beneath His care.



Lent

(LXXXVII.--Psalm 8, Goudimel.)

43.

Am I on earth - a lone and friend - less stran - ger?

When shall these days be past of fear and dan - ger,

When shall I find some re - spite, some re - lief,

From this un - sleep - ing pain, this haunt - ing grief?

Hier lieg' ich nun, mein Gott, zu deinen Füßen

Raiszner, 1678

Am I on earth alone and friendless stranger?
 When shall these days be past of fear and danger,
 When shall I find some respite, some relief,
 From this unsleeping pain, this haunting grief?

The joyful sun may bring another morning,
 I wake to care, to conscience' voice of warning;
 The soft moon comes with silent night and sleep,
 And bringeth nought to me but time to weep.

My heart and soul faint, smitten by Thine arrow,
Keen as a fire that pierceth to the marrow;
From morn to eventide where'er I flee
I find no hiding-place, great God, from Thee.

Vain are my prayers, vainly I weep my errors,
While Thou dost strive against me with Thy terrors;
The zeal of Thy just anger and Thy might
Have plunged my soul in blackest depths of night.

Oh that I had a dove's swift wings, I'd hie me
To some far mountain-top where none came nigh me!
Yet could I not escape His mighty hand
Before whom all things bare and open stand.

Nay, all He sends me let me suffer rather,
Though still His angry storms around me gather;
A willing heart and patient mind, O God,
I bring to Thy severe but righteous rod.

Much have I sinn'd, and utterly I perish,
If memory of my sin Thou still will cherish;
Yet, Lord of Hosts, doth not Thy Word proclaim
The Merciful is Thy most glorious name!



Lent

(XXXVI.--"*Herr, ich habe missgehandelt.*")

44.

Original Tune.

Lord, to Thee I make con - fel - sion, I have

sinn'd and gone a - stray, I have mul - ti - plied trans - gres - sion,

Cho - sen for my - self my way: Forced at last to see my

er - rors, Lord, I trem - ble at Thy ter - rors.

Herr, ich habe missgehandelt

J. Franck, 1653

Lord, to Thee I make confession,
 I have sinn'd and gone astray,
 I have multiplied transgression,
 Chosen for myself my way;
 Forced at last to see my errors,
 Lord, I tremble at Thy terrors.

But from Thee how can I hide me,
 Thou, O God, art everywhere;
 Refuge from Thee is denied me,
 Or by land or sea or air;

Nor death's darkness can enfold me
 So that Thou shouldst not behold me.
 Yet though conscience' voice appall me,
 Father, I will seek Thy face;
 Though Thy child I dare not call me,
 Yet accept me to Thy grace;
 Do not for my sins forsake me,
 Let not yet Thy wrath o'ertake me.
 For Thy Son hath suffer'd for me,
 And the blood He shed for sin,
 That can heal'me and restore me,
 Quench this burning fire within;
 'Tis alone His cross can vanquish
 These dark fears and soothe this anguish.
 Then on Him I cast my burden,
 Sink it in the depths below!
 Let me feel Thy inner pardon,
 Wash me, make me white as snow.
 Let Thy Spirit leave me never,
 Make me only Thine for ever!



Lent

(Index of Tunes, LXXXVII.)

45.

Tune.--"Am I on earth alone, a friendless stranger?"

Here, O my God, low at Thy feet I bend me,
 Ready to suffer whatsoe'er Thou send me,
 Yet look on me, great God, with pitying eyes,
 Reward me not for mine iniquities.

Bin ich allein ein Fremdling auf der Erden

Anon., 18th century

Hear, O my God, low at Thy feet I bend me,
 Ready to suffer whatsoe'er Thou send me,
 Yet look on me, great God, with pitying eyes,
 Reward me not for mine iniquities.

My heart hath cherish'd sin, and fear'd no morrow,
 Loved the broad, easy road that ends in sorrow;
 Till now I learn, O sin, how keen thy smart,
 O wrath of God, how terrible thou art!

Can I escape no I more? will no one find me

Some help to break the heavy chains that bind me?
 Will man nor creature show me any place
 Where I may flee and hide me from God's face?

Nay, I must flee to Him who can deliver,
 In whom our life and hope are hid for ever;
 What all the world must unaccomplish'd leave,
 Thou, for Thou art Almighty, canst achieve.

Think on the covenant Thou hast never broken,
 Think on the steadfast word Thyself hast spoken,
 Know that I am a God, Thy promise saith,
 Who hath no pleasure in a sinner's death.

Then let the arms of love be thrown around me
 Have pity on me, Thou who thus hast found me,
 Call back Thy sheep that, wandering far astray,
 Was lost in sin, nor knew the homeward way.

O God, most merciful! my thankful spirit
 Adores the goodness that I did not merit;
 'T is meet in praising Thee my time I spend,
 Here, and above, where praise shall never end.

Passion Week

- 46. O Lamb of God most stainless
- 47. O Love, who formedst me to wear
- 48. When o'er my sins I sorrow
- 49. Christ the Life of all the living
- 50. Ah Jesus, the merit

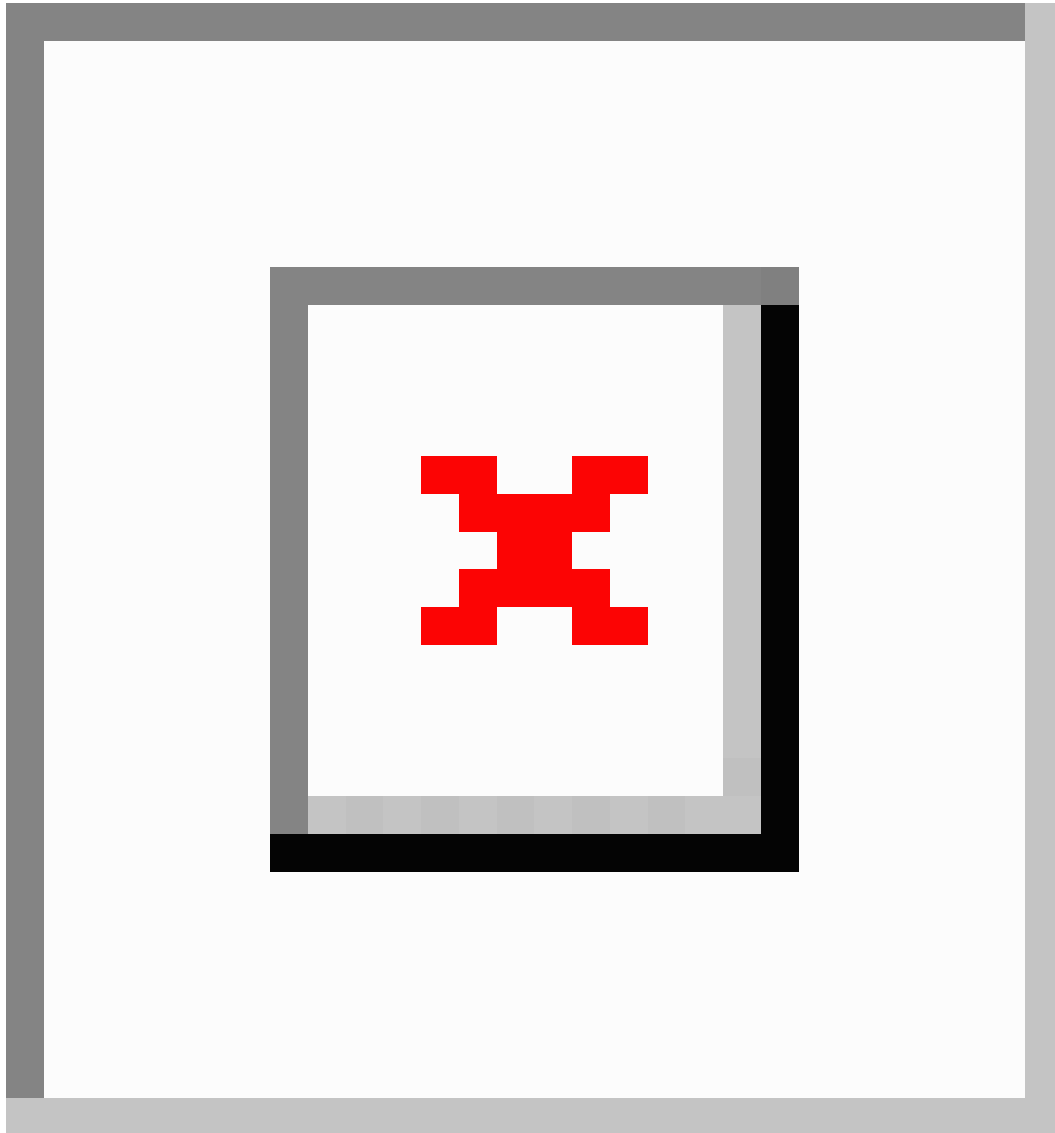


Passion Week

(LXXXIII.--"O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig.")

46.

Original Tune.



O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig

N. von Hofe, 1534

O Lamb of God most stainless!
 Who on the cross didst languish,
 Patient through all Thy sorrows,
 Though mock'd amid Thine anguish;
 Our sins Thou barest for us,
 Else had despair reign'd o'er us:
 Have mercy upon us, O Jesu!

O Lamb of God most stainless!
 Who on the cross didst languish,
 Patient through all Thy sorrows,
 Though mock'd amid Thine anguish;

Our sins Thou barest for us,
 Else had despair reign'd o'er us:
 Have mercy upon us, O Jesu!

O Lamb of God, most stainless!
 Who on the cross didst languish,
 Patient through all Thy sorrows,
 Though mock'd amid Thine anguish;
 Our sins Thou barest for us,
 Else had despair reign'd o'er us:
 Grant us Thy peace to-day, O Jesu!



Passion Week

(Index of Tunes, LXIII.)

47.

Tune.--"Deal with me, God, in mercy now."

O Love, who form - edst me to wear
Who sought - est me with ten - der care

The im - age of Thy God - head here;
Through all my wand' - rings wild and drear;

O Love, I give my - self to Thee,
Thine ev - er, on - ly Thine to be.

Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde

Scheffler, 1657

O Love, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wand'rings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn

On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
 O Love, who here as man wast born
 And like to us in all things made;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in Time wast slain,
 Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
 O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
 That we eternal joy might know;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, of whom is truth and light,
 The Word and Spirit, life and power,
 Whose heart was bared to them that smite,
 To shield us in our trial hour;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who thus hast bound me fast,
 Beneath that gentle yoke of Thine;
 Love, who hast conquer'd me at last
 And rapt away this heart of mine;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who lovest me for aye,
 Who for my soul dost ever plead;
 O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
 Whore power sufficeth in my stead;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
 From out this dying life of ours;
 O Love, who once above yon skies
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers:
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.



48.

Tune.--"O Thou, of God the Father."

When o'er my sins I sor - row, Lord, I will
 And hence my com - fort bor - row, That Thou wast
 look to Thee, Yea, Lord, Thy pre - cious blood was spilt For
 slain for me! me, O most un - wor - thy, To take a - way my guilt.

Wenn meine Sünd' mich kränken

Gesenius, 1646

When o'er my sins I sorrow,
 Lord, I will look to Thee,
 And hence my comfort borrow,
 That Thou wast slain for me!
 Yea, Lord, Thy precious blood was spilt
 For me, O most unworthy,
 To take away my guilt.

Then let Thy woes, Thy patience,
 My heart with strength inspire
 To vanquish all temptations,
 And spurn all low desire;
 This thought I fain would cherish most--
 What pain my soul's redemption

To Thee, O Saviour, cost!

Whate'er may be the burden,
 The cross here on me laid;
 Be shame or want my guerdon,
 I'll bear it with Thine aid;
 Give patience, give me strength to take
 Thee for my bright example,
 And all the world forsake.

And let me do to others
 As Thou hast done to me,
 Love all men as my brothers,
 And serve them willingly,
 With ready heart, nor seek my own,
 But as Thou, Lord, hast help'd us,
 From purest love alone.

And let Thy cross upbear me
 With strength, when I depart;
 Tell me that nought can tear me
 From my Redeemer's heart,
 But since my trust is in Thy grace
 Thou wilt accept me yonder,
 Where I shall see Thy face!



Passion Week

(LIV.--"Jesu, meines Lebens Leben.")

49.

Original Tune.

Christ the Life of all the liv - ing, Christ the
Who Thy - self for us once giv - ing To the

Death of death our foe, Pa - tient - ly didst yield Thy breath
dark - est depths of woe,

But to save my soul from death, Thou - sand, thou - sand

thanks shall be, Blest - ed Je - sus, brought to Thee.

Jesu, meines Lebens Leben

Homburg, 1659

Christ the Life of all the living,
Christ the Death of death our foe,
Who Thyself for us once giving
To the darkest depths of woe,
Patiently didst yield Thy breath
But to save my soul from death;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessed Jesus, brought to Thee.

Thou, ah Thou, hast taken on Thee
 Bitter strokes, a cruel rod,
 Pain and scorn were heap'd upon Thee
 O Thou sinless Son of God,
 Only thus for me to win
 Rescue from the bonds of sin;
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Blessed Jesus, brought to Thee.

Thou didst bear the smiting only
 That it might not fall on me;
 Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,
 That I might be safe and free;
 Comfortless that I might know
 Comfort from Thy boundless woe;
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Blessed Jesus, brought to Thee.

That Thou wast so meek and stainless
 Doth atone for my proud mood;
 And Thy death makes dying painless,
 All Thy ills have wrought our good;
 Yea, the shame Thou didst endure
 Is my honour and my cure;
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Blessed Jesus, brought to Thee.

Then for all that wrought our pardon,
 For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
 For Thine anguish in the garden,
 I will thank Thee evermore;
 Thank Thee with my latest breath
 For Thy sad and cruel death,
 For that last most bitter cry,
 And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.



Passion Week

(III.--"Ach Jesu, dein Sterben.")

50.

Original Tune.

Ah Je - sus, the me - rit OF
all that Thou hast borne Mak - eth me in - he - rit
The crown that hath no thorn! A - men.

After the last verse.

Ach Jesu, dein Sterben

Layritz, 1854?

Ah Jesus, the merit

Of all that Thou hast borne

Maketh me inherit

The crown that hath no thorn!

Ah then, teach me duly

To worship at Thy cross

Owing inly, truly,

The Love that bore our loss.

To sin, there, oh let me

From henceforth daily die;

Nor in death forget me,

Then grant me life on high.

Good Friday

51. Ah wounded Head that bearest

52. Alas, dear Lord, what law then hast Thou broken
 53. When on the cross the Saviour hung



Good Friday

(XL.--"Herzlich thut mich verlangen."
 "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.")

51.

Ah That wound - ed Head that bear - est Such The
 That now - so meek - ly wear - est The
 bit - ter shame and scorn, mock - ing crown of thorn! Erst reign - ing in the
 high - est In light and ma - jes - ty, Dis -
 hon - our'd here Thou di - est, Yet here I war - ship Thee.

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden

Gerhardt, 1659

Ah wounded Head that bearest

Such bitter shame and scorn,
 That now so meekly wearest
 The mocking crown of thorn!
 Erst reigning in the highest
 In light and majesty,
 Dishonour'd here Thou diest,
 Yet here I worship Thee.

Thou noble Face, whose anger
 Shall make a world to quail,
 That glance is quench'd in languor
 To which the sun were pale;
 How hath its brightness vanish'd!
 Those gracious eyes how dim!
 What foe their light hath banish'd,
 Who dared to scoff at Him?

All lovely hues have faded
 That glow'd with warmth and life
 As He endures unaided
 The last and mortal strife;
 The Mighty One of valour
 Must yield Him as a prey,
 Death triumphs in his pallour
 O'er all His strength to-day.

Ah Lord, this cruel burden
 Of right belongs to me;
 Of my misdeeds the guerdon
 Hath all been laid on Thee;
 I cast me down before Thee,
 Wrath were my rightful lot,
 Yet hear me, I implore Thee,
 Redeemer, spurn me not!

My Guardian, deign to own me,
 My Shepherd, I am Thine;
 What goodness hast Thou shewn me,
 O Fount of Love Divine!
 How oft Thy lips have fed me
 On earth with angels' food!
 How oft Thy Spirit led me
 To stores of heavenly good!

Ah would that I were bidden
 To share Thy cross and woes!

There all true joy lies hidden,
 Thence all true comfort flows.
 Ah well for me, if lying
 Here at Thy feet, my Life,
 I too with Thee were dying,
 And thus might end my strife!

 My soul doth melt within me,
 O Jesus, dearest Friend,
 That Thou shouldst bear to win me
 Such woes, for such an end!
 Ah make me cling the firmer
 To One so true to me,
 And sink without a murmur
 To sleep at last in Thee.

 Yes, when I hence betake me,
 Lord, do not Thou depart;
 Oh I never more forsake me
 When death is at my heart,
 And faith and hope are sinking,
 O'erwhelm'd with dread dismay;
 Thou barest all unshrinking,--
 Oh chase my fears away!

 Appear then, my Defender,
 My Comfort, ere I die!
 This life I can surrender
 If but I see Thee nigh;
 My dim eyes shall behold Thee,
 Upon Thy cross thall dwell,
 My heart by faith enfold Thee
 Who dieth thus, dies well!



Good Friday

(XLI.--"*Herzliebster Jesu, was hast Du verbrochen.*")

52.

Original Tune.

A - las, dear Lord, what law then hast Thou bro - ken,

That such sharp sen - tence should on Thee be spo - ken? Of what great

crime hast Thou to make con - fes - sion-- What dark transf - gres - sion?

Herzliebster Jesu, was hast Du verbrochen

J. Heerman, 1630

Alas, dear Lord, what law then hast Thou broken,
That such sharp sentence should on Thee be spoken?
Of what great crime hast Thou to make confession--
What dark transgression?

They crown His head with thorns, they smite, they scourge Him,
With cruel mockings to the cross they urge Him,
They give Him gall to drink, they still decry Him,--
They crucify Him.

Whence come these sorrows, whence this mortal anguish
It is my sins for which my Lord must languish;
Yes, all the wrath, the woe He doth inherit,
'T is I do merit!

What strangest punishment is suffer'd yonder!--
The Shepherd dies for sheep that loved to wander!
The Master pays the debts His servants owe Him,
Who would not know Him.

There was no spot in me by sin untainted,

Sick with its venom all my heart had fainted;
 My heavy guilt to hell had well-nigh brought me,
 Such woe it wrought me.

O wondrous love! whose depths no heart hath sounded,
 That brought Thee here by foes and thieves surrounded;
 All worldly pleasures, heedless, I was trying,
 While Thou wert dying!

O mighty King! no time can dim Thy glory!
 How shall I spread abroad Thy wondrous story?
 How shall I find some worthy gift to proffer?
 What dare we offer?

For vainly doth our human wisdom ponder--
 Thy woes, Thy mercy still transcend our wonder.
 Oh how should I do aught that could delight Thee!
 Can I requite Thee?

Yet unrequited, Lord, I would not leave Thee,
 I can renounce whate'er doth vex or grieve Thee,
 And quench with thoughts of Thee and prayers most lowly,
 All fires unholy.

But since my strength alone will ne'er suffice me
 To crucify desires that still entice me,
 To all good deeds, oh let Thy Spirit win me,
 And reign within me!

I'll think upon Thy mercy hour by hour,
 I'll love Thee so that earth must lose her power;
 To do Thy will shall be my foic endeavour
 Henceforth for ever.

Whate'er of earthly good this life may grant me
 I'll risk for Thee,--no shame, no cross shall daunt me;
 I shall not fear what man can do to harm me,
 Nor death alarm me.

But worthless is my sacrifice, I own it,
 Yet, Lord, for love's sake Thou wilt not disown it;
 Thou wilt accept my gift in Thy great meekness,
 Nor shame my weakness.

And when, dear Lord, before Thy throne in heaven
 To me the crown of joy at last is given,
 Where sweetest hymns Thy saints for ever raise Thee,
 I too shall praise Thee!

*Good Friday*

(XVII.--"Da Jesus an dem Kreuze stund.")

53.

Original Tune.

When on the cross the Sav - our hung, And
that sore load that on Him weigh'd With bit - ter pangs His
na - ture wrung, Seven words a - mid His pain He said,
Oh let them well to heart be laid!

Da Jesus an dem Kreuze stund

Ancient

When on the cross the Saviour hung,
And that sore load that on Him weigh'd
With bitter pangs his nature wrung,
Seven words amid His pain He said:

Oh let them well to heart be laid!

"Father, forgive these men;" He spake;
 "For lo! they know not what they do,
 Nor of my sufferings vengeance take!"
 And when we sin in error too,
 For us, dear Lord, this prayer renew!

He thought upon the thief, and said,--
 "Thou shalt behold my Paradise
 With me, ere yet this day be fled."
 Lord, see us too with pitying eyes,
 And raise us from our miseries!

His mother stood beside Him there;
 "Behold thy son! Oh let her find
 A son, O John, in thy true care,"
 Lord, care for those we leave behind,
 Nor let the world prove all unkind!

Once more He saith,--"I thirst, I thirst!"
 O Prince of Life! that we might be
 Rescued from death, Thou dar'st the worst.
 So dost Thou long to set us free!
 Not fruitless be that thirst in Thee!

Again, "My God, My God," He cried,
 Ah why dost Thou forsake me thus?"
 Thou art forsaken at this tide,
 To win acceptance, Lord, for us;
 Oh comfort deep and marvellous!

He saith,--"Lo! it is finish'd now!"
 Saviour, Thy perfect work is done!
 O make us faithful, Lord, as Thou,
 No trial and no cross to shun
 Till all Thou lay'st on us be done.

And last,--"My Father, to Thine hands
 My parting soul I now commend."
 Lord, when my spirit trembling stands
 Upon life's verge, this cry I send
 To Thee, and with Thy words I end.

Whoso shall ponder oft these words
 When long-past sins his soul alarm,
 Shall find the hope Thy cross accords,
 And in Thy grace a healing balm

That brings the wounded conscience calm.

Lord Jesu Christ, who diedst for us,
 This one thing grant us evermore;
 To ponder o'er Thy passion thus,
 Till truer, deeper than before
 We learn to love Thee and adore!

Easter Eve

54. O darkest woe
 55. Lord Jesus, who, our souls to save
 56. Thou sore-oppress'd



Easter Eve

(LXXXIV.--"O Trauerigkeit, O Herzeleid.")

54.

Original Tune.

O Trauerigkeit, O Herzeleid

Rist, 1637

O darkest woe!
 Ye tears forth flow!
 Has earth so sad a wonder,
 That the Father's only Son
 Now lies buried yonder!

O son of man!
 It was the ban
 Of death on thee that brought Him
 Down to suffer for thy sins,
 And such woe hath wrought Him.

Behold thy Lord,
 The Lamb of God,
 Blood-sprinkled lies before thee,
 Pouring out His life that He
 May to life restore thee.

O Ground of faith
 Laid low in death!
 Sweet lips now silent sleeping!
 Surely all that live must mourn
 Here with bitter weeping.

Yea, blest is he
 Whose heart shall be
 Fix'd here, and apprehendeth
 Why the Lord of glory thus
 To the grave descendeth.

O Jesu blest!
 My help and rest!
 With tears I pray--Lord, hear me;
 Make me love Thee to the last,
 In the grave be near me!



Easter Eve

(XX.--"Der Du Herr Jesu Ruh und Rast.")

Lord Je - sus, who, our souls to save, Didst rest and
 slum - ber in the grave, Now grant us all in Thee to
 rest, And here to live as seems Thee best.

Der du, Herr Jesu, Ruh und Rast

G. Werner, 1638

Lord Jesus, who, our souls to save,
 Didst rest and slumber in the grave,
 Now grant us all in Thee to rest,
 And here to live as seems Thee best.

Give us the strength, the dauntless faith,
 That Thou hast purchased with Thy death,
 And lead us to that glorious place
 Where we shall see the Father's face.

O Lamb of God! who once wast slain,
 We thank Thee for that bitter pain!
 Let us partake Thy death, that we
 May enter into life with Thee!

Easter Eve

56.

Tune.--"O darkest woe! Ye tears, forth flow!"

Thou sore-op-press'd, The Sab-bath rest In yon still grave art
keep-ing! All Thy la-bour now is done, Past is all Thy weep-ing!

Nun gingst auch du

Viktor Strauss, *modern*

Thou sore-oppress'd,
The Sabbath rest
In yon still grave art keeping!
All thy labour now is done,
Past is all Thy weeping!

The strife is o'er,
Nought hurts Thee more,
The heart at last hath slumber'd,
That in conflict sore for us
Bore our sins unnumber'd.

Thou awful tomb,
Once fill'd with gloom!
How blessed and how holy
Art thou now, since in the grave
Slept the Saviour lowly!

How calm and blest
The dead now rest
Who in the Lord departed!
All their works do follow them,
Yes, they sleep glad-hearted.

O lead us Thou

To rest e'en now,
 With all who, sorely anguish'd
 'Neath the burden of their sins,
 Long in woe have languish'd.

O Blessed Rock!
 Soon grant Thy flock
 To see Thy Sabbath morning!
 Strife and pain will all be past
 When that day is dawning.

Easter

57. Ere yet the dawn hath fill'd the skies
 58. Christ the Lord is risen again
 59. Jesus Christ, my sure Defence
 60. In Death's strong grasp the Saviour lay
 61. Welcome, Thou victor in the strife
 62. O risen Lord! O conqu'ring King

Easter

(XXVIII.--"Erschienen ist der herrlich' Tag.")

57.



Ere yet the dawn hath fill'd the skies Be - hold my Sa - viour
 Christ a - rise, He chaf - eth from us sin and night,
 And brings us joy and life and light. Hal - le - lu - jah.

Frühmorgens da sie Sonn' aufgeht

J. Heermann, 1630

Ere yet the dawn hath fill'd the skies
 Behold my Saviour Christ arise,
 He chaseth from us sin and night,
 And brings us joy and life and light.
 Hallelujah.

O stronger Thou than Death and Hell,
 Where is the foe Thou canst not quell?
 What heavy stone Thou canst not roll
 From off the prison'd anguish'd soul?
 Hallelujah.

If Jesus lives, can I be sad?
 I know He loves me, and am glad;
 Though all the world were dead to me,
 Enough, O Christ, if I have Thee!
 Hallelujah.

He feeds me, comforts and defends,
 And when I die His angel sends
 To bear me whither He is gone,

For of His own He loseth none.

Hallelujah.

No more to fear or grief I bow,
God and the angels love me now;
The joys prepared for me to-day
Drive fear and mourning far away;

Hallelujah.

Strong Champion! For this comfort see
The whole world brings her thanks to Thee;
And once we too shall raise above
More sweet and loud the song we love!

Hallelujah.



58

Easter

(XVI.--"Christus ist erstanden.")

58.

Original Tune.

Hallelujah.

He who bore all pain and loss
 Comfortless upon the cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us and hears our cry:

Hallelujah.

He whose path no records tell,
 Who descended into hell,
 Who the strong man arm'd hath bound,
 Now in highest heaven is crown'd:

Hallelujah.

He who slumber'd in the grave
 Is exalted now to save;
 Now through Christendom it rings
 That the Lamb is King of kings!

Hallelujah.

Now He bids us tell abroad
 How the lost may be restored,
 How the penitent forgiven,
 How we too may enter heaven.

Hallelujah.

Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
 Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
 Take our sins and guilt away,
 That we all may sing for aye,

Hallelujah.



Easter

(LV.--"Jesus, meine Zuversicht.")

59.

Original Tune.

Je - sus Christ, my sure De - fence
Know - ing this, my con - fi - dence

And my Sa - viour, ever liv - eth;
Rests up - on the hope it giv - eth,

Though the night of death be fraught

Still with many an anx - ious thought.

Jesus, meine Zuversicht

Louisa Henrietta of Brandenburg, 1653

Jesus Christ, my sure Defence
 And my Saviour, ever liveth;
 Knowing this, my confidence
 Rests upon the hope it giveth,
 Though the night of death be fraught
 Still with many an anxious thought.

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!
 I too unto life must waken;
 He will have me where He is,

Shall my courage then be shaken?
 Shall I fear? Or could the Head
 Rise and leave its members dead?
 Nay, too closely am I bound
 Unto Him by hope for ever;
 Faith's strong hand the Rock hath found,
 Grasped it, and will leave it never;
 Not the ban of death can part
 From its Lord the trusting heart.
 What now sickens, mourns, and sighs,
 Christ with Him in glory bringeth;
 Earthly is the seed and dies,
 Heavenly from the grave it springeth;
 Natural is the death we die,
 Spiritual our life on high.
 Then take comfort, nay, rejoice,
 For His members Christ will cherish;
 Fear not, they will know His voice,
 Though awhile they seem to perish,
 When the final trump is heard,
 And the deaf, cold grave is stirred.
 Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave,
 And at death no longer tremble,
 For the Lord, who comes to save,
 Round Him shall His saints assemble,
 Raising them o'er all their foes,
 Mortal weakness, fear, and woes.
 Only draw away your heart
 Now from pleasures base and hollow;
 Would ye there with Christ have part,
 Here His footsteps ye must follow;
 Fix your heart beyond the skies,
 Whither ye yourselves would rise!

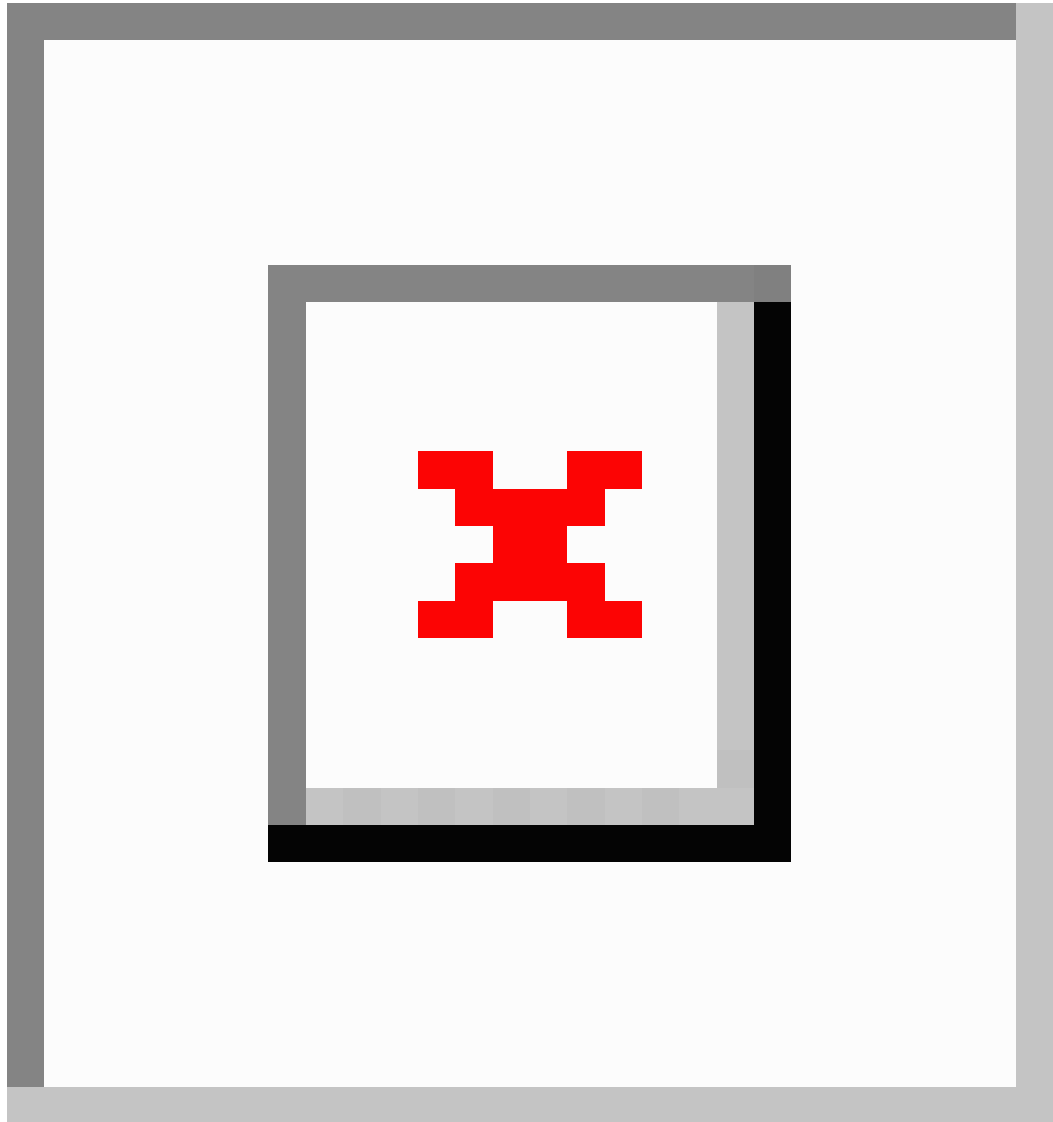
Easter

(XIV.--"Christ lag in Todesbanden.")

60.

Original Tune.





Christ lag in Todesbanden

Luther, 1524

In Death's strong grasp the Saviour lay,
 For our offences given;
 But now the Lord is risen to-day,
 And brings us life from heaven;
 Wherefore let us all rejoice
 And praise our God with cheerful voice,
 And sing loud Hallelujahs.--Hallelujah!

No son of man could conquer Death,
 Such mischief sin had wrought us,
 For innocence dwelt not on earth,
 And therefore Death had brought us

Into thraldom from of old,
 And ever grew more strong and bold,
 His shadow lay athwart us.--Hallelujah!

But Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
 Hath come to conquer for us,
 Hath put away our sins, and won
 Death's power and title o'er us.
 Now 'tis but his form is left,
 For of his sting he is bereft
 Since Jesus will restore us.--Hallelujah!

It was a wondrous war, I trow,
 When Life and Death contended;
 But Life hath triumphed o'er the foe,
 The reign of Death is ended;
 Yea, 'tis as the Scripture saith,
 That Christ in dying conquered Death,
 And from his realm ascended.--Hallelujah!

Then let us keep the feast to-day
 That God Himself hath given;
 And His pure Word shall do away
 The old and evil leaven;
 Christ to-day will meet His own,
 And faith will feed on Him alone,
 The Living Bread from heaven.--Hallelujah!



Easter

(XCII.--Psalm 33, Ravenscroft.)

61.

Wel - come, Thou vic - tor in the strife, Now

wel - come from the cave! To - day we tri - umph

in Thy life A - round Thine emp - ty grave.

Willkommen, Held im Streite

Schmolck, 1712

Welcome, Thou victor in the strife,

Now welcome from the cave!

Today we triumph in Thy life

Around Thine empty grave.

The dwellings of the just resound

With songs of victory;

For in their midst, Lord, Thou art found,

And bringest peace with Thee.

Oh share with us the spoils, we pray,

Thou diedst to achieve;

We meet within Thy house to-day

Our portion to receive!

We die with Thee; oh let us live

Henceforth to Thee aright;
 The blessings Thou hast died to give,
 Be daily in our sight,
 Fearless we lay us in the tombs
 And sleep the night away,
 if Thou art there to break the gloom,
 And call us back to day.
 Death hurts us not; his power is gone,
 And pointless all his darts;
 Now hath God's favour on us shone,
 And joy fills all our hearts.

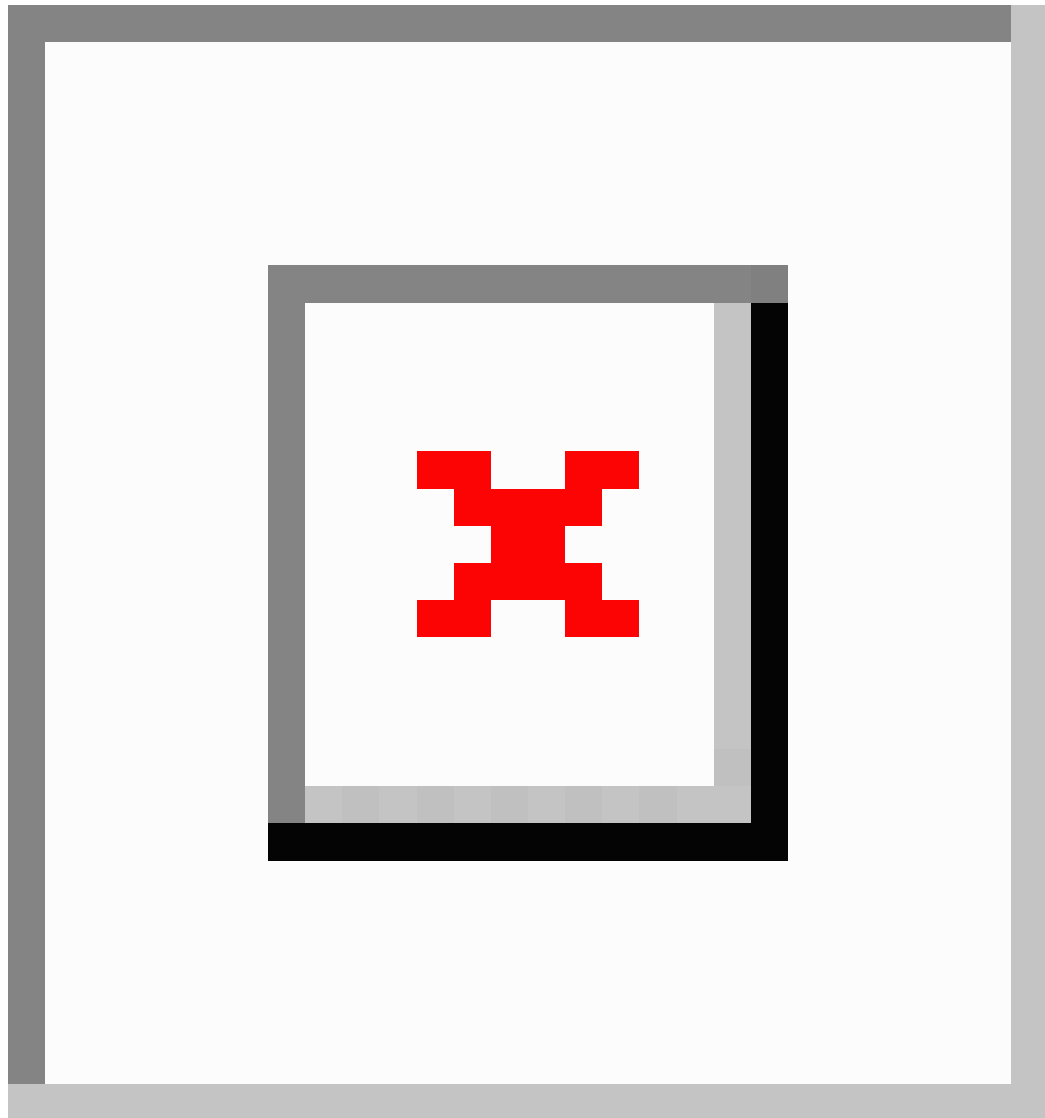


Easter

(Index of Tunes, CIX.)

62.

Tune.--"Whate'er my God ordains is right."



O auferstandner Siegesfürst

Böhmer, 1706

O risen Lord! O conqu'ring King!
 O Life of all the living!
 To-day that peace of Easter bring
 Which comes but of Thy giving!
 Once Death, our foe,
 Had laid Thee low,
 Now hast Thou rent his bonds in twain,
 Now art Thou risen who once wast slain!
 Oh that to know Thy victory
 To us were inly granted,
 And there cold hearts might catch from Thee

The glow of faith undaunted!
 Thy quenchless light,
 Thy glorious might
 Still comfortless and lonely leave
 The soul that cannot yet believe.
 Then break through our hard hearts Thy way,
 O Jesus, Lord of glory!
 Kindle the lamp of faith to-day,
 Teach us to sing before Thee
 For joy at length,
 That in Thy strength
 We too may rise whom sin had slain,
 And Thine eternal rest attain.
 And when our tears for sin o'erflow,
 Do Thou in love draw near us,
 Thy precious gift of peace bestow,
 Let Thy bright presence cheer us,
 That so may we,
 O Christ, from Thee
 Drink in the life that cannot die,
 And keep true Easter feasts on high.

Ascension

- 63. Conqu'ring Prince and Lord of Glory
- 64. Since Christ has gone to heav'n His home
- 65. Heavenward doth our journey tend
- 66. Lord, on earth I dwell sad-hearted
- 67. My Jesus, if the Seraphim
- 68. Draw us to Thee, Lord Jesus

Ascension

(Index of Tunes, VII.)

63.

Tune.--"Hark! a voice saith, All are mortal."



Con-qu'ring Prince and Lord of Glo - ry, Ma - jes - ty en -
All the heav'ns are bow'd he - fore Thee, Far be - yond them

throned in light; Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
spreads Thy might;

And my heart with rap - ture beat, Now Thy glo - ry

is dis - play'd, Thine ere yet the worlds were made?

Siegesfürst und Ehrenkönig

Tersteegen, 1731

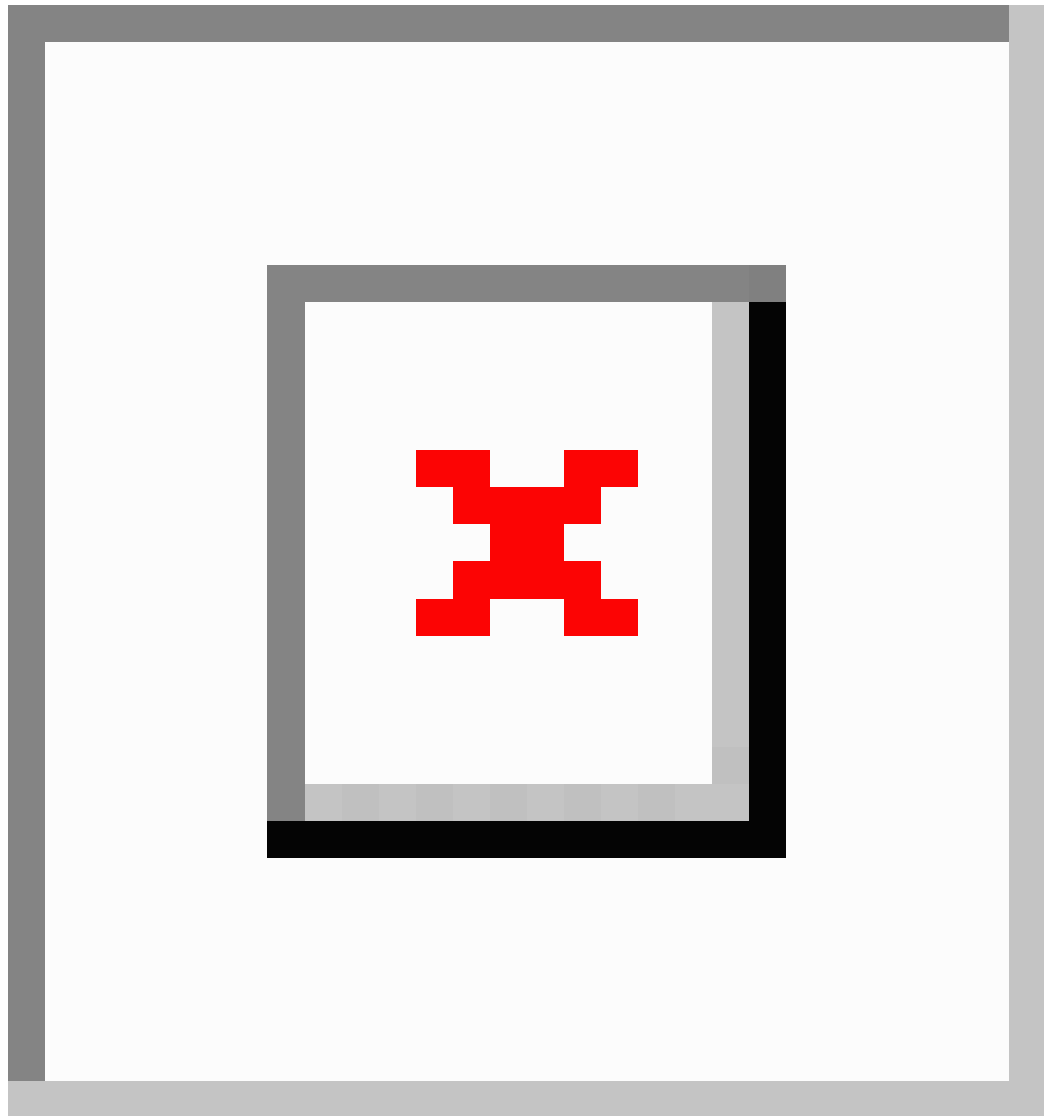
Conqu'ring Prince and Lord of Glory,
Majestly enthroned in light;
All the heav'ns are bow'd before Thee,
Far beyond them spreads Thy might;
Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
And my heart with rapture beat,
Now Thy glory is display'd,
Thine ere yet the worlds were made?
As I watch Thee far ascending

To the right hand of the throne,
 See the host before Thee bending,
 Praising Thee in sweetest tone,
 Shall not I too at Thy feet
 Here the angels' strain repeat,
 And rejoice that heaven doth ring
 With the triumph of my King?
 Power and Spirit are o'erflowing,
 On me also be they pour'd;
 Every hindrance overthrowing,
 Make Thy foes Thy footstool, Lord!
 Yea, let earth's remotest end
 To Thy righteous sceptre bend,
 Make Thy way before Thee plain,
 O'er all hearts and spirits reign.
 Lo! Thy presence now is filling
 All Thy Church in every place;
 Fill my heart too, make me willing
 In this season of Thy grace;
 Come, Thou King of glory, come,
 Deign to make my heart Thy home,
 There abide and rule alone,
 As upon Thy heavenly throne!
 Thou art leaving me, yet bringing
 God and heaven most inly near;
 From this earthly life upspringing,
 As though still I saw Thee here,
 Let my heart, transplanted hence,
 Strange to earth and time and sense,
 Dwell with Thee in heaven e'en now,
 Where our only joy art Thou!

Ascension

(Index of Tunes, XXIX.)

64.*Tune.*--"All praise and thanks."



Auf Christ Himmelfahrt allein

Wegelin, 1636

Since Christ has gone to heav'n His home,
 I too that home one day must share;
 And in this hope I overcome
 All doubt, all anguish, and despair;
 For where the Head is, well we know,
 The members he hath left below
 In time He surely gathers there.

Since Christ hath reached His glorious throne,
 And mighty gifts henceforth are His,
 My heart can rest in heaven alone,
 On earth my Lord I daily miss;

I long to be with Him on high,
And heart and thoughts would hourly fly
Where now my only treasure is.

From Thy ascension let such grace,
Dear Lord, be ever found in me,
That steadfast faith may guide my ways
With step unfault'ring up to Thee,
And at Thy voice I may depart
With joy to dwell where Thou, Lord, art:
O Saviour, grant this prayer to me!



Ascension

(Index of Tunes, LV.)

65.

Tune.--"Jesus Christ, my sure defence."

Heav'n - ward doth our jour - ney tend,
Towards our Pro - mised Land we wend,

Here on earth we are but stran - gers,
Through a wil - der - ness of dan - gers;

Here we roam, a pil - grim band,

Yon - der is our na - tive land,

Himmelan geht unsre Bahn

Schmolck, 1731

Heavenward doth our journey tend,
 Here on earth we are but strangers,
 Towards our Promised Land we wend,
 Through a wilderness of dangers;
 Here we roam, a pilgrim band,
 Yonder is our native land.

Heavenward stretch, my soul, thy wings,
 Thou canst claim a heavenly nature;

Cleave not to these earthly things,
 Thou canst rest not in the creature.
 Every soul that God inspires,
 Back to Him, its Source, aspires.
 Heavenward! doth His Spirit cry,
 Oft as in His word I hear Him;
 Pointing to the rest on high
 Where I shall be ever near Him.
 When His word fills all my thought,
 Oft to heaven my soul is caught.
 Heavenward still I long to haste,
 When Thy supper, Lord, is given;
 Heavenly strength on earth I taste,
 Feeding on the Bread of Heaven;
 Such is e'en on earth our fare,
 Who Thy marriage feast will share.
 Heavenward! To that blessed home
 Death at last will surely lead me;
 All my trials overcome,
 Christ with life and joy will feed me;
 Who Himself hath gone before
 That we too might heavenward soar.
 Heavenward! This thall be my cry
 While a pilgrim here I wander,
 Passing earth's allurements by
 For the love of what is yonder;
 Heavenward all my being tends,
 Till in Heaven my journey ends.

Ascension

(Index of Tunes, LIV.)

66.*Tune.*--"Christ the Life of all the living."

Lord, on earth I dwell sad-hearted, Here I
Wherefore hast Thou then departed, Why af-

oft must mourn and sigh; Take me, take me hence with Thee,
ascendest Thou on high?

Or abide, Lord, still in me; Let Thy love and

gifts be left, That I be not all bereft.

Herr! auf Erden muss ich leiden

Neumann, 1700

Lord, on earth I dwell sad-hearted,
Here I oft must mourn and sigh;
Wherefore hast Thou then departed,
Why ascendest Thou on high?
Take me, take me hence with Thee,
Or abide, Lord, still in me;
Let Thy love and gifts be left,
That I be not all bereft.
Leave Thy heart still inly near me,

Take mine hence where Thou art gone,
 Open heaven to me, and hear me
 When to Thee I cry alone;
 When I cannot pray, oh plead
 With Thy Father in my stead;
 Seated now at God's right hand,
 Help us here, Thy faithful band.
 Worldly joys I cast behind me,
 Let me choose the better part,
 And though mortal chains yet bind me,
 Heavenly be my thoughts and heart;
 That my time through faith may be
 Order'd for eternity;
 Till we rise, all perils oer,
 Whither Thou hast gone before.
 Then return, the promise keeping
 That was made to us of old;
 Raise the members that are sleeping
 Gnaw'd of death beneath the mould.
 Judge the evil world that deems
 Thy sure words but empty dreams;
 And for all our sorrows past
 Let us know Thy joy at last.



Ascension

(LXV.--"Mein Jesu, dem die Seraphinen.")

67.

Original Tune.

Chorale Book for England

My Je - sus, if the Se - ra - phim, The burn - ing
Be - fore Thy Ma - jef - ty are dim, And veil their
host that near Thee stand, face at Thy com - mand,
How shall these mor - tal eyes, now cloud - ed
And dim with e - vil's hate - ful night, En - dure to meet the
bliss of light In which Thy throne is - aye en - shroud - ed?

Mein Jesu, dem die Seraphinen

Dessler, 1692

My Jesus, if the Seraphim,
The burning host that near Thee stand,
Before Thy Majesty are dim,
And veil their face at Thy command,
How shall these mortal eyes, now clouded
And dim with evil's hateful night,
Endure to meet the bliss of light

In which Thy throne is aye enshrouded?

Yet grant the eye of faith, O Lord,
 To pierce within the Holy Place,
 For I am saved and Thou adored,
 If I am quicken'd by Thy grace.
 Behold, O King, my soul is bending
 In lowly love before Thy throne,
 Oh say, "I choose thee for mine own,
 With faithful love thy course befriending."

Have mercy, Lord of love, for long
 My spirit for Thy mercy sighs,
 My inmost soul hath found a tongue,
 "Be merciful, O God," she cries!
 I know Thou wilt not bid me leave Thee.
 Thou canst not show Thyself a foe
 To one for whom Thou bar'st such woe,
 Whose lost estate so sore could grieve Thee.

Then let Thy wisdom, be my guide,
 Nor take Thy light from me away,
 Thy grace be ever at my side,
 That from Thy path I may not stray;
 But feeling that Thy hand is o'er me,
 In steadfast faith my course fulfil,
 And keep Thy word, and do Thy will,
 Thy love within, Thy heaven before me!

Reach down and arm me with Thy hand,
 And strengthen me with inner might,
 That I through faith may strive and stand
 Though craft and force against me fight;
 That so may through me and within me
 The kingdom of Thy love be spread,
 That honours Thee, our glorious Head,
 And once a crown of light shall win me.

To Thee I rise in faith on high,
 O bend Thou down in love to me!
 Let nothing rob me of this joy,
 That all my soul is fill'd with Thee;
 As long as here I live, yea longer,
 Thee will I honour, fear, and love,
 For when this heart hath ceas'd to move
 Than Death itself Thy Love is stronger.



Ascension

(Index of Tunes, XV.)

68.

Tune.--"My life is hid in Jesus."

Draw us to Thee, Lord Je - sus, And
we will haf - ten on; For strong de - fire doth
seize us To go where Thou art gone.

Zeuch uns nach dir

Ludämilia Elisabeth, Countess of Schwarzburg Rudolstadt, 1687

Draw us to Thee, Lord Jesus,
And we will hasten on;
For strong desire doth seize us
To go where Thou art gone.

Draw us to Thee; enlighten
These hearts to find Thy way,
That else the tempests frighten,
Or pleasures lure astray.

Draw us to Thee; and teach us
Even now that rest to find,
Where turmoils cannot reach us,
Nor cares weigh down the mind.

Draw us to Thee; nor leave us

Till all our path is trod,
Then in Thine arms receive us,
And bear us home to God.

Whitsuntide

- 69. Holy Ghost! my Comforter
- 70. O Holy Spirit, enter in
- 71. O enter, Lord, Thy temple
- 72. Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord
- 73. Sweetest Fount of holy gladness
- 74. Holy Spirit, once again



Whitsuntide

(XXXIV.--"Heil'ger Geist, du Tröster mein.")

69.

Original Tune.

Heil'ger Geist, du Tröster mein

Anon., *Tr. of the 17th century*

Holy Ghost! my Comforter!
Now from highest heav'n appear,
Shed Thy gracious radiance here.

Come to them who suffer dearth,
With Thy gifts of priceless worth,
Lighten all who dwell on earth!

Thou the heart's most precious guest,
 Thou of comforters the best,
 Give to us, th' o'er-laden, rest!

Come, in Thee our toll is sweet,
 Shelter from the noon-day heat,
 From whom sorrow flieth fleet!

Blessed Sun! Oh let Thy rays
 Fill with joy and warmth and grace
 Every heart that truly prays.

What without Thy aid is wrought,
 Skilful deed or wisest thought,
 God will count but vain and nought.

Cleanse us, Lord, from sinful stain,
 O'er the parchèd heart oh rain,
 Heal the wounded from its pain.

Bend the stubborn will to Thine,
 Melt the cold with fire divine,
 Erring hearts aright incline.

Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
 Steadfast in the faith to be,
 Give Thy gifts of charity:

May we live in holiness,
 And in death find happiness,
 And abide with Thee in bliss!



(Index of Tunes, CXVII.)

Whitsuntide

70.

Tune.--"O Morning Star! how fair and bright."

O Ho - ly Spi - rit, en - ter in, A - mong these hearts Thy
Sun of the soul, Thou Light Di - vine A - round and in us

work be - gin, Thy tem - ple deign to make us;
'bright - ly shine, To strength and glad - ness wake us,

Where Thou shin - est Life from hea - ven There is giv - en, We he - fore Thee

For that pre - cious gift ad - mire Thee.

O Heil'ger Geist, kehre bei uns ein

M. Schirmer, 1650

O Holy Spirit, enter in,
Among these hearts Thy work begin,
Thy temple deign to make us;
Sun of the soul, Thou Light Divine
Around and in us brightly shine,
To strength and gladness wake us.
Where Thou shinest Life from heaven
There is given,

We before Thee
 For that precious gift implore Thee.
 Left to ourselves we shall but stray;
 O lead us on the narrow way,
 With wisest counsel guide us,
 And give us steadfastness, that we
 May henceforth truly follow Thee,
 Whatever woes betide us;
 Heal Thou gently Hearts now broken,
 Give some token
 Thou art near us,
 Whom we trust to light and cheer us.

 O mighty Rock, O Source of Life,
 Let Thy dear Word, 'mid doubt and strife,
 Be so within us burning
 That we be faithful unto death,
 In Thy pure love and holy faith,
 From Thee true wisdom learning;
 Lord, Thy graces On us shower,
 By Thy power
 Christ confessing,
 Let us win His grace and blessing.

 O gentle Dew, from heaven now fall
 With power upon the hearts of all,
 Thy tenderness instilling;
 That heart to heart more closely bound,
 Fruitful in kindly deeds be found,
 The law of love fulfilling;
 No wrath, no strife Here thall grieve thee,
 We receive Thee,
 Where Thou livest
 Peace and love and joy Thou givest.

 Grant that our days, while life shall last,
 In purest holiness be past;
 Our minds so rule and strengthen
 That they may rise o'er things of earth,
 The hopes and joys that here have birth;
 And if our course Thou lengthen,
 Keep Thou pure, Lord, From offences,
 Heart and senses,
 Blessed Spirit,
 Bid us thus true life inherit!

*Whitsuntide*

(CIII.--Crüger's tune: "Von Gott will ich nicht lassen.")

71.

O en - ter, Lord, Thy tem - ple, Be 'Thou my spi - rit's guest!
Who at my birth didst give me A se - cond birth more blest.

Thou in the God - head, Lord, Though here to dwell Thou deign - est,

For ev - er e - qual reign - est, Art e - qual - ly a - dored.

Zeuch ein zu deinem Thoren

Gerhardt, 1653

O enter, Lord, Thy temple,
Be Thou my spirit's guest!
Who at my birth didst give me
A second birth more blest.
Thou in the Godhead, Lord,
Though here to dwell Thou deignest,
For ever equal reignest,
Art equally adored.

O enter, let me know Thee,
And feel Thy power within,
The power that breaks our fetters,
And rescues us from sin;

So wash and cleanse Thou me,
 That I may serve Thee truly,
 And render honour duly
 With perfect heart to Thee.

'Tis Thou, O Spirit, teachest
 The soul to pray aright;
 Thy songs have sweetest music,
 Thy prayers have wondrous might;
 Unheard they cannot fall,
 They pierce the highest heaven,
 Till He His help hath given
 Who surely helpeth all.

Joy is Thy gift, O Spirit!
 Thou wouldst not have us pine;
 In darkest hours Thy comfort
 Doth aye most brightly shine;
 Ah then how oft thy voice
 Hath shed its sweetness o'er me,
 And open'd heaven before me,
 And bid my heart rejoice!

All love is Thine, O Spirit!
 Thou hatest enmity;
 Thou lovest peace and friendship,
 All strife wouldst have us flee;
 Where wrath and discord reign
 Thy whisper inly pleadeth,
 And to the heart that heedeth
 Brings love and light again.

The whole wide world, O Spirit!
 Upon Thy hands doth rest,
 Our wayward hearts Thou turnest:
 As it may seem Thee best;
 Once more Thy power make known!
 As Thou hast done so often,
 Convert the wicked, soften
 To tears the heart of stone.

With holy zeal then fill us,
 To keep the faith still pure
 And bless our lands and houses
 With wealth that may endure;
 And make that foe to flee

Who in us with Thee striveth
 From out our heart he driveth
 Whate'er delighteth Thee.

Order our path in all things
 According to Thy mind,
 And when this life is over,
 And must be all resign'd,
 Oh grant us then to die
 With calm and fearless spirit,
 And after death inherit
 Eternal life on high.

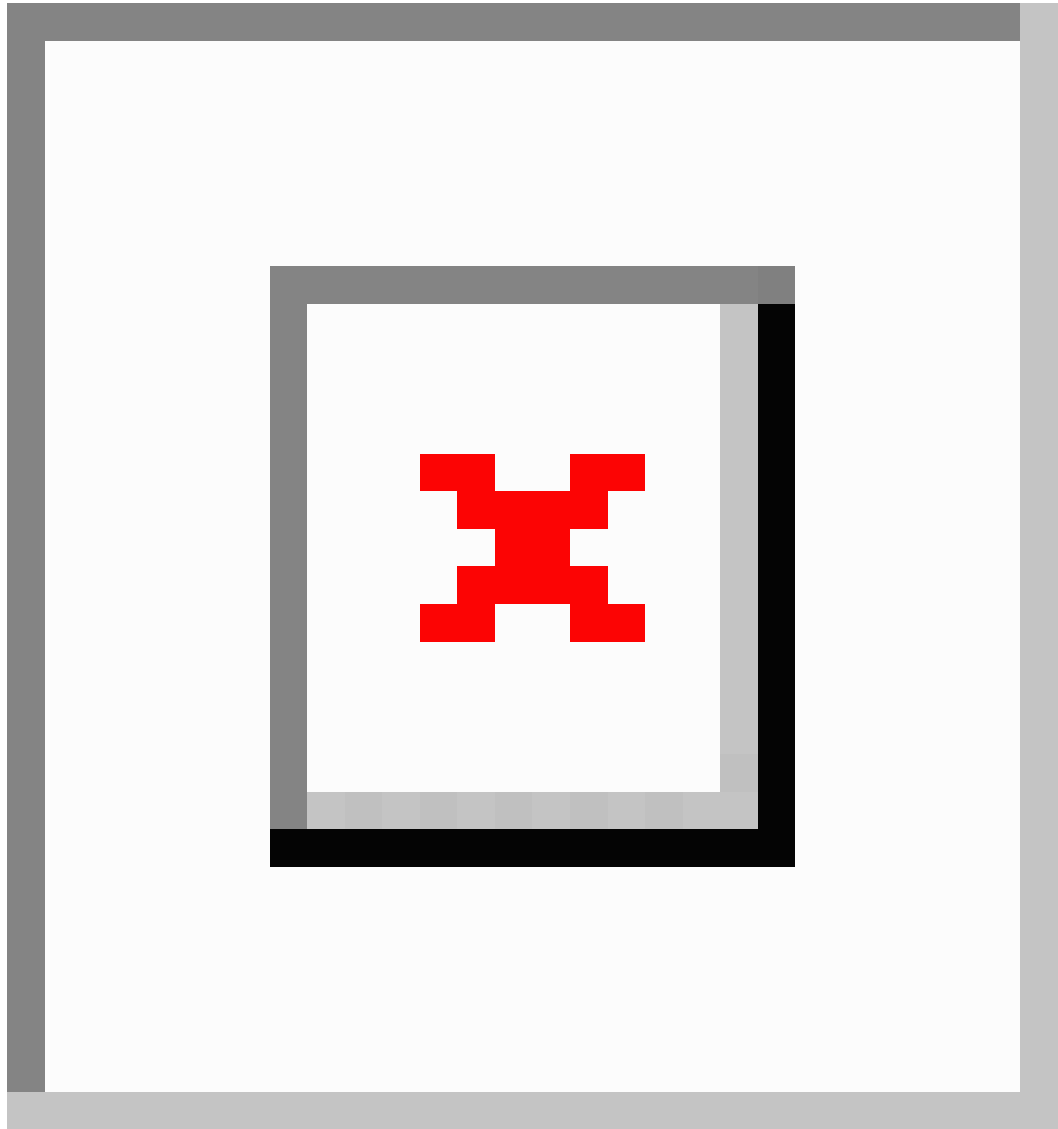


Whitsuntide

(LVII.--"Komm, Heil'ger Geist, Herre Gott.")

72.

Original Tune.



Komm, Heil'ger Geist, Herre Gott

Luther, 1524

Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord,
 Be all Thy graces now outpour'd
 On the believer's mind and soul,
 And touch our hearts with living coal.
 Thy Light this day shone forth so clear,
 All tongues and nations gather'd near
 To learn that faith, for which we bring
 Glad praise to Thee, and loudly, loudly sing,
 ||:Hallelujah, Hallelujah!:||

Thou Strong Defence, Thou Holy Light,
 Teach us to know our God aright,

And call Him Father from the heart:
 The Word of life and truth impart,
 That we may love not doctrines strange,
 Nor e'er to other teachers range,
 But Jesus for our Master own,
 And put our trust in Him, in Him alone.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

Thou Sacred Ardour, Comfort Sweet,
 Help us to wait with ready feet
 And willing heart at Thy command,
 Nor trial fright us from Thy band.
 Lord, make us ready with Thy powers,
 Strengthen the flesh in weaker hours,
 That as good warriors we may force
 Through life and death to Thee, to Thee our course.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

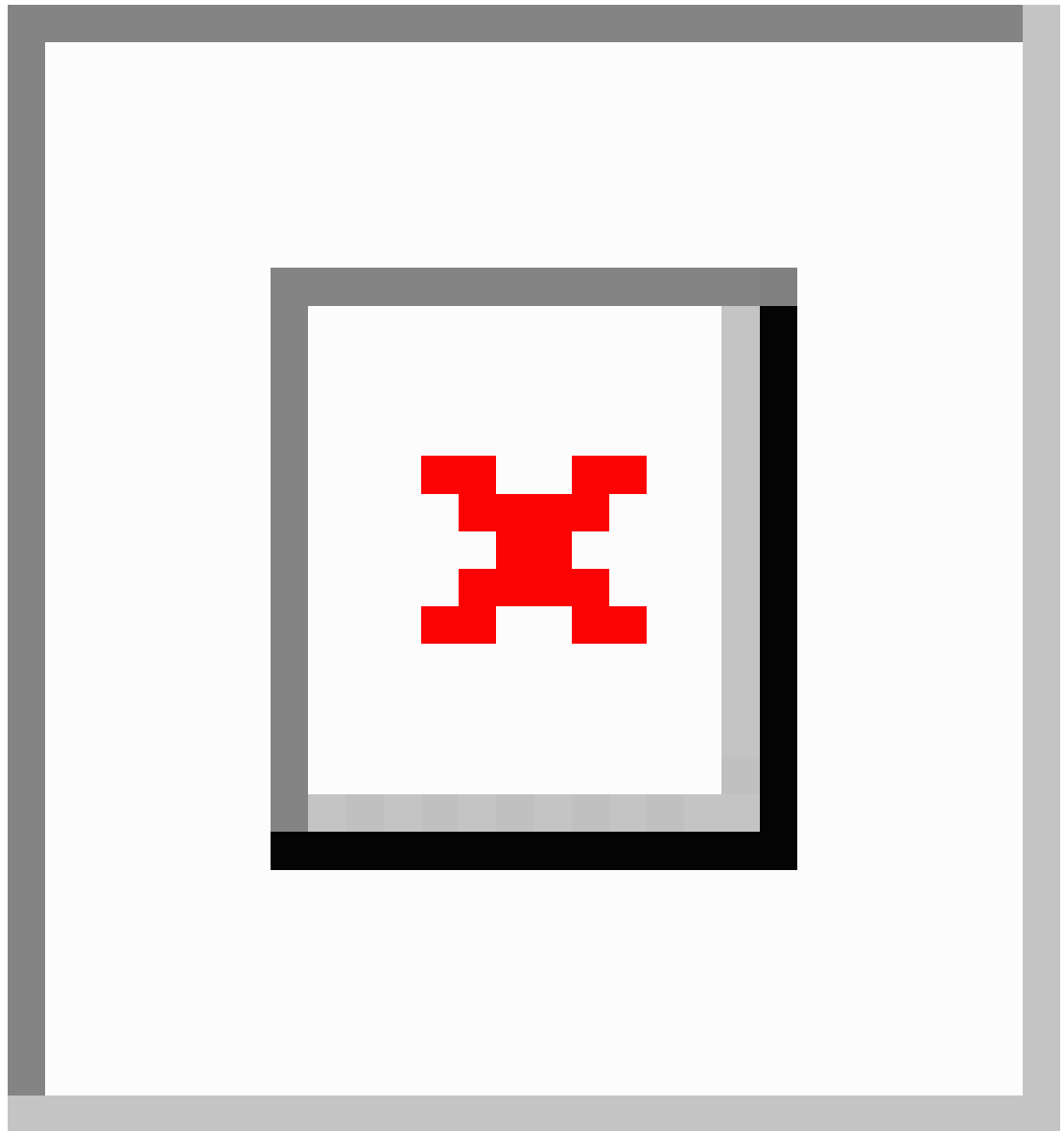


Whitsuntide

(Index of Tunes, LIV.)

73.

Tune.--"Christ the Life of all the living."



O du allersüßte Freude

Gerhardt, 1653

Sweetest Fount of holy gladness,
 Fairest light was ever shed,
 Who alike in joy and sadness
 Leavest none unvisited;
 Spirit of the Highest God,
 Lord, from whom is life bestow'd,
 Who upholdest ev'rything,
 Hear me, hear me, while I sing.

Thou art shed like gentlest showers
 From the Father and the Son,

Bringing to us quicken'd powers,
 Purest blessing from their throne;
 Suffer then, O noble Guest,
 That rich gift by Thee possesst,
 That Thou givest at Thy will,
 All my being now to fill.

Thou art ever true and holy,
 Sin and falsehood Thou dost hate;
 But Thou comest where the lowly
 And the pure Thy presence wait;
 Wash me then, O well of grace,
 Every stain and spot efface,
 Let me flee what Thou dost flee,
 Grant me what Thou lov'st to see.

Well content am I if only
 Thou wilt deign to dwell with me;
 With Thee I am never lonely,
 Never comfortless with Thee;
 Thine for ever make me now,
 And to Thee, my Lord, I vow
 Here and yonder to employ
 Every power for Thee with joy,
 When I cry for help, oh hear me
 When I sink, oh haste to save;
 When I die, be inly near me,
 Be my hope e'en in the grave;
 Bring me when I rise again
 To the land that knows no pain,
 Where Thy followers from Thy stream
 Drink for ever joys supreme!



Whitsuntide

(LVIII.--"Komm, O Komm, du Geist des Lebens.")

74.

Original Tune.

Ho - ly Spi - rit, once a - gain
Nor Thy pow'r de - scend in vain,
Come, Thou true E - ter - nal God!
Make us ev - er Thine a - bode;
So shall Spi - rit, joy, and light
Dwell in us, where all was night.

Komm, O Komm, du Geist des Lebens

J. Neander, 1679

Holy Spirit, once again
 Come, Thou true Eternal God!
 Nor Thy pow'r descend in vain,
 Make us ever Thine abode;
 So shall Spirit, joy, and light
 Dwell in us, where all was night.
 Guide us, Lord, from day to day,
 Keep us in the paths of grace,
 Clear all hindrances away

That might foil us in the race!
 When we stumble hear our call,
 Work repentance for our fall.
 Witness our hearts that God
 Counts us children through His Son,
 That our Father's gentle rod
 Smites us for our good alone;
 So when tried, perplex'd, distrest,
 In His love we still may rest.
 Quicken us to seek His face
 Freely, with a trusting heart,
 In our prayers oh breathe Thy grace,
 Go with us when we depart;
 So shall our requests be heard,
 And our faith to joy be stirr'd.
 Lord, preserve us in the faith,
 Suffer nought to drive us thence,
 Neither Satan, scorn, nor death;
 Be our God and our defence;
 Though the flesh resist Thy will,
 Let Thy word be stronger still,
 And at last when we must die,
 Oh assure the sinking heart
 Of the glorious realm on high
 Where Thou healest every smart,
 Of the joys unsieakable
 Where our God would have us dwell.

Trinity

75. We all believe in One true God

76. Most Hight and Holy Trinity

Trinity

(CXX.--"Wir glauben all an einen Gott, Vater.")

75.

Original Tune.



We all be-lieve in One true God, Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost,
 Strong De-liv'-rer in our need, Praised by all the heav'n-ly host,
 By whose might-y power a-lone All is made, and wrought, and done.

Wir glauben all an einen Gott, Vater

Clausnitzer, 1671

We all believe in One true God,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Strong Deliv'rer in our need,
 Praised by all the heav'nly host,
 By whose mighty power alone
 All is made, and wrought, and done.

And we believe In Jesus Christ,
 Son of man and Son of God;
 Who, to raise us up to heaven,
 Left His throne, and bore our load;
 By whose cross and death are we
 Rescued from our misery.

And we confess the Holy Ghost,
 Who from both for ever flows;
 Who upholds and comforts us
 In the midst of fears and woes.

Blest and holy Trinity,
Praise shall aye be brought to Thee!



Trinity

(XLII.--"Hochheilige Dreieinigkeit.")

76.

Original Tune.

Most High and Ho - ly Tri - ni - ty! O Thou, who of Thy
Haft form'd me here in time to be Thy im - age and Thy
mer - cy mild Oh let me love Thee day and night, With
lov - ing child,
all my soul, with all my might; Oh come, Thyself my soul pre -
pare, And make Thy dwell - ing ev - er there.

Hochheilige Dreieinigkeit

Scheffler, 1657

Most High and Holy Trinity!

O Thou, who of Thy mercy mild
 Hast form'd me here in time to be
 Thy image and Thy loving child,
 Oh let me love Thee day and night,
 With all my soul, with all my might;
 O come, Thyself my sould prepare,
 And make Thy dwelling ever there.

Father! replenish with Thy grace
 This longing heart that would be Thine,
 Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
 Thy inner consecrated shrine!

Forgive that oft my spirit wears
 Her time and strength in trivial cares,
 Enfold her in Thy changeless peace,
 So she from all but Thee may cease!

O God the Son! Thy wisdom's light
 Now on my darken'd reason pour;
 Forgive that things of sense and sight
 Have been her only joy of yore;
 Henceforth let every thought and deed
 On Thee be fix'd, from Thee proceed;
 Draw me to Thee, for I would rise
 Above these earthly vanities!

O Holy Ghost! Thou fire of love!
 Enkindle with Thy flame my will;
 Come with Thy strength, Lord, from above,
 Help me Thy bidding to fulfil:
 Forgive that I so oft have done
 What I as sinful ought to shun;
 Let me with pure and quenchless fire
 Thy favour and Thyself desire.

Most High and Holy Trinity!
 O draw me now away far hence,
 And fix upon eternity
 All powers alike of soul and sense!
 Make me at one within; at One
 With Thee on earth; when life is done
 Take me to dwell in light with Thee,
 Most High and Holy Trinity!

Saints' Days

77. Who are those that, fare before me
 78. Rise, follow Me! our Master saith
 79. True Shepherd, who in love most deep
 80. Light of the Gentile nations
 81. In peace and joy I now depart
 82. Thou virgin soul! O thou
 83. Comfort, comfort ye my people
 84. Ye sons of men, in earnest
 85. Praise and thanks to Thee be sung

*Saints' Days*

(Index of Tunes, XCVIII.)

77.

Tune.--"Open now Thy gates of beauty."

Who are those that, fare before me, Round the
 Shin - ing as the stars in glo - ry, Crown'd with
 throne of God I see, Hal - le - lu - jabs,
 light and pu - ti - ty!
 Hark! they sing, So - lemn praise to God they bring.

Wer sind die vor Gottes ThroneSchenck, *died* 1727

Who are those that, fare before me,

Round the throne of God I see,
 Shining as the stars in glory,
 Crown'd with light and purity?
 Hallelujahs, hark! they sing,
 Solemn praise to God they bring.

Who are those array'd in brightness,
 Clothed in righteousness divine,
 Wearing robes of dazzling whiteness,
 That unstain'd shall ever shine,
 And can never more decay,--
 Whence came all this fair array?

They are those whose hearts were riven
 Here with sorrow, grief, and care,
 Who by day and night have striven
 With the mighty God in prayer;
 Now their warfare finds its close,
 God hath ended all their woes.

They are those who, daily serving
 Here as priests before their Lord,
 Offer'd up with faith unswerving
 Soul and body at His word;
 Now within the Holy place
 They behold Him face to face.

As the hunted hart hath panted
 For the river fresh and clear,
 So their hearts with longing fainted
 For the Living Fountain here.
 Now their thirst is quench'd, they dwell
 With the Lord they loved so well.

I too stretch my hands with longing
 Thither, Jesus, day by day,
 While my foes are round me thronging,
 In Thy house on earth I pray,--
 Let me sink not in the war,
 Drive for me my foes afar.

Thus, O Lord, in earth and heaven
 With Thy servants cast my lot,
 Let my sins be all forgiven,
 In my need forsake me not;
 Near the throne where Thou dost shine
 May a place at last be mine!

*Saints' Days*

(Index of Tunes, LXIII.)

78.

Tune.--"Deal with me, God, in mercy now."

Rise, fol - low Me! our Mas - ter saith, All ye who
De - ny your - selves, be true to death, Fol - low wher -
make My yoke your choice; e'er ye hear My voice; For - sake the world, nor count it
loss, Tread in My steps, and bear My cross.

Mir nach, spricht Christus, unser Held

Scheffler, 1653

Rise, follow Me! our Master saith,
 All ye who make My yoke your choice;
 Deny yourselves, be true to death,
 Follow where'er ye hear My voice;
 Forsake the world, nor count it loss,
 Tread in My steps, and bear My cross.

Though heavy it may seem, yet think
 I went before, I still am near,
 I fought the fight, and did not shrink,
 I trod the path of suffering here;
 My banner still is in the field,

Would ye, faint hearts, then fly or yield?
 For he who seeks to save his life
 Shall find his care without Me vain;
 Who seems to lose it in the strife
 Shall find it in his God again;
 Who follows not My cross through all,
 He is not worthy of My call.

 Then let us follow Thee, dear Lord,
 As Thy true servants did of old,
 Forsaking all things at Thy word,
 In suffering calm, in danger bold
 'T is only he who wins the fight
 May hope to wear their crown of light.



Saints' Days

(Index of Tunes, XC.)

79.

Tune.--"Ye servants of the Lord, who stand"

True Shep-herd, who in love most deep Didst
 watch and suf-fer for Thy sheep, And didst ap-point Thy
 saints of old To teach and rule and serve Thy fold;

Mein Jesu, wie so gross die Lieb'

Hesenthaler

True Shepherd, who in love most deep
 Did watch and suffer for Thy sheep,
 And didst appoint Thy saints of old
 To Teach and rule and serve Thy fold;

We thank Thee for that gracious care,
 And pray that now and everywhere
 Thy servants call'd to preach Thy Word
 Be faithful shepherds, like their Lord.

Yea, all who own Thee for their Head,
 Oh let them in Thy footsteps tread,
 Owing and loving more Thy cross
 Through persecution, shame, or loss.

No better trophy hath this day
 Than hearts new-kindled to obey
 The call, for Thee that bids them live,
 And gladly yield all earth can give.

Nor for ourselves we pray alone,

In Thee Thy Church is ever one.
Unite us here in faith and love
Until we worship Thee above.

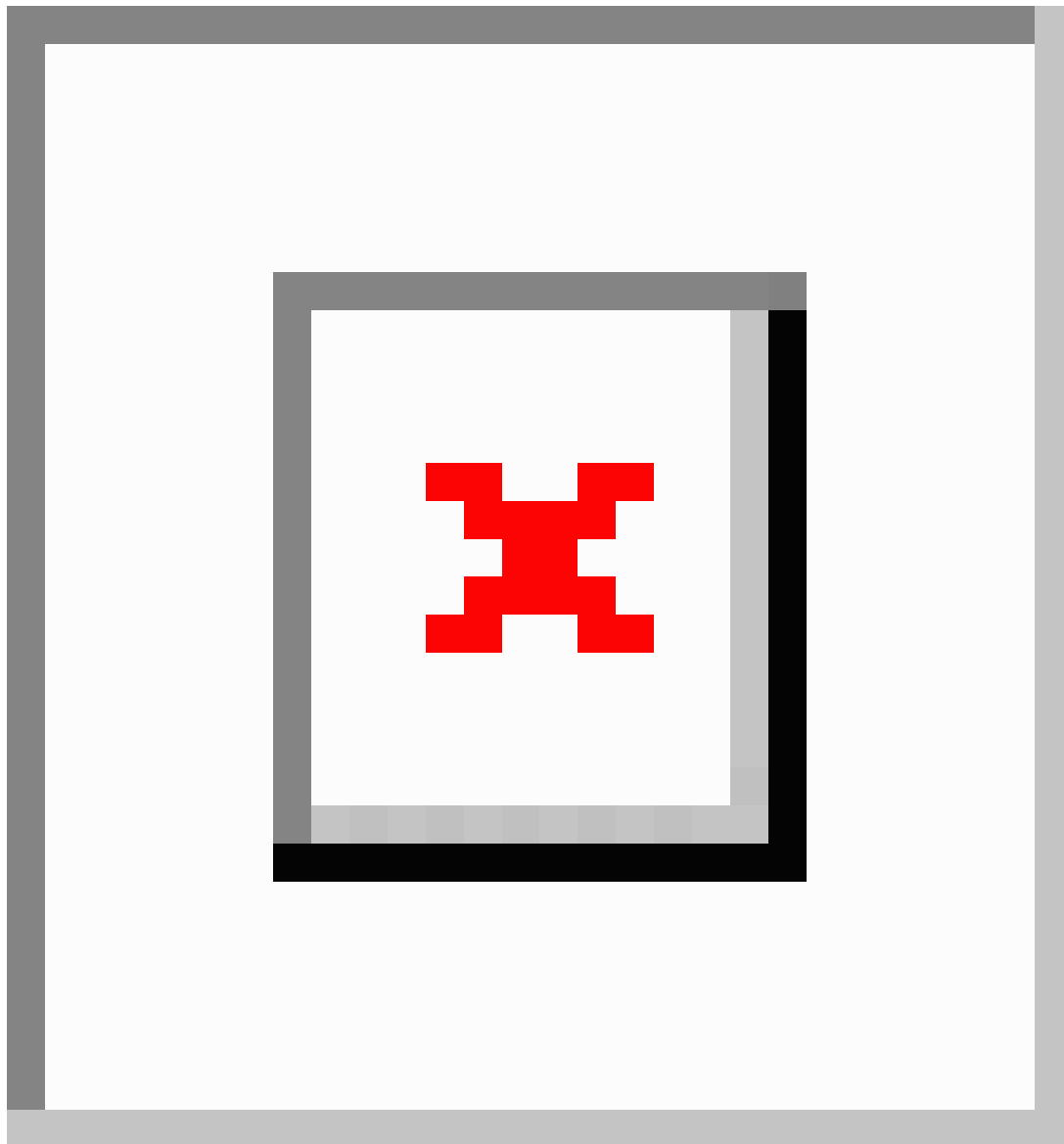


Saints' Days

(Index of Tunes, XCIX.)

80.

Tune.--"Farewell I gladly bid Thee."



Herr Jesu, Licht der Heiden

J. Franck, 1653

Light of the Gentile nations,
 Thy people's joy and love,
 Dawn by Thy Spirit hither,
 We gladly come to prove
 Thy presence in Thy temple,
 And wait with earnest mind,
 As Simeon once had waited
 His Saviour God to find.

Yes, Lord, Thy servants meet Thee,
 Ev'n nuw, in ev'ry place,
 Where Thy true word hath promised
 That they should see Thy face.
 Thou yet wilt gently grant us,
 Who gather round Thee here,
 In faith's strong arms to bear Thee,
 As once that aged seer.

Be Thou our joy, our brightness,
 That shines 'mid pain and loss,
 Our Sun in times of terror,
 The glory round our cross;
 A glow in sinking spirits,
 A sunbeam in distress,
 Physician, friend in sickness;
 In death our happiness.

Let us, O Lord, be faithful
 With Simeon to the end,
 That so his dying song may
 From all our hearts ascend;
 "O Lord, now let Thy servant
 Depart in peace for aye,
 Since I have seen my Saviour,
 Have here beheld His day."

My Saviour, I behold Thee
 Now with the eye of faith;
 No foe of Thee can rob me,
 Though bitter words he saith;
 Within Thy heart abiding,
 As Thou dost dwell in me,
 No pain, no death has terrors
 To part my soul from Thee!

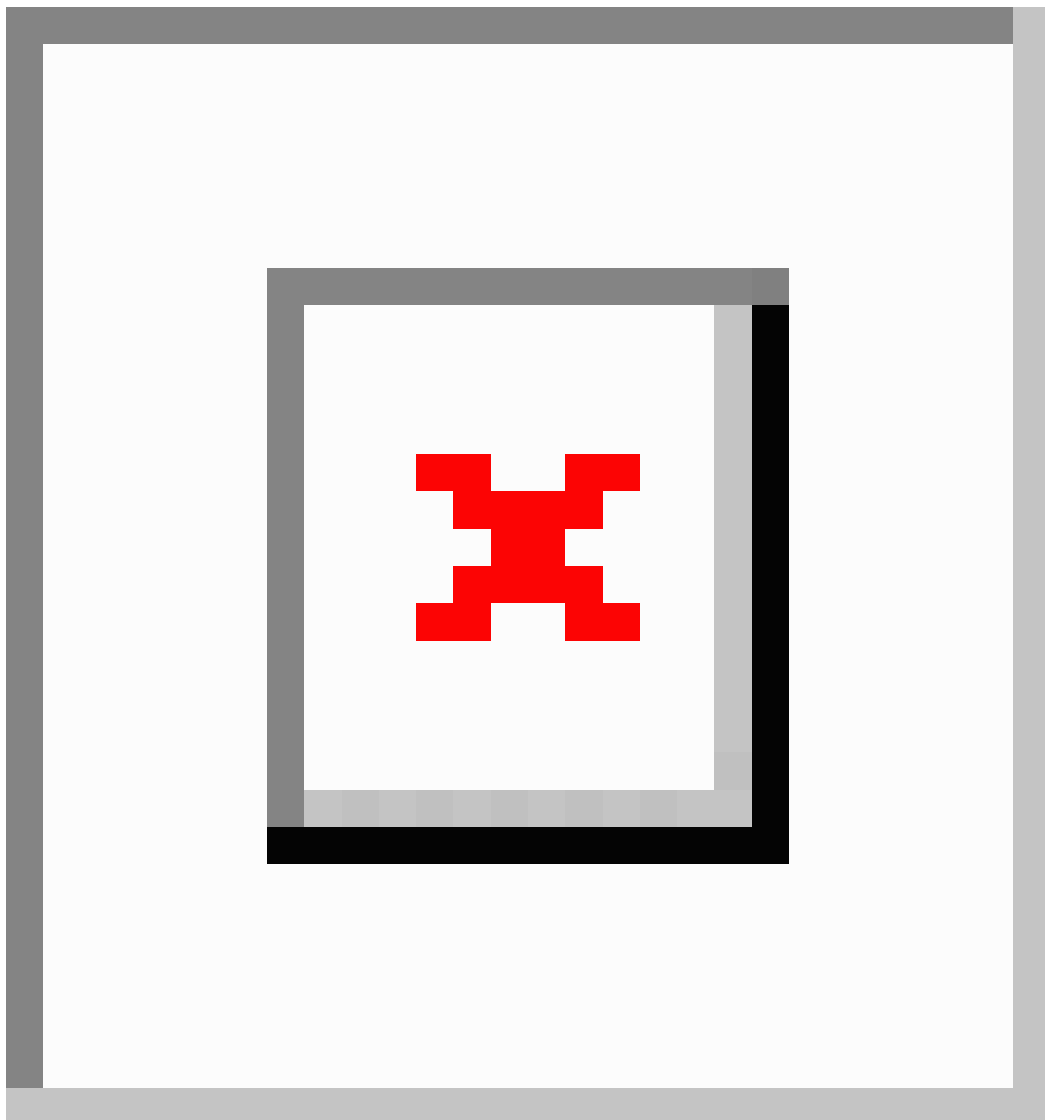


Saints' Days

(LXVIII.--"*Mit Fried' und Freud' fahr' ich dahin.*")

81.

Original Tune.



Mit Fried' und Freud' fahr' ich dahin

Luther, 1525

In peace and joy I now depart,
 According to God's will,
 For full of comfort is my heart,
 So calm and sweet and still;
 So doth God His promise keep,
 And death for me is but a sleep.

'T is Christ hath wrought this work for me,
 Thy dear and only son,
 Whom Thou hast suffer'd me to see,
 And made Him surely known
 As my Help when trouble's rife,
 And even in death itself my Life.

For Thou In mercy unto all
 Hast set this Saviour forth;
 And to His kingdom Thou dost call
 The nations of the earth
 Through His blessed wholesome Word,
 That now in every place is heard.

He is the heathens' saving Light,
 And He will gently lead
 Those who now know Thee not aright,
 And in His pastures feed;
 While His people's joy He is,
 Their Sun, their glory, and thtir bliss.



Saints' Days

(XXV.--"Du keusche Seele du.")

82.

Original Tune.

Thou vir - gin soul! O thou The crown of wo - man's

sto - ry, Thy Jo - seph's bliss and glo - ry,

Thy kins - wo - man thou seek - est now, There thy faith to

cheer and fir Through what God hath wrought for her.

Du keusche Seele du

Buhrmeister, *died* 1688

Thou virgin soul! O thou
 The crown of woman's story,
 Thy Joseph's bliss and glory,
 Thy kinswoman thou seekest now,
 There thy faith to cheer and stir
 Through what God hath wrought for her.

My faith, alas! is weak,
 And where it sees not plainly
 It strives to grasp but vainly,

And scarcely cares new strength to seek;
 Seeing now what God can do,
 May my faith grow stronger too!

Thou Pearl of women, here
 Hast to His will resign'd thee,
 Thou wilt not look behind thee;
 Thy tender heart, towards one so dear
 To thy friends, doth warmly glow,
 Loving service fain would show.

-
 God! I lament to Thee,
 My will towards good is idle,
 And yet I scarce can bridle
 Its sinful impulses in me;
 May my course hereafter prove
 Rich in good works and in love!

At last thou goest forth,
 Most loving soul and fairest,
 With thee thy Lord thou bearest;
 The Father's Word come down to earth.
 Happy thou! that He will be
 Thus companion unto thee.

The world is such a place,
 Where we are pilgrims only,
 And we must fear, if lonely
 We meet the end that comes apace.
 Jesus! let me then by faith
 Walk with Thee through life and death!

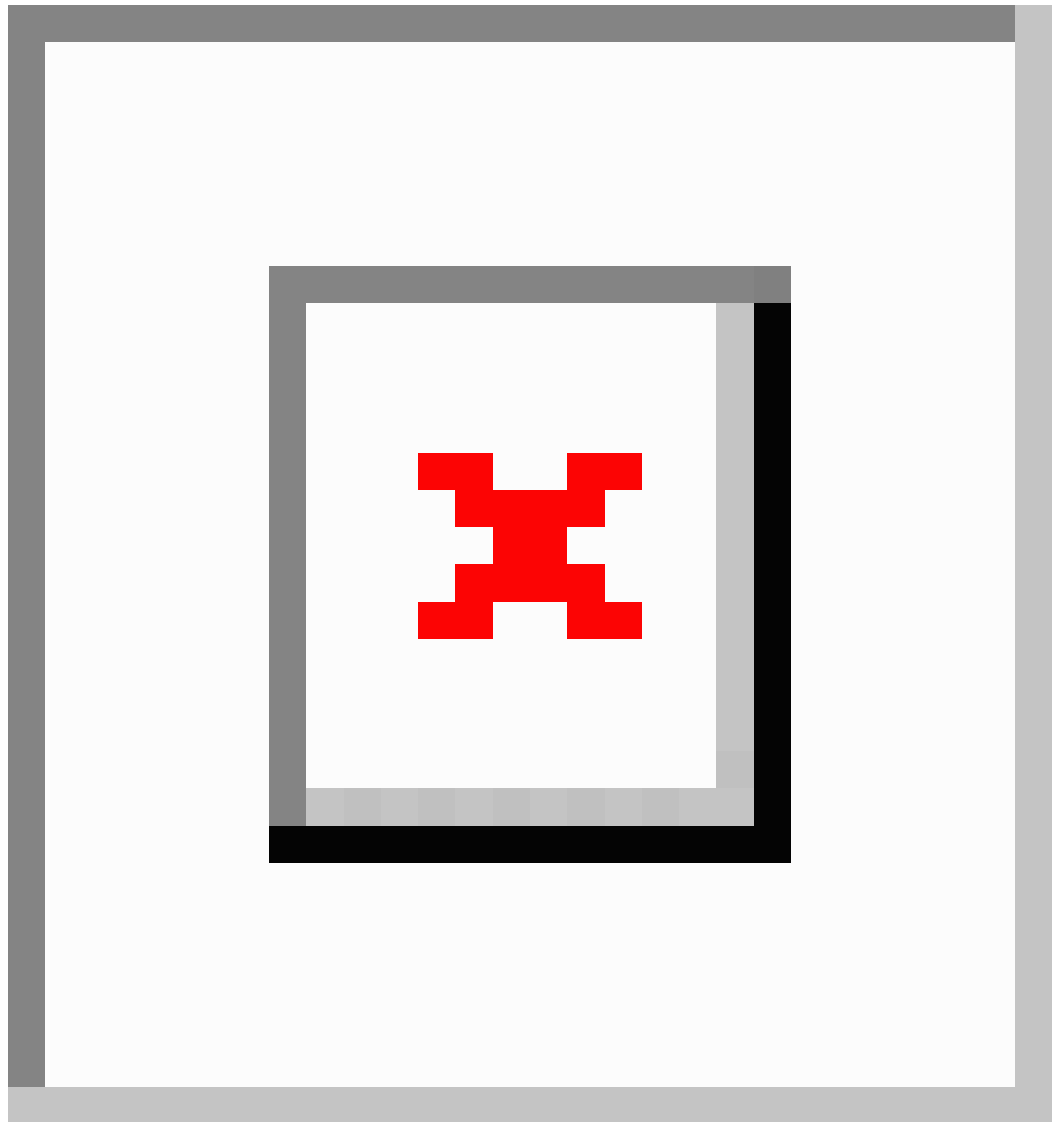


Saints' Days

(Index of Tunes, LXXXIX.)

83.

Tune.--"When the Lord recalls the banished."



Tröstet, tröstet meine Lieben

D. J. Olearius, 1671

Comfort, comfort ye my people,
 Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
 Comfort those who sit in darkness,
 Mourning 'neath their sorrows' load;
 Speak ye to Jerusalem
 Of the peace that waits for them,
 Tell her that her sins I cover,
 And her warfare now is over.
 Yea, her sins our God will pardon,
 Blotting out each dark misdeed;
 All that well deserved His anger

He will no more see nor heed.
 She hath suffer'd many a day,
 Now her griefs have passed away,
 God will change her pining sadness
 Into ever-springing gladness.
 For Elijah's voice is crying
 In the desert far and near,
 Bidding all men to repentance,
 Since the kingdom now is here.
 Oh that warning cry obey,
 Now prepare for God a way;
 Let the valleys rise to meet Him,
 And the hills bow down to greet Him.
 Make ye straight what long was crooked,
 Make the rougher places plain,
 Let your hearts be true and humble,
 As befits His holy reign;
 For the glory of the Lord
 Now o'er earth is shed abroad,
 And all flesh shall see the token
 That His Word is never broken.

*Saints' Days*

(Index of Tunes, CII.)

84.*Tune.*--"From God shall nought divide me."

Ye sons of men, in earnest Pre.
The wondrous Con- qu'ror com- eth, Whose

prepare your hearts within, Whom God in grace alone
power can save from sin,

Hath promised long to send us, To lighten and be-

friend us, And make His mer- cy known.

Mit Ernst, O Menschenkinder

Thilo, 1642

Ye sons of men, in earnest
 Prepare your hearts within,
 The wondrous Conqu'ror cometh,
 Whose power can save from sin,
 Whom God in grace alone
 Hath promised long to send us,
 To lighten and befriend us,
 And make His mercy known.

Oh set your ways in order

When such a guest is nigh;
 Make plain the paths before Him
 That now deserted lie.
 Forsake what He doth hate,
 Exalt the lowly valleys,
 Bring down all pride and malice,
 And make the crooked straight.

The heart that's meek and lowly
 Is highest with our God;
 The heart now proud and lofty
 He humbles with His rod;
 The heart that's unentic'd
 By sin, and fears to grieve Him,
 Is ready to receive Him,
 To such comes Jesus Christ.

'Twas thus St. John hath taught us,
 'Twas thus he preach'd of yore;
 And they will feel God's anger
 Who list not to his lore.
 Ah God! now let his voice
 To Thy true service win us,
 That Christ may come within us,
 And we in Him rejoice!

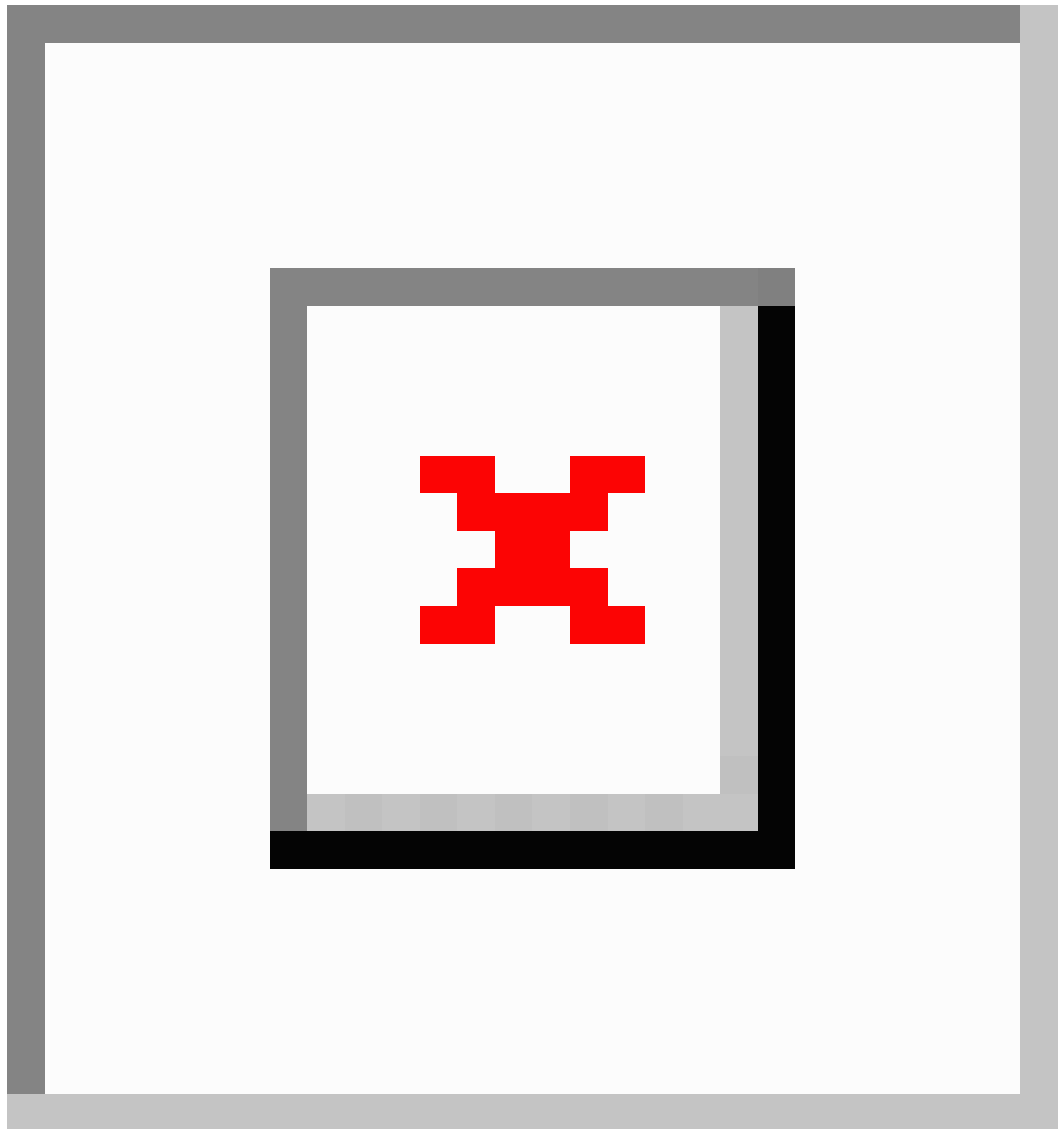


Saints' Days

(Index of Tunes, LX.)

85.

Tune.--"Shall I not sing praise to Thee."



Ehr und Dank sei dir gesungen

Rist, 1655

Praise and thanks to Thee be sung,
Mighty God, in sweetest tone!
Lo! from ev'ry land and tongue
Nations gather round Thy throne,
Praising Thee that Thou dost send,
Daily from Thy heav'n above,
Angel-messengers of love,
Who Thy threaten'd Church defend.
Who can offer worthily,
Lord of angels, praise to Thee!
'T is your office, Spirits bright,

Still to guard us night and day,
 And before your heavenly might
 Powers of darkness flee away;
 Ever doth your unseen host
 Camp around us, and avert
 All that feeks to do us hurt,
 Curbing Satan's malice most.
 Lord, who then can worthily
 For such goodness honour Thee!

 And ye come on ready wing,
 When we drift toward sheer despair,
 Seeing nought where we might cling,
 Suddenly, lo, ye are there!
 And the wearied heart grows strong,
 As an angel strengthen'd Him,
 Fainting in the garden dim
 'Neath the world's vast woe and wrong.
 Lord, who then can worthily
 For such mercy honour Thee!

 Right and seemly is it then
 We should glory, that our God
 Hath such honour put on men,
 That He sends o'er earth abroad
 Princes of the realm above,
 Champions, who by day and night
 Shield us with His holy might;
 Come, behold how great His love!
 Lord, who then can worthily
 For such favour honour Thee!

 Praise and thanks to Thee be sung,
 Mighty God, in sweetest tone!
 Lo! from ev'ry land and tongue
 Nations gather round Thy throne,
 Praising Thee that Thou dost send,
 Hourly from Thy glorious sphere,
 Angels down to help us here,
 And Thy threaten'd Church defend.
 Let us henceforth worthily,
 Lord of angels, honour Thee.

Ember Weeks

- 86. Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come
- 87. Wake, Spirit, who in times now olden
- 88. Ye servants of the Lord, who stand



Ember Weeks

(Cl.--"Veni Creator Spiritus.")

86.

Original Tune.

Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor, come,

And vi - sit all the souls of Thine ;

Thou hast in - spired our hearts with life ;

In - spire them now with life di - vine.

Veni Creator Spiritus

Komm, Gott Schöpfer, Heil'ger Geist

Anon.

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
 And visit all the souls of Thine:
 Thou hast inspired our hearts with life;
 Inspire them now with life divine.

Thou art the Comforter, the gift
 Of God most high; the fire of love,
 The everlasting spring of joy,
 And holy unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold; Thou writ'st
 God's laws in every faithful heart;
 The promise of the Father, Thou
 Dost heavenly eloquence impart.

Enlighten our dark souls, till they
 Thy love, Thy heavenly love embrace;
 And since we are by nature frail
 Assist us with Thy saving grace.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
 And grant us to have peace within;
 That, with Thy light and guidance blest,
 We may escape the snares of sin.

Teach us the Father to confess,
 And Son, who from the grave revived;
 And, with the Father and the Son,
 Thee, Holy Ghost, from both derived.

With Thee, O Father, therefore may
 The Son, who was from death restor'd,
 And sacred Comforter, One God,
 To endless ages be adored!

*Ember Weeks*

(Index of Tunes, XXIII.)

87.*Tune.*--"Jehovah, let me now adore Thee."

Wake, Spi - rit, who in times now old - en
And a - gainst ev - 'ry foe em - bold - en,
Didst fire the watch - men of the Church - 's youth,
To wit - nefs day and night th'e - ter - nal truth,
Whose voi - ces through the world are ring - ing still,
And bring - ing hosts to know and do Thy will:

Wach auf, du Geist der ersten Zeugen

Bogatsky, 1727

Wake, Spirit, who in times now olden
Didst fire the watchmen of the Church's youth,
And against ev'ry foe embolden,
To witness day and night th'eternal truth,
Whose voices through the world are ringing still,
And bringing hosts to know and do Thy will:

Soon may that fire from heaven be lent us,
That swift from land to land its flame may leap!

Soon, Lord, that, priceless boon be sent us
 Of faithful servants, fit for Thee to reap
 The harvest of the soul,--look down and view
 How great the harvest, but the labourers few.

Lord, to our earnest prayer now hearken,
 The prayer we offer at Thy Son's command,
 For, lo! while storms around us darken,
 Thy children's hearts are stirr'd in every land,
 To cry for help, with fervent soul, to Thee;
 O hear us, Lord, and speak: "Thus let it be!"

Oh speedily that help be granted!
 Send forth evangelists, in spirit strong,
 Arm'd with Thy Word, a host undaunted,
 Bold to attack the rule of ancient wrong,
 And let them all the earth for Thee reclaim,
 To be Thy kingdom and to know Thy name!

Grant that for which Thy people calleth!
 Send down Thy promised Spirit, Lord, in might,
 Before whom every barrier falleth,
 And let it thus at evening-time be light;
 Oh rend the heavens, and make Thy presence felt,
 The chains that bind us at Thy touch would melt.

Let Zion's paths lie waste no longer,
 Remove the hindrances that there have lain,
 And let Thy Word go forth to conquer;
 Destroy false doctrine, root out notions vain,
 Set free from hirelings, let the Church and school
 Bloom as a garden 'neath thy prospering rule.



Ember Weeks

(XC.--Psalm 134, Goudimel.)

88.

Original Tune.

The image shows a three-system musical score for a chorale. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Ye ser - vants of the Lord, who stand With - in His tem - ple night and day, To wait and watch for His com - mand, Oh praise the Lord whom ye o - bey."

Ihr Knecht' des Herren allegleich

Lobwasser, 1573

Ye servants of the Lord, who stand
 Within His temple night and day,
 To wait and watch for His command,
 Oh praise the Lord whom ye obey.

Lift up your hands in praise and prayer,
 And thank Him in His holy place;
 Let heart and voice alike declare
 His wondrous glory and His grace.

And God who earth and heaven hath made,
 And holds in being by His power,
 Be now from Zion your constant aid,
 And richest blessings o'er you shower!

Baptism

89. Thy parents' arms now yield thee

90. Blessed Jesus, here we stand

Baptism

(Index of Tunes, CIII.)

89.

Tune.--"O enter, Lord, Thy temple."

Thy pa - rents' arms now yield thee, With love all glow - ing warm,
To Him who best can shield thee, To that E - ter - nal Arm

That bids the dead a - rise, And earth and heav'n up - hold - eth,

That ten - der babes en - fold - eth, And leads them to the skies,

The musical score is written in 4/2 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

*Aus diener Eltern Armen*A. Knapp, *modern*

Thy parents' arms now yield thee,
 With love all glowing warm,
 To Him who best can shield thee,
 To that Eternal Arm
 That bids the dead arise,
 And earth and heav'n upholdeth,
 That tender babes enfoldeth,
 And leads them to the skies.

Wash'd in the blood that gushes
 From out His wounded heart,

Wrapp'd in the peace that hushes
 All earthly woe and smart,
 Begin thy pilgrimage,
 And seek, as more thou learnest,
 With wisdom glad yet earnest,
 Thy proper heritage.

Oh sweet shall sound the voices
 That hail thee from above,
 Where heaven's bright host rejoices
 Before the Eternal Love:
 "Now past is all thy strife,
 And thou canst wander never,
 Then bless the hour for ever
 That call'd thee into life!



(Index of Tunes, LXI.)

Baptism

90.

Tune.--"Blessed Jesus, at Thy word."



Bless - - ed Je - - sus, here we stand,
And this child at Thy com - - mand

Met to do as Thou hast spo - - ken,
Now we bring to Thee, in to - - ken

That to Christ it here is giv - - en,

For of such shall be His Hea - - ven.

Liebster Jesu, hier sind wir

Schmolck, 1704

Blessed Jesus, here we stand,
Met to do as Thou hast spoken,
And this child at Thy command
Now we bring to Thee, in token
That to Christ it here is given,
For of such shall be His Heaven.

Yes, Thy warning voice is plain,
And we fain would keep it duly,

"He who is not born again,
 Heart and life renewing truly,
 Born of water and the Spirit,
 Will My kingdom ne'er inherit."

Therefore hasten we to Thee,
 Take the pledge we bring, oh take it!
 Let us here Thy glory see,
 And in tender pity make it
 Now Thy child, and leave it never--
 Thine on earth, and Thine for ever.

Turn the darkness into light,
 To Thy grace receive and save it;
 Heal the serpent's venom'd bite,
 In the font where now we lave it;
 Let Thy Spirit pure and lowly
 Banish thought or taint unholy.

Make it, Head, Thy member now,
 Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it,
 Prince of Peace, its peace be Thou,
 Way of life, to Heaven oh lead it,
 Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
 Grafted firm in Thee for ever.

Now upon Thy heart it lies,
 What our hearts so dearly treasure,
 Heavenward lead our burden'd sighs,
 Pour Thy blessing without measure,
 Write the name we now have given,
 Write it in the book of Heaven.

Confirmation

91. From Thy heav'nly home
 92. Baptized into Thy name most holy



Confirmation

(Index of Tunes, XCV.)

91.

Tune.--"Jesu, day by day."

From Thy heav'n - ly throne, Son of God, make
known Now Thy pow'r, Thy Spi - rit send us,
Strength for this great work to lend us, That we all may
be Whol - ly giv'n to Thee.

Von des Himmels Thron

Marot, *modern*

From Thy heav'nly home,
Son of God, make known
Now Thy pow'r, Thy Spirit send us,
Strength for this great work to lend us,
That we all may be
Wholly giv'n to Thee.

Thou our hearts prepare,
Shed Thy gladness there,
That we boldly may confess Thee

As our only Lord, and bless Thee
 Whose most precious blood
 Flow'd to work our good.
 Draw our hearts above,
 Fill them with Thy love,
 So to keep the vows we offer,
 Scorning all that earth can proffer,
 Truly day by day
 Walking in Thy way.
 And as we draw near
 For Thy blessing here,
 May Thy grace in heavenly showers
 Quicken all our inner powers,
 And Thy light and peace
 In our hearts increase.
 Let Thy Spirit, Lord,
 Promised in Thy Word,
 Keep us steadfastly in union
 With Thy faithful saints' communion,
 Till in yon blest place
 We behold Thy face!



(Index of Tunes, CXV.)

Confirmation

92.

Tune.--"If thou but suffer God to guide thee."

Bap - tized in - to Thy name most ho - ly,
I claim a place, though weak and low - ly,

O Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,
A - mong Thy seed, Thy cho - sen host,

Bu - ried with Christ, and dead to sin,

Thy Spi - rit now shall live with - in.

Ich bin getauft auf deinen Namen

Rambach, 1723

Baptized into Thy name most holy,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
I claim a place, though weak and lowly,
Among Thy seed, Thy chosen host;
Buried with Christ, and dead to sin,
Thy Spirit now shall live within.

My loving Father here doth take me
To be henceforth His child and heir;

My faithful Saviour now doth make me
 The fruit of all His sorrows share;
 My Comforter will comfort me
 When darkest clouds around I see.

 And I have vowed to fear and love Thee,
 And to obey Thee, Lord, alone;
 I felt Thy Spirit inly move me,
 And dared to pledge myself Thy own,
 Renouncing sin to keep the faith,
 And war with evil to the death.

 My faithful God, Thou failest never,
 Thy covenant surely will abide;
 Oh cast me not away for ever,
 Should I transgress it on my side,
 If I have sore my soul defiled,
 Yet still forgive, restore Thy child.

 Yea, all I am and love most dearly
 To Thee I offer now the whole;
 Oh let me make my vows sincerely,
 Take full possession of my soul,
 Let nought within me, nought I own,
 Serve any will but Thine alone.

 And never let my purpose falter,
 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 But keep me faithful to Thine altar,
 Till Thou shalt call me from my post;
 So unto Thee I live and die,
 And praise Thee evermore on high.

Holy Communion

93. Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness
 94. O Living Bread from heaven
 95. Oh how could I forget Him



Holy Communion

(XCIV.-- "*Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele.*")

93.

Original Tune.

Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the
Come in - to the day - light's splen - dour, There with

gloo-my haunts of sad - ness, Un - to Him whose grace un-bound-ed
Joy thy prais - es ren - der

Hath this won-drous ban-quet found - ed, High o'er all the heav'n's He

reign - eth, Yet to dwell with thee He deign - eth,

Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele

J. Frank, 1653

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the daylight's splendour,
There with joy thy praises render
Unto Him whose grace unbounded
Hath this wondrous banquet founded,
High o'er all the heav'n's he reigneth,
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

Hasten as a Bride to meet Him,
 And with loving reverence greet Him,
 For with words of life immortal
 Now He knocketh at thy portal;
 Haste to ope the gates before Him,
 Saying, while thou dost adore Him,
 "Suffer, Lord, that I receive Thee,
 And I never more will leave Thee."

Ah how hungers all my spirit
 For the love I do not merit!
 Oft have I, with sighs fast thronging,
 Thought upon this food with longing,
 In the battle well-nigh worsted,
 For this cup of life have thirsted,
 For the Friend, who here invites us,
 And to God Himself unites us.

Now I sink before Thee lowly,
 Fill'd with joy most deep and holy,
 As with trembling awe and wonder
 On Thy mighty works I ponder,
 Now, by mystery surrounded,
 Depths no man hath ever sounded,
 None may dare to pierce unbidden
 Secrets that with Thee art hidden.

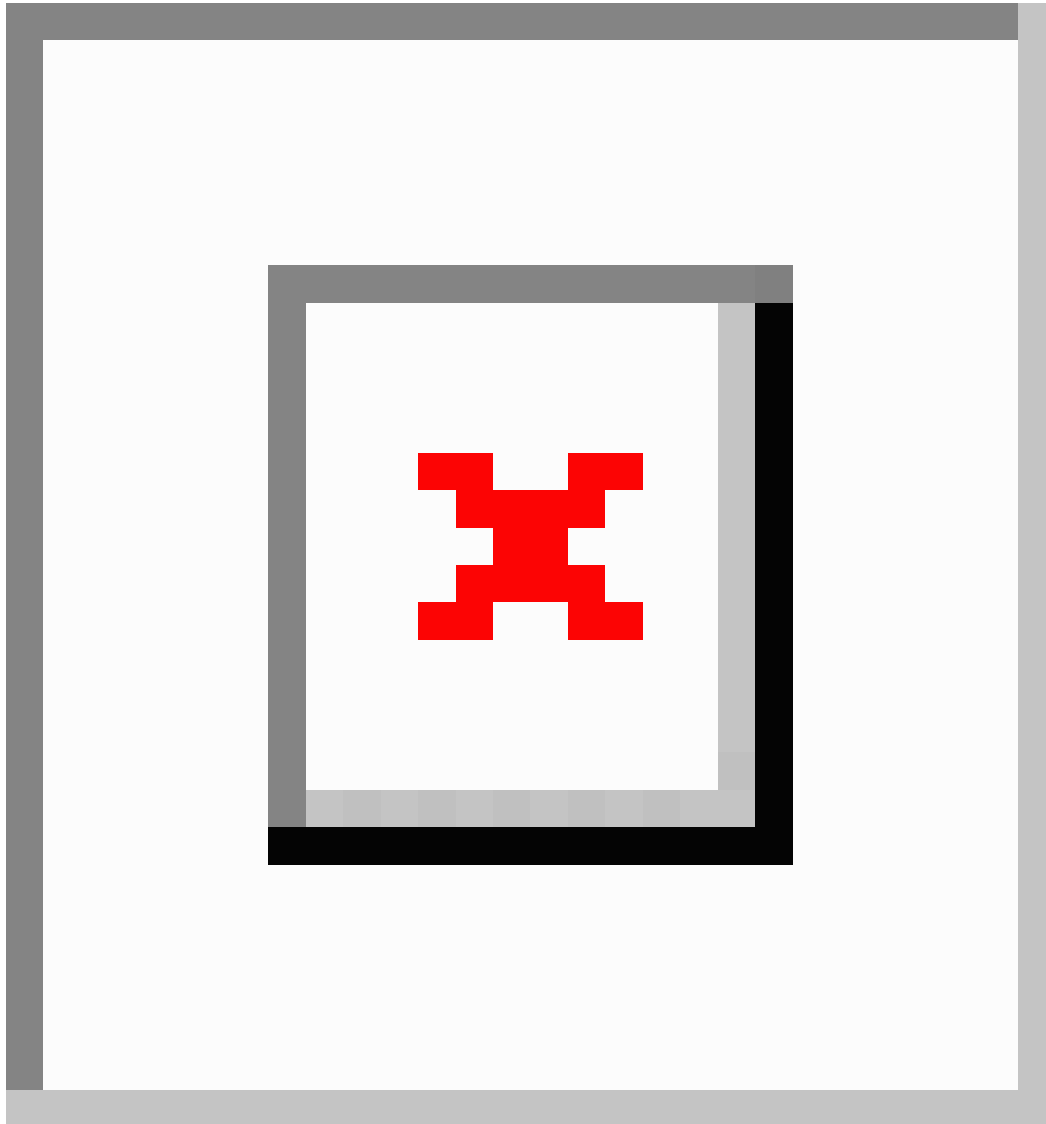
Sun, who all my life dost brighten,
 Light, who dost my soul enlighten,
 Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
 Fount, whence all my being floweth,
 At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,
 Let me be a fit partaker
 Of this blessed food from heaven,
 For our good, Thy glory, given.

Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee,
 Let me gladly here obey Thee,
 Never to my hurt invited,
 Be Thy love with love requited;
 From this banquet let me measure,
 Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;
 Through the gifts Thou here dost give me
 As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

*Holy Communion*

(Index of Tunes, LXXIV.)

94.

Tune.--"My soul, now praise thy Maker."*Wie wohl hast du gelabet*

Rist, 1651

O Living Bread from heaven,
 How richly hast Thou fed Thy guest!
 The gifts Thou now hast given
 Have fill'd my heart with joy and rest.
 O wondrous food of blessing,
 O cup that heals our woes,

My heart this gift possessing
 In thankful songs o'erflows;
 For while the life and strength in me
 Were quicken'd by this food,
 My soul hath gaz'd awhile on Thee,
 My highest, only Good!

My God, Thou here hast led me
 Within Thy temple's holiest place,
 And there Thyself hast fed me
 With all the treasures of Thy grace;
 Oh boundless is Thy kindness,
 And righteous is Thy power,
 While I in sinful blindness
 Am erring hour by hour;
 And yet Thou comest, dost not spurn
 A sinner, Lord, like me!
 Ah how can I Thy love return,
 What gift have I for Thee?

A heart that hath repented,
 And mourns for sin with bitter sighs,--
 Thou, Lord, art well-contented
 With this my only sacrifice.

I know that in my weakness
 Thou wilt despise me not,
 But grant me in Thy meekness
 The favour I have sought!
 Yes, Thou wilt deign in grace to heed
 The song that now I raise,
 For meet and right is it indeed
 That I should sing Thy praise.

Grant what I have partaken
 May through Thy grace so work in me,
 That sin be all forsaken,
 And I may cleave alone to Thee,
 And all my soul be heedful
 How she Thy love may know:
 For this alone is needful,
 Thy love should in me glow;
 Then let no beauty please mine eyes,
 No joy allure my heart,
 But what in Thee, my Saviour, lies,
 What Thou dost here impart.

O well for me that, strengthen'd
 With heavenly food and comfort here,
 Howe'er my course be lengthen'd,
 I now may serve Thee free from fear.
 Away then earthly pleasure,
 All earthly gifts are vain,
 I seek a heavenly treasure,
 My home I long to gain,
 Where I shall live and praise my God,
 And none my peace destroy,
 Where all the soul is overflow'd
 With pure eternal joy.

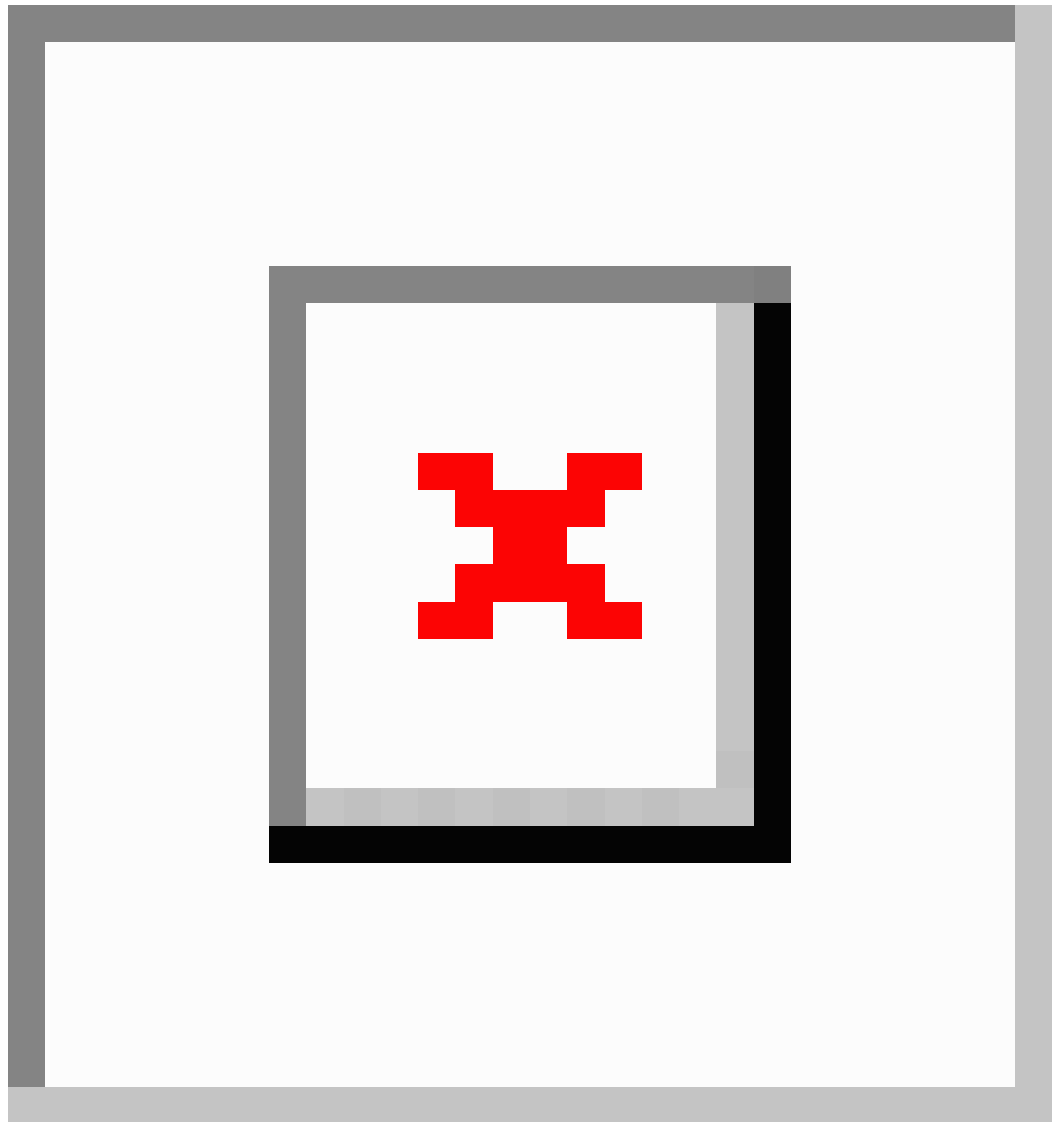


Holy Communion

(Index of Tunes, XCIX.)

95.

Tune.--"Farewell I gladly bid Thee."



Wie könnt' ich Sein vergessen

Kern, *died* 1835

Oh how could I forget Him,
 Who ne'er forgetteth me?
Or tell the love that let Him
 Descend to set me free?
Have I not seen Him dying
 For us on yonder tree?
Have I not heard him crying,
 Arise and follow me?

For ever will I love Him
 Who saw my hopeless plight,
Who felt my sorrows move Him,

And brought me life and light;
 Whose arm shall be around me
 When my last hour is come,
 And suffer none to wound me,
 Though dark the passage home.

He gives me pledges holy,
 His body and His blood,
 He lifts the scorn'd, the lowly,
 He makes my courage good,
 For He will reign within me,
 And shed His graces there;
 The heaven He died to win me
 Can I then fail to share?

In joy and sorrow ever
 Shine through me, Blessed Heart,
 Who bleeding for us, never
 Didst shrink from sores smart!
 Whate'er I've lov'd, or striven,
 Or borne, I bring to Thee,
 Now let Thy heart and heaven
 Stand open, Lord, to me.

Burial of the Dead

96. Now lay we calmly in the grave
 97. Now hush your cries, and shed no tear
 98. The precious seed of weeping
 99. Christ will gather in His own



Burial of the Dead

(LXXIII.--"Nun lass't uns den Leib begraben.")

96.

Original Tune.

Now lay we calm - ly in the grave
 This form, where - of no doubt we have
 That it shall rise a - gain that day,
 In glo - rious tri - umph o'er de - cay.

Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben

M. Weiss, 1531

Now lay we calmly in the grave
 This form, whereof no doubt we have
 That it shall rise again that day,
 In glorious triumph o'er decay.

And so to earth again we trust
 What came from dust, and turns to dust,
 And from the dust shall surely rise
 When the last trumpet fills the skies.

His soul is living now in God
 Whose grace his pardon hath bestow'd,
 Who through His Son redeem'd him here
 From bondage unto sin and fear.

His trials and his griefs are past,
 A blessed end is his at last;
 He bore Christ's yoke, and did His will,
 And though he died he liveth still.

He lives where none can mourn and weep,
 And calmly shall this body sleep
 Till God shall Death himself destroy
 And raise it into glorious joy.

He suffer'd pain and grief below,
 Christ heals him now from all his woe;
 For him hath endless joy begun;
 He shines in glory like the sun.

Then let us leave him to his rest,
 And homeward turn, for he is blest,
 And we must well our souls prepare,
 When death shall come, to meet him there.

So help us, Christ, our Hope in loss!
 Thou hast redeem'd us by Thy cross
 From endless death and misery;
 We praise, we bless, we worship Thee!



Burial of the Dead

(Index of Tunes, LXXIII.)

97.

Tune.--"Now lay we calmly in the grave."

Chorale Book for England

Now hush your cries, and shed no tear,
 On such death none should look with fear,
 He died a faithful Christian man,
 And with his death true life began.

Hört auf mit Trauern und mit Klag'

N. Hermann, 1560

Now hush your cries, and shed no tear,
 On such death none should look with fear;
 He died a faithful Christian man,
 And with his death true life began.

Coffin and grave we deck with care,
 His body reverently we bear,
 It is not dead but rests in God,
 And softly sleeps beneath the sod.

It seems as all were over now,--
 The heavy limbs, the soulless brow,--
 Yet through these rigid limbs once more
 A nobler life, ere long, shall pour.

These dead dry bones again shall feel
 New warmth and vigour through them steal
 Re knit and living they shall soar
 On high where Christ lives evermore.

This body, lying stiff and stark,
 Shall rise unharm'd from out the dark,
 And swiftly mount up through the skies
 Even as the spirit heavenwards flies.

The buried grain of wheat must die,
 Wither'd and worthless long must lie,
 Yet springs to light all sweet and fair,
 And proper fruits shall richly bear:

Even so this body made of dust,
 To earth we once again entrust,
 And painless it shall slumber here,
 Until the Last Great Day appear.

God breathed into this house of clay
 The spirit that hath pass'd away,
 Christ gave the true courageous mind,
 The noble heart, ye no more find.

Now earth has hid it from our eyes,
 Till God shall bid it wake and rise,
 Who ne'er the creature will forget,
 On whom His image He hath set.

Ah would that promised Day were here,
 When Christ shall once again appear;
 When He shall call, nor one be lost,
 To endless life earth's buried host!

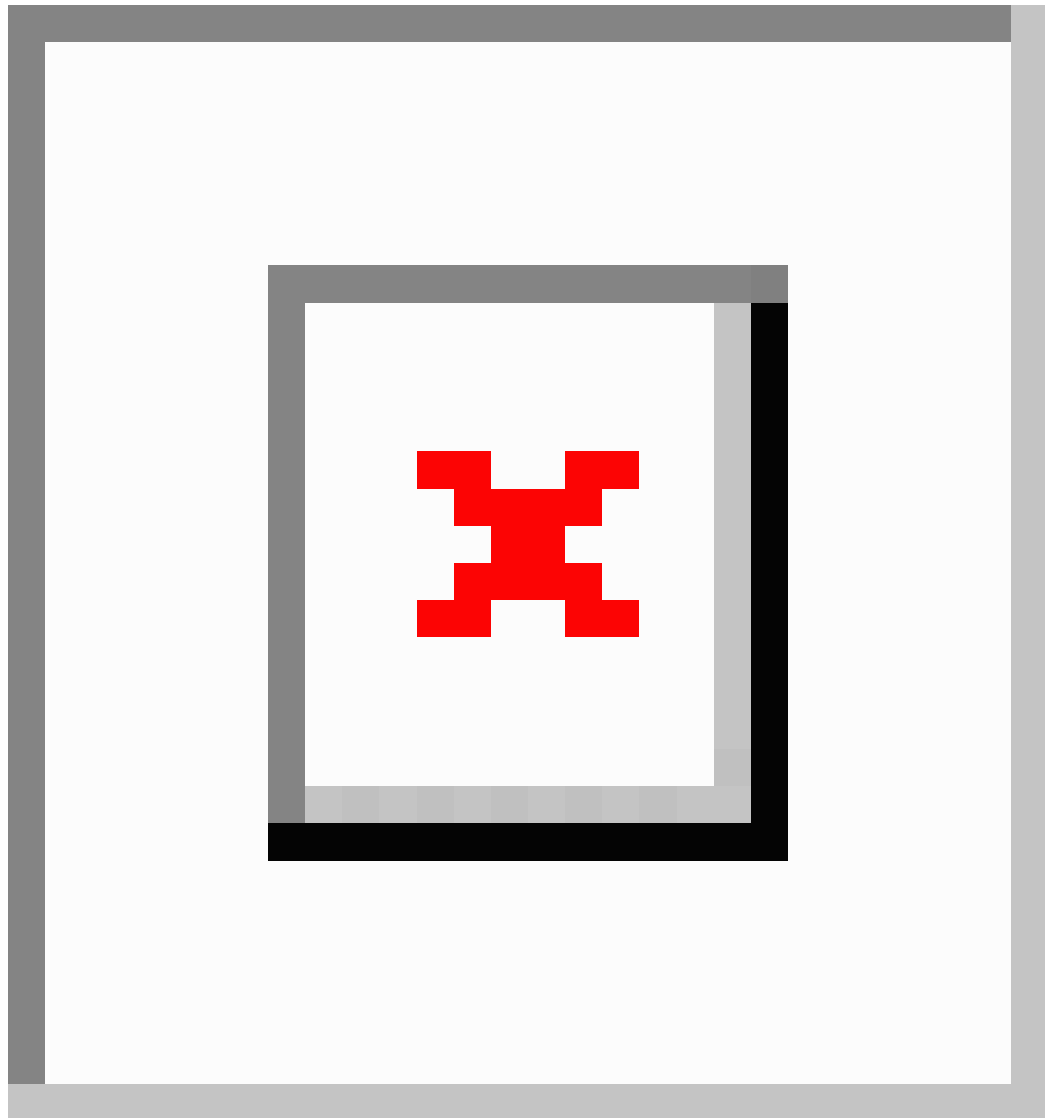


Burial of the Dead

(Index of Tunes, XL.)

98.

Tune.--"Ah wounded Head!"



Am Grabe steh'n wir stille

Spitta, *modern*

The precious seed of weeping
 Today we sow once more,
 The form of one now sleeping,
 Whose pilgrimage is o'er.
 Ah! death but safely lands him
 Where we too would attain;
 Our Father's voice demands him,
 And death to him is gain.

He has what we are wanting,
 He sees what we believes,
 The sins on earth so haunting

Have there no power to grieve;
 Safe in His Saviour's keepings
 Who sent him calm release,--
 'Tis only we are weeping,
 He dwells in perfect peace.

The crown of life he weareth.
 He bears the shining palm,
 The "Holy, holy," heareth,
 And joins the angels' psalm;
 But we poor pilgrims wander
 Still through this land of woe,
 Till we shall meet him yonder,
 And all his joy shall know.



Burial of the Dead

(LXXII.--"Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland.")

99.

Christ will gather in His own To the place where He is gone,

'Where their heart and treasure lie, Where our life is hid on high.

Aller Glaubigen Sammelplatz

Chr. Gregor, 1778

Christ will gather in His own
 To the place where He is gone,
 Where their heart and treasure lie,
 Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the voice saith, "Come,
Enter thine eternal home;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

Had he ask'd us, well we know
We should cry, oh spare this blow!
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him stay!"

But the Lord doth nought amiss,
And since He hath order'd this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.

Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too inly dear;
Yet, O Love, 't is Thou doat call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

The Word of God

100. O Christ, our true and only Light
101. Ah God, from heav'n look down and see
102. Thy Word, O Lord, is gentle dew
103. Lord, keep us steadfast in Thy word

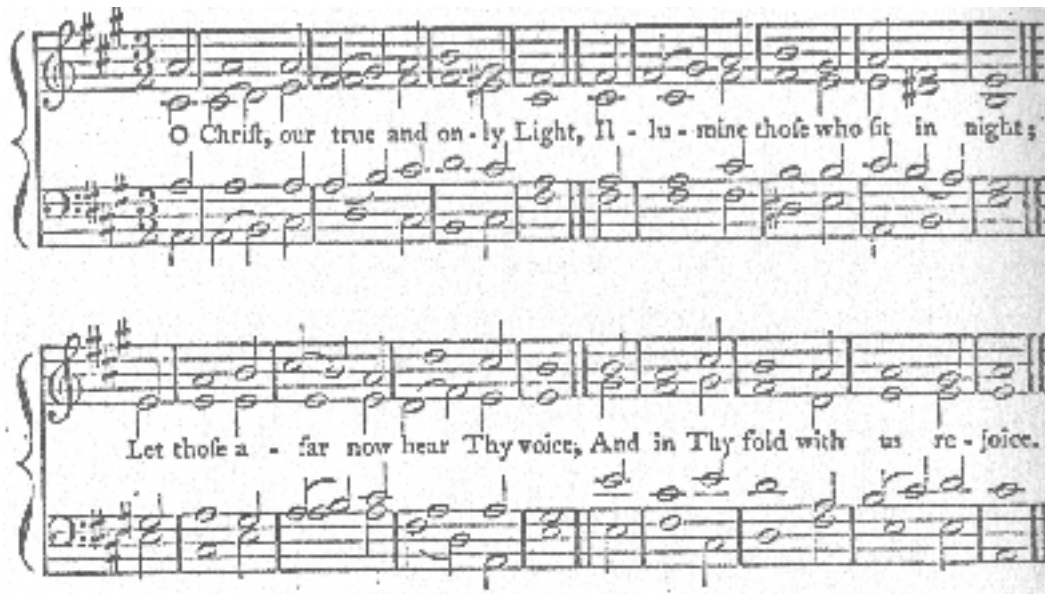


The Word of God

(Index of Tunes, LXXXII.)

100.

Tune.--"Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light."



O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht

J. Heermann, 1630

O Christ, our true and only Light,
 Illumine those who sit in night;
 Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
 And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
 The souls now lost in error's maze,
 And all whom in their secret minds
 Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

And all who else have stray'd from Thee,
 Oh gently seek! Thy healing be
 To every wounded conscience given,
 And let them also share Thy heaven.

Oh make the deaf to bear Thy word,
 And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
 Who dare not yet the faith avow,
 Though secretly they hold it now.

Shine on the darken'd and the cold,
 Recall the wand'ers from Thy fold,
 Unite those now who walk apart,
 Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

So they with us may evermore
 Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
 And endless praise to Thee be given

By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.



The Word of God

(LXXI.--"Nun freut euch lieben Christeng'mein.")

101.

Ah God, from heav'n look down and see,
 How few, a - las! Thy ser - vants be,

And let com - pas - sion move Thee, Thy
 How help - less those who love Thee, Thy

Word is suf - fer'd not to stand, And Faith seems quench'd on

er - ry hand In this dark time of trou - - ble.

Ach Gott, vom Himmel sieh darein
 Luther, 1523

Ah God, from heav'n look down and see,
 And let compassion move Thee,
 How few, alas! Thy servants be,
 How helpless those who love Thee.
 Thy Word is suffer'd not to stand,
 And Faith seems quench'd on ev'ry hand
 In this dark time of trouble.

False teachings now men spread abroad,
 Mere schemes of men's invention,
 Not grounded on God's own true Word,
 And so they breed dissension;
 Their outward seeming may be fair,
 But one goes here, another there,
 And tends the Church asunder.

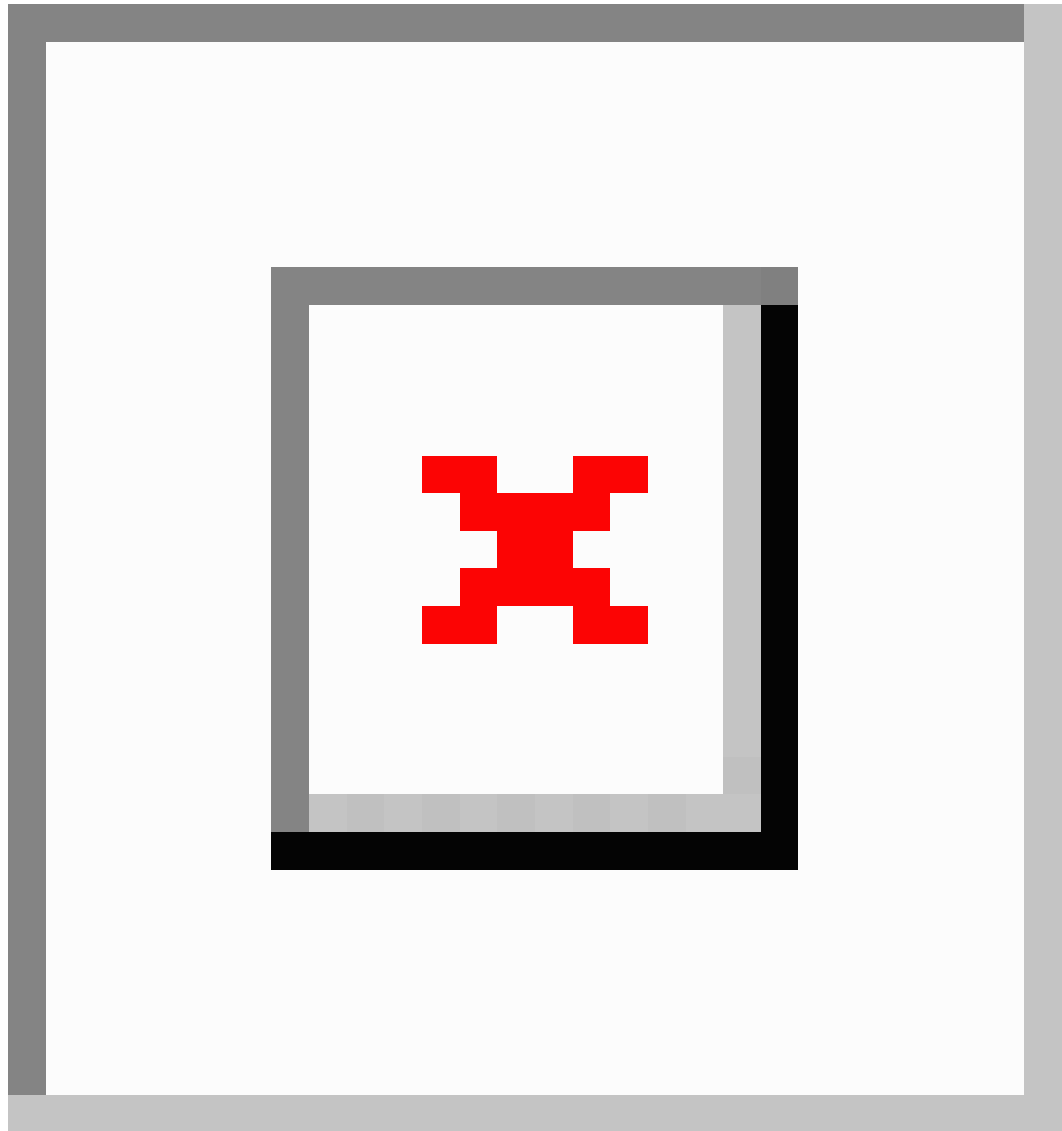
Therefore, saith God, I will arise,
 These men my poor are wronging,
 I hear my people's bitter sighs,
 And I will grant their longing;
 My striving Word shall take the field,
 Shall be the poor man's strength and shield,
 And all my foes shall conquer.

As silver that through fire hath passed
 Is pure from all its drosses,
 So shall God's Word shine forth at last
 The brighter for these crosses;
 Through trial is its power made known,
 Till all men far and near shall own
 How pure and strong its glory.

Therefore, O God, preserve it pure
 From all that would abuse it,
 And in the Faith our hearts secure,
 That we may never lose it;
 For trouble and rebuke shall be
 Among the people,--when we see
 Ungodly men exalted.



Tune.--"Whate'er my God ordains is right."



Dein Wort, O Herr, ist milder Tau

Anon.

Thy Word, O Lord, is gentle dew
 To suff'ring hearts that want it;
 O shed that heav'nly balm anew,
 To all Thy garden grant it.
 Refreshed by Thee,
 May ev'ry tree
 Bud forth and blossom to Thy praise,
 And bear much fruit in after days.

Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
 A sharp and mighty arrow,

A wedge that cleaves the rock, that Word
 Can pierce through heart and marrow;
 O send it forth
 O'er all the earth,
 The darken'd heart to cleanse and win,
 And shatter all the might of sin.

Thy Word, a wondrous Star, supplies
 True guidance when we need it,
 It points to Christ, it maketh wise
 All simple hearts that heed it;
 Let not its light
 E'er sink in night,
 But still in every spirit shine,
 That none may miss that light divine.



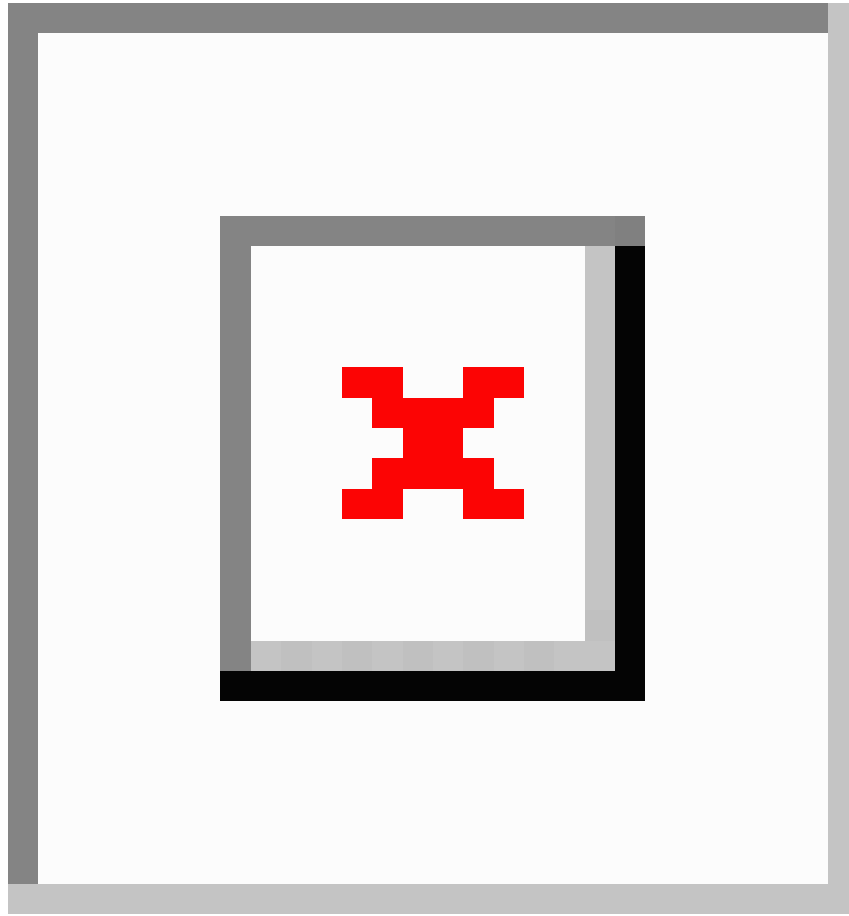
103

The Word of God

(XXVII.--"Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort.")

103.

Original Tune.



Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort

Luther, 1542

Lord, keep us steadfast in Thy word;
 Curb those who fain by craft or sword
 Would wrest the kingdom from Thy Son,
 And set at nought all He hath done.

Lord Jesu Christ, Thy power make known,
 For Thou art Lord of lords alone;
 Defend Thy Christendom, that we
 May evermore sing praise to Thee.

O Comforter, of priceless worth,
 Send peace and unity on earth,
 Support us in our final strife,
 And lead us out of death to life.

The Church on Earth

104. Hark! the Church proclaims here honour
 105. Heart and heart together bound
 106. Jesus, whom Thy Church doth own



The Church on Earth

(Index of Tunes, XCIII.)

104.

Tune.--"Strive aright when God doth call thee."

Hark! the Church pro - claims her hon - our, And her
 strength is on - ly this: God hath laid His choice up -
 on her, And the work she doth is His

Dies ist der Gemeine Stärke

Preiswerk, *modern*

Hark! the Church proclaims here honour,
 And her strength is only this:
 God hath laid His choice upon her,
 And the work she doth is His.

He His Church hath firmly founded,
 He will guard what He began;
 We, by sin and foes surrounded,
 Build her bulwarks as we can.

Frail and fleeting are our powers,

Short our days, our foresight dim,
 And we own the choice not ours,
 We were chosen first by Him.

Onward then! for nought despairing,
 Calm we follow at His word,
 Thus through joy and sorrow bearing
 Faithful witness to our Lord.

Though we here must strive with weakness,
 Though in tears we often bend,
 What His might began in meekness
 Shall achieve a glorious end.



The Church on Earth

(LXXX.--"O gesegetes Regieren.")

105.

Heart and heart to - ge - ther bound, Seek in God your
In your love the price be found Of your Sa - viour's

true re - pose, We the mem - bers, He the Head,
love and woes;

We the rays and He the Sun, Breth - ren by our

Mas - ter led, In our Lord we all are one.

Herz und Herz vereint zusammen

Zinzendorf, 1731

Heart and heart together bound,
Seek in God your true repose,
In your love the price be found
Of your Saviour's love and woes;
We the members, He the Head,
We the rays and He the Sun,
Brethren by our Master led,
In our Lord we all are one.

Children of His realm, draw near,
 Make your covenant stronger still,
 From your hearts allegiance swear
 Unto Him who conquer'd ill.
 If your bonds are yet too weak,
 If but fragile yet they prove,
 Help from His good Spirit seek
 Who can steel the chains of love.

Only such love will suffice,
 As the love that dwells in Him,
 Love that from the cross ne'er flies,
 Love that spares not life or limb:
 'T was for sinners He was slain,
 'T was for foes He shed His blood,
 That His death for all might gain
 Endless life,--the Highest Good.

Thus, O truest Friend, unite
 All Thy consecrated band,
 That their hearts be set aright
 To fulfil Thy last command.
 Each must onward urge his friend,
 Helping him in word and deed,
 Love's blest pathway to ascend,
 Following where Thou dost lead.

Thou who dost command that all
 Practice love who bear Thy name,
 Wake the dead, new followers call,
 Touch the slothful with Thy flame.

Let us live, O Lord, at one,
 As Thou with the Father art,
 That through all the world be none
 Of Thy members left apart.

Then were given what Thou hast sought,
 In the Son were all men freed,
 And the world at last were taught
 That Thy rule is blest indeed.

Father of all souls, we praise
 Thee who shinest in the Son;
 Lord, to Thee our hymns we raise,
 Who hast all men to Thee drawn!

*The Church on Earth*

(Index of Tunes, IV.)

106.

Tune.--"What shall I, a sinner, do?"

Je - sus, whom Thy Church doth own As her Head and
King a - lone, Bless me Thy poor mem - ber too,
And Thy Spi - rit's in - fluence give That to Thee hence -
forth I live, Dai - ly Thou my strength re - new.

Jesu, der du bist allein

P. Fleming, 1631

Jesus, whom Thy Church doth own

As her Head and King alone,

Bless me Thy poor member too;

And Thy Spirit's influence give

That to Thee henceforth I live,
 Daily Thou my strength renew.

Let Thy living Spirit flow
 Through Thy members all below,
 With its warmth and power divine;
 Scatter'd far apart they dwell,
 Yet in every land, full well,
 Lord, Thou knowest who is Thine.

Those who serve Thee I would serve,
 Never from their union swerve,
 Here I cry before Thy face,--
 "Zion, God give thee good speed,
 Christ thy footsteps ever lead,
 Make thee steadfast in His ways!"

Those o'er whom Thy billows roll
 Strengthen Thou to leave their soul
 In Thy hands, for Thou art Love;
 Make them through their bitter pain
 Pure from pride and sinful stain,
 Fix their hopes and hearts above.

And from those I love, I pray,
 Turn not, Lord, Thy face away,
 Hear me while for them I plead;
 Be Thou their Eternal Friend,
 Unto each due blessing send,
 For Thou knowest all they need.

Ah Lord, at this gracious hour
 Visit all our fouls with power;
 Let Thy gladness in them shine;
 Draw them with Thy love away
 From vain pleasures of a day,
 Make them wholly ever Thine.

Dearly were we purchased, Lord,
 When Thy blood for us was pour'd;
 Think, O Christ, we are Thine own:
 Hold me, guide me, as a child,
 Through the battle, through the wild,
 Leave me never more alone,

Till at last I meet on high
 With the faithful host who cry

Hallelujah night and day;
Pure from stain we there shall see
Thee in us, and us in Thee,
And be one in Thee for aye.

II. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------|
| 1. PENITENCE | 107-113 |
| 2. PRAYER | 114-122 |
| 3. PRAISE, <i>see</i> INTRODUCTION. | |
| 4. CHRISTIAN FAITH AND RESOLVE | 123-132 |
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Penitence

107. Alas! my God! my sins are great
 108. My God, behold me lying
 109. Jesus, pitying Saviour, hear me
 110. What shall I, a sinner, do?
 111. Thou, who breakest ev'ry chain
 112. Lord Jesu Christ, in Thee alone
 113. Pure essence! Spotless Fount of Light

*Penitence*

(II.--"Ach Gott und Herr.")

107.*Original Tune.*

A - las! my God! my sins are great,

My con - science doth up - braid me;

And now I find that at my strait

No man hath pow'r to aid me.

Ach Gott und Herr

Rutilius, 1604

Alas! my God! my sins are great,
 My conscience doth upbraid me;
 And now I find that at my strait
 No man hath pow'r to aid me.

And fled I hence, In my despair,
 In some lone spot to hide me,
 My griefs would still be with me there,
 Thy hand still hold and guide me.

Nay, Thee I seek;--I merit nought,

Yet pity and restore me;
 Be not Thy wrath, just God, my lot,
 Thy Son hath suffer'd for me.

If pain and woe must follow sin,
 Then be my path still rougher,
 Here spare me not; if heaven I win,
 On earth I gladly suffer.

But curb my heart, forgive my guilt,
 Make Thou my patience firmer,
 For they must miss the good Thou wilt,
 Who at Thy teachings murmur.

Then deal with me as seems Thee hest,
 Thy grace will help me bear it,
 If but at last I see Thy rest,
 And with my Saviour share it.



(Index of Tunes, XL.)

Penitence

108.

Tune.--"Ah wounded Head!"

My God, be - hold me ly - ing Be -
Where are my hopes un - dy - ing? Where

fore Thee in the dust; Bright hours I spent glad -
is my joy - ous trust?

heart - ed Ere of Thy light be - reft; Ah,

all hath now de - part - ed, My pain a - lone is left,

Hier lieg' ich, Herr, im Staube

Drewes, 1797

My God, behold me lying
 Before Thee in the dust;
 Where are my hopes undying?
 Where is my joyous trust?
 Bright hours I spend gladhearted
 Ere of Thy light bereft;
 Ah, all hath now departed,
 My pain alone is left.

I see the threatening danger,

And shrink in sore alarm,
 As were I yet a stranger
 To Thy protecting arm
 As though the woes that grieve me
 To Thee were all unknown;
 Nor Thou wouldst then relieve me
 When other aid is gone.

 O Father, look upon me,
 So tried within, without;
 With pitying grace look on me,
 Forgive my faithless doubt;
 My heart for grief doth languish,
 Thou seest it, my God!
 O soothe my conscience' anguish,
 Lift off my sorrows' load.

 I know Thy thoughts are ever
 Of peace and love towards me,
 Thy purpose changes never,
 Could I but build on Thee:
 That Thou fulfillest surely
 Thy promises, dear Lord,
 Here I tall stand securely,
 My life is in Thy Word.

 Then let thy faith be stronger,
 My soul, shake off thy fears;
 Thou soon shalt weep no longer
 Though bitter now thy tears;
 Thy Saviour's love hath found thee,
 He comes, He comes at last;
 His light is breaking round thee,
 The clouds and storms are past!



Penitence

(Index of Tunes, LXXXVIII.)

109.

Tune.--"Come, my soul, awake, 'tis morning."

Je - sus, pity-ing Saviour, hear me, Draw Thou near me,

Turn Thee, Lord, in grace to me; For Thou know-est all my

for - row, Night and mor - row Doth my cry go up to Thee.

Jesu mein Erbarmer höre

Tersteegen, 1731

Jesus, pitying Saviour, hear me,
 Draw Thou near me,
 Turn Thee, Lord, in grace to me;
 For Thou knowst all my sorrow,
 Night and morrow
 Doth my cry go up to Thee.

Sin of courage hath bereft me,
 And hath left me
 Scarce a spark of faith or hope;
 Bitter tears my heart oft sheddeth
 As it dreadeth
 I am past Thy mercy's scope.

Peace I cannot find, oh take me,
 Lord, and make me
 From the yoke of evil free;
 Calm this longing never-sleeping,

Still my weeping,
 Grant me hope once more in Thee.
 Lord, wilt Thou be wroth for ever?
 Oh deliver
 Me from all I most deserved;
 'Tis Thyself, dear Lord, hast sought me,
 Thou hast taught me
 Thee to seek from whom I swerved.
 Thou, my God and King, hast known me,
 Yet hast shown me
 True and loving is Thy will;
 Though my heart from Thee oft ranges,
 Through its changes,
 Lord, Thy love is faithful still.
 Bless my trials thus to sever
 Me for ever
 From the love of self and sin;
 Let me through them see Thee clearer,
 Find Thee nearer,
 Grow more like to Thee within.
 In the patience that Thou lendest
 All Thou sendest
 I embrace, I will be still;
 Bend this stubborn heart, I pray Thee,
 To obey Thee,
 Calmly waiting on Thy will.
 Here I bring my will, oh take it,
 Thine, Lord, make it,
 Calm this troubled heart of mine;
 In Thy strength I too may conquer,
 Wait no longer,
 Show in me Thy grace Divine.



Penitence

(IV.--"Ach was soll ich Sünder machen.")

110.

Original Tune.

What shall I, a sin - ner, do? Whi - ther shall I

turn for aid? Con - science wak - ing brings to view

Sins that make me sore a - fraid, This my con - fi -

dence shall be, Je - sus, I will cleave to Thee.

Ach was soll ich Sünder machen

Flittner, 1661

What shall I, a sinner, do?

Whither shall I turn for aid?

Conscience waking brings to view

Sins that make me sore afraid.

This my confidence shall be,

Jesus, I will cleave to Thee.

True, I have transgress'd Thy will,

Oft have grieved Thee by my sin,

Yet I know Thou lov'st me still,

For I hear Thy voice within;
 Then, though sin accuses me,
 Jesus, I will cleave to Thee.

Here the Christians oft must bear
 Many a cross and bitter smart
 If their lot in this I share,
 Shall I waver or depart?
 Loyal still my heart shall be,
 Jesus, still I cleave to Thee.

Well I know this life of ours
 Is but as a fleeting dream;
 Round us darkness ever lowers,
 Death is nearer than we deem;
 Who knows what to-day may see?
 Jesus, I will cleave to Thee.

If I die, I do but cease
 Sooner from this toil and care,
 And I rest in perfect peace
 In the grave, since Thou wert there;
 There Thy light shall comfort me,
 There too I will cleave to Thee.

Then, Lord Jesu, Thou art mine,
 Till Thou bring me to that place
 Where I shall for ever shine
 In Thy light, and see Thy face:
 Blessed will that haven be!
 Jesus, I will cleave to Thee.



Penitence

(Index of Tunes, LXXX.)

111.

Tune.--"Heart and heart together bound."

Thou who break-est ev'-ry chain, Thou who still art ev - er near,
Thou with whom dis-grace and pain Turn to joy and heav'n e'en here;

Let Thy fur-ther Judg - ments fall On the A - dam strong with - in,

Till Thy grace hath freed us all From the pri - son - house of sin,

O Durchbrecher aller Bande

G. Arnold, 1697

Thou, who breakest ev'ry chain,
 Thou who still art ever near,
 Thou with whom disgrace and pain
 Turn to joy and heav'n e'en here;
 Let Thy further judgments fall
 An the Adam strong within,
 Till Thy grace hath freed us all
 From the prison-house of sin.

'Tis Thy Father's will towards us
 Thou shouldst end Thy work at length;
 Hence in Thee are centred thus
 Perfect wisdom, love, and strength,
 That Thou none shouldst lose of those
 Whom He gave Thee, though they roam
 'Wilder'd here amid their foes,

Thou shouldst bring them safely home,
 Look upon our bonds, and see
 How doth all creation groan
 'Neath the yoke of vanity,
 Make Thy full redemption known.
 Still we wrestle, cry, and pray,
 Held in bitter bondage fast,
 Though the soul would break away
 Into higher things at last.

Lord, we do not ask for rest
 For the flesh, we only pray
 Thou wouldst do as seems Thee best,
 Ere yet comes our parting day;
 But our spirit clings to Thee,
 Will not, dare not, let Thee go,
 Until Thou have set her free
 From the bonds that cause her woe.

Ours the fault it is, we own,
 We are slaves to self and sloth,
 Yet oh leave us not alone
 In the living death we loathe!
 Crush'd beneath our burden's weight,
 Crying at Thy feet we fall,
 Point the path, though steep and strait,
 Thou didst open once for all.

Ah how dearly were we bought
 Not to serve the world or sin;
 By the work that Thou hast wrought
 Must Thou make us pure within,
 Wholly pure and free,--in us
 Be Thine image now restored:
 Fill'd from out Thy fulness thus
 Grace for grace on us is pour'd.

Draw us to Thy cross, O Love,
 Crucify with Thee whate'er
 Cannot dwell with Thee above;
 Lead us to those regions fair!
 Courage! long the time may seem,
 Yet His day is coming fast;
 We shall be like them that dream
 When our freedom dawns at last.

Penitence

(VI.--"Allein zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ.")

112.

Original Tune.


Lord Je - su Christ, in Thee a - lone My on - ly hope on
For o - ther com - fort - er is none, No help have I but
earth I place, There is no man nor crea - ture here, No
an - gel in the heav'n - ly sphere, Who at my need can suc - cour me;
I cry to Thee, For Thou canst end my mi - se - ry.

Allein zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ

Schneising, 1522

Lord Jesu Christ, in Thee alone
My only hope on earth I place,
For other comforter is none,

No help have I but in Thy grace.
 There is no man nor creature here,
 No angel in the heav'nly sphere,
 Who at my need can succour me;
 I cry to Thee,
 For Thou canst end my misery.
 My sin is very sore and great,
 I weep and mourn its load beneath;
 O free me from this heavy weight,
 My Saviour, through Thy precious death;
 And with my Father for me plead
 That Thou hast suffer'd in my stead;
 From me the burden then is roll'd,
 And I lay hold
 On Thy dear promises of old.
 And of Thy mercy now bestow
 True Christian faith on me, O Lord!
 That all the sweetness I may know
 That in Thy holy cross is stored;
 Love Thee o'er earthly pride or pelf,
 And love my neighbour as myself;
 And when at last is come my end,
 Be Thou my Friend,
 From all assaults my soul defend.
 Glory to God in highest heaven,
 The Father of eternal love;
 To His clear Son, for sinners given,
 Whose watchful grace we daily prove;
 To God the Holy Ghost on high;
 Oh ever be His comfort nigh,
 And teach us, free from sin and fear,
 To please Him here,
 And serve Him in the sinless sphere!



(Index of Tunes, LXV.)

Penitence

113.

Tune.--"My Jesus, if the Seraphim."

Pure Es - sence! Spot - less Fount of Light, That fad - eth
O Thou, whose eyes, more clear and bright Than noon - day
nev - er in - to dark! Our sins; lo, bare be - fore Thy face
sun, are quick to mark
Lies all the de - sert of my heart, My once fair soul in
ev - ry part Now stain'd with e - vil foul and base,

O reines Wesen, lautre Quelle

Freylinghausen, 1713

Pure essence! Spotless Fount of Light,
That fadeth never into dark!
O Thou, whose eyes, more clear and bright
Than noonday sun, are quick to mark
Our sins; lo, bare before Thy face
Lies all the desert of my heart,
My once fair soul in ev'ry part

Now stain'd with evil foul and base.
 Since but the pure in heart are blest
 With promised vision of their God,
 Sore fear and anguish fill my breast,
 Rememb'ring all the ways I trod;
 Mourning I see my lost estate,
 And yet in faith I dare to cry,
 Oh let my evil nature die,
 Another heart in me create!

 Enough, Lord, that my foe too well
 Hath lured me once away from Thee;
 Henceforth I know his craft how fell,
 And all his deep-laid snares I flee.
 Lord, through the Spirit whom Thy Son
 Hath bidden us in prayer to ask,
 Arm us with might that every task,
 Whate'er we do, in Thee be done.

 Unworthy am I of Thy grace,
 So deep are my transgressions, Lord,
 And yet once more I seek Thy face;
 My God, have mercy, nor reward
 My sins and follies, dark and vain;
 Reject, reject me not in wrath,
 But let Thy sunshine now beam forth,
 And quicken me with hope again.

 The Holy Spirit Thou hast given,
 The wondrous pledge of love divine,
 Who fills our hearts with joys of heaven,
 And bids us earthly toys resign;
 Oh let His seal be on my heart,
 Oh take Him nevermore away,
 Until this fleshly house decay,
 And Thou shalt bid me hence depart.

 But ah! my coward spirit droops,
 Sick with the fear that enters in
 Whene'er a soul to bondage stoops,
 And wears the shameful yoke of sin;
 Oh quicken with the strength that flows
 From out the Eternal Fount of Life,
 My soul half-fainting in the strife,
 And make an end of all my woes.

I cling unto Thy grace alone,
 Thy steadfast oath my only rest;
 To Thee, Heart-searcher, all is known
 That lieth hidden in my breast;
 Thy Joy, O Spirit, on me pour,
 Thy servent will my sloth inspire,
 So shall I have my heart's desire,
 And serve and praise Thee evermore.

Prayer

114. Our Father, Thou in heav'n above
 115. O God, Thou faithful God
 116. Lord, hear the voice of my complaint
 117. Jehovah, let me now adore Thee
 118. O God, I long Thy Light to see
 119. Lord, all my heart is fix'd on Thee
 120. In Thee, Lord, have I put my trust
 121. I know, my God, and I rejoice
 122. Here behold me as I cast me

Prayer



(C.--"Vater unser im Himmelreich.")

114.

Chorale Book for England

Our Fa - ther, Thou in heav'n a - bove, Who bid - dest
us to dwell in love, As bre - thren of one fa - mi - ly,
And cry for all we need to Thee; Teach us to
mean the words we say, And from the in - most heart to pray.

Vater unser im Himmelreich

Luther, 1539

Our Father, Thou in heav'n above,
Who biddest us to dwell in love,
As brethren of one family,
And cry for all we need to Thee;
Teach us to mean the words we say,
And from the inmost heart to pray.

All hallow'd be Thy name, O Lord!
Oh let us firmly keep Thy Word,
And lead, according to Thy name,

A holy life, untouch'd by blame;
Let no false teachings do us hurt--
All poor deluded souls convert.

Thy kingdom come! Thine let it be
In time, and through eternity!
Oh let Thy Holy Spirit dwell
With us, to rule and guide us well;
From Satan's mighty power and rage
Preserve Thy Church from age to age.

Thy will be done on earth, O Lord,
As where in heaven Thou art adored!
Patience in time of grief below,
Obedience true through weal and woe;
Strength, tempting wishes to control
That thwart Thy will within the soul.

Give us to-day our daily bread,
Let us be duly clothed and fed,
And keep Thou from our homes afar
Famine and pestilence and war,
That we may live in godly peace,
Unvex'd by cares and avarice.

Forgive our sins, that they no more
May grieve and haunt us as before,
As we forgive their trespasses
Who unto us have done amiss;
Thus let us dwell in charity,
And serve each other willingly.

Into temptation lead us not,
And when the foe doth war and plot
Against our souls on every hand,
Then, arm'd with faith, oh may we stand
Against him as a valiant host,
Through comfort of the Holy Ghost

Deliver us from evil, Lord,
The days are dark and foes abroad;
Redeem us from the second death,
And when we yield our dying breath,
Console us, grant us calm release,
And take our souls to Thee in peace.

Amen! that is, so let it be!

Strengthen our faith and trust in Thee,
That we may doubt not, but believe
That what we ask, we shall receive;
Thus in Thy name and at Thy word
We say Amen, now hear us, Lord!



Prayer

(LXXXI.--"O Gott, du frommer Gott.")

115.

Original Tune.

O God, Thou faith - ful God, Thou
With - out whom no - thing is, All

Foun - tain ev - er flow - ing, A pure and healthy frame
per - fect gifts be - stow - ing;

O give me, and with - in A con - science free from

blame, A soul un - hurt by sin.

O Gott, du frommer Gott

J. Heermann, 1630

O God, Thou faithful God,
Thou Fountain ever flowing,
Without whom nothing is,
All perfect gifts bestowing;
A pure and healthy fram
O give me, and within
A conscience free from blame,
A soul unhurt by sin.
And grant me, Lord, to do,

With ready heart and willing,
 Whate'er Thou shalt command,
 My calling here fulfilling,
 And do it when I ought,
 With all my strength, and bless
 The work I thus have wrought,
 For Thou must give success.

 And let me promise nought
 But I can keep it truly,
 Abstain from idle words,
 And guard my lips still duly;
 And grant, when in my place
 I must and ought to speak,
 My words due power and grace,
 Nor let me wound the weak.

 If dangers gather round,
 Still keep me calm and fearless;
 Help me to bear the cross
 When life is dark and cheerless;
 To overcome my foe
 With words and actions kind;
 When counsel I would know,
 Good counsel let me find.

 And let me be with all
 In peace and friendship living,
 As far as Christians may.
 And if Thou aught art giving
 Of wealth and honours fair,
 Oh this refuse me not,
 That nought be mingled there
 Of goods unjustly got.

 And if a longer life
 Be here on earth decreed me,
 And Thou through many a strife
 To age at last wilt lead me,
 Thy patience in me shed,
 Avert all sin and shame,
 And crown my hoary head
 With pure untarnish'd fame.

 Let nothing that may chance,
 Me from my Saviour sever;

And dying with Him, take
 My soul to Thee for ever;
 And let my body have
 A little apace to sleep
 Beside my fathers' grave,
 And friends that o'er it weep.

 And when the Day is come,
 And all the dead are waking,
 Oh reach me down Thy hand,
 Thyself my slumbers breaking;
 Then let me hear Thy voices
 And change this earthly frame,
 And bid me aye rejoice
 With those who love Thy name.



116

Prayer

(XLVI.--"Ich ruf' zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ.")

116.

Original Tune.

Chorale Book for England

Lord, hear the voice of my complaint, To
Let not my heart and hope grow faint, But

Thee I now com - mend me, True faith from Thee, my God, I seek,
deign Thy grace to send me;

The faith that loves Thee sole - ly, Keeps me low - ly, And

prompt to aid the weak, And mark each word that Thou dost speak.

Ich ruf' zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ

Anon., 1529

Lord, hear the voice of my complaint,
 To Thee I now commend me,
 Let not my heart and hope grow faint,
 But deign Thy grace to send me;
 True faith from Thee, my God, I seek,
 The faith that loves Thee solely,
 Keeps me lowly,
 And prompt to aid the weak,
 And mark each word that Thou dost speak.

Yet more from Thee I dare to claim,
 Whose goodness is unbounded;
 Oh let me ne'er be put to shame,
 My hope be ne'er confounded;
 But e'en in death still find Thee true,
 And in that hour, else lonely,
 Trust Thee only,
 Not aught that I can do,
 For such false trust I sore should rue.

Oh grant that from my very heart
 My foes be all forgiven,
 Forgive my sins and heal their smart,
 And grant new life from heaven;
 Thy word, that blessed food, bestow,
 Which best the soul canst nourish;
 Make it flourish
 Through all the storms of woe
 That else my faith might overthrow.

Then be the world my foe or friend,
 Keep me to her a stranger,
 Thy steadfast soldier to the end,
 Through pleasure and through danger;
 From Thee alone comes such high grace,
 No works of ours obtain it,
 Or can gain it;
 Our pride hath here no place,
 'Tis Thy free promise we embrace.

Help me, for I am weak; I fight,
 Yet scarce can battle longer;
 I cling but to Thy grace and might,
 'Tis Thou must make me stronger;
 When sore temptations are my lot,
 And tempests round me lower,
 Break their power.

So, through deliverance wrought,
 I know that Thou forsak'st me not!

Prayer

(XXIII.--"Dir, dir, Jehovah, will ich singen.")

117.

Original Tune.

Je - ho - vah, let me now a - dore Thee, Thee,
With songs I fain would come be - fore Thee;

For where is there a God such, Lord, as Thou?
Oh let Thy Spi - rit deign to teach me now

To praise Thee in His name, through whom a - lone

Our songs can please Thee, through Thy bleff - ed Son.

Dir, dir, Jehovah, will ich singen

Crassellius, 1697

Jehovah, let me now adore Thee,
For where is there a God such, Lord, as Thou?
With songs I fain would come before Thee;
Oh let Thy Spirit deign to touch me now
To praise Thee in His name, through whome alone

Our songs can please Thee, through Thy blessed Son.

Yes, draw me to the Son, O Father,
That so the Son may draw me up to Thee.

Let every power within me gather,
To own Thy sway, O Spirit,--rule in me,
That so the peace of God may in me dwell,
And I may sing for joy and praise Thee well.

Grant me Thy Spirit; then my praises
Will sound aright, no jarring tone or word;
Sweet are the songs the heart then raises,
Then I can pray in truth and spirit, Lord;
Thy Spirit bears mine up on eagles' wing,
To join the psalms the heavenly choirs now sing.

For He can plead for me with sighings
That are unutterable to lips like mine;

He bids me pray with earnest cryings,
Bears witness with my soul that I am Thine,
Co-heir with Christ, and thus may dare to say,
O Abba, Father, hear me when I pray.

When thus Thy Spirit in me burneth,
And makes this cry to break from out my heart,
Thy heart, O Father, toward me yearneth,
And longs all precious blessings to impart,
Thy ready love rejoiceth to fulfil
The prayer breathed out according to Thy will.

And what Thy Spirit thus hath taught me
To seek from Thee, must needs be such a prayer
As Thou wilt grant, through Him who bought me,
And raised me up to be Thy child and heir;
In Jesu's name fearless I seek Thy face,
And take from Thee, my Father, grace for grace.

O joy! our hope and trust are founded
On His sure Word, and witness in the heart;
I know Thy mercies are unbounded,
And all good gifts Thou freely wilt impart,
Nay, more is lavish'd by Thy bounteous hand,
Than we can ask or seek or understand.

O joy! In His name we draw near Thee,
Who ever pleadeth for the sons of men;
I ask in faith and Thou wilt hear me,

In Him Thy promises are all Amen.
 O joy for me! and praise be ever Thine,
 Whose wondrous love has made such blessings mine!



Prayer

(Index of Tunes, XXXVII.)

118.

Tune.--"Lord Jesus Christ, be present now."

O God, I long Thy Light to see, My God, I
 hour - ly think on Thee; Oh draw me up, nor hide Thy
 face, But help me from Thy ho - ly place.

Nach dir, O Gott, verlanget mich

A. Unrich of Brunswick, 1667

O God, I long Thy Light to see,
 My God, I hourly think on Thee;
 Oh draw me up, nor hide Thy face,
 But help me from Thy holy place.

As toward her sun the sunflower turns,
 Towards Thee, my Sun, my spirit yearns!

Oh would that free from sin I might
Thus follow evermore Thy light!

But sin hath so within me wrought,
Such deadly sickness on me brought,
My languid soul sits drooping here
And cannot reach the heavenly sphere.

Ah how shall I my freedom win?
How break this heavy yoke of sin?
My fainting spirit thirsts for Thee,
Come, Lord, to help and set me free.

My heart is set to do Thy will,
But all my deeds are faulty still;
My best attempts are nothing worth.
But soil'd with cleaving taint of earth.

Remember that I am Thy child,
Forgive whate'er my soul defiled,
Blot out my sins, that I may rise
Freely to Thee beyond the skies.

Help me to love the world no more,
Be Master of my house and store,
The shield of faith around me throw,
And break the arrows of my foe.

Fain would my heart henceforward be
Fix'd, O my God, alone on Thee,
That heart and foul, by Thee possess,
May find in Thee their perfect rest.

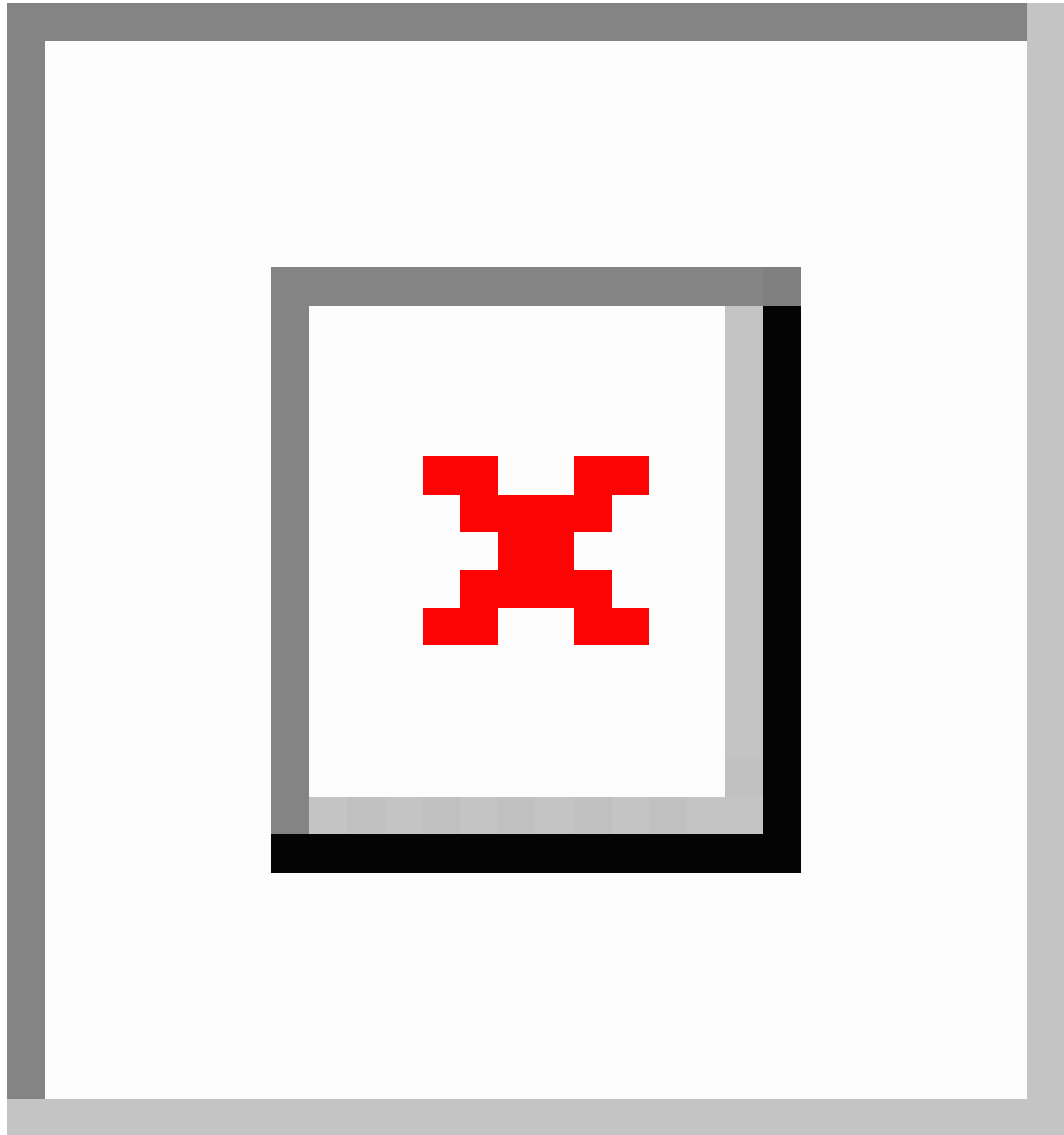
Begone, ye pleasures false and vain,
Untasted, undesired remain!
In heaven alone those joys abound,
Where all my true delight is found.

Oh take away whate'er has stood
Between me and the Highest Good!
I ask no better boon than this,
To find in God my only bliss.

Prayer

(XXXIX.--"Herzlich lieb hab' ich dich.")

119.

Original Tune.*Herzlich lieb hab' ich dich, O Herr*

Schalling, 1594

Lord, all my heart is fix'd on Thee,
 I pray Thee, be not far from me,
 With tender grace uphold me.
 The whole wide world delights me not,
 Of heaven or earth, Lord, ask I not,
 If but Thy love enfold me.
 Yea, though my heart be like to break,
 Thou art my trust that nought can shake,

My portion and my hidden joy,
 Whose cross could all my bonds destroy;
 Lord Jesus Christ!
 My God and Lord! My God and Lord!
 Forsake me not who trust Thy word!

 Rich are Thy gifts! 'Twas God that gave
 Body and soul, and all I have
 In this poor life of labour;
 Oh grant that I may through Thy grace
 We all my powers to show Thy praise,
 And serve and help my neighbour;
 From all false doctrine keep me, Lord;
 All lies and malice from me ward;
 In every cross uphold Thou me,
 That I may bear it patiently;
 Lord Jesus Christ!
 My God and Lord! My God and Lord!
 In death Thy comfort still afford.

 Ah Lord, let Thy dear angels come
 At my last end, to bear me home,
 That I may die unfearing;
 And in its narrow chamber keep
 My body safe in painless sleep
 Until my Lord's appearing;
 And then from death awaken me,
 That there mine eyes with joy may see,
 O Son of God, Thy glorious face,
 My Saviour, and my Fount of Grace!
 Lord Jesus Christ!
 Receive my prayer, receive my prayer,
 Thy love will I for aye declare.



120

Prayer

(XLIX.-- "In dich hab' ich gehoffet, Herr.")

120.*Original Tune.*

In Thee, Lord, have I put my trust,
 Leave me not help - less in the dust, Let
 not my hope be brought to shame, But still sus - tain, Throught
 want and pain, My faith that Thou art aye the same.

In dich hab' ich gehoffet, Herr

Reisner, 1533

In Thee, Lord, have I put my trust,
 Leave me not helpless in the dust,
 Let not my hope be brought to shame,
 But still sustain,
 Through want and pain,
 My faith that Thou art aye the same.

Incline a gracious ear to me,
 And hear the prayers I raise to Thee,
 Show forth Thy power and haste to save!

For woes and fear
 Surround me here,
 Oh swiftly send the help I crave!
 My God and Shield, now let Thy power
 Be unto me a mighty tower,
 Whence I may freely, bravely, fight
 Against the foes
 That round me close,
 For fierce are they and great their might.
 Thy word hath said, Thou art my Rock,
 The Stronghold that can fear no shock,
 My help, my safety, and my life,
 Howe'er distress
 And dangers press,
 What then shall daunt me in the strife?
 The world for me hath falsely set
 Full many a secret snare and net,
 Dark lies, delusions sweet and vain;
 Lord, hear my prayers,
 And break these snares,
 And make my path before me plain.
 With Thee, Lord, would I cast my lot;
 My God, my God, forsake me not,
 O Faithful God, for I commend
 My soul to Thee;
 Deliver me
 Both now, and when this life must end.

Prayer

(Index of Tunes, XVII.)

121.

Tune.--"When on the cross the Saviour hung."



Chorale Book for England

I know, my God, and I re - joice That
 on Thy right - eous will and choice All hu - man works and
 schemes must rest; Suc - cess and bless - ing are of Thee,
 What Thou shalt send is sure - ly best!

Ich weiss, mein Gott, dass all mein Thun

P. Gerhardt, 1656

I know, my God, and I rejoice
 That on Thy righteous will and choice
 All human works and schemes must rest;
 Success and blessing are of Thee,
 What Thou shalt send is surely best!

It stands not in the power of man
 To bring to pass the wisest plan
 So surely that it cannot fail;
 Thy counsel, Highest, must ensure

That our poor wisdom shall avail.

A man oft thinks within his breast
 That lot for him were surely best,
 This, that his Father may ordain,
 Were hurtful;--yet, behold, it proves
 This is his blessing, that his bane.

Then, O my Father, hear my cry,
 Grant me true judgment from on high,
 On my own will I would not build;
 Be Thou my Friend and Counsellor,
 So what is best shall be fulfilled.

And if this work be Thine, oh bless
 Our poor weak efforts with success;
 If not, deny it, change our mind,--
 Whate'er Thou workest not will soon
 Disperse like sand before the wind.

Grant us what is our truest good,
 And not what pleases flesh and blood;
 Our inmost spirits do Thou prove,
 Our highest aim, our best delight,
 Shall be Thy glory and Thy love.



122

Prayer

(XCVI.--"Sieh hier bin ich, Ehren-könig.")

122.

Original Tune.

Chorale Book for England

Here be - hold me, as I cast me At Thy throne, O glo-rious King!

Tears fast throng-ing, child-like long-ing, Son of Man, to Thee I bring.

Let me find Thee--let me find Thee! Me a poor and worthless thing.

Sieh hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig

J. Neander, 1679

Here behold me as I cast me
 At Thy throne, O glorious King!
 Tears fast thronging, child-like longing,
 Son of Man, to Thee I bring,
 Let me find Thee--let me find Thee!
 Me a poor and worthless thing.

Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
 Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;
 Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,
 Only Thee to know I pine;
 Let me find Thee--let me find Thee!
 Take my heart and grant me Thine.

Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,
 But Thy grace so rich and free,
 That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,
 And who truly cleave to Thee;
 Let me find Thee--let me find Thee!

He hath all things who hath Thee.
 Earthly treasure, mirth and pleasure,
 Glorious name, or richest hoard,
 Are but weary, void and dreary,
 To the heart that longs for God;
 Let me find Thee--let me find Thee!
 I am ready, mighty Lord.

Christian Faith and Resolve

123. Faith is a living powr from heav'n
 124. A sure stronghold our God is He
 125. Rise, my soul, to watch and pray
 126. Courage, my sorely-tempted heart
 127. My cause is God's, and I am His
 128. Strive aright when God doth call thee
 129. Great High-priest, who deign'dst to be
 130. All things hang on our possessing
 131. Now at last I end this strife
 132. Well for him who all things losing



Christian Faith and Resolve

(Index of Tunes, XXVII.)

123.

Tune.--"Lord, keep us steadfast in Thy Word."

Chorale Book for England

Faith is a liv - ing power from heav'n That
 grasps the prom - ise God hath given, A trust that can - not
 be o'er - thrown, Fix'd heart - i - ly on Christ a - lone.

Der Glaub' ist eine' lebendige' Kraft

B. Brethren

Faith is a living powr from heav'n
 That grasps the promise God hath given,
 A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
 Fix'd heartily on Christ alone.

Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
 To save or strengthen us indeed,
 Receives the grace He sends us down,
 And makes us share His cross and crown.

Faith in the conscience worketh peace,
 And bids the mourner's weeping cease;
 By Faith the children's place we claim,
 And give all honour to One Name.

Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
 In love and hope that conquer death;
 Faith worketh hourly joy in God,
 And trusts and blesses e'en the rod.

We thank Thee then, O God of heaven,

That Thou to us this faith hast given
In Jesus Christ Thy Son, who is
Our only Fount and Source of bliss.

Now from His fulness grant each soul
The rightful faith's true end and goal,
The blessedness no foes destroy,
Eternal love and light and joy.

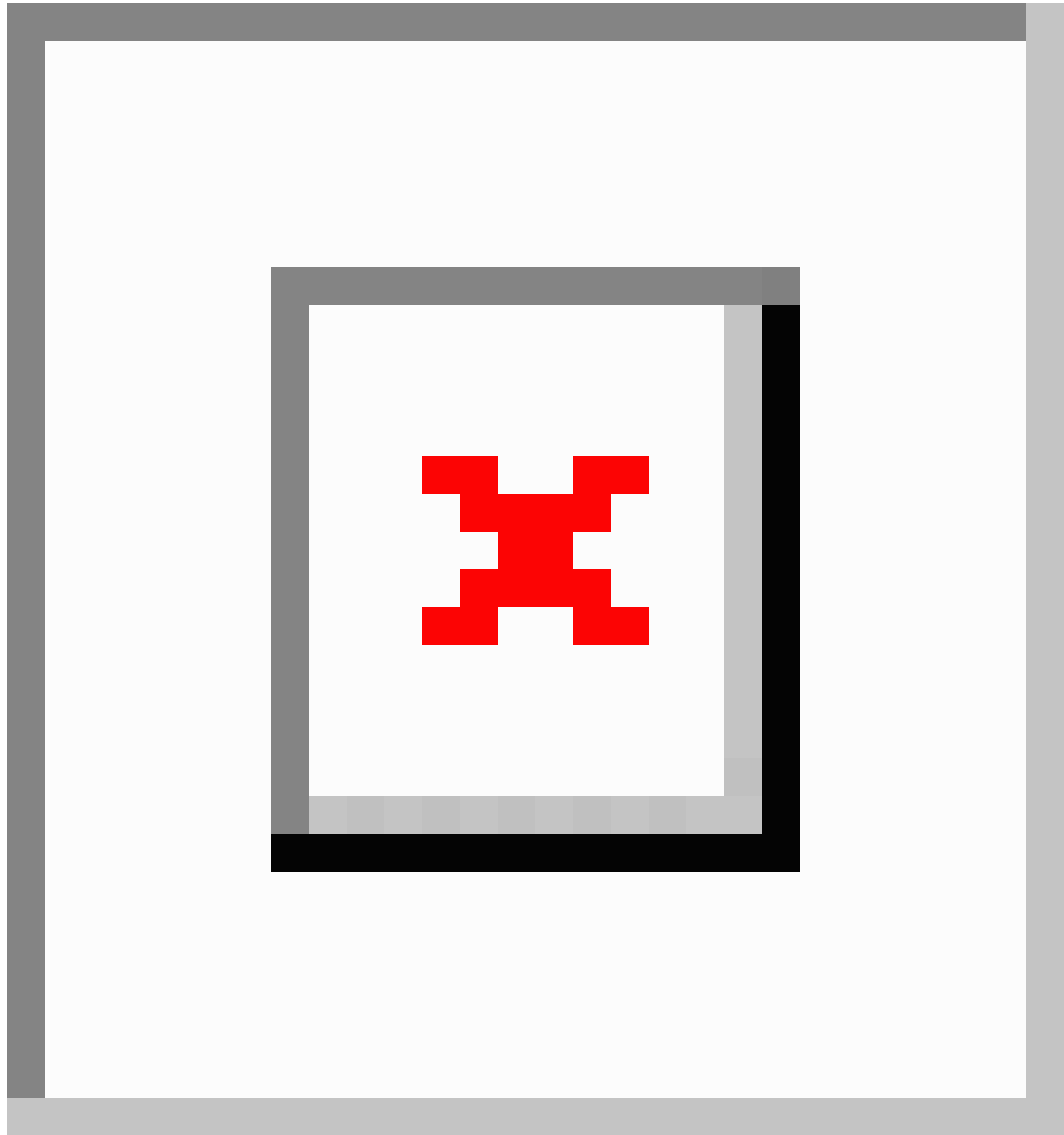


Christian Faith and Resolve

(XXVI.--"Ein' feste Burg is unser Gott.")

124.

Original Tune.



Ein' feste Burg is unser Gott

Luther, 1529

A sure stronghold our God is He,
 A trusty shield and weapon;
 Our help He'll be and set us free
 From ev'ry ill can happen.
 That old malicious foe
 Means us deadly woe;
 Arm'd with might from hell
 And deepest craft as well,
 On earth is not his fellow.

Through our own force we nothing can,
 Straight were we lost for ever;

But for us fights the proper Man,
 By God sent to deliver.
 Ask ye who this may be?
 Jesus Christ is He,
 Of Sabaoth Lord,
 Sole God to be adored--
 'T is He must win the battle.

And were the world with devils fill'd,
 All eager to devour us,
 Our souls to fear should little yield,
 They cannot overpower us.
 Their dreaded Prince no more
 Harms us as of yore;
 Look grim as he may,
 Doom'd is his ancient sway,
 A word can overthrow him.

Still shall they leave that Word His might,
 And yet no thanks shall merit;
 Still is He with us in the fight
 By His good gifts and Spirit.
 E'en should they take our life,
 Wealth, name, child, or wife--
 Though all these be gone,
 Yet nothing have they won,
 God's kingdom ours abideth!



Christian Faith and Resolve

(Index of Tunes, XCVII.)

125.

Tune.--"Not in anger, Mighty God."

Rise, my soul, to watch and pray, From thy sleep a -
Lest at last the e - vil day Sud - den - ly o'er -
wake thee, For the foe, Weil we know, Oft his har - vest
take thee; take thee; reap - eth While the Chris - tian sleep - eth.

Mache dich, mein Geist, bereit

Freystein, 1697

Rise, my soul, to watch and pray,
From thy sleep awake thee,
Lest at last the evil day
Suddenly o'ertake thee;
For the foe,
Well we know,
Oft his harvest reapeth
While the Christian sleepeth.

Wake and watch, or else thy night
Christ can ne'er enlighten;
For off still will seem the light
That thy path should brighten;
God demands
Willing hands,
Hearts His love confessing,--
Such He fills with blessing.

Watch against the world that frowns
Darkly to dismay thee;

Watch, when she thy wishes crowns,
 Smiling to betray thee;
 Watch and see
 Thou art free
 From false friends that charm thee,
 While they seek to harm thee.

Watch against thyself, my soul,
 See thou do not stifle
 Grace that should thy thoughts control,
 Nor with mercy trifle
 Pride and sin
 Lurk within,
 All thy hopes to scatter;
 List not, when they flatter.

But while watching, also see
 That thou pray unceasing,
 For the Lord must make thee free,
 Strength and faith increasing,
 So to do
 Service true;
 Let not sloth enslave thee,
 Pray, and He will save thee.

Courage then, for He will give
 All that we are needing,
 Through the Son, in whom we live,
 Who for us is pleading.
 Day by day
 Watch and pray,
 While the tempests lower,
 Till He comes with power.



Christian Faith and Resolve

(Index of Tunes, XXVIII.)

126.

Tune.--"Ere yet the dawn hath fill'd the skies."

Chorale Book for England

Cour - age, my fore - - ly - tempt - ed heart! Break

through thy woes, for - get their smart; Come forth and

Bridegroom

on thy Bride - groom gaze, The Lamb of

God, the Fount of grace; Here is thy place!

Brich durch, mein angefochtnes Herz

Böhmer, 1704

Courage, my sorely-tempted heart!
 Break through thy woes, forget their smart;
 Come forth and on thy Bridegroom gaze,
 The Lamb of God, the Fount of grace;
 Here is thy place!

His arms are open, thither flee!
 There rest and peace are waiting thee,
 The deathless crown of righteousness,
 The entrance to eternal bliss;

He gives thee this!

Then combat well, of nought afraid,
 For thus His follower thou art made,
 Each battle teaches thee to fight,
 Each foe to be a braver knight,
 Arm'd with His might.

If storms of fierce temptation rise,
 Unmoved I'll face the frowning skies;
 If but the heart is true indeed,
 Christ will be with me in my need,--
 His own could bleed.

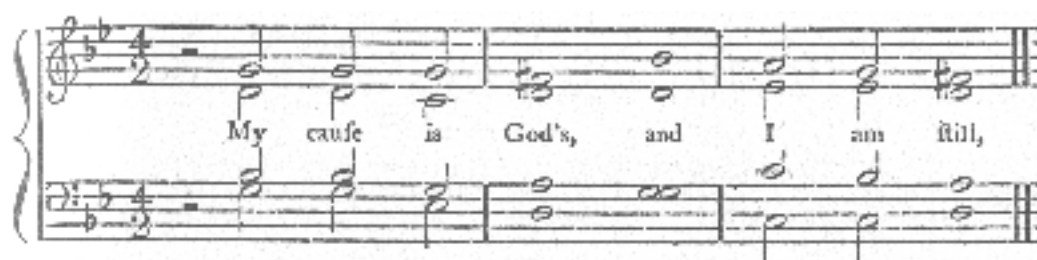
I flee away to Thy dear Cross,
 For hope is there for every loss,
 Healing for every wound and woe,
 There all the strength of love I know,
 And feel its glow.

Before the Holy One I fall,
 The Eternal Sacrifice for all;
 His death has freed us from our load,
 Peace on the anguish'd soul bestow'd,
 Brought us to God.

How then should I go mourning on?
 I look to Thee,--my fears are gone,
 With Thee is rest that cannot cease,
 For Thou hast wrought us full release,
 And made our peace.

Thy word hath still its glorious powers,
 The noblest civalry is ours;
 O Thou, for whom to die is gain,
 Bring Thee here my all, oh deign
 T'accept and reign!





Ich' hab' mein' Sach' Gott heimgestellt

Pappus, 1598

My cause is God's, and I am His,
 Let Him do with me as He will;
 Whether for me the race is run,
 Or scarce begun,
 I ask no more--His will be done!

My sins are more than I can bear,
 Yet not for this will I despair,
 I know to death and to the grave
 The Father gave
 His dearest Son, that He might save.

To Him I live and die alone,
 Death cannot part Him from His own;
 Living or dying, I am His

Who only is

Our comfort, and our gate of bliss.

This is my solace, day by days
 When snares and death beset my way,
 I know that at the morn of doom

From out the tomb

With joy to meet Him I shall come.

Then I shall see God face to face,
 I doubt it not, through Jesu's grace,
 Amid the joys prepared for me

Thanks be to Thee

Who givest us the victory!

Amen, dear God! now send us faith,
 And at the last a happy death;
 And grant us all ere long to be

In heaven with Thee,

To praise Thee there eternally.



Christian Faith and Resolve

(XCIII.--"Ringe recht wenn Gottes Gnade.")

128.

Original Tune.

Strive a - right when God doth call thee, When He
draws thee by His grace, Cast off all that would en -
thral thee, And de - ter thee from the race,

Ringe recht wenn Gottes Gnade

Winkler, 1703

Strive aright when God doth call thee,
When he draws thee by His grace,
Cast off all that would enthrall thee,
And deter thee from the race.

Wrestle, till thy zeal is burning
And thy love is glowing warm,
All that earth can give thee spurning;--
Half love will not bide the storm.

Combat, though thy life thou givest,
Storm the kingdom, but prevail;
Let not him with whom thou strivest
Ever make thee faint or quail.

Perfect truth will never waver,
Wars with evil day and night,
Changes not for fear or favour,
Only cares to win the fight.

Perfect truth will love to follow

Watchfully our Master's ways;
 Seeks not comfort poor and hollow,
 Looks not for reward or praise.
 Perfect truth from worldly pleasure,
 Worldly turmoil, stands apart;
 For in heaven is hid our treasure,
 There must also be the heart.
 Soldiers of the Cross, take courage!
 Watch and war 'mid fear and pain;
 Daily conquering sin and sorrow,
 Till our King o'er earth shall reign.



129

Christian Faith and Resolve

(XLIII.--"Höchster Priester, der du dich.")

129.

Original Tune.

Great High-priest, who deign'dit to be Once the
 la-ri-fice for me, Take this liv-ing
 heart of mine, Lay it on Thy ho-ly shrine.

Höchster Priester, der du dich

Scheffler, 1657

Great High-priest, who deign'dst to be
Once the sacrifice for me,
Take this living heart of mine,
Lay it on Thy holy shrine.

Love I know accepteth nought,
Save what Thou, O Love, hast wrought;
Offer Thou my sacrifice,
Else to God it cannot rise.

Slay in me the wayward will,
Earthly sense and passion kill,
Tear self-love from out my heart,
Though it cost me bitter smart.

Kindle, Mighty Love, the pyre,
Quick consume me in Thy fire,
Fain were I of self bereft,
Nought but Thee within me left.

So may God, the Righteous, brook
On my sacrifice to look,
In whose sight no gift has worth
Save a Christ-like life on earth.



Christian Faith and Resolve

(VIII.--"Alles ist an Gottes Segen.")

130.

Original Tune.

All things hang on our pos - sess - ing God's free love and

grace and bless - ing, Though all earth - ly wealth de - part,

He who God for his hath tak - en, 'Mid the chang - ing

world un - sha - ken Keeps a free he - ro - ic heart.

Alles ist an Gottes Segen

Anon., about 1676

All things hang on our possessing
 God's free love and grace and blessing,
 Though all earthly wealth depart;
 He who God for his hath taken,
 'Mid the changing world unshaken
 Keeps a free heroic heart.

He who hitherto hath fed me,
 And to many a joy hath led me,
 Is and shall be ever mine;

He who did so gently school me,
 He who still doth guide and rule me,
 Will not leave me now to pine.

Shall I weary me with fretting
 O'er vain trifles, and regretting
 Things that never can remain?
 I will strive but that to win me
 That can shed true rest within me,
 Rest the world must seek in vain.

When my heart with longing sickens,
 Hope again my courage quickens,
 For my wish shall be fulfill'd,
 If it please His love most tender;
 Life and soul I all surrender
 Unto Him on whom I build.

Well He knows how best to grant me
 All the longing hopes that haunt me;
 All things have their proper day;
 I would dictate to Him never,
 As God wills so be it ever,
 When He wills I will obey.

If on earth He bids me linger,
 He will guide me with His finger
 Through the years that now took dim;
 All that earth has fleets and changes
 As a river onward ranges,
 But I rest in peace on Him.



131

Christian Faith and Resolve

(Index of Tunes, IV.)

131.

Tune.--"What shall I, a sinner, do?"

Now at last I end this strife, To my God I

give my life Whol - ly, with a stead - fast mind;

Sin I will not heark - en more, World, I turn from

thee, 'tis o'er; Not a look I'll cast be - hind.

Nun so will ich denn mein Leben

Tersteegen, 1731

Now at last I end this strife,
 To my God I give my life
 Wholly, with a steadfast mind;
 Sin I will not hearken more,
 World, I turn from thee, 'tis o'er;
 Not a look I'll cast behind.

Hath my heart been wavering long,
 Have I dallied oft with wrong,
 Now at last I firmly say,--

All my will to this I give,
 Only to my God to live,
 And to serve Him night and day.

Lord, I offer at Thy feet
 All I have most dear and sweet,
 Lo! I keep no secret hoard;
 Try my heart, and lurks there aught
 False within its inmost thought,
 Take it hence this moment, Lord!

I will shun no toil or wo,
 Where Thou ledest I will go,
 Be my pathway plain or rough;
 If but every hour may be
 Spent in work that pleases Thee,
 Ah, dear Lord, it is enough!

Thee I make my choice alone,
 Make for ever, Lord, Thine own
 All my powers of soul and mind;
 Here I give myself away,
 Let the cov'nant stand for aye
 That my hand to-day hath sign'd.



Christian Faith and Resolve

(LXXIX.--"O der alles hält' verloren.")

132.

Original Tune.

Well for him who all things los-ing, E'en him-self doth count as nought,
 Still the one thing need-ful choos-ing, That with all true bliss is fraught!

O der alles hält' verloren

G. Arnold, 1697

Well for him who all things losing,
 E'en himself doth count as nought,
 Still the one thing needful choosing,
 That with all true bliss is fraught!

Well for him who nothing knoweth
 But his God, whose boundless love
 Makes the heart wherein it gloweth
 Calm and pure as saints above!

Well for him who all forsaking
 Walketh not in shadows vain,
 But the path of peace is taking
 Through this vale of tears and pain!

Oh that we our hearts might sever
 From earth's tempting vanities,
 Fixing them on Him for ever
 In whom all our fulness lies!

Oh that ne'er our eyes might wander
 From our God, so might we ask
 Ever o'er our sins to ponder,
 And our conscience be at peace!

Thou abyss of love and goodness,
 Draw us by Thy cross to Thee,

That our senses, soul, and spirit,
 Ever one with Christ may be!

Songs of the Cross and Consolation

133. My God, in Thee all fulness lies
 134. If thou but suffer God to guide thee
 135. Whate'er my God ordains is right
 136. Ah God, my days are dark indeed
 137. Farewell I gladly bid Thee
 138. In Thy heart and hands, my God
 139. What within me and without
 140. From God shall nought divide me
 141. When in the hour of utmost need
 142. When anguish'd and perplex'd I lift my weary eyes
 143. Why art thou thus cast down, my heart?
 144. O Christ, Thou bright and Morning Star
 145. Who puts his trust in God most just
 146. Seems it in my anguish lone
 147. In God, my faithful God
 148. A pilgrim here I wander



Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(Index of Tunes, LXIII.)

133.

Tune.--"Deal with me, God, in mercy now."

My God, in Thee all ful - ness lies, All want in
In Thee my soul hath end - less joys, In me is

me, from Thee a - part; Poor as the poor - est here I
but an ach - ing heart;

pine, In Thee a heav'n - ly king - dom's mine.

Mein Gott bei dir ist alle Fülle

Anon.

My God, in Thee all fulness lies,
All want in me, from Thee apart;
In Thee my soul hath endless joys,
In me is but an aching heart;
Poor as the poorest here I pine,
In Thee a heav'nly kingdom's mine.

Thou seest whatsoe'er I need,
Thou seest it, and pitiest me;
Thy swift compassions hither speed,
Ere yet my woes are told to Thee;
Thou hearest, Father, ere we cry,
Shall I not still before Thee lie?

I leave to Thee whate'er is mine,
And in Thy will I calmly rest;
I know that richest gifts are Thine,
Thou canst and Thou wilt make me blest,

For Thou hath promised, and our Lord
 Will never break His promised word.
 Thou lov'st me, Father, with the love
 Wherewith Thou lovedst Christ Thy Son,
 And so a brightness from above
 Still glads me though my tears may run,
 For in Thy love I find and know
 What all the world could ne'er bestow.
 Then I can let the world go by,
 And yet be still and rest in Thee,
 I sit, I walk, I stand, I lie,
 Thou ever watchest over me,
 And when the yoke is pressing sore
 I think, my God lives evermore!



Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(CXV.--"Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.")

134.

Original Tune.

If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee,
He'll give thee strength what - e'er be - tide thee,

And hope in Him through all thy ways,
And bear thee through the evil days.

Who trust in God's un - chang - ing love

Builds on the rock that nought can move,

Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten

Neumarck, 1653

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength whate'er betide thee,
And bear the through the evil days.
Who trust in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?

What can it help, if thou bewail thee
 O'er each dark moment as it flies?
 Our cross and trials do but press
 The heavier for our bitterness.

 Only be still and wait His leisure
 In cheerful hope, with heart content
 To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
 And all-deserving love hath sent,
 Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
 To Him who chose us for His own.

 He knows the time for joy, and truly
 Will send it when He sees it meet,
 When He has tried and purged thee throughly
 And finds thee free from all deceit,
 He comes to thee all unaware
 And makes thee own His loving care.

 Nor think amid the heat of trial
 That God hath cast thee off unheard,
 That he whose hopes meet no denial
 Must surely be of God preferred;
 Time passes and much change doth bring,
 And sets a bound to everything.

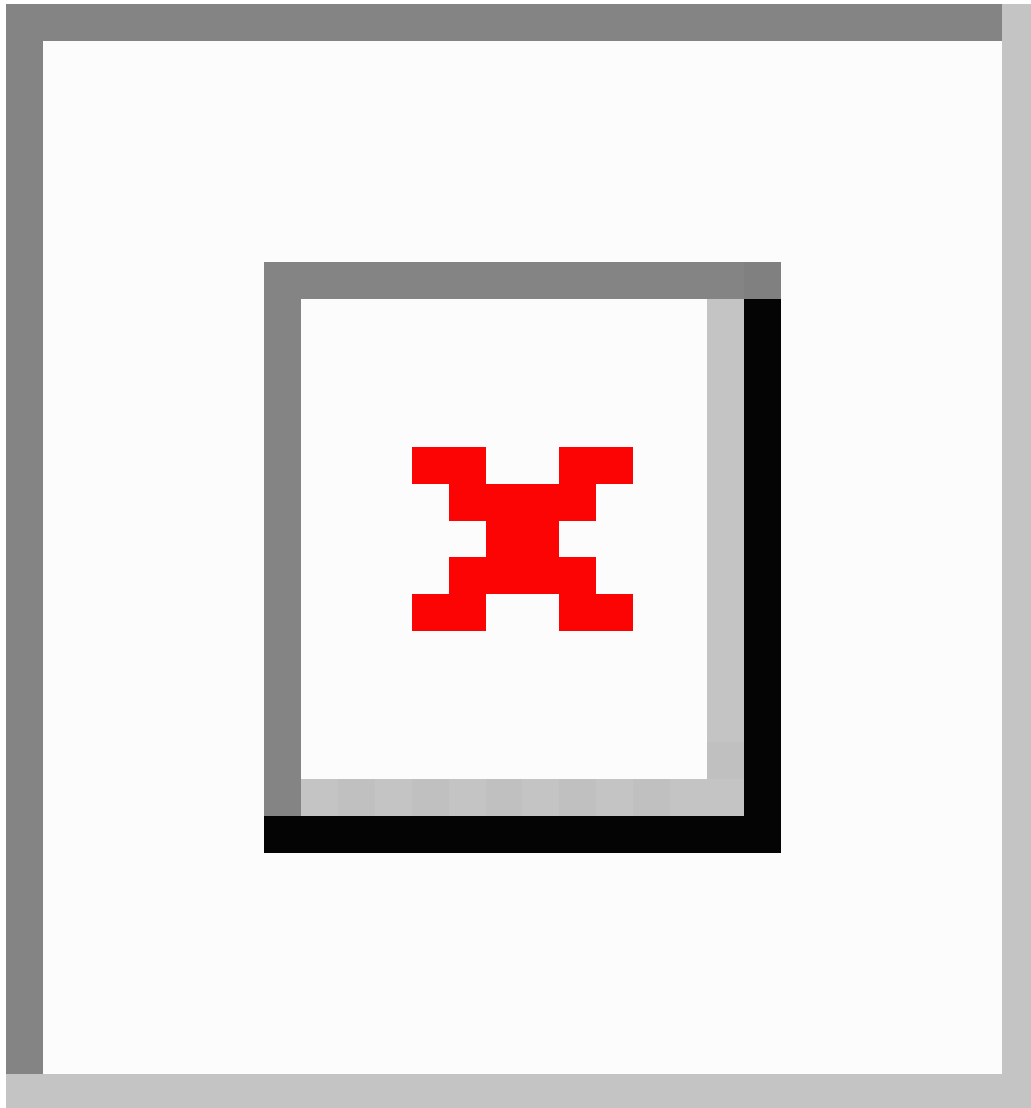
 All are alike before the Highest.
 'Tis easy to our God, we know,
 To raise thee up though low thou liest,
 To make the rich man poor and low;
 True wonders still by Him are wrought
 Who setteth up and brings to nought.

 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
 So do thine own part faithfully,
 And trust His Word, though undeserving,
 Thou yet shalt find it true for thee!
 God never yet forsook at need
 The soul that trusted Him indeed.



Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(CIX.--"Was Gott thut das ist wohlgetan.")

Original Tune.*Was Gott thut das ist wohlgetan*

Rodigast, 1675

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
 Holy His will abideth;
 I will be still whate'er He doth,
 And follow where He guideth.
 He is my God,
 Though dark my road,
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
 He never will deceive me;

He leads me by the proper path,
 I know He will not leave me,
 And take content
 What He hath sent;
 His hand can turn my griefs away,
 And patiently I wait His day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
 His loving thought attends me;
 No poison'd draught the cup can be
 That my Physician sends me,
 But medicine due
 For God is true,
 And on that changeless truth I build,
 And all my heart with hope is fill'd.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
 Though now this cup in drinking
 May bitter seem to my faint heart,
 I take it all unshrinking;
 Tears pass away
 With dawn of day,
 Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
 And pain and sorrow shall depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
 Here shall my stand be taken;
 Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
 Yet am I not forsaken,
 My Father's care
 Is around me there,
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 And so to Him I leave it all.

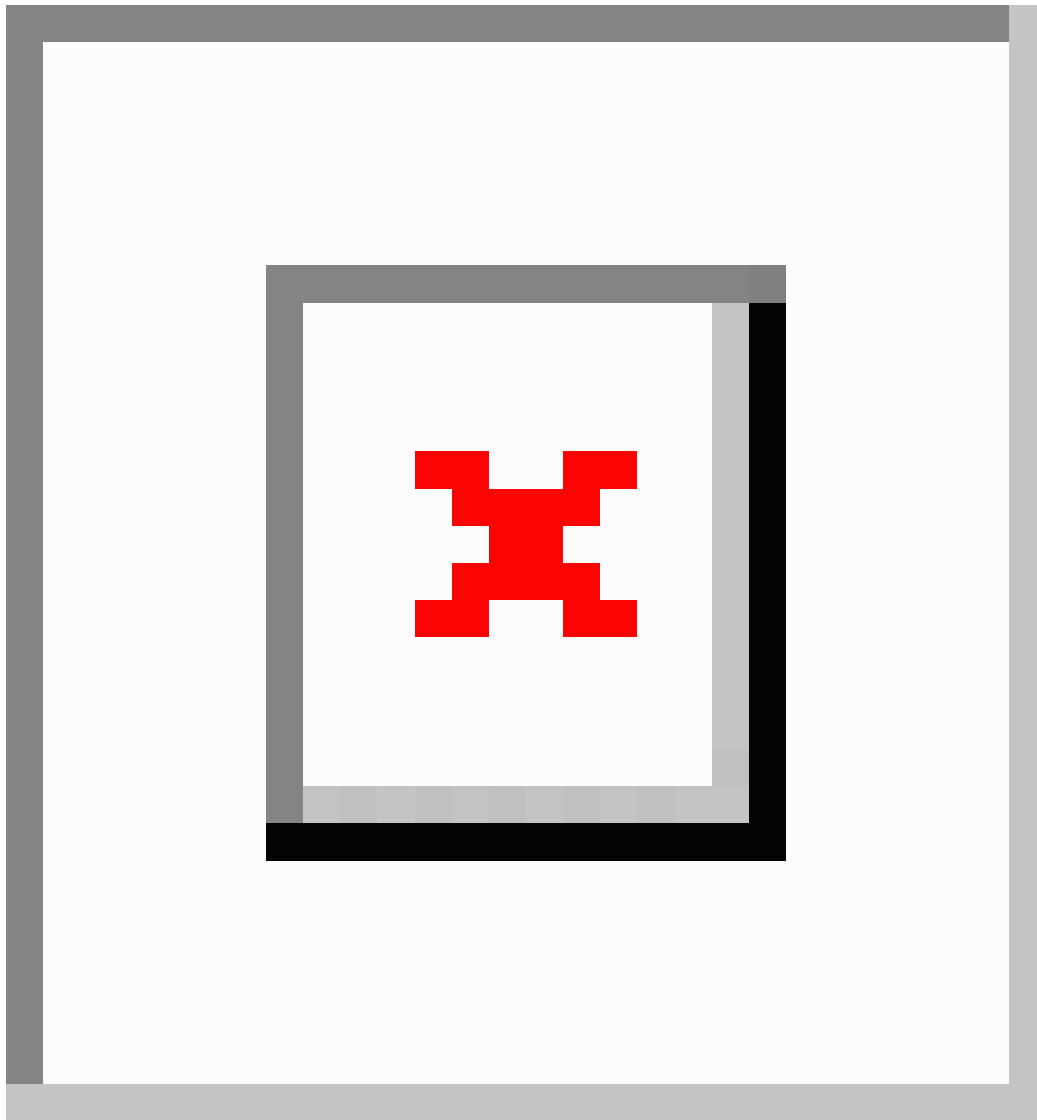


Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(Index of Tunes, C.)

136.

Tune.--"Our Father, Thou in heaven above."



Ach Gott, wie manches Herzelied

Hojer, 1584

Ah God, my days are dark indeed,
How oft this aching heart must bleed;
The narrow way, how fill'd with pain,
That I must pass ere heav'n I gain!
How hard to teach this flesh and blood
To seek alone th'Eternal Good!

Ah whither now for comfort turn?
For Thee, my Jesus, do I yearn,
In Thee have I, howe'er distrest,
Found ever counsel, aid, and rest;
I cannot all forsaken be

While still my heart can trust in Thee.

Jesus, my only God and Lord,
 What sweetness in Thy name is stored!
 So dark and hopeless is no grief
 But Thy sweet Name can bring relief,
 So keen no sorrows' rankling dart
 But Thy sweet Name can heal my heart.

The world can show no truth like Thine,
 And therefore will I not repine;
 I know Thou wilt forsake me not,
 Thy truth is fix'd, though dark my lot;
 Thou art my Shepherd, and Thy sheep
 From every real harm Thou wilt keep.

Jesus, my boast, my light, my joy,
 The treasure nought can e'er destroy,
 No words, no song that I can frame
 Speak half the sweetness of Thy name!
 They only all its power shall prove
 Whose hearts have learnt Thy faith and love.

How many a time I've sadly said,
 Far better were it I were dead,
 Far better ne'er the light to see
 If I had not this joy in Thee;
 For he who hath not Thee in faith,
 His very life is merely death.

Jesus, my Bridegroom and my crown,
 If Thou but smile, the world may frown,
 In Thee lie depths of joy untold,
 Far richer than her richest gold;
 Whene'er I do but think of Thee,
 Thy dew drops down and solace me;

Whene'er I hope in Thee, my Friend
 Thy comfort and Thy peace descend;
 Whene'er in grief I pray and sing,
 I feel new courage in me spring;
 Thy Spirit witnesses that this
 Is foretaste of the eternal bliss.

Then while I live this life of care
 The cross for Thee I'll gladly bear
 Grant me a patient, willing mood,

I know that it shall work my good;
Help me to do my task aright,
That it may stand before Thy sight.

Let me this flesh and blood control,
From sin and shame preserve my soul,
And keep me steadfast in the faith,
Then I am Thine in life and death;
Jesys, Consoler, bend to me,
Ah would I were e'en now with Thee!

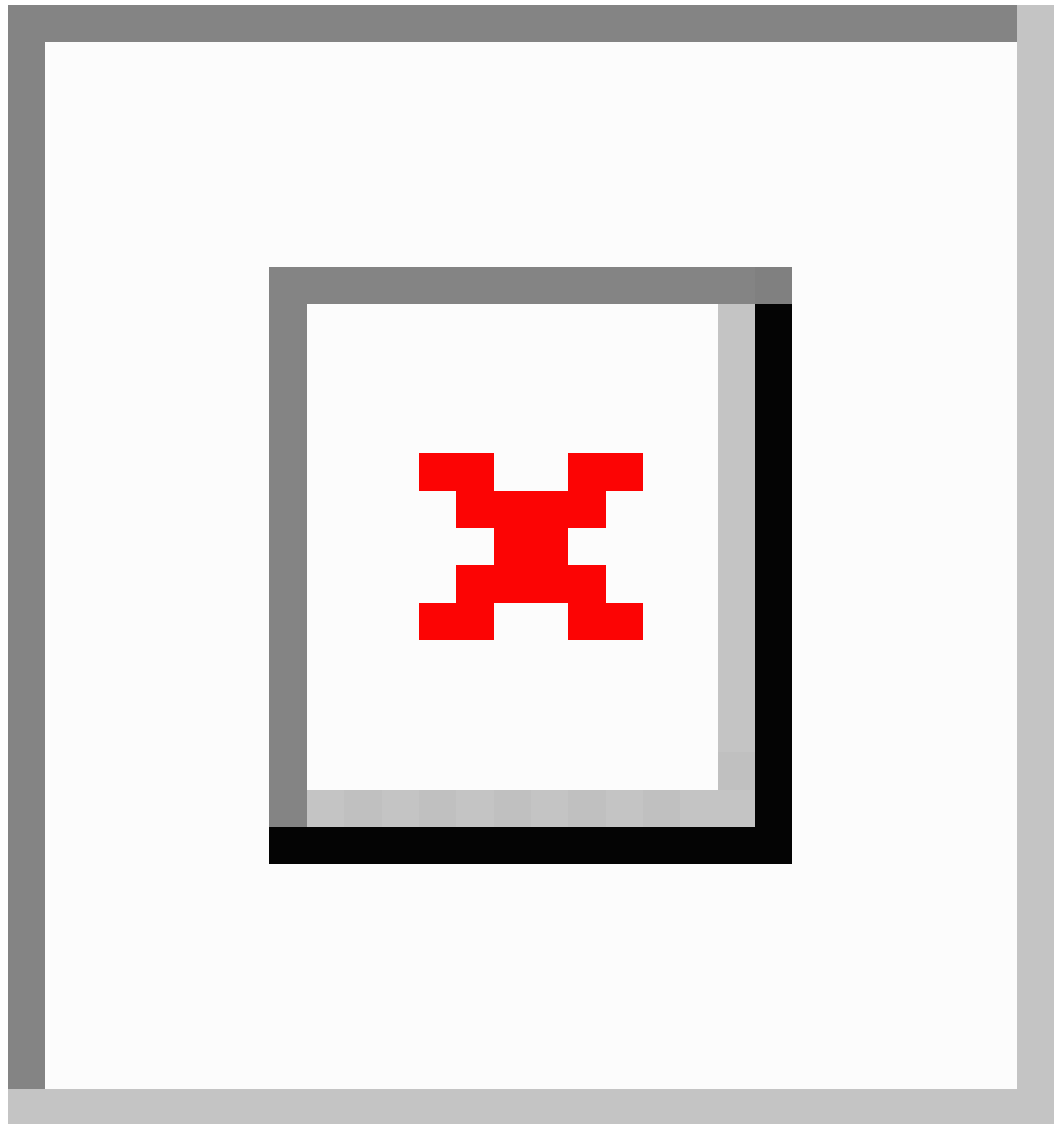


Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(XCIX.--"Valet will ich Dir geben.")

137.

Original Tune.



Valet will ich dir geben

V. Herberger, 1613

Farewell I gladly bid Thee,
 False, evil world, farewell!
 Thy life is dark and sinful,
 With thee I would not dwell:
 In heav'n are joys untroubled,
 I long for that bright sphere
 Where God rewards them doubled,
 Who serv'd Him truly here.

Do with me as it pleases
 Thy heart, O Son of God;
 When anguish on me seizes,

Help me to bear my load;
 Nor then my sorrows lengthen,
 But take me hence on high;
 My fearful heart, oh strengthen,
 And let me calmly die.

When all around is darkling,
 Thy name and cross, still bright,
 Deep in my heart are sparkling,
 Like stars in blackest night;
 Appear Thou in Thy sorrow,
 For Thine was woe indeed,
 And from Thy cross I borrow
 All comfort heart can need.

Thou diedst for me,--oh hide me
 When tempests round me roll;
 Through all my foes, oh guide me,
 Receive my trembling soul:
 If I but grasp Thee firmer,
 What matters pain when past?
 Hath he a cause to murmur
 Who reaches heaven at last?

Oh write my name, I pray Thee,
 Now in the book of life;
 So let me here obey Thee,
 And there, where joys are rife,
 For ever bloom before Thee,
 Thy perfect freedom prove,
 And tell, as I adore Thee,
 How faithful was Thy love.



Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(Index of Tunes, LV.)

138.

Tune.--"Jesus Christ, my sure Defence."

Chorale Book for England

In Thy heart and hands, my God,
Wait - ing pa - tient - ly the end

Calm - ly now my soul re - poses,
That Thy aim in all dis - closes;

Stripp'd of self, how sweet her rest

On her lov - ing Fa - ther's breast.

Meine Seele senket sich

Winkler, 1713

In Thy heart and hands, my God,
Calmly now my soul reposes,
Waiting patiently the end
That Thy aim in all discloses;
Stripp'd of self, how sweet her rest
On her loving Father's breast.
And my soul repineth not,
Well content whate'er befall her;

Murmurs, wishes, of self-will,
 Doom'd to death, no more enthrall her;
 Restless thoughts, that fret and crave,
 Slumber in her Saviour's grave.

And my soul doth cease from cares,
 From the thoughts that sore perplex us,
 That destroy the inner peace,
 For like sharpest thorns they vex us;
 He who made her careth well,
 She but seeks in peace to dwell.

And my soul despaireth not,
 Loves Him most when sad and lonely;
 Grief that wrings and breaks the heart
 Comes to those who hate Him only;
 They who love Him still possess
 Comfort in their worst distress.

And my soul complaineth not,
 For no pain or fears dismay her,
 Still she clings to God in faith,
 Trusts Him though He seem to slay her.
 'T is when flesh and blood repine,
 Sun of joy, Thou canst not thine.

Thus my soul is still and waits,
 Every murmuring word she hushes,
 Conquering thus the pain or wrong
 That the restless spirit crushes;
 Like a silent ocean, bright
 With her Maker's praise and light.



Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(Index of Tunes, LXXX.)

139.

Tune.--"Heart and heart together bound."

God! Thou art my rock of strength,
 And my home is in Thine arms,
 Thou wilt send me help at length,
 And I feel no wild alarms.
 Sin nor Death can pierce the shield
 Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
 Up to Thee myself I yield,
 And my sorrows are Thine own.

Thou my shelter from the blast,
 Thou my strong defence art ever;
 Though my sorrows thicken fast,
 Yet I know Thou leav'st me never;
 When my foe puts forth his might,
 And would tread me in the dust,
 To this rock I take my flight,
 And I conquer him through trust.

When my trials tarry long,
 Unto Thee I look and wait,
 Knowing none, though keen and strong,
 Can my faith in Thee abate,
 And this faith I long have nursed,
 Comes alone, O God, from Thee;
 Thou my heart didst open first,
 Thou didst set this hope in me.

Christians! cast on Him your load,
 To your tower of refuge fly!
 Know He is the Living God,
 Ever to His creatures nigh.
 Seek His ever-open door
 In your hours of utmost need;
 All your hearts before Him pour,
 He will send you help with speed.

But hast thou some darling plan,
 Cleaving to the things of earth?
 Leanest thou for aid on man?
 Thou wilt find him nothing worth.
 Rather trust the One alone
 Whose is endless power and love,
 And the help He gives His own
 Thou in very deed shalt prove.

Yea, on Thee, my God, I rest,

Letting life float calmly on,
 For I know the last is best,
 When the crown of joy is won.
 In Thy might all things I bear,
 In Thy love find bitters sweet,
 And with all my grief and care
 Sit in patience at Thy feet.

 O my soul, why art thou vex'd?
 Let things go as e'en they will;
 Though to thee they seem perplex'd,
 Yet His order they fulfil.
 Here He is Thy strength and guard,
 Power to harm thee here has none;
 Yonder will He each reward
 For the works he here has done.

 Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
 O'er me, keep me close to Thee,
 In the peace Thy love doth shed,
 Let me dwell eternally;
 Be my All; in all I do
 Let me only seek Thy will,
 Where the heart to Thee is true,
 All is peaceful, calm, and still.



Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(CII.--"Von Gott will ich nicht lassen.")

140.

Original Tune.

From God shall nought divide me, For
And on my path will guide me, Who
He is true for aye, His ev - er - boun - teous hand
else should of - ten stray;
By night and day is heed - ful, And gives me what is
need - - ful, Wher - e'er I go or stand.

Von Gott will ich nicht lassen

Helmbold, 1563

From God shall nought divide me,
 For He is true for aye,
 And on my path will guide me,
 Who else should often stray;
 His ever-bounteous hand
 By night and day is heedful,
 And gives me what is needful,
 Where'er I go or stand.

If sorrow comes, He sent it,
 In Him I put my trust;

I never shall repent it,
 For He is true and just,
 And loves to bless us still;
 My life and soul, I owe them
 To Him who doth bestow them,
 Let Him do as He will.

Whate'er shall be His pleasure
 Is surely best for me;
 He gave His dearest treasure
 That our weak hearts might see
 How good His will t'ward us;
 And in His Son He gave us
 Whate'er could bless and save us;--
 Praise Him who loveth thus!

Oh praise Him, for He never
 Forgets our daily need;
 Oh blest the hour whenever
 To Him our thoughts can speed;
 Yes, all the time we spend
 Without Him is but wasted,
 Till we His joy have tasted,
 The joy that hath no end.

For when the world is passing
 With all its pomp and pride,
 All we were here amassing
 No longer may abide;
 But in our earthy bed,
 Where softly we are sleeping,
 God hath us in His keeping,
 To wake us from the dead.

Then though on earth I suffer
 Much trial, well I know
 I merit ways still rougher,
 And 'tis to heaven I go;
 For Christ I know and love,
 To Him I now am hasting,
 And gladness everlasting
 With Him this heart shall prove.

For such His will who made us,
 The Father seeks our good;
 The Son hath grace to aid us,

And save us by His blood;
His Spirit rules our ways,
By faith in us abiding,
To heaven our footsteps guiding;
To Him be thanks and praise.



Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(XCI. Psalm 140, Gaudimel. "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein.")

141.

When in the hour of ut - most need

We know not where to look for aid,

When days and nights of anx - ious thought

Nor help nor coun - sel yet have brought,--

Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein

Paul Eber, 1567

When in the hour of utmost need
 We know not where to look for aid,
 When days and nights of anxious thought
 Nor help nor counsel yet have brought,--

Then this our comfort is alone,
 That we may meet before Thy throne,
 And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
 For rescue from our misery:

To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
 Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
 And seek Thy pardon for our sin,
 And respite from our griefs within:

For Thou hast promised graciously
 To hear all those who cry to Thee,
 Through Him whose Name alone is great,
 Our Saviour and our Advocate.

And thus we come, O God, to-day,
 And all our woes before Thee lay,
 For tried, forsaken, lo! we stand,
 Perils and foes on every hand.

Ah! hide not for our sins Thy face,
 Absolve us through Thy boundless grace,
 Be with us in our anguish still,
 Free us at last from every ill,

That so with all our hearts we may
 Once more our glad thanksgivings pay,
 And walk obedient to Thy word,
 And now and ever praise the Lord.



Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(CXI.--"Wenn ich in Angst und Noth.")

142.

Original Tune.

Hans Sachs, 1552

Why art thou thus cast down, my heart?
 Why troubled, why dost mourn apart,
 O'er nought but earthly wealth?
 Trust in thy God, be not afraid,
 He is thy Friend who all things made.

Dost think thy prayers He doth not heed?
 He knows full well what thou dost need,
 And heaven and earth are His;
 My Father and my God, who still
 Is with my soul in every ill.

Since Thou my God and Father art,
 I know Thy faithful loving heart
 Will ne'er forget Thy child;
 See I am poor, I am but dust,
 On earth is none whom I can trust.

The rich man in his wealth confides,
 But in my God my trust abides;
 Then laugh ye as ye will,
 I hold this fast that He hath taught,--
 Who trusts in God shall want for nought.

Yes, Lord, Thou art as rich to-day
 As Thou hast been and shalt be aye,
 I rest on Thee alone;
 Thy riches to my soul be given,
 And 't is enough for earth and heaven.

What here may shine I all resign,
 If the eternal crown be mine,
 That through Thy bitter death
 Thou gainedst, O Lord Christ, for me--
 For this, for this, I cry to Thee!

All wealth, all glories, here below,
 The best that this world can bestow,
 Silver or gold or lands,
 But for a little time is given,
 And helps us not to enter heaven.

I thank Thee, Christ, Eternal Lord,
 That Thou hast taught me by Thy word
 To know this truth and Thee;
 O grant me also steadfastness

Thy heavenly kingdom not to miss.

Praise, honour, thanks, to Thee be brought,
For all things in and for me wrought

By Thy great mercy, Christ.

This one thing only still I pray,
Oh cast me ne'er from Thee away.

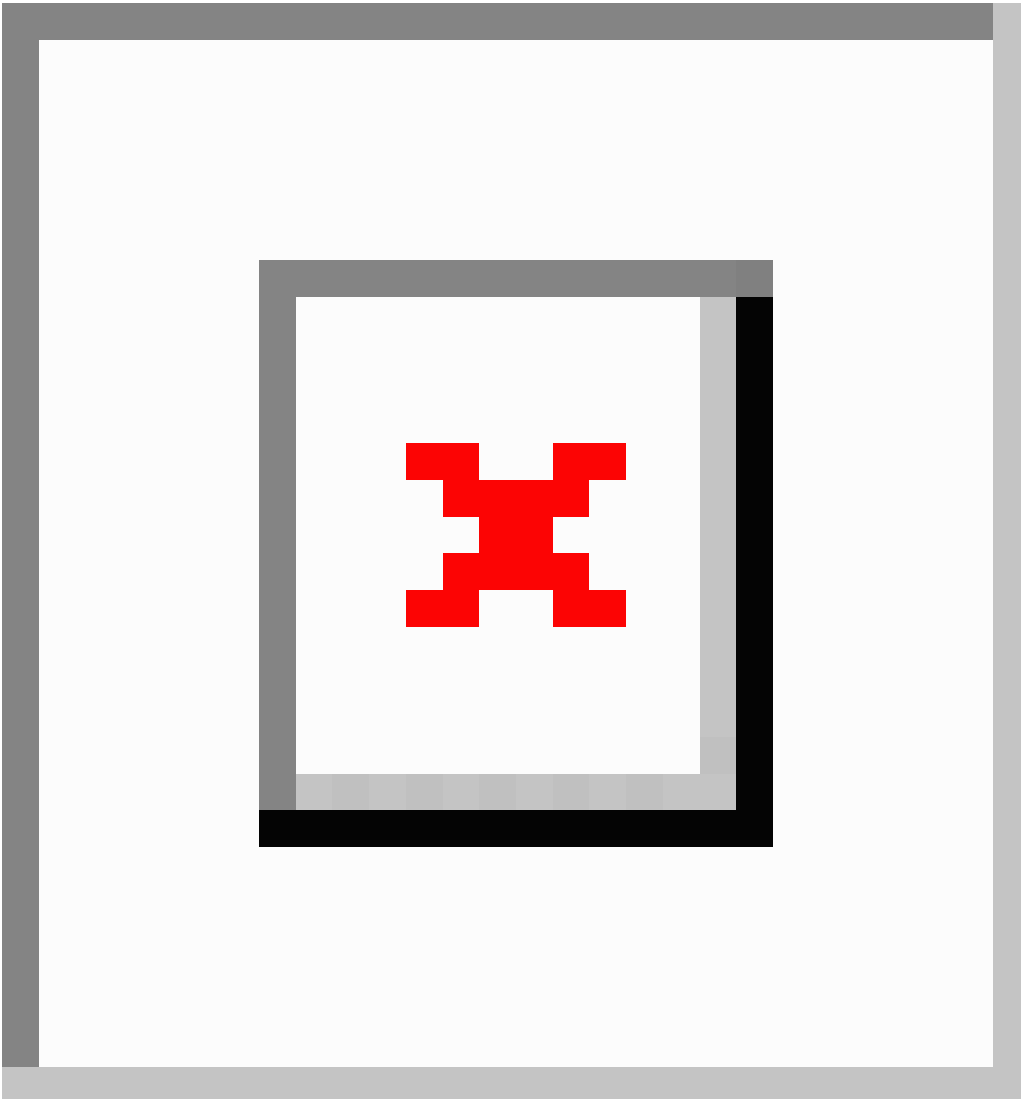


Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(LXXVII.--"O Christe Morgensterne.")

144.

Original Tune.



O Christe Morgensterne

Anon., Thirty Years' War

O Christ, Thou bright and Morning Star,
 Now shed Thy light abroad;
 Shine on us from Thy throne afar
 In this dark place, dear Lord,
 With Thy pure glorious word.

O Jesus, Comfort of the poor,
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 I know Thy mercies still endure
 And Thou wilt pity me;
 I trust alone to Thee.

I cannot rest, I may not sleep,
 No joy or peace I know,
 My soul is torn with anguish deep
 And fears a deeper woe;
 O Christ, Thy pity show!

For Thou didst suffer for my soul,
 Her burdens to remove;
 Oh make me through Thy sorrows whole,
 Refresh me with Thy love;
 Lord, help me from above.

Then, Jesus, glory, honour, praise,
 I'll ever sing to Thee;
 Increase my faith that Thou wilt raise
 Me once where I shall see
 Eternal joys with Thee!

*Songs of the Cross and Consolation*

(CXIV.--"Wer Gott vertraut hat wohlgebaut.")

145.*Original Tune.*

Who puts his trust in God most just Hath built his house se - cure - ly;
 He who re - lies on Je - sus Christ, Shall reach His heav'n most sure - ly;

Then fix'd on Thee my trust shall be, For Thy truth can-not al - ter;

While mine Thou art, not death's worst smart Shall make my cour-age fal - ter.

Wer Gott vertraut hat wohlgebaut

Anon., 1571

Who puts his trust in God most just
 Hath built his house securely;
 He who relies on Jesus Christ,
 Shall reach His heav'n most surely;
 Then fix'd on Thee my trust shall be,
 For Thy truth cannot alter;
 While mine Thou art,
 Not death's worst smart
 Shal make my courage falter.

Though fiercest foes my course oppose,
 A dauntless front I'll show them;
 My champion Thou, Lord Christ, art now,
 Who soon shalt overthrow them!
 And if but Thee I have in me
 With Thy good gifts and Spirit,
 Nor death nor hell, I know full well,

Shall hurt me, through Thy merit.

I rest me here without a fear,
 By Thee shall all be given
 That I can need, O Friend indeed,
 For this life or for heaven.
 O make me true, my heart renew,
 My soul and flesh deliver!
 Lord, hear my prayer, and in Thy care
 Keep me in peace for ever.



Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(Index of Tunes, LXXII.)

146.

Tune.--"Christ will gather in His own."

Seems it in my an-guish lone, As though God for-sook His own,
 Yet I hold this know-ledge fast, God will fore-ly help at last.

Sollt' es auch bisweilen scheinen

Titius, died 1703

Seems it in my anguish lone,
 As though God forsook His own,
 Yet I hold this knowledge fast,
 God will surely help at last.
 Though awhile it be delay'd,
 He denieth not His aid;
 Though it come not oft with speed,

It will surely come at need.

As a father not too soon
Grants his child the long'd-for boon,
So our God gives when He will;
Wait His leisure and be still.

I can rest in thoughts of Him,
When all courage else grows dim,
For I know my soul shall prove
His is more than father's love.

Would the powers of ill affright,
I can smile at all their might;
Or the cross be pressing sore,
God, my God, lives evermore!

Man may hate me causelessly,
Man may plot to ruin me,
Foes my heart may pierce and rend;
God in heaven is still my Friend.

Earth may all her gifts deny,
Safe my treasure still on high,
And if heaven at last be mine,
All things else I can resign.

I renounce thee willingly,
World, I hate what pleases thee,
Baneful every gift of thine,
Only be my God still mine.

Ah Lord, if but Thee I have,
Nought of other good I crave,
Bright is even death's dark road,
If but Thou art there, my God.



Songs of the Cross and Consolation

(XI.--"Auf meinen lieben Gott.")

147.

Original Tune.



In God, my faith - ful God, I trust when dark my
road; Though ma - ny woes o'er - - take me,
Yet He will not for - sake me; His love it
is doth send them, And when 'tis best will end them.

Auf meinen lieben Gott

Weingärtner, 1609

In God, my faithful God,
I trust when dark my road;
Though many woes o'ertake me,
Yet He will not forsake me;
His love it is doth send them,
And when 'tis best will end them.

My sins assail me sore,
But I despair no more;
I build on Christ who loves me,
From this Rock nothing moves me,

Since I can all surrender
To Him, my soul's Defender.

If death my portion be,
Then death is gain to me,
And Christ my life for ever,
From whom death cannot sever;
Come when it may, He'll shield me,
To Him I wholly yield me.

Ah, Jesus Christ, my Lord,
So meek in deed and word,
Thou diedst once to save us,
Because Thou fain wouldst have us
After earth's life of sadness
Heirs of Thy heavenly gladness.

'So be It,' then I say,
With all my heart each day;
Guide us while here we wander,
Till safely landed yonder,
We too, dear Lord, adore Thee,
And sing for joy before Thee.



Love to the Saviour

(Index of Tunes, XLIV.)

148.

Tune.--"Lord Jesus, King of Glory."

Chorale Book for England

A pil-grim here I wan-der, On earth have no a-
 My fa-ther-land is yon-der, My home is with my
 bode,
 God, For here I jour-ney to and fro,
 There in e-ter-nal rest Will God His gra-cious
 gift be-flow On all the toil-op-press'd,
 For what hath life been giving,

Ich bin ein Gast auf Erden

Gerhardt, 1650

A pilgrim here I wander,
 On earth have no abode,
 My fatherland is yonder,
 My home is with my God,
 For here I journey to and fro,
 There in eternal rest
 Will God His gracious gift bestow
 On all the toil-oppress'd.
 For what hath life been giving,

From youth up till this day,
 But constant toil and striving?
 Far back as thought can stray,
 How many a day of toil and care,
 How many a night of tears,
 Hath pass'd in grief that none could share,
 In lonely anxious fears!

 How many a storm hath lighten'd
 And thunder'd round my path!
 And winds and rains have frighten'd
 My heart with fiercest wrath:
 And cruel envy, hatred, scorn,
 Have darken'd oft my lot,
 And patiently reproach I've born,
 Though I deserved it not.

 Then through this life of dangers
 I onward take my way;
 But in this land of strangers
 I do not think to stay.
 Still forward on the road I fare
 That leads me to my home,
 My Father's comfort waits me there,
 When I have overcome.

 Ah yes, my home is yonder,
 Where all the angelic bands
 Praise Him with awe and wonder,
 In whose Almighty hands
 All things that are and shall be, lie,
 By Him upholden still,
 Who casteth down and lifts on high
 At His most holy will.

 That home have I desired,
 'Tis there I would be gone;
 Till I am well-nigh tired,
 O'er earth I've journey'd on;
 The longer here I roam, I find
 The less of real joy
 That e'er could please or fill my mind,
 For all hath some alloy.

 The lodging is too cheerless,
 The sorrow is too much;

Ah come, my heart is fearless,
 Release it with Thy touch,
 When Thy heart wills, and make an end
 Of all this pilgrimage,
 And with Thine arm and strength defend,
 When foes against me rage.

 Where now my spirit stayeth
 Is not her true abode;
 This earthly house decayeth,
 And she will drop its load,
 When comes the hour to leave beneath
 What now I use and have;
 And when I've yielded up my breath
 Earth gives me but a grave,

 But Thou, my Joy and Gladness,
 O Thou, my Life and Light,
 Wilt raise me from this sadness,
 This long tempestuous night,
 Into the perfect gladsome day,
 Where bathed in joy divine,
 Among Thy saints, and bright as they,
 I too shall ever thine.

 There shall I dwell for ever,
 Not as a guest alone,
 With those who cease there never
 To worship at Thy throne;
 There in my heritage I rest,
 From baser things set free,
 And join the chorus of the blest
 For ever, Lord, to Thee!

Love to the Saviour

- 149. O Morning Star! how fair and bright
- 150. Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower
- 151. Jesu, priceless treasure
- 152. Loving Shepherd, kind and true
- 153. Wherefore dost Thou longer tarry
- 154. O Thou Essential Word
- 155. O Thou, of God the Father
- 156. In Thee is gladness

157. Up, yes, upward to thy gladness

158. Nothing fair on earth I see

*Love to the Saviour*

(CXVII.--"Wie schön leucht' uns der Morgenstern.")

149.

Original Tune.

O Morn-ing Star! how fair and bright Thou beam-est forth in
Thou Root of Jel - se, Da - vid's Son, My Lord and Bride-gruum,
truth and light! O Sov'-reign meek and low - ly,
Thou hast won My heart to serve Thee sole - ly!
Ho - ly art Thou, Fair and glo-rious, All vic - to-rious, Rich in bless-ing,
Rule and might o'er all pos - sell - ing,

Wie schön leucht' uns der Morgenstern

Nicolai, 1598

O Morning Star! how fair and bright

Thou beamest forth in truth and light!
 O Sov'reign meek and lowly,
 Thou Root of Jesse, David's Son,
 My Lord and Bridegroom, Thou hast won
 My heart to serve Thee solely!
 Holy art Thou, Fair and Glorious,
 All victorious,
 Rich in blessing,
 Rule and might o'er all possessing.

Thou Heavenly Brightness! Light Divine!
 O deep within my heart now shine,
 And make Thee there an altar!
 Fill me with joy and strength to be
 Thy member, ever join'd to Thee
 In love that cannot falter;
 Toward Thee longing Doth possess me,
 Turn and bless me,
 For Thy gladness
 Eye and heart here pine in sadness.

But if Thou look on me in love,
 There straightways falls from God above
 A my of purest pleasure;
 Thy word and Spirit, flesh and blood,
 Refresh my soul with heavenly food,
 Thou art my hidden treasure;
 Let Thy grace, Lord, Warm and cheer me.
 O draw near me;
 Thou hast taught us
 Thee to seek since Thou hast sought us!

Here will I rest, and hold it fast,
 The Lord I love is First and Last,
 The End as the Beginning!
 Here I can calmly die, for Thou
 Wilt raise me where Thou dwellest now,
 Above all tears, all sinning:
 Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus,
 Soon release us,
 With deep yearning,
 Lord, we look for Thy returning!

*Love to the Saviour*

(XLVIII.--"Ich will Dich lieben, meine Stärke.")

150.

Original Tune.

Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
Thee in Thy works, with all my power,

Thee will I love, my Hope, my Joy,
With ar-dour Time shall ne'er de-destroy.

Thee will I love, O Light Di-vine,

So long as life is mine!

Ich will Dich lieben, meine Stärke

Scheffler, 1657

Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
Thee will I love, my Hope, my Joy,
Thee in Thy works, with all my power,

With ardour Time shall n'er destroy.
 Thee will I love, O Light Divine,
 So long as life is mine!

 Alas! that I so late have known Thee,
 Who art the Fairest and the Best;
 Nor sooner for my Lord could own Thee,
 Our highest Good, our only Rest!
 Now bitter shame and grief I prove
 O'er this my tardy love.

 I wander'd long in willing blindness,
 I sought Thee, but I found Thee not,
 For still I shunn'd Thy beams of kindness,
 The creature light fill'd all my thought;
 And if at last I see Thee now,
 'T was Thou to me didst bow!

 I thank Thee, then, true Sun of heaven,
 Whose shining hath brought light to me;
 I thank Thee, who hast richly given
 All that could make us glad and free;
 I thank Thee that my soul is heal'd
 By what Thy lips reveal'd.

 Oh keep me watchful, then, and humble,
 And suffer me no more to stray,
 Uphold me when my feet would stumble,
 Nor let me loiter by the way;
 Fill all my nature with Thy light,
 O Radiance strong and bright!

 Thee will I love, my Crown of gladness,
 Thee will I love, my God and Lord,
 Amid the darkest depths of sadness,
 Not for the hope of high reward,
 For Thine own sake, O Light Divine,
 So long as life is mine.



Love to the Saviour

(LIII.--"Jesu, meine Freude.")

151.

Original Tune.

Je - su, price - less trea - sure, Source of
Ah! how long I've pant - ed, And my

pur - est plea - sure, True - est Friend to me;
heart hath faint - ed, Thirst - ing, Lord, for Thee!

Thine I am, O spot - less Lamb, I will suf - fer

nought to hide Thee, Nought I ask be - side Thee.

Jesu, meine Freude

J. Franck, 1659

Jesu, priceless treasure,
Source of purest pleasure,
 Truest Friend to me;
Ah! how long I've panted,
And my heart hath fainted,
 Thirsting, Lord, for Thee!
Thine I am, O spotless Lamb,
I will suffer nought to hide Thee,
 Nought I ask beside Thee.

In Thine arm I rest me,
 Foes who would molest me
 Cannot reach me here;
 Though the earth be shaking,
 Every heart be quaking,
 Jesus calms my fear;
 Sin and hell in conflict fell
 With their bitter storms assail me,
 Jesus will not fail me.

Wealth, I will not heed thee,
 For I do not need thee,
 Jesus is my choice;
 Honours, ye may glisten,
 But I will not listen
 To your tempting voice;
 Pain or loss, nor shame nor cross,
 E'er to leave my Lord shall move me,
 Since He deigns to love me.

Farewell, thou who chooseth
 Earth, and heaven refuseth,
 Thou wilt tempt in vain;
 Farewell, sins, nor blind me,
 Get ye all behind me,
 Come not forth again:
 Past your hour, O Pride and Power;
 Worldly life, thy bonds I sever,
 Farewell now for ever!

Hence, all fears and sadness,
 For the Lord of gladness,
 Jesus, enters in;
 They who love the Father,
 Though the storms may gather,
 Still have peace within;
 Yea, whate'er I here must bear,
 Still in Thee lies purest pleasure,
 Jesu, priceless treasure!



152.

Tune.--"Light of Light, enlighten me."

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1:
 Lov - ing Shep - herd, kind and true,
 Seek Thy Lamb as shepherds do,

System 2:
 Wilt Thou not in pi - ty hear me?
 In Thy bo - som gent - ly bear me!

System 3:
 Take me hence from earth's an - noy

System 4:
 To Thy home of end - less joy.

Guter Hirte, willst du nicht

Scheffler, 1657

Loving Shepherd, kind and true,
 Wilt Thou not in pity hear me?
 Seek Thy Lamb as shepherds to,
 In Thy bosom gently bear me;
 Take me hence from earth's annoy
 To Thy home of endless joy.

See how in this wilderness
 Lost amid its wastes I wander;
 Take me hence to dwell in bliss
 With the flock who, gather'd yonder,
 Now Thy glory, Lord, behold,
 Safe within the heavenly fold.

 For I fain would gaze on Thee,
 With the lambs, to whom 't is given
 That they feed from danger free
 In the happy field of heaven,
 Praising Thee, all terrors o'er,
 Never can they leave Thee more.

 Here I live in sore distress,
 Watching, fearing hour by hour,
 For my foes around me press,
 And I know their craft and power;
 Lord, Thy lamb can never be
 Safe one moment but with Thee.

 Then, Lord Jesus, let me not
 Fall amid the wolves, but bear me,
 As the faithful shepherd ought;
 Help me, keep me ever near Thee,
 Till Thou bear me in Thy breast
 Homeward to my endless rest.

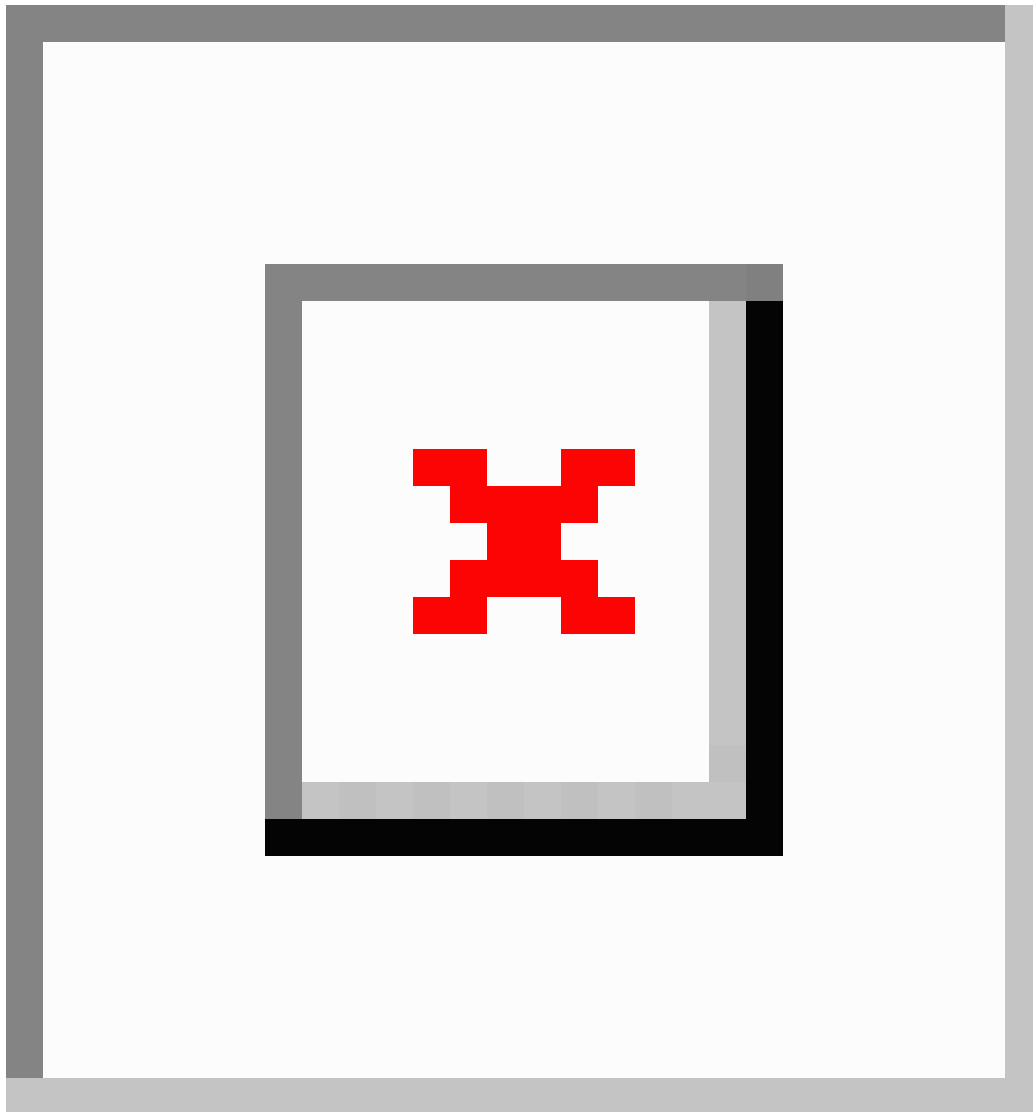


Love to the Saviour

(Index of Tunes, LXXXIX.)

153.

Tune.--"When the Lord recalls the banished."



Warum willst du drauszen stehen

Gerhardt, 1653

Wherefore dost Thou longer tarry,
 Blessed of the Lord, afar?
 Whoud it were Thy will to enter
 To my heart, O Thou my Star,
 Thou my Jesus, Fount of pow'r,
 Helper in the needful hour!
 Sharpest wounds my heart is feeling,
 Touch them, Saviour, with Thy healing!

For I shrink beneath the terrors
 Of the law's tremendous sway;
 All my countless crimes and errors

Stand before me night and day.
 Oh the heavy, fearful load
 Of the righteous wrath of God!
 Oh the awful voice of thunder
 Cleaving heart and soul asunder!
 Would I then, to soothe my sorrow,
 And my pain awhile forget,
 From the world a comfort borrow,
 I but sink the deeper yet,
 She hath comforts that but grieve,
 Joys that stinging memories leave,
 Helpers that my heart are breaking,
 Friends that do but mock its aching.
 All delight, all consolation
 Lies in Thee, Lord Jesus Christ,
 Feed my soul with Thy salvation,
 O Thou Bread of Life unpric'd.
 Blessed Light, within me glow,
 Ere my heart breaks in its woe;
 Oh refresh me and uphold me,
 Jesu, come, let me behold Thee.
 Joy, my soul, for He hath heard thee,
 He will come and enter in;
 Lo! He turns and draweth toward thee,
 Let thy welcome-song begin!
 Oh prepare thee for such guest,
 Give thee wholly to thy rest,
 With an open'd heart adore Him,
 Pour thy griefs and fears before Him.
 What would seem to hurt or shame thee
 Shall but work thy good at last;
 Since that Christ hath deign'd to claim thee,
 And His truth stands ever fast;
 And if thine can but endure,
 There is nought so fixed and sure,
 As that thou shalt hymn His praises
 In the happy heavenly places.

154.

Tune.--"O God, Thou faithful God."

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The lyrics are: "O Thou Es - sen - tial Word, Who With God, for Thou wast God; Thou wast from the be - gin - ing Chos - en to save our race, hope of all the sin - ing, Wel - come in - deed Thou art, Re - deem - er, Fount of Grace, To this my long - ing heart."

Du wesentlichen Wort

Laurenti, 1700

O Thou Essential Word,
 Who wast from the beginning
 With God, for Thou wast God;
 Thou hope of all the sinning,
 Chosen to save our race,
 Welcome indeed Thou art,
 Redeemer, Fount of Grace,

To this my longing heart
 Come, self-existent Word,
 And speak Thou in my spirit!
 The soul where Thou art heard
 Doth endless peace inherit.
 Thou Light that lightenest all,
 Abide through faith in me,
 Nor let me from Thee fall,
 And seek no guide but Thee.
 Ah! what hath stirred Thy heart,
 What cry hath mounted thither,
 And reached Thy heavenly throne,
 And drawn Thee, Saviour, hither?
 It was Thy wondrous love,
 And my most utter need,
 Made Thy compassions move,
 Stronger than Death indeed.
 Then let me give my heart
 To Him who loved me, wholly;
 And live, while here I dwell,
 To show His praises solely;
 Yes, Jesus, form anew
 This stony heart of mine,
 Make it till death still true
 To Thee, for ever Thine.
 Let nought be left within
 But what Thy hand hath planted;
 Root out the weeds of sin,
 And quell the foe who haunted
 My soul, and set the tares;
 From Thee comes nothing ill,
 O save me from his snares,
 Make plain my pathway still.
 Thou art the Life, O Lord,
 And Thou its Light art only!
 Let not Thy blessed rays
 Still leave me dark and lonely.
 Star of the East, arise!
 Drive all my clouds away,
 Till earth's dim twilight dies
 Into the perfect day!

*Love to the Saviour*

(XXXV.--"Herr Christ, der einig' Gott's Sohn.")

155.

Original Tune.

O Thou, of God the Fa - ther The true E -

Of whom 'tis sure - ly writ - ten That Thou with

ter - nal Son, Thou art the bright and Morn - ing Star, Be -

Him art one; Thou art the bright and Morn - ing Star, Be -

yond all o - ther radi - ance Thy glo - ry streams a - far.

Herr Christ, der einig' Gott's Sohn

Eliz. Creutziger, 1524

O Thou, of God the Father
 The true Eternal Son,
 Of whom 'tis surely written
 That Thou with Him art one;
 Thou art the bright and Morning Star,
 Behold all other radiance
 Thy glory streams afar.

O let us in Thy knowledge
 And in Thy love increase,
 That we in faith be steadfast
 And serve Thee here in peace;

That so Thy sweetness may be known
 To these cold hearts, and teach them
 To thirst for Thee alone.

Maker of all! Who showest
 The Father's love and might,
 In heaven and earth Thou reignest
 Of Thine own power and right;
 So rule our hearts and minds, that we
 Be wholly Thine, and never
 May turn aside from Thee!



Love to the Saviour

(L.--"In dir ist Freud.")

156.

Original Tune.

In Thee is glad-ness A-mid all sad-ness, Je-sus, Sun-shine
 By Thee are giv-en The gifts of hea-ven, Thou the true Re-

of my heart! Our souls Thou wakest, Our bonds Thou breakst, Who trusts Thee
 deem-cr art! Our hearts are pin-ing To see Thy shin-ing, Dy-ing or

sure-ly Hath built se-cure-ly, He stands for ev-er: Hal-le-lu-jah!
 liv-ing To Thee are cleaving, Nought can us sev-er: Hal-le-lu-jah!

*In dir ist Freud*Lindemann, *died* 1630

In Thee is gladness
 Amid all sadness,
 Jesus, Sunshine of my heart!
 By Thee are given
 The gifts of heaven,
 Thou the true Redeemer art!
 Our souls Thou wakest, Our bonds Thou breakest,
 Who trusts Thee surely Hath built securely,
 He stands forever: Hallelujah!
 Our hearts are pining To see Thy shining,
 Dying or living To Thee are cleaving,
 Nought can us sever: Hallelujah!
 If He is ours
 We fear no powers,
 Nor of earth, nor sin, nor death;
 He sees and blesses
 In worst distresses,
 He can change them with a breath!
 Wherefore the story tell of His glory
 With heart and voices; all heaven rejoices
 In Him for ever: Hallelujah!
 We shout for gladness, triumph o'er sadness,
 Love Thee and praise Thee, and still shall raise Thee
 Glad hymns for ever: Hallelujah!

*Love to the Saviour*

(X.--"Auf, hinauf zu deiner Freude.")

157.*Original Tune.*

Chorale Book for England

Up! yes, up - ward to thy glad - ness, Rise, my
Cast, oh cast a - way thy sad - ness, Rise where

heart, and soul, and mind! He is thy home,
thou thy Lord canst find.

And thy life a - lone is He; Hath the

world no place for thee, With Him is room,

Auf, hinauf zu deiner Freude

Schade, 1699

Up, yes, upward to thy gladness
 Rise, my heart, and soul, and mind!
 Cast, oh cast away thy sadness,
 Rise where thou thy Lord canst find.
 He is thy home,
 And thy life alone is He;
 Hath the world no place for thee,
 With Him is room.
 On, still onward, mounting nigher

On the wings of faith to Him;
 On, still onward, ever higher,
 Till the mournful earth grows dim!
 God is thy Rock;
 Christ thy Champion cannot fail,
 Though thy foes thy life assail,
 Fear not their shock.

Hide thee, in His chamber bide thee,
 Christ hath open'd now the door;
 Tell Him all that doth betide thee,
 All thy sorrows there outpour;
 He hears thy cry;
 Men may hate thee and deceive,
 Christ His own will never leave,
 He still is nigh.

High, oh high, o'er all things earthy,
 Raise thy thoughts, my soul, to heaven;
 One alone of thee is worthy,
 All thou hast to Him be given,
 Thy Lord He is
 Who so truly pleads for thee,
 Who in love hath died for thee;
 Then thou art His.

Up then, upwards! seek thou only
 For the things that are above;
 Sin thou hatest, earth is lonely,
 Rise to Him whom thou dost love,--
 There art thou blest;
 All things here must change and die,
 Only with our Lord on high
 Is perfect rest.



Love to the Saviour

(Index of Tunes, XXXIII.)

158.

Tune.--"Let the earth now praise the Lord."

No-thing fair on earth I see But I straightway think on Thee;

Thou art fair-est in mine eyes, Source in whom all beau-ty lies!

Keine Schönheit hat die Welt

Scheffler, 1657

Nothing fair on earth I see
 But I straightway think on Thee;
 Thou art fairest in mine eyes,
 Source in whom all beauty lies!

On Thy light I think at morn,
 With the earliest break of dawn;
 Think what glories lie in Thee,
 Light of all Eternity!

When I watch the moon arise
 'Mid heaven's thousand golden eyes,
 Then I think, more glorious far
 Is the Maker of yon star.

Or I cry in spring's sweet hours,
 When the fields are gay with flowers,
 As their varied hues I see,--
 What must their Creator be!

When I wander by the stream,
 Or beside the fountain dream,
 Straight my thoughts take wing and mount
 Up to Thee, the purest Fount.

Sweetly all the air is stirr'd
 When the Echo's call is heard;
 But no sounds my heart rejoice
 Like to my Beloved's voice.

Take away then what could blind
Unto Thee my soul and mind;
Henceforth ever let my heart
See Thee, Saviour, as Thou art!

III. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

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Morning

159. Dayspring of eternity
 160. God who madest earth and heaven
 161. As a bird at dawning singeth
 162. Come, my soul, awake, 't is morning
 163. While yet the morn is breaking
 164. My inmost heart now raises

*Morning*

(LXXIX.--"Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.")

159.

Original Tune.

Day - spring of e - ter - ni - ty! Hide no
 Light from Light's ex - haust - less sea, Shine on
 more Thy ra - diant dawn - ing! And dis -
 us a - fresh this morn - ing! ing! And dis -
 pel with glo - rious might All our night.

Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit

V. Rosenroth, 1684

Dayspring of eternity!
 Hide no more Thy radiant dawning!
 Light from Light's exhaustless sea,
 Shine on us afresh this morning!
 And dispel with glorious might
 All our night.

Let Thy mercies' morning dew
 Rouse our conscience from its blindness:
 Gladden life's dry plains anew
 With the rivers of Thy kindness;
 Water daily us Thy flock
 From the rock.

Let the glow of love destroy
 Cold obedience faintly given,
 Wake our hearts to love and joy
 With the flushing eastern heaven;
 Let us truly rise ere yet

Life hath set.

Brightest Star of eastern skies!
 Grant that at Thy last appearing
 These frail bodies may arise,
 Joyfully Thy summons hearing,
 Strong their heavenward course to run
 As the sun.

Through this dark and tearful place
 Never be Thy light denied us,
 O Thou glorious Sun of grace,
 To yon world of gladness guide us,
 When to joys that never end
 We ascend!



Morning

(XXXII.--"Gott des Himmels und der Erden.")

160.

Original Tune.

God who madest earth and heaven,
Who the day and night hast given,

Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,
Sun and moon and star - ry host,

All things wake at Thy com - mand,

Held in be - ing by Thy hand.

Gott des Himmels und der Erden

H. Albert, 1644

God who madest earth and heaven,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who the day and night hast given,
 Sun and moon and starry host,
 All things wake at Thy command,
 Held in being by Thy hand.

God, I thank Thee! In Thy keeping
 'Safely have I slumber'd here;

Thou hast guarded me while sleeping
 From all danger, pain, and fear;
 And the cunning of my foe
 Hath not wrought my overthrow.

Let the night of sin that shrouded
 All my life, with this depart;
 Shine on me with beams unclouded,
 Jesu! In Thy loving heart
 Is my help and hope alone,
 For the evil I have done,

Help me as the morn is breaking,
 In the spirit to arise,
 So from careless sloth awaking,
 That when o'er the aged skies
 Shall the morn of Doom appear,
 I may see it free from fear.

Lead me, and forsake me never,
 Guide my wand'ring by Thy Word;
 As Thou hast been, be Thou ever
 My defence, my refuge, Lord.

Never safe except with Thee,
 Thou my faithful Guardian be!

O my God, I now commend me
 Wholly to Thy mighty hand;
 All the powers that Thou dost lend me
 Let me use at Thy command;
 Thou my boast, my strength divine,
 Keep me with Thee, I am Thine.

Thus afresh with each new morning
 Save me from the power of sin,
 Hourly let me feel Thy warning
 Ruling, prompting me within,
 Till my final rest be come,
 And Thine angel bear me home.

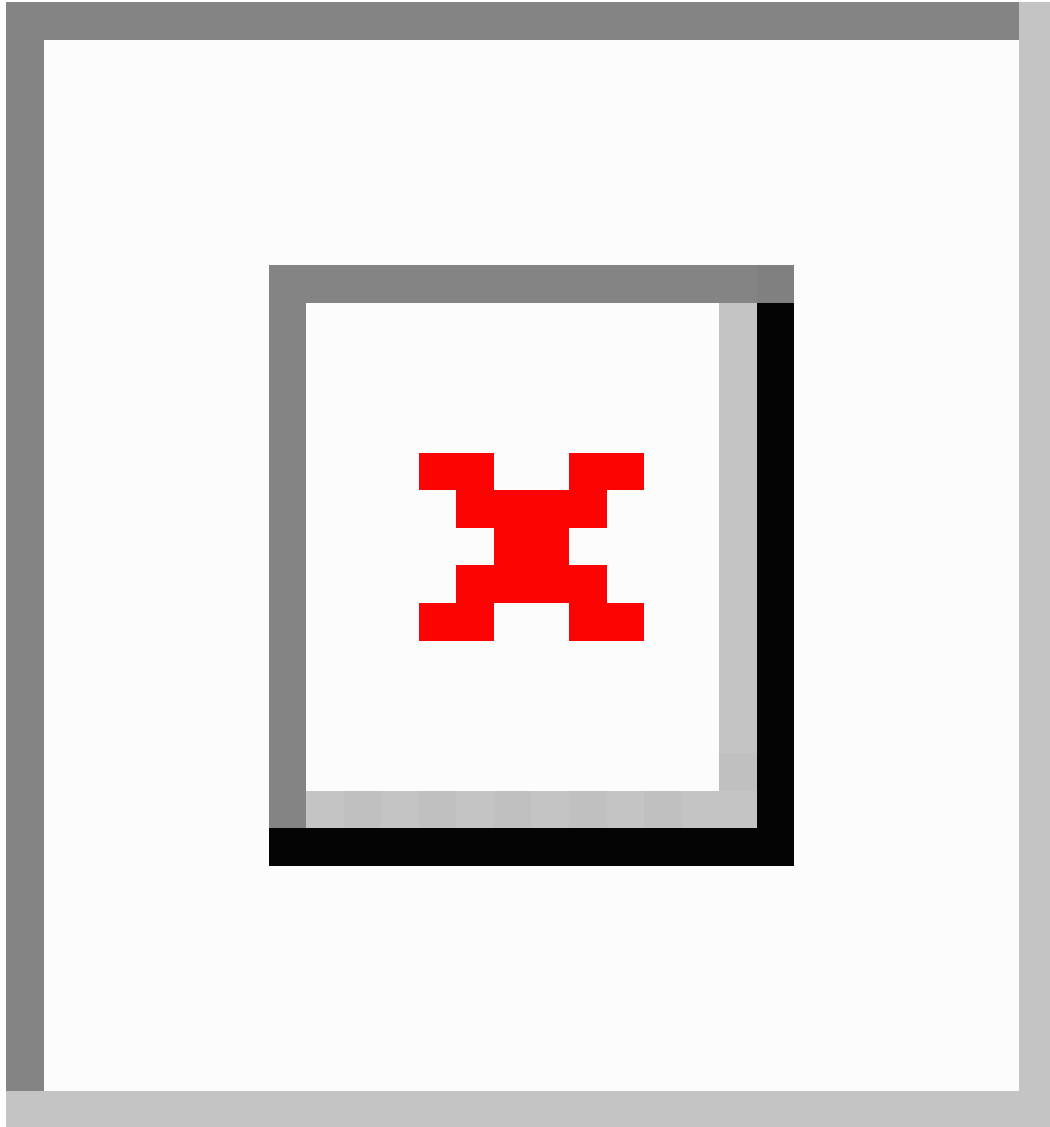


(Index of Tunes, CXIII.)

Morning

161.

Tune.--"Sink not yet my soul to slumber."



Wie ein Vogel lieblich singet

Anon., *about* 1580

As a bird at dawning singeth
 In the woods or meadows fair,
 Till the lonely forest ringeth,
 And it fills the summer air,
 So my heart to Thee would raise,
 O my God, its song of praise,
 That the gloom of night is waning,
 And the Sun once more is reigning.

Sun of Love, when Thou dost greet me
 All my heart with joy is stirr'd;

And it upward flies to meet Thee,
 Gladsome as yon little bird.
 Shine Thou in me clear and bright,
 Till I learn to praise Thee right;
 On the narrow way now speed me,
 Let not darkness e'er mislead me.

 Bless to-day what I am doing,
 Bless whate'er I have and love;
 With the morn my powers renewing,
 Let me ne'er from virtue rove;
 By Thy Spirit strengthen me
 In the faith that leads to Thee,
 So through life to journey fearless,
 Heir of heaven, to glories peerless.



Morning

(LXXXVIII. Psalm 38, Gaudimel. "Seele du musst munter werden.")

162.

Come, my soul, a - wake, 't is morn - ing, Day is

dawn - ing O'er the earth, a - rise and pray;

Come, to Him who made this splen - dour Thou must

ren - der All thy fee - ble pow'rs can pay.

Seele du musst munter werden

V. Canitz, died 1699

Come, my soul, awake, 't is morning,
 Day is dawning
 O'er the earth, arise and pray;
 Come, to Hime who made this splendour
 Thou must render
 All thy feeble pow'rs can pay.
 Soul, thy incense also proffer;
 Thou shouldst offer
 Praise to Him, who from thy head

Kept afar the storms of sorrow,
 And the morrow
 Finds the night in peace hath fled.
 Bid Him bless what thou art doing,
 If pursuing
 Some good aim; but if there lurks
 Ill intent in thine endeavour,
 May He ever
 Thwart and turn thee from thy works.
 From God's glances shrink thou never,
 Meet them ever;
 Who submits him to His grace,
 Finds that earth no sunshine knoweth
 Such as gloweth
 O'er his pathway all his days.
 Wakenest thou again to sorrow,
 Oh! then borrow
 Strength from Him, whose sun-like might
 On the mountain-summit tarries,
 And yet carries
 To the vales their mirth and light.
 Pray that when thy life is closing,
 Calm reposing
 Thou mayst die, and not in pain;
 That, the night of death departed,
 Thou, glad-bearded,
 Mayst behold the Sun again.



Morning

(XVIII.--"Dank sei Gott in der Höhe.")

163.

Original Tune.

While yet the morn is break - ing I
Be - neath whose care a - wak - ing I,

thank my God once more, I thank Him that He calls me
find the night is o'er;

To life and health a - new, I know what - e'er be -

falls me His care will still be true.

Dank sei Gott in der Höhe

J. Mühlmann, 1618

While yet the morn is breaking
I thank my God once more,
Beneath whose care awaking
I find the night is o'er;
I thank Him that He calls me
To life and health anew,
I know whte'er befalls me
His care will still be true.

Guardian of Israel, hear me,

Watch o'er me through the day,
 In all I do be near me:
 For others too I pray,
 To Thee I would commend them,
 Our Church, our youth, our land,
 Direct them and defend them
 When dangers are at hand.

 O gently grant Thy blessing,
 That we may do Thy will,
 No more Thy ways transgressing,
 Our proper task fulfil;
 With Peter's full affiance
 Let down our nets again,
 If Thou art our reliance
 Our toil will not be vain.

 Thou art the Vine,--oh nourish
 The branches graft in Thee,
 And let them grow and flourish
 A fair and fruitful tree;
 Thy Spirit put within us,
 And let His gifts of grace
 To all good actions win us,
 That best may show His praise.



Morning

(XII.--"Aus meines Herzens Grunde.")

164.

Original Tune.

My in - most heart now rai - ses, In
A song of thank - ful prai - ses To

this fair morn - ing hour, And as I have be - gun
Thine Al - migh - ty pow'r;

This day, my God, my life shall be Be - gun and

closed with praise to Thee, Through Christ Thy on - ly Son.

Aus meines Herzens Grunde

Anon., 1592

My inmost heart now raises,
 In this fair morning hour,
 A song of thankful praises
 To Thine Almighty pow'r;
 And so I have begun
 This day, my God, my life shall be
 Begun and closed with praise to Thee,
 Through Christ Thy only Son.

For Thou from me hast warded
 All perils of the night;
 From every harm hast guarded
 My soul till morning's light;
 Humbly to Thee I cry,
 Do Thou in grace the sins forgive
 That anger Thee each day I live,
 Have mercy, Lord most High!

 And keep me of Thy kindness
 From every harm to-day;
 Nor let me in my blindness
 To Satan fall a prey.
 My cup with good o'erflows,
 My soul and body, goods and life,
 My home and friends, my child and wife,
 Thy bounteous hand bestows.

 And so to Thy good pleasure
 My all I now commend,
 And most, what most I treasure;
 O Thou Almighty Friend,
 Order my course for me,
 And bless whate'er I undertake,
 Since I in all my choice would make
 As seemeth best to Thee.

 Amen! I say, not fearing
 That God rejects my prayer,
 I doubt not He is hearing
 And granting me His care;
 And so I go my way,
 And joyfully put forth my hands
 To do the work that He commands,
 And serve Him through the day.

Evening

165. Now that the sun doth shine no more
 166. The happy sunshine all is gone
 167. Sink not yet, my soul, to slumber
 168. The day is done
 169. Now all the woods are sleeping
 170. Now God be with us, for the night is closing

Evening

(LXXVI.--"Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.")

165.

Original Tune.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Now that the sun doth shine no more, And day hath reach'd its close,
They calm-ly sleep who wept be-fore, The wea-ried find re- pose.

Nun sich der Tag geendet hat

Hertzog, 1670

Now that the sun doth shine no more,
And day hath reach'd its close,
They calmly sleep who wept before,
The wearied find repose.

But Thou, my God, no rest dost know
In Thy unslumb'ring might;
Thou hatest darkness as Thy foe,
For Thou Thyself art Light.

Then 'mid the blackness of these hours
Still think on me for good;
Refresh me,--let Thy heavenly powers
Now o'er my slumbers brood,

I know the evil I have done
Doth cry aloud to Thee;
But, ah! the mercy of Thy Son
Hath made amends for me.

And therefore now I close my eyes
And sleep with tranquil breast;

Why waste the time in fears or sighs?
 God watches o'er my rest.

Hence, vain and evil thoughts, depart!
 Roam not, my soul, abroad,
 For now I build within my heart
 A temple to my God.

And if this night my last should prove
 In this dark land, I pray
 Then take me to Thy heaven above,
 The home of endless day.



Evening

(Index of Tunes, LXXXII.)

166.

Tune.--"Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light."

The happy sun - shine all is gone, The gloom - y
 night comes swift - ly on; But shine Thou still, O
 Christ our Light, Nor let us lose our - selves in night.

Hinunter ist der Sonnenschein

N. Hermann, 1560

The happy sunshine all is gone,
The gloomy night comes swiftly on;
But shine Thou still, O Christ our Light,
Nor let us lose ourselves in night.

We thank Thee, Father, that this day
Thy angels watch'd around our way,
And free from harm and vexing fear,
Have led us on in safety here.

Lord, have we anger'd Thee to-day,
Remember not our sins, we pray,
But let Thy mercy o'er them sweep,
And give us calm and restful sleep.

Thy angels guard our sleeping hours,
And keep afar all evil Powers;
And Thou all pain and mischief ward
From soul and body, faithful Lord!



Evening

(CXIII.--"Werde munter, mein Gemüthe.")

167.

Original Tune.

Sink not yet, my soul, to slumber, Wake, my
 All the mer - cies with - out num - ber That this
 heart, go forth and tell Tell how God hath kept a -
 by - gone day be - fell;
 far All things that a - gainst me war, Hath up -
 held me and de - fend - ed, And His grace my soul be - friend - ed.

Werde munter, mein Gemüthe

Rist, 1642

Sink not yet, my soul, to slumber,
 Wake, my heart, go forth and tell
 All the mercies without number
 That this bygone day befell;
 Tell how God hath kept afar
 All things that against me war,
 Hath upheld me and defended,
 And His grace my soul befriended.
 Father, merciful and holy,

Thee to-night I praise and bless,
 Who to labour true and lowly
 Grantest ever meet success;
 Many a sin and many a woe,
 Many a fierce and subtle foe,
 Hast Thou check'd that once alarm'd me,
 So that nought to-day has harm'd me,
 Now the light, that nature gladdens,
 And the pomp of day is gone,
 And my heart is tired and saddens;
 As the gloomy night comes on;
 Ah then, with Thy changeless light
 Warm and cheer my heart to-night,
 As the shadows round me gather
 Keep me close to Thee, my Father.
 Have I e'er from Thee departed,
 Now I seek Thy face again,
 And Thy Son, the loving-hearted,
 Made our peace through bitter pain.
 Yes, far greater than our sin,
 Though it still be strong within,
 Is the Love that fails us never,
 Mercy that endures for ever.
 Brightness of the eternal city!
 Light of every faithful soul!
 Safe beneath Thy sheltering pity,
 Let the tempests past me roll:
 Now it darkens far and near,
 Still, my God, still be Thou here;
 Thou canst comfort, and Thou only,
 When the night is long and lonely.
 E'en the twilight now hath vanish'd,
 Send Thy blessing on my sleep,
 Every sin and terror banish'd,
 Let my rest be calm and deep.
 Soul and body, mind and health,
 Wife and children, house and wealth,
 Friend and foe, the sick, the stranger,
 Keep Thou safe from harm and danger.
 O Thou mighty God, now hearken
 To the prayer Thy child hath made;

Jesus, while the night-hours darken
 Be Thou still my hope, my aid;
Holy Ghost, on Thee I call,
Friend and Comforter of all,
Hear my earnest prayer, oh hear me!
Lord, Thou hearest, Thou art near me.



Evening

(Index of Tunes, LXXXIV.)

168.

Tune.--"O darkest woe, ye tears, forth flow!"

The day is done, And, left a .

lone, My heart is fill'd with yearn .

ing For the morn when grief and care

Shall have no re - turn - ing.

Der Tag ist hin

Freylinghausen, 1704

The day is done,
 And, left alone,
 My heart is fill'd with yearning
 For the morn when grief and care
 Shall have no returning.

The night is here,
 Oh! be Thou near,
 Christ, make it light within me;
 Chase the darkness from my heart

That to ill might win me.
 The sun's sweet light
 Is sunk in night;
 Oh Brightness uncreated,
 Shine with joy on us who here
 Long for Thee have waited.
 Each living thing
 Is slumbering,
 While darkness round is closing;
 Work Thou silently in me
 While I lie reposing.
 Ah when shall day
 Have perfect sway,
 By night no more attended?
 When that fairest morn shall break
 That shall ne'er be ended.
 For Salem then
 Shall ne'er again
 Behold her brightness vanish,
 Since the Lamb shall be her light,
 And all night shall banish.
 Oh were I there!
 Where all the air
 With lovely sounds is ringing,
 Where the saints Thee, Holy Lord,
 Evermore are singing!
 Lord Jesus, Thou
 My rest art now;
 Grant me to stand before Thee,
 Radiant with Thy light to shine,
 And for aye adore Thee!



(Index of Tunes, LXXXV.)

Evening

169.

Tune.--"O World, I now must leave thee."

Now all the woods are sleep - ing, And night and still - nets

creep - - ing O'er ci - ty, man, and beast,

But thou, my heart, a - wake thee, To pray'r a - while be-

take thee, And praise thy Ma - ker ere thou rest.

Nun ruhen alle Wälder

Gerhardt, 1653

Now all the woods are sleeping,
 And night and stillness creeping
 O'er city, man, and beast;
 But thou, my heart, awake thee,
 To pray'r awhile betake thee,
 And praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

O Sun, where art thou vanish'd?
 The Night thy reign hath banish'd,

Thy ancient foe, the Night.

Farewell, a brighter glory
My Jesus sheddeth o'er me,
All clear within me shines His light.

The last faint beam is going,
The golden stars are glowing
In yonder dark-blue deep;
And such the glory given
When called of God to heaven,
On earth no more we pine and weep.

The body hastes to slumber,
These garments now but cumber,
And as I lay them by
I ponder how the spirit
Puts off the flesh t' inherit
A shining robe with Christ on high.

Now thought and labour ceases,
For Night the tired releases
And bids sweet rest begin:
My heart, there comes a morrow
Shall set thee free from sorrow,
And all the dreary toil of sin.

Ye aching limbs! now rest you,
For toil hath sore oppress'd you,
Lie down, my weary head:
A sleep shall once o'ertake you
From which earth ne'er shall wake you,
Within a narrower, colder bed.

My heavy eyes are closing;
When I lie deep reposing,
Soul, body, where are ye?
To helpless sleep I yield them,
Oh let Thy mercy shield them,
Thou sleepless Eye, their guardian be!

My Jesus, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe shelter'd by Thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
Oh let him never harm me,
But still Thine angels round me sing!

My loved ones, rest securely,
From every peril surely
Our God will guard your heads;
And happy slumbers send you,
And bid His hosts attend you,
And golden-arm'd watch o'er your beds.



Evening

(XXII.--"Die Nacht ist kommen.")

170.

Original Tune.

Chorale Book for England

Now God be with us, for the night is
 clos - ing, The light and dark - ness are of His dis -
 pos - ing, And 'neath His sha - dow here to rest we
 yield us, For He will shield us. A - men.

After the last verse only

Die Nacht ist kommen

B. Brethren

Now God be with us, for the night is closing;
 The light and darkness are of His disposing,
 And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,
 For he will shield us.

Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
 Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
 In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
 Thine angels send us.

Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us,
 Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
 All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
 Thy praise pursuing.

As Thy beloved soothe the sick and weeping,
 And bid the captive lose his griefs in sleeping;
 Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them,
 Do Thou befriend them.

We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us,
 Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
 But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
 Who seek Thee only.

Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
 Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven
 Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
 Us now and ever.--Amen.

New Year

171. The old year now hath pass'd away
 172. Help us, O Lord, behold we enter
 173. Oh wouldst Thou in Thy glory come

New Year

(XIX.--"Das alte jahr vergangen ist.")

171.

Original Tune.



The musical score consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system contains the lyrics: "The old year now hath pass'd a - way,". The second system contains: "We thank Thee, O our God, to - day,". The third system contains: "That Thou hast kept us through the year,". The fourth system contains: "When dan - ger and dis - tress were near." The music is in a simple, homophonic style with a common time signature.

Das alte Jahr vergangen ist

Tapp, 1603

The old year now hath pass'd away,
 We thank Thee, O our God, to-day,
 That Thou hast kept us through the year,
 When danger and distress were near.

We pray Thee, O Eternal Son,
 Who with the Father reign'st as One,
 To guard and rule Thy Christendom
 Through all the ages yet to come.

Take not Thy saving Word away,

Our souls' true comfort and their stay;
 Abide with us, and keep us free
 From errors, following only Thee.

Oh help us to forsake all sin,
 A new and holier course begin,
 Mark not what once was done amiss,
 A happier, better year be this:

Wherein as Christians we may live,
 Or die in peace that Thou canst give,
 To rise again when Thou shalt come,
 And enter Thine eternal home.

There shall we thank Thee, and adore,
 With all the angels evermore;
 Lord Jesus Christ, increase our faith
 To praise Thy name through life and death!



New Year

(Index of Tunes, CXV.)

172.

Tune.--"If thou but suffer God to guide thee."

Chorale Book for England

Help us, O Lord, be - hold we en - ter
In Thee our hopes and thoughts now cen - tre,

Up - on an - o - ther year to - day;
Re - new our cou - rage for the way;

New life, new strength, new hap - pi - ness,

We ask of Thee, - oh hear and bless!

Hilf, Herr Jesu, lass gelingen

Rist, 1644

Help us, O Lord, behold we enter
 Upon another year to-day;
 In Thee our hopes and thoughts now centre,
 Renew our courage for the way:
 New life, new strength, new happiness,
 We ask of Thee,--oh hear and bless!

May every plan and undertaking
 This year be all begun with Thee,
 When I am sleeping or am waking,

Still let me know Thou art with me;
 Abroad do Thou my footsteps guide,
 At home be ever at my side.

Be this a time of grace and pardon,
 Thy rod I take with willing mind,
 But suffer nought my heart to harden,
 Oh let me now Thy mercy find;
 In Thee alone, my God, I live,
 Thou only canst my sins forgive.

And may this year to me be holy,
 Thy grace so fill my ev'ry thought
 That all my life be pure and lowly
 And truthful, as a Christian's ought;
 So make me while yet dwelling here
 Pious and blest from year to year.

Jesus, be with me and direct me;
 Jesus, my plans and hopes inspire;
 Jesus, from tempting thoughts protect me;
 Jesus, be all my heart's desire;
 Jesus, be in my thoughts all day,
 Nor suffer me to fall away!

And grant, Lord, when the year is over,
 That it for me in peace may close;
 In all things care for me, and cover
 My head in time of fear and woes;
 So may I, when my years are gone,
 Appear with joy before Thy throne.



New Year

(Index of Tunes, LXXI.)

173.

Tune.--"Ah! God, from heaven look down and see."

Oh wouldst Thou in Thy glo - ry come,
I count the mo - ment's wea - ry sum

As Thou, Lord, hast fore - told it!
Un - til we may be - hold it, With

burn - ing lamp, the Church, Thy Bride, Is wait - ing for the

ho - ly tide When Thou, Lord, wilt un - fold it.

Gottlob, ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit

A. H. Francke, 1691

Oh wouldst Thou in Thy glory come,
As Thou, Lord, hast foretold it!
I count the moment's weary sum
Until we may behold it;
With burning lamp, the Church, Thy Bride,
Is waiting for the holy tide
When Thou, Lord, wilt unfold it.
Yet I would leave it to thy choice,

The hour when we shall meet Thee!
 Though Thou dost love that heart and voice
 Should daily thus entreat Thee,
 And henceforth all my course should be
 Still looking on and up to Thee,
 With heart prepared to greet Thee.

I joy that from Thy love divine
 No power my soul can sever;
 That I may dare to call Thee mine,
 My Lord, my Friend, for ever!
 That I, O Prince of Life, shall be
 Made wholly one in heaven with Thee,
 In life that endeth never.

And therefore do my thinks o'erflow
 That one more year is ended,
 And of this Time, so puor, so slow,
 Another step ascended;
 And with a heart that may not wait
 I hasten towards the golden gate
 Where long my hopes have tended.

And when the wearied hands give way,
 And wearied knees are failing,
 Then make Thy mighty arm my stay,
 Though faith and hope seem quailing;
 That so my heart drink in new strength,
 And fear no more the journey's length,
 O'er doubt and pain prevailing.

Then on, my soul, with fearless faith,
 Let nought to terror move thee,
 Nor list what earthly pleasure saith,
 When she would lure and prove thee;
 The eagles' wings of love and prayer
 Will bear thee through life's toil and care
 To Him who still doth love thee.

Marriage

174. Jesu, day by day

175. Oh blest the hourse, whate'er befall

*Marriage*

(XCV.--"Seelenbräutigam.")

174.

Je - su, day by day Guide us on life's
way; Nought of dan - gers will we rec - kon,
Sim - ply haste where Thou dost bee - kon, Lead us by the
hand To our fa - ther - land.

Jesu, geh voran

Zinzendorf

Jesu, day by day
Guide us on life's way;
Nought of dangers will we reckon,
Simply haste where Thou didst beckon,
Lead us by the hand

To our fatherland.
 Hard should seem our lot,
 Let us waver not,
 Never murmur at our crosses
 In dark days of grief and losses
 'Tis through trial we
 Here must pass to Thee.

 When the heart must know
 Pain for others' woe,
 When beneath its own 'tis sinking,
 Give us patience, hope unshrinking,
 Fix our eyes, O Friend,
 On our Journey's end.

 Thus our path shall be
 Daily traced by Thee;
 Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,
 Help us most when most we suffer,
 And when all is o'er,
 Ope to us Thy door!

Marriage

(CXXI.--"Wo Gott zum Haus nicht giebt sein' Gunst.")

175.



Oh blest the house, what-e'er be-fall, Where Je-fus
Christ is All in All; Yea, if He were not
dwell-ing there, How poor and dark and void it were!

Wohl einem Haus wo Jesus Christ

C. C. L. von Pfeil, 1735

Oh blest the house, whate'er befall,
Where Jesus Christ is All in All;
Yea, if He were not dwelling there,
How poor and dark and void it were!

Oh blest that house where faith ye find,
And all within have set their mind
To trust their God and serve Him still,
And do in all His holy will.

Blest, where their prayers shall daily rise
As fragrant incense to the skies,
While in their lives the world is taught
That forms without the heart are nought.

Blest, where the busy hands fulfil
Their proper task with ready skill,
While through their different works ye see
One spirit run of unity.

Blest such a house, it prospers well,

In peace and joy the parents dwell,
And in their children's lot is shown
How richly God can bless His own.

Then here will I and mine to-day
A solemn covenant make, and say,--
Though all the world forsake Thy Word,
I and my house will serve the Lord.

Missions

176. Spread, oh spread, thou mighty Word
177. For the Lord reigneth

Missions

(Index of Tunes, XXXIII.)

176.

Tune.--"Let the earth now praise the Lord."

The image shows a musical score for two systems. The first system contains the lyrics: "Spread, oh spread, thou mighty Word, Spread the kingdom of the Lord,". The second system contains the lyrics: "Where-so-e'er His breath has given Life to beings meant for heaven." The music is written in a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady rhythm.

Walte, walte, nah und fern

Bahnmaier, 1823

Spread, oh spread, thou mighty Word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

Tell them how the Father's will

Made the world, and keeps it still,
 How He sent His Son to save
 All who help and comfort crave.

Tell of our Redeemer's love,
 Who for ever doth remove
 By His holy sacrifice,
 All the guilt that on us lies.

Tell them of the Spirit given
 Now, to guide us up to heaven,
 Strong and holy, just and true,
 Working both to will and do.

Word of Life! most pure and strong,
 Lo! for Thee the nations long;
 Spread, till from its dreary night
 All the world awakes to light.

Up, the ripening fields ye see,
 Mighty shall the harvest be,
 But the reapers still are few,
 Great the work they have to do.

Lord of harvest, let there be
 Joy and strength to work for Thee,
 Till the nations far and near
 See Thy Light, and learn Thy fear.



(LXXV.--"Nun preiset alle.")

Missions

177.

Original Tune.

Now let us loud - ly Praise God, the Mer - ci - ful; Chri - ten - dom

proud - ly Tells of His glo - rious rule; Gent - ly He bids thee

come be - fore Him, Haste then, O Is - ra - el, now a -

dore Him! Haste then, O Is - ra - el, now a - dore Him!

Nun preiset alle Gottes Barmherzigkeit

Löwenstern, *died* 1648

For the Lord reigneth
Over the universe,
All He sustaineth,
All things His praise rehearse,
The host of angels round Him dwelling,
||:Psalter and harp of His Praise are telling.:|

Rise then, ye nations,
Cast off your mournfulness;
Into His pastures

Will ye not gladly press?
 For there His Word abroad is sounded,
 ||:Pardon for sinners, and grace unbounded.:||

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.:||

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?:||

Now let us loudly
 Praise God, the Merciful;
 Christendom proudly
 Tells of His glorious rule;
 Gently He bids thee come before Him,
 ||:Haste then, O Israel, now adore Him!:||

Schools

178. Jesu, when Thou once returnedst
 179. Lord Jesus Christ, we come to Thee

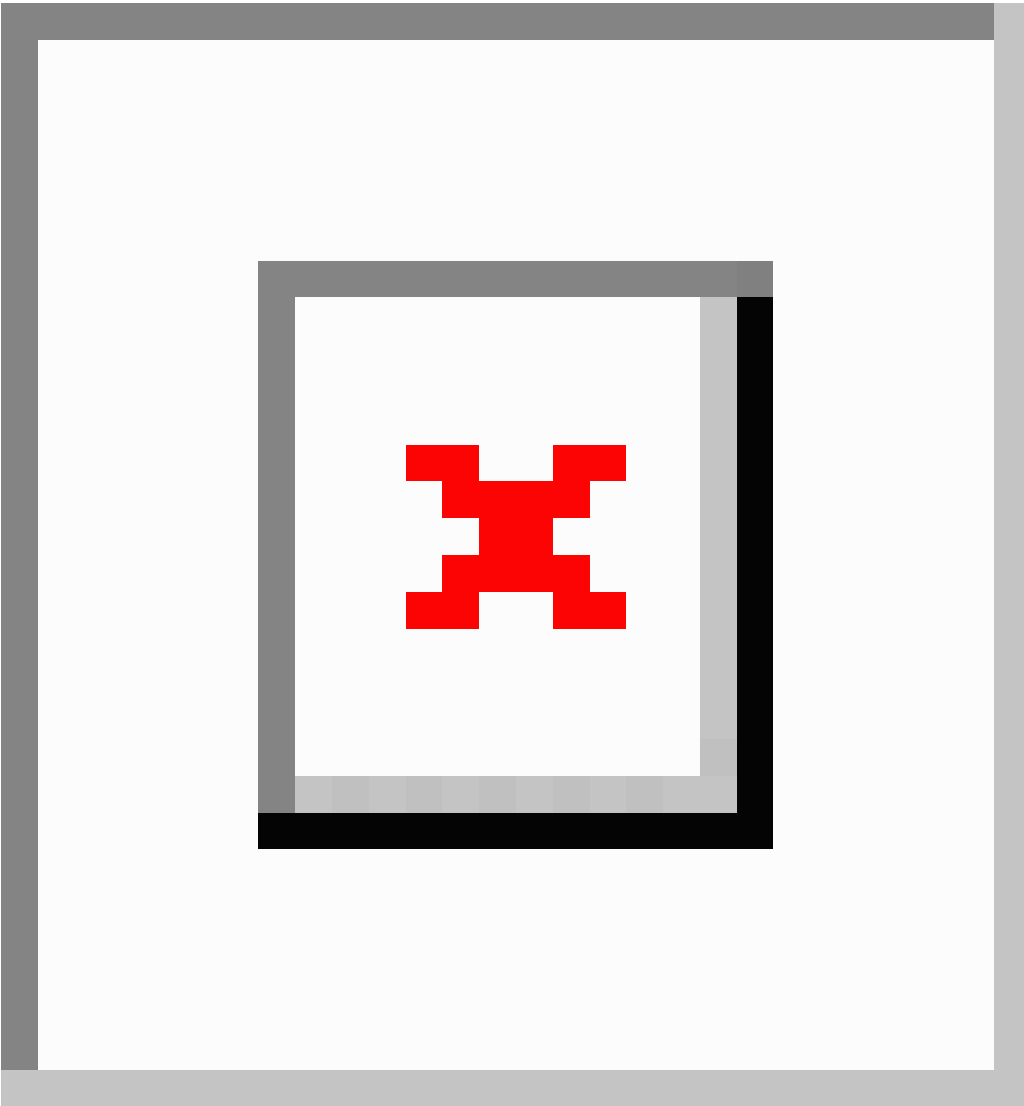


Schools

(Index of Tunes, VII.)

178.

Tune.--"Hark! a voice saith, All are mortal."



Jesu, als du wiederkehrtest

Bahnmaier, 1823

Jesu, when Thou once returnedst
 From the temple of the Lord,
 Where His holy will Thou learnedst,
 Gladly to Thy home restored,
 Thou wast readt to fulfil,
 As a child, Thy parents' will;
 Grace and sweet humility,
 Evermore were seen in Thee.

See Thy little flock dispersing
 From their school with joyous hearts;
 Here Thy lessons oft rehearsing,

Train them for lif's busy parts;
Lord, at home or by the way,
Lonely, or in merry play,
Be our Pattern ne'er forgot;
Friend of children, leave us not!



Schools

(Index of Tunes, CXXI.)

179.

Lord Je - sus Christ, we come to Thee, For Thou hast
deign'd on earth to be A pl - ou and a
lov - ing child, Whom nev - er sin nor guilt de - filed.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Tune.--"O blest the house, whate'er befall."

Lord Je - sus Christ, we come to Thee, For Thou hast
deign'd on earth to be A pi - oua and a
lov - ing child, Whom nev - er sin nor guilt de - filed.

Nun hilf uns, O Herr Jesu Christ

B. Brethren

Lord Jesus Christ, we come to Thee,
For that hast deign'd on earth to be
A pious and a loving child,
Whom never sin nor guilt defiled.

We ask but one thing for our lot,
O Lord, deny Thy children not,--
Teach us to rest upon Thy will,
And take Thee for our Pattern still.

Oh put Thy Spirit in our breast,
Help us to learn with childlike rest,
That we may lay the one true ground,
And evermore in Thee be found.

On a Journey

180. In God's name let us on our way



On a Journey

(Index of Tunes, XXVIII.)

180.

Tune.--"Ere yet the dawn hath fill'd the skies."

In God's name let us on our way! The Fa - ther's help and
 round a - bout
 grace we pray; His love shall guard us round a - bout
 From foes with - in and harms with - out. Hal - le - lu - jah.

In God's name let us on our way! The Fa - ther's help and
 round a - bout
 grace we pray; His love shall guard us round a - bout
 From foes with - in and harms with - out. Hal - le - lu - jah.

In Gottes Namen fahren wir

Anon., before Luther

In God's name let us on our way!
 The Father's help and grace we pray;
 His love shall guard us round about
 From foes within and harms without.
 Hallelujah.

And Christ, be Thou our Friend and Guide,
 Thought all our wanderings at our side,
 Help us all evil to withstand
 That wars against Thy least command.
 Hallelujah.

The Holy Spirit o'er us brood
 With all His gifts of richest good,
 With hope and strength when dark our road,
 And bring us home again in God!
 Hallelujah.

Harvest

181. Come, Christians, praise your Maker's goodness



Harvest

(Index of Tunes, LXXVIII.)

181.

Tune.--"Oh would, my God, that I could praise Thee."

Come, Chris-tians, praise your Mak-er's good-ness,
 To-day be-fore the Lord of har-vest,
 Re-joice in Him and in His gift,
 In hap-py songs your voi-ces lift,
 For He who cared for us of yore
 Hath blest our fields and homes once more.

Kommt, Christen, Gottes Huld zu feiern

Liebich, 1768

Come, Christians, praise your Maker's goodness,

Rejoice in Him and in His gift;
 To-day before the Lord of harvest
 In happy songs your voices lift;
 For He who cared for us of yore
 Hath bless'd our fields and homes once more.

 Accept, O Lord, our thankful praises
 For all our Father's blessing gives;
 May it increase our faith, and lead us
 To praise Thee by obedient lives,
 That every deed and word may prove
 We feel and trust our Father's love.

 Thou feedest us in pure compassion;
 Teach us to care for others' need;
 Let each, as he is able, comfort
 The sick and poor, the hungry feed:
 O Father Thou of all below,
 On each, what most he needs, bestow.

 Open Thy bounteous hands in blessing
 Thus to refresh us, year by year;
 Provide for us through all life's journey,
 And make us faithful stewards while here
 Of all that to our care is given,
 That greater gifts be ours in heaven.

 Preserve to us what Thou hast sent us,
 And grant us calm and peaceful days
 And grateful hearts, that we may use it
 In quiet gladness to Thy praise:
 And while our bodies thus are fed,
 O grant our souls the Living Bread!

Peace and War

182. Lord Jesu Christ, the Prince of Peace
 183. Lord God, we worship Thee
 184. Thank God it hath resounded



Peace and War

(XXIV.--"Du Friedefürst, Herr Jesu Christ.")

182.

Original Tune.

Lord Je - su Christ, the Prince of Peace, True
Migh - ty to help in life and death, O

God and Man art Thou! 'Tis through Thy name a -
hear and help us now!

lone we claim The mer - cy of Thy Fa - ther!

Du Friedefürst, Herr Jesu Christ

Ebert, *died* 1614

Lord Jesu Christ, the Prince of Peace,
True God and Man art Thou!

Mighty to help in life and death,
O hear and help us now!

'T is through Thy name alone we claim
The mercy of Thy Father!

The times are sore and perilous
With heavy woes and wars,
Whence no man can deliver us
But Thou! Oh pleade our cause,
That God may lay His wrath away,
Nor deal with us in anger!

We have deserved, and patiently
Would bear, whate'er Thou wilt,
But grace is mightier far with Thee
Than all our sin and guilt;

Forgive us then, dear Lord, again,
 Thy love is ever faithful.
 (Danger and grief around us stand,
 When plagues are in the air;
 But far more wretched is the land
 When cruel war is there;
 Men scorn the good, in reckless mode
 All holy things despising.
 There law and judgment yield to force,
 None asketh what is right;
 Thy Word is hinder'd in its course,
 And quench'd its blessed light;
 Then drive afar this harmful war,
 Help, save us from its terrors.)
 And let Thy grace, O Lord, control
 Our minds and hearts, that none
 Should make a sport, that kills the soul,
 Of evils war hath done.
 'T is Thou alone who from Thy throne
 Canst rule us thus, and save us!



Peace and War

(Index of Tunes, LXX.)

183.

Tune.--"Now thank we all our God."

Chorale Book for England

Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! In
 We praise Thy love and pow'r, Whose
 loud and hap - py cho - rus, To heav'n our song shall
 good - ness reign - eth o'er us! To heav'n our song shall
 soar, For ev - er shall it be Re -
 found - ing o'er and o'er; Lord God, we wor - ship Thee!

Herr Gott, wir danken Dir

J. Franck, 1653

Lord God, we worship Thee!
 In loud and happy chorus,
 We praise Thy love and pow'r,
 Whose goodness reigneth o'er us!
 To heav'n our song shall soar,
 For ever shall it be
 Resounding o'er and o'er;
 Lord God, we worship Thee!

Lord God, we worship Thee!
 For Thou our land defendest,
 Thou pourest down Thy grace,
 And strife and war Thou endest;
 Since golden Peace, O Lord,
 Thou grantest us to see,
 Our land with one accord,
 Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

Lord God, we worship Thee!
 Thou didst indeed chastise us,
 Yet still Thy anger spares,
 And still Thy mercy tries us;
 Once more our Father's hand
 Doth bid our sorrows flee,
 And Peace recoice our land;
 Lord God, we worship Thee.

Lord God, we worship Thee!
 And pray Thee, who hast blest us,
 That we may live in peace,
 And none henceforth molest us;
 O crown us with Thy love;
 Fulfil our cry to Thee,
 O Father, grant our prayer;
 Lord God, we worship Thee!

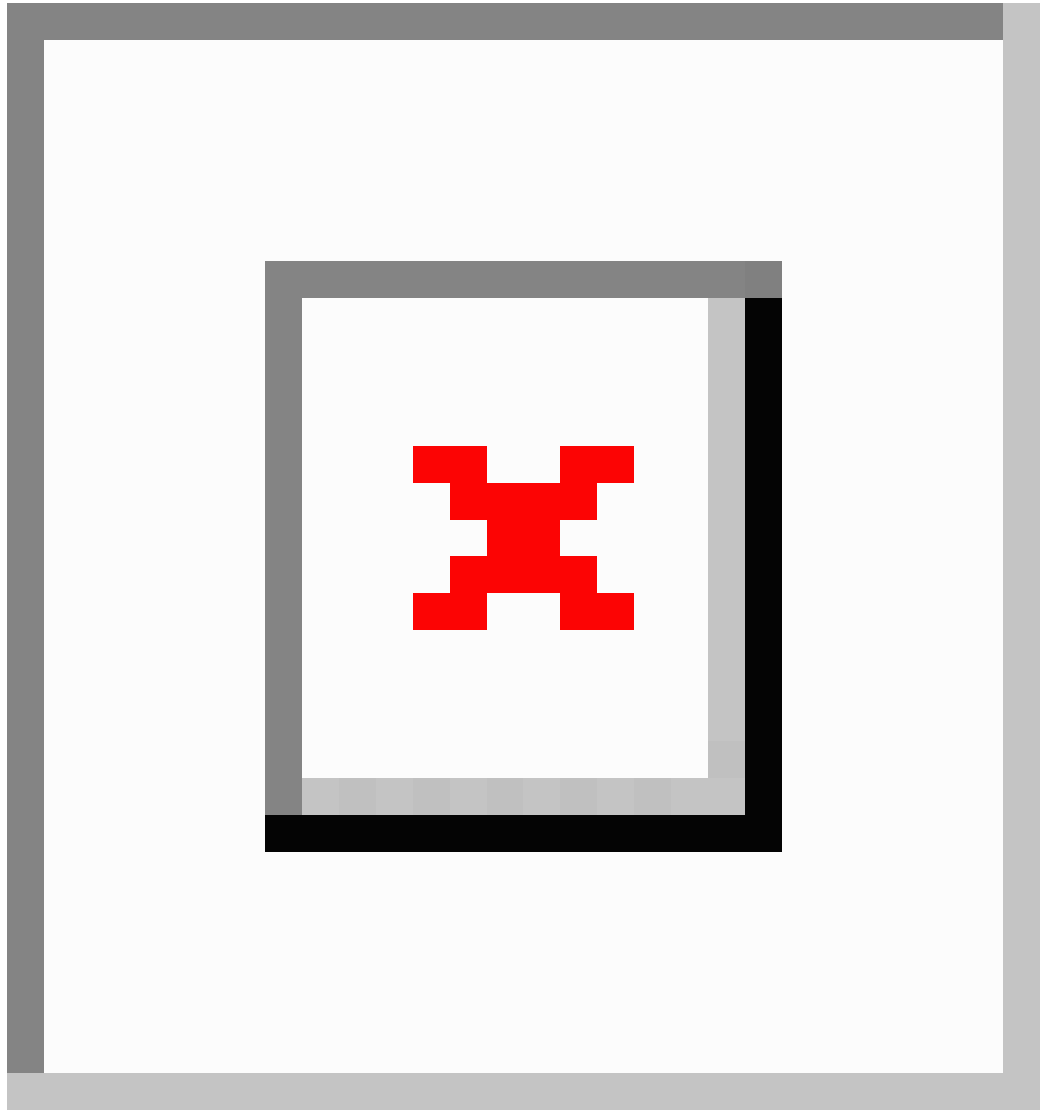


Peace and War

(Index of Tunes, LXXIV.)

184.

Tune.--"My soul, now praise thy Maker."



Gottlob, es ist erschollen

Gerhardt, 1648

Thank God it hath resounded,
 The blessed voice of joy and Peace!
 And murder's reign is bounded,
 And spear and sword at last may cease.
 Bright hope is breaking o'er us,
 Arise, my land, once more,
 And sing in full-ton'd chorus
 Thy happy songs of yore;
 Oh raise thy heart to God and say:
 Thy covenants, Lord, endure,
 Thy mercies do not pass away,
 Thy promises are sure.

O welcome day, that brought us
 This precious noble gift of Peace!
 For war hath deeply taught us
 What sorrows come where she doth cease;
 In her our God now layeth
 All hope, all happiness;
 Who woundeth her, or slayeth,
 Doth, like a madman, press
 The arrow to his own heart's core,
 And quench with impious hand
 The golden torch of Peace once more,
 That glads at last our land.

 This ye could teach us only,
 So dull and hard these hearts of ourse,
 Ye homes, now stripp'd and lonely,
 Ye wasted cities, ruin'd towers;
 Ye fields, once fairly blooming,
 With golden harvest graced,
 Where forests now are glooming,
 Or spreads a dreary waste;
 Ye graves, with corpses piled, where lies
 Full many a hero brave,
 Whose like no more shall meet our eyes,
 Who died, yet could not save.

 O man, with bitter mourning
 Remember now the by-gone years,
 When thou hast met God's warning
 With careless scoff, not contrite tears;
 Yet like a loving father
 He lays aside His wrath,
 And seeks with kindness rather
 To lure thee to His path;
 He tries if love may yet constrain
 The heart that hath withstood
 His rod,--oh let Him not in vain
 Now strive with Thee for good.

 Thou careless world, awaken!
 Awake, awake, all ye that sleep,
 Ere yet ye be o'ertaken
 With ruin sudden, swift, and deep!
 But he who knows Christ liveth,
 May hope and fear no ill,

The Peace that now He giveth
Hath deeper meaning still,
For He will surely teach us this:
"The end is nigh at hand,
When ye in perfect rest and peace
Before your God shall stand."

Catherine Winkworth

IV. THE CLOSE.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------|
| 1. FOR THE SICK AND DYING | 185-194 |
| 2. THE LIFE TO COME | 195-200 |

For the Sick and Dying

185. I know the doom that must befall me
 186. My life is hid in Jesus
 187. Who knows how near my end may be?
 188. Go and dig my grave today
 189. O world, I now must leave thee
 190. Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light
 191. Deal with me, God, in mercy now
 192. O Lord my God, I cry to Thee
 193. When my last hour is close at hand
 194. My God, to Thee I now commend

*For the Sick and Dying*

(Index of Tunes, CXV.)

185.*Tune.*--"If thou but suffer God to guide thee."

I know the doom that must befall me, But know not
 It may be that my God will call me To-day, to -
 when, or where, or how; Ere yet this pre - sent hour is
 mor - row, nay, or now;
 fled This liv - ing bo - dy may be dead.

Ich weiss es wird mein Ende kommen

S. Franck, 1711

I know the doom that must befall me,
 But know not when, or where, or how;
 It may be that my God will call me
 To-day, tomorrow, nay, or now;
 Ere yet this present hour is fled
 This living body may be dead.

Lord, let me die to self each hour,
 And at the last Thy presence give,
 Then Death may try his utmost power,
 He can but make me truly live;
 Then welcome my last hour shall be
 When, where, and how it pleases Thee.

*For the Sick and Dying*

(XV.--"Christus der ist mein Leben."
"Ach bleib mit Deiner Gnade.")

186.

Original Tune.
Christus der ist mein Leben

Anon., 1608

My life is hid in Jesus,
 And death is gain to me;
 Then whenso'er He pleases,
 I meet it willingly.

For Christ, my Lord and Brother,
 I leave this world so dim,
 And gladly seek that other
 Where I shall be with Him.

My woes are nearly over,
 Though long and dark the road;
 My sins His merits cover,
 And I have peace with God.

Then when my powers are failing,

My breath comes heavily,
 And words are unavailing,
 Oh hear my sighs to Thee!
 When mind, and thought, O Saviour,
 Are flickering like a light,
 That to and fro doth waver
 Ere 'til extinguished quite;
 In that last hour, oh grant me
 To slumber soft and still,
 No doubts to vex or haunt me,
 Safe anchor'd on Thy will;
 And so to Thee still cleaving
 Through all death's agony,
 To fall asleep believing,
 And wake in heaven with Thee.



For the Sick and Dying

(CXVI.--"Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende.")

187.

Original Tune.

Who knows how near my end may be? Time
How swift - ly, ah! how sud - den - ly, May
speeds a - way, and Death comes on; My God, my God, for
Death be here, and Life be gone!
Je - su's sake I pray Thy peace may bleis my dy - ing day.

8,8,8,8,8,8

Wer weiss wie nahe mir mein Ende

Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende

Emilie-Juliane, Countess of Schwarzburgh Rudolstadt, 1686

Who knows how near my end may be?

Time speeds away, and Death comes on;

How swiftly, ah! how suddenly,

May Death be here, and Life be gone!

||:My God,:|| for Jesu's sake I pray

Thy peace may bless my dying day.

The world that smiled when morn was come

May change for me ere close of eve;

So long as earth is still my home

In peril of my death I live;

||:My God,:|| for Jesu's sake I pray

Thy peace may bless my dying day.

Teach me to ponder oft my end,

And ere the hour of death appears,

To cast my soul on Christ her Friend,
 Nor spare repentant cries and tears;
 ||:My God,:|| for Jesu's sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.
 And let me now so order all,
 That ever ready I may be
 To say with joy, whate'er befall,
 Lord, do Thou as Thou wilt with me;
 ||:My God,:|| for Jesu's sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.
 Let heaven to me be ever sweet,
 And this world bitter let me find,
 That I, 'mid all its toil and heat,
 May keep eternity in mind;
 ||:My God,:|| for Jesu's sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.
 O Father, cover all my sins
 With Jesu's merits, who alone
 The pardon that I covet wins,
 And makes His long-sought rest my own;
 ||:My God,:|| for Jesu's sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.
 His sorrows and His cross I know
 Make death-beds soft, and light the grave,
 They comfort in the hour of woe,
 They give me all I fain would have;
 ||:My God,:|| for Jesu's sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.
 From Him can nought my soul divide,
 Nor life nor death can part us now;
 I lay my hand upon His side,
 And say, My Lord and God art Thou;
 ||:My God,:|| for Jesu's sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.
 In holy baptism long ago,
 I join'd me to the living Vine,
 Thou lovest me in Him, I know,
 In Him Thou dost accept me Thine;
 ||:My God,:|| for Jesu's sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.

And I have eaten of His flesh
 And drunk His blood,--nor can I be
 Forsaken now, nor doubt afresh,
 I am in Him and He in me;
 ||:My God,:|| for Jesu's sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.
 Then death may come or tarry yet,
 I know in Christ I perish not,
 He never will His own forget,
 He gives me robes without a spot;
 ||:My God,:|| for Jesu's sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.
 And thus I live in God at peace,
 And die without a thought of fear,
 Content to take what God decrees,
 For through His Son my faith is clear,
 ||:His grace:| shall be in death my stay,
 And peace shall bless my dying day.



For the Sick and Dying

(Index of Tunes, LV.)

188.

Tune.--"Jesus Christ, my sure Defence."

Chorale Book for England

Go and dig my grave today! Weary
Now from earth I pass away, Heav'nly
of my ceaseless roaming, An- gel voi- ces
peace a- waits my com- ing,
from a- bove Call me to their rest and love.

7,8,7,8,7,7

Geht nun hin und grabt mein Grab
trans. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

Geht und hin und grabt mein Grab

Ernst Moritz Arndt, 1819.

Go and dig my grave today!
Weary of my ceaseless roaming,
Now from earth I pass away,
Heav'nly peace awaits my coming,
Angel voices from above
Call me to their rest and love.

Go and dig my grave today!
Homeward now my journey tendeth,
And I lay my staff away
Here where all earth's labour endeth,
And I lay my weary head
In the only painless bed.

What is there I yet should do
 If in this dark vale I linger?
 Proud our schemes, and fair to view,
 Yet they melt beneath Time's finger
 Like the sand before the wind,
 That no power of man can bind.

Farewell, earth, then! I am glad
 That I now in peace may leave thee,
 For thy very joys are sad,
 And thy hopes do but deceive thee;
 Fleeting is thy beauty's gleam,
 False and changing as a dream.

Sun and moon and stars so bright,
 Farewell all your golden splendour!
 Here I loved you, but your light
 Gladly will I now surrender,
 For the glories of that day
 Where ye all must fade away.

Farewell, O ye friends I love!
 Though awhile ye journey grieving,
 Comfort cometh from above
 To the hearts in Christ believing;
 Weep not o'er a passing show,
 To th' eternal world I go.

Weep not that the world I leave,
 Mourn not that I am exchanging
 Errors that here closely cleave,
 Empty ghosts and shadows ranging
 Through this world of nought and night,
 For a land of truth and light.

Weep not! dearest to my heart
 Is my Saviour, He doth cheer me;
 And I know that I have part
 In his pains, and He is near me;
 For He shed His precious blood
 For the whole world's highest good.

Weep not, my Redeemer lives!
 From the dust, Hope ever vernal
 Looks to Heaven and upward strives;
 Fearless Faith and Love eternal
 Now are softly whispering nigh,

"Child of God, fear not to die!"



For the Sick and Dying

(LXXXV.--"O Welt, ich muss dich lassen."
"Nun ruhen alle Wälder.")

189.

Original Tune.

O world, I now must leave thee, But little doth it
grieve me, I seek my native land;
True life I there inherit, And here I yield my
spi - rit With joy to God's all - gra - cious hand.

O Welt, ich muss dich lassen

J. Hesse, *before 1547*

O world, I now must leave thee,
 But little doth it grieve me,
 I seek my native land;
 True life I there inherit,
 And here I yield my spirit
 With joy to God's all-gracious hand.

So on His Word relying,
 I know while I am dying
 I seen shall see His face
 Through Christ whose death hath bought me,
 The Father's love He brought me,
 And now prepares for me a place.

The grave hath lost its terrors
 Since for my sins and errors
 My Saviour doth atone:
 My works can nought avail me,
 But His work cannot fail me,
 I rest in faith on Him alone.

My service cannot merit
 That I should e'er inherit
 Eternal life with Christ:
 But He hath freely given
 A share with Him in heaven
 Of that fair heritage unpriced.

And so I hence am going
 In peace, full surely knowing
 With Him is perfect rest;
 I feel Death's icy finger,
 My soul here cannot linger,
 Now would I stay--to go is best.

O world, I yet would teach thee
 That Death will surely reach thee,
 That thou must follow me;
 Then while thy days are lengthen'd
 Pray that thy faith be strengthen'd
 That God have mercy too on thee!



For the Sick and Dying

(LXXXII.--"O Jesu Christ, mein Lebenslicht.")

190.

Original Tune.

Lord Je - - sus Christ, my Life, my Light,
 My strength by day, my trust by night,
 On earth I'm but a pas - - ing guest,
 And fore - ly with my sins op - pres'd.

8,8,8,8

Herr Jesu Christ mein Lebens Licht

O Jesu Christ, mein's Lebens Licht

M. Behemb, 1606

Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light,
 My strength by day, my trust by night,
 On earth I'm but a passing guest,

And sorely with my sins oppress'd.

Far off I see my fatherland,
Where through Thy grace I hope to stand,
But ere I reach that Paradise
A weary way before me lies.

My heart sinks at the journey's length,
My wasted flesh has little strength,
Only my soul still cries in me,
Lord, fetch me home, take me to Thee!

Oh let Thy sufferings give me power
To meet the last and darkest hour;
Thy cross the staff whereon I lean,
My couch the grave where Thou hast been.

Since Thou hast died, the Pure, the Just,
I take my homeward way in trust,
The gates of heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

And when the last great Day is come,
And Thou our Judge shalt speak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light,
And set me then upon Thy right.

Renew this wasted flesh of mine,
That like the sun it there may shine,
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like Thyself in glorious light.

Ah then I have my heart's desire,
When singing with the angels' choir,
Among the ransom'd of Thy grace,
For ever I behold Thy face!



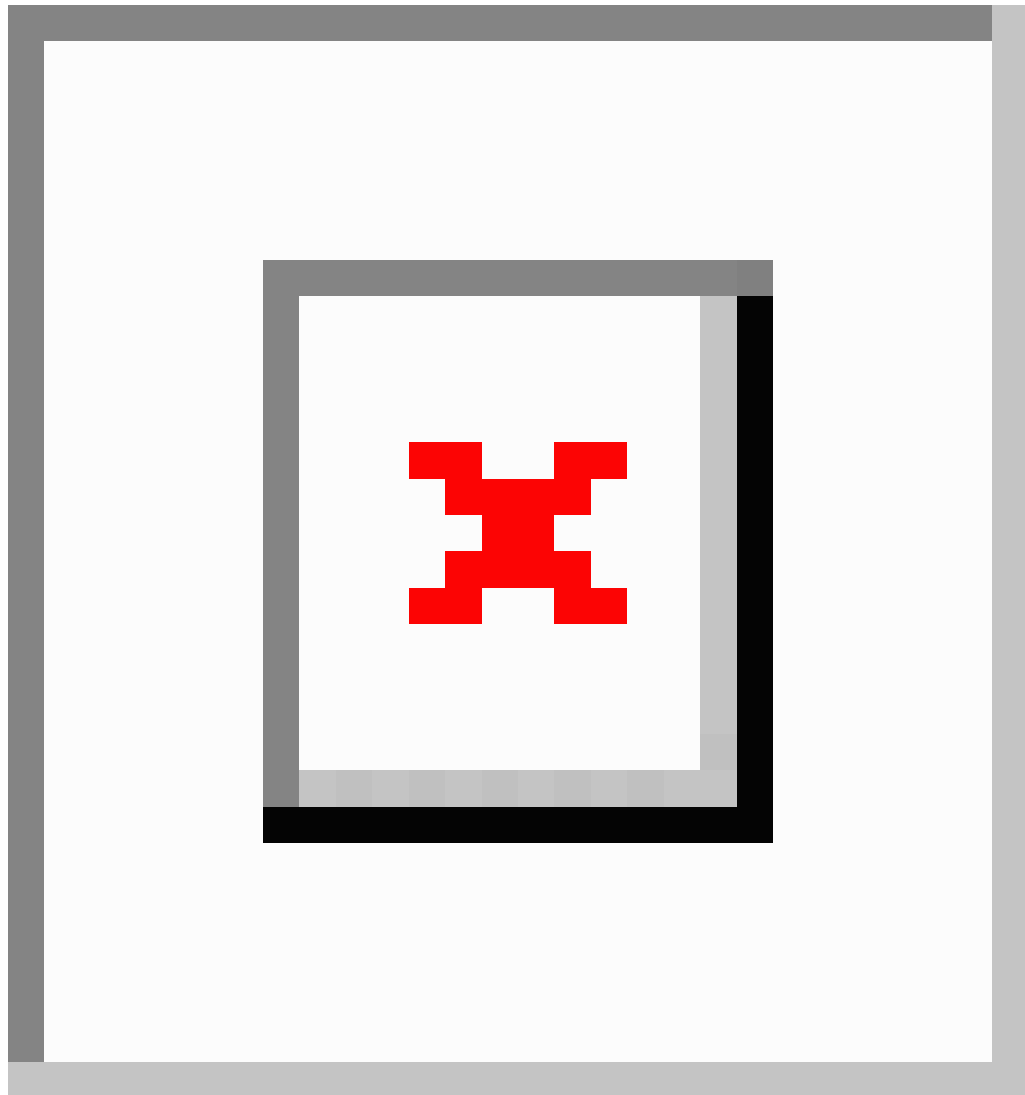
191

For the Sick and Dying

(LXIII.--"Machs mit mir Gott nach deiner Güt'.")

191.

Original Tune.



Mach's mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güt'

Schein, 1628

Deal with me, God, in mercy now,
 Oh help me in my utter woe,
 Thine ear to me in pity bow;
 When hence my soul must quickly go,
 Receive her, as her God and Friend,
 For all is right if right the end.

Now, O my Lord, I follow Thee,
 Safe where Thy steps I plainly trace;
 Ah, now Thou art not far from me,
 Though Death is with me face to face,
 And I must leave the friends most dear
 Who loved me well and truly here.

The body calmly sleeps in earth,
 To Thee the spirit spreads her wings,
 And in Thy hands, a second birth
 She finds in death, to life she springs;
 Here was a land of tears and woe,
 Where toil and care are all we know.

 Now Death and Satan, hell and sin,
 And this world, all have lost their power,
 The grace and hope Thou, Lord, didst win
 For me, uphold me in this hour;
 For on the Son my debts were laid,
 And He my ransom freely paid.

 Why mourn, then, that I now go hence?
 Surely a blessed lot is mine;
 Clothed in His spotless innocence,
 Before Him as a bride I shine;
 Farewell, thou evil world, farewell!
 With God I rather choose to dwell.

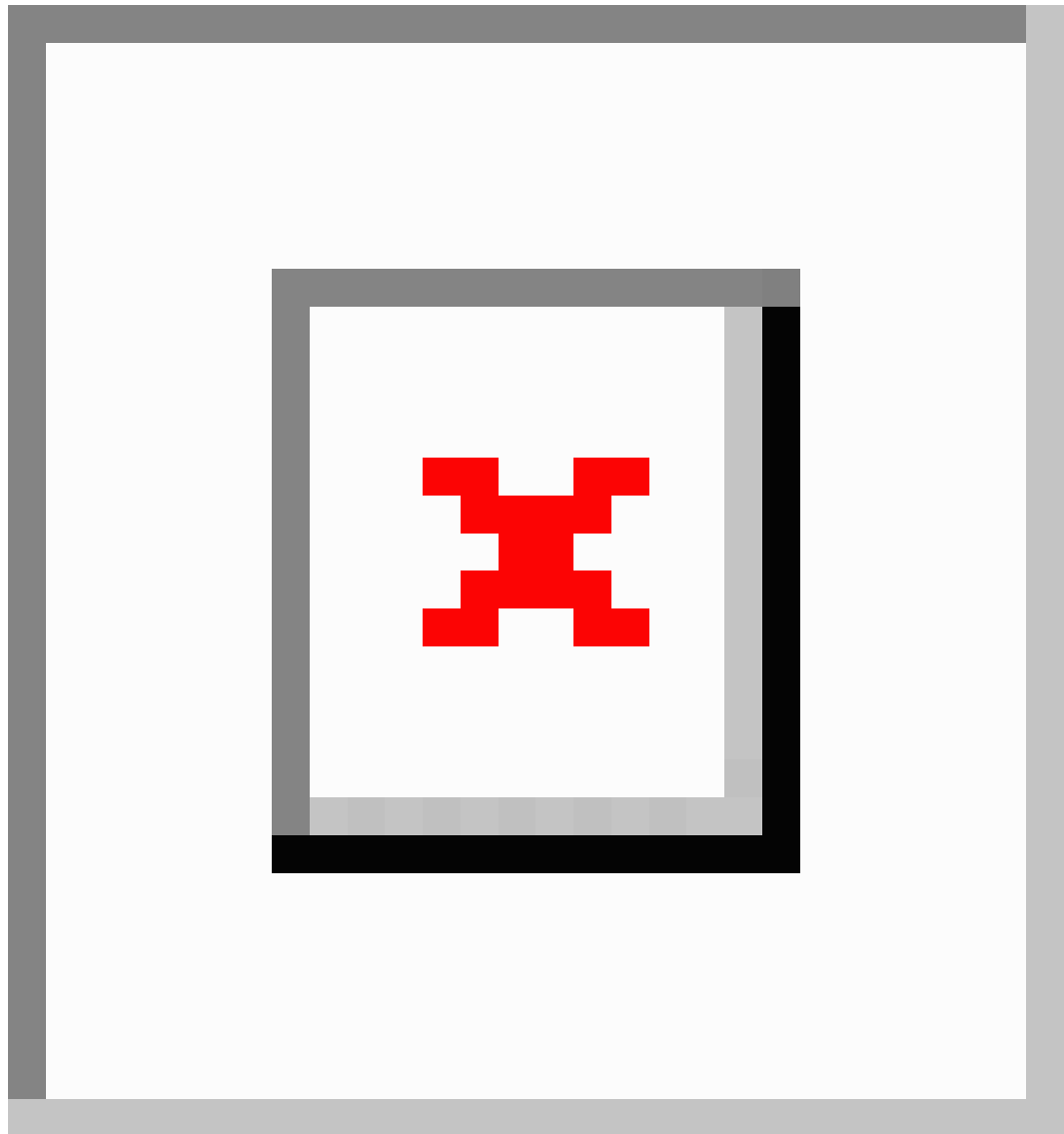


For the Sick and Dying

(Index of Tunes, C.)

192.

Tune.--"Our Father, Thou in heaven above."



8,8,8,8,8,8

O Herre Gott, ich ruf' zu dir

Nicholas Selnecker, 1587

O Lord my God, I cry to Thee,
In my distress Thou helpest me;
To Thee myself I all commend,
Oh swiftly now Thine angel send
To guide me home, and cheer my heart,
Since Thou dost call me to depart.

O Jesu Christ, Thou Lamb of God,
Once slain to take away our load,
Now let Thy cross, Thine agony,
Avail to save and solace me,

Thy death to open heaven, and there
Bid me the joy of angels share.

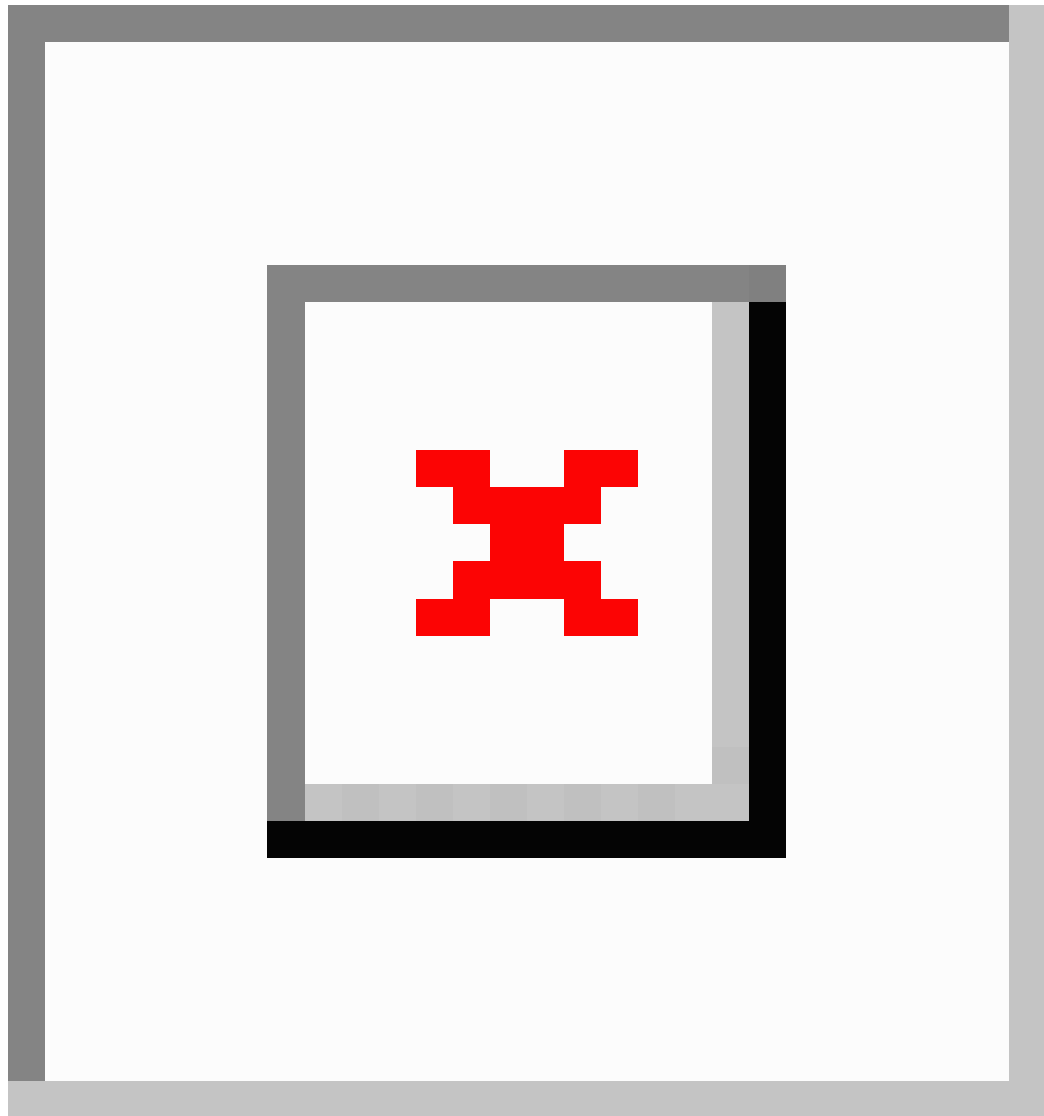
O Holy Spirit, at the end,
Sweet Comforter, be Thou my Friend!
When death and hell assail me sore,
Leave me, oh leave me, nevermore,
But bear me safely through that strife,
As Thou hast promised, into life!



For the Sick and Dying

(CXII.--"Wenn ich in Todesnöthen bin.")

193.



Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden ist

N. Hermann, 1560

When my last hour is close at hand,
 And I must hence betake me,
 Do Thou, Lord Jesus, by me stand,
 Nor let Thine aid forsake me;
 To Thy blest hands I now commend
 My soul, at this my earthly end,
 And Thou wilt safely keep it.

My sins, dear Lord, disturb me sore,
 My conscience cannot slumber,
 But I will cleave to Thee the more,
 Though they the sands outnumber;

I will remember Thou didst die,
 Will think on Thy most bitter cry,
 Thy sufferings shall uphold me.

That I was graft into the Vine,
 Hence will I comfort borrow;
 For Thou wilt surely keep me Thine
 Through fear, and pain, and sorrow;
 Yea, though I die, I die to Thee,
 And Thou through death didst win for me
 The right to life eternal.

Since Thou didst leave the grave again,
 It cannot be my dwelling;
 Thou art in heaven--this soothes my pain,
 All fear of death dispelling,
 For Thou wilt have me where Thou art,
 And so with joy I can depart
 To be with Thee for ever.

To Thee I now stretch out mine arms,
 And gladly hence betake me;
 I sleep at peace from all alarms,
 No human voice can wake me.
 But Christ is with me through the strife,
 And He will bear me into life,
 And open heaven before me.

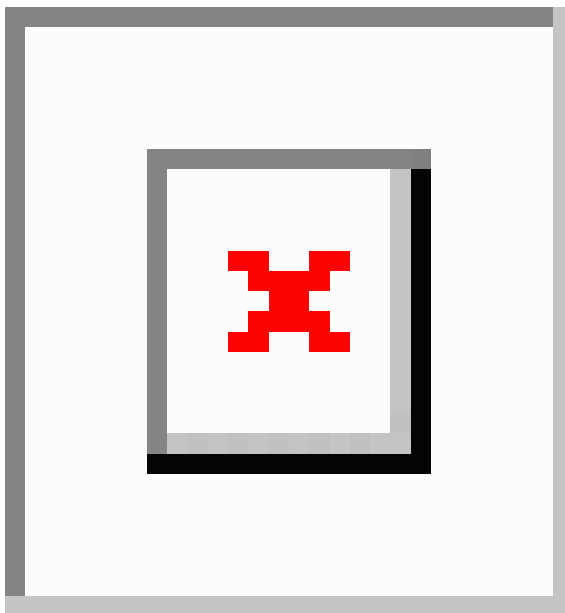


For the Sick and Dying

(Index of Tunes, LXXVI.)

194.

Tune.--"Now that the sun doth shine no more."



8,6,8,6

Mein Gott, in deine Hände

Hiller. 1765.

trans. by Catherine Winkworth, 1855

My God, to Thee I now commend
 My soul; for Thou, O Lord,
 Dost live and love me without end,
 And wilt perform Thy word.

To whom else should I make my plea,
 That heavenly life be mine?
 All souls, my God, belong to Thee,
 My soul is also Thine.

Thou gav'st my spirit at my birth,
 Take back what Thou hast given;
 And with the Lord I served on earth,
 Grant me to live in heaven.

Faith spreads her wings, she sees revealed
 The shining walls above;
 My spirit knows that she is sealed,
 Redeemed from death by love.

Thou my Deliverer wast of yore,
 From sin Thou mad'st me free,
 Now, faithful God, dost Thou once more
 In death deliver me.

Thou liv'st and lovest without end,

And dost perform Thy word;
 My passing soul I now commend
 To Thee, my God and Lord!

The Life to Come

195. Jerusalem, thou city fair and high
 196. Hark! a voice saith, All are mortal
 197. Oh how blest are ye behond our telling
 198. World, farewell! Of thee I'm tired
 199. When the Lord recalls the banish'd
 200. Wake, awake, for night is flying
 For FASTS, *see* Hymns for Lent and on Penitence

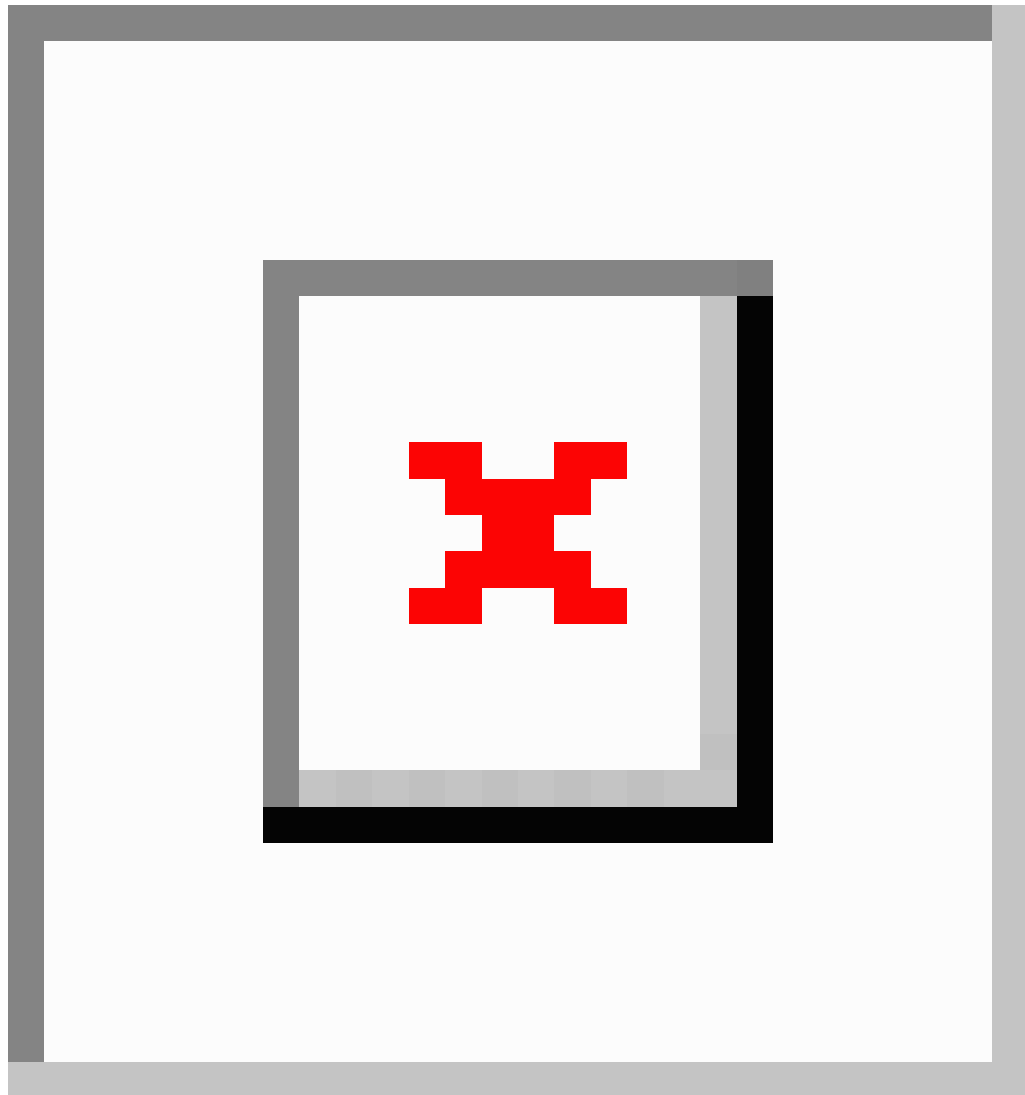


The Life to Come

(LII.--"Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.")

195.

Original Tune.



10,6,10,6,7,6,7,6

Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt

Meyfart, 1634

Jerusalem, thou city fair and high,
 Would God I were in thee!
 My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly,
 It will not stay with me;
 Far over vale and mountain,
 Far over field and plain,
 It hastes to seek its Fountain
 And quit this world of pain.

Oh happy day, and yet far happier hour,
 When wilt thou come at last?
 When fearless to my Father's love and power,

Whose promise standeth fast,
 My soul I gladly render,
 For surely will His hand
 Lead her with guidance tender
 To heaven her fatherland.



A moment's space, and gently, wondrously,
 Released from earthly ties,
 The fiery car shall bear her up to thee
 Through all these lower skies,
 To yonder shining regions,
 While down to meet her come
 The blessed angel legions,
 And bid her welcome home.

Oh Zoin, hail! Bright city, now unfold
 The gates of grace to me!
 How many a time I long'd for thee of old,
 Ere yet I was set free
 From yon dark life of sadness,
 Yon world of shadowy nought,
 And God had given the gladness,
 The heritage I sought.

Oh what the tribe, or what the glorious host,
 Comes sweeping swiftly down?
 The chosen ones on earth who wrought the most,
 The Church's brightest crown,
 Our Lord hath sent to meet me,
 As in the far-off years
 Their words oft came to greet me
 In yonder land of tears.

The Patriarchs' and Prophets' noble train,
 With all Christ's followers true,
 Who bore the cross, and could the worst disdain
 That tyrants dared to do,
 I see them shine for ever,
 All-glorious as the sun,
 'Mid light that fadeth never,
 Their perfect freedom won.

And when within that lovely Paradise
 At last I safely dwell,
 From out my blissful soul what songs shall rise,
 What joy my lips shall tell,

While holy saints are singing
 Hosannas o'er and o'er,
 Pure Hallelujahs ringing
 Around me evermore.

Innumerable choirs before the shining throne
 Their joyful anthems raise,
 Till Heaven's glad halls are echoing with the tone
 Of that great hymn of praise,
 And all its host rejoices,
 And all its blessed throng
 Unite their myriad voices
 In one eternal song!

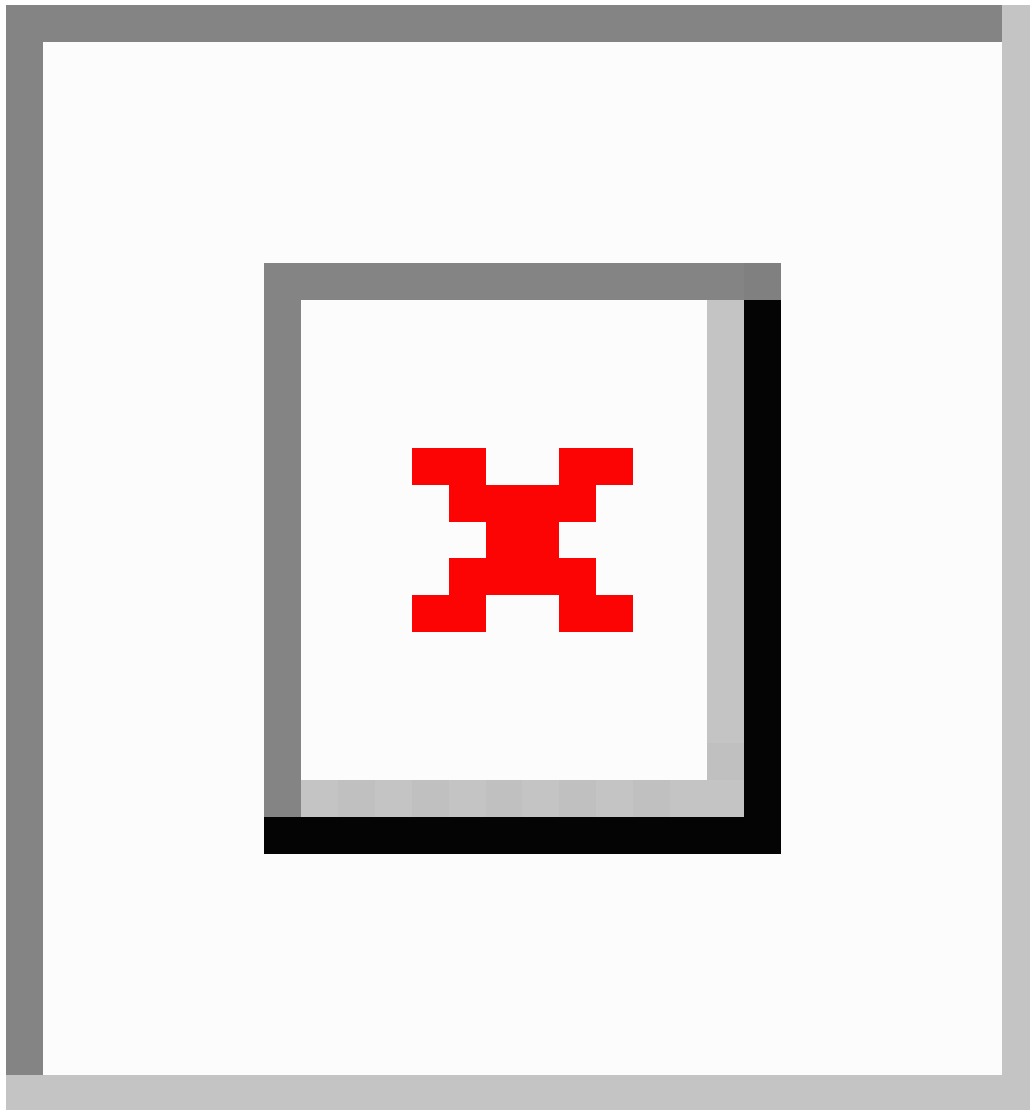


The Life to Come

(VII.--"Alle Menschen müssen sterben.")

196.

Original Tune.



Alle Menschen müssen sterben

Albinus, 1652

Hark! a voice saith, All are mortal,
 Yea, all flesh must fade as grass,
 Only through Death's gloomy portal,
 To a better life ye pass,
 And this body form'd of clay,
 Here must languish and decay,
 Ere it rise in glorious might,
 Fit to dwell with saints in light.

Therefore, since my God doth choose it,
 Willingly I yield my life,
 Nor I grieve that I should lose it,

For with sorrows it was rife;
 And my Saviour suffer'd here
 That I might not faint nor fear,
 Since for me He bore my load
 And hath trod the same dark road.

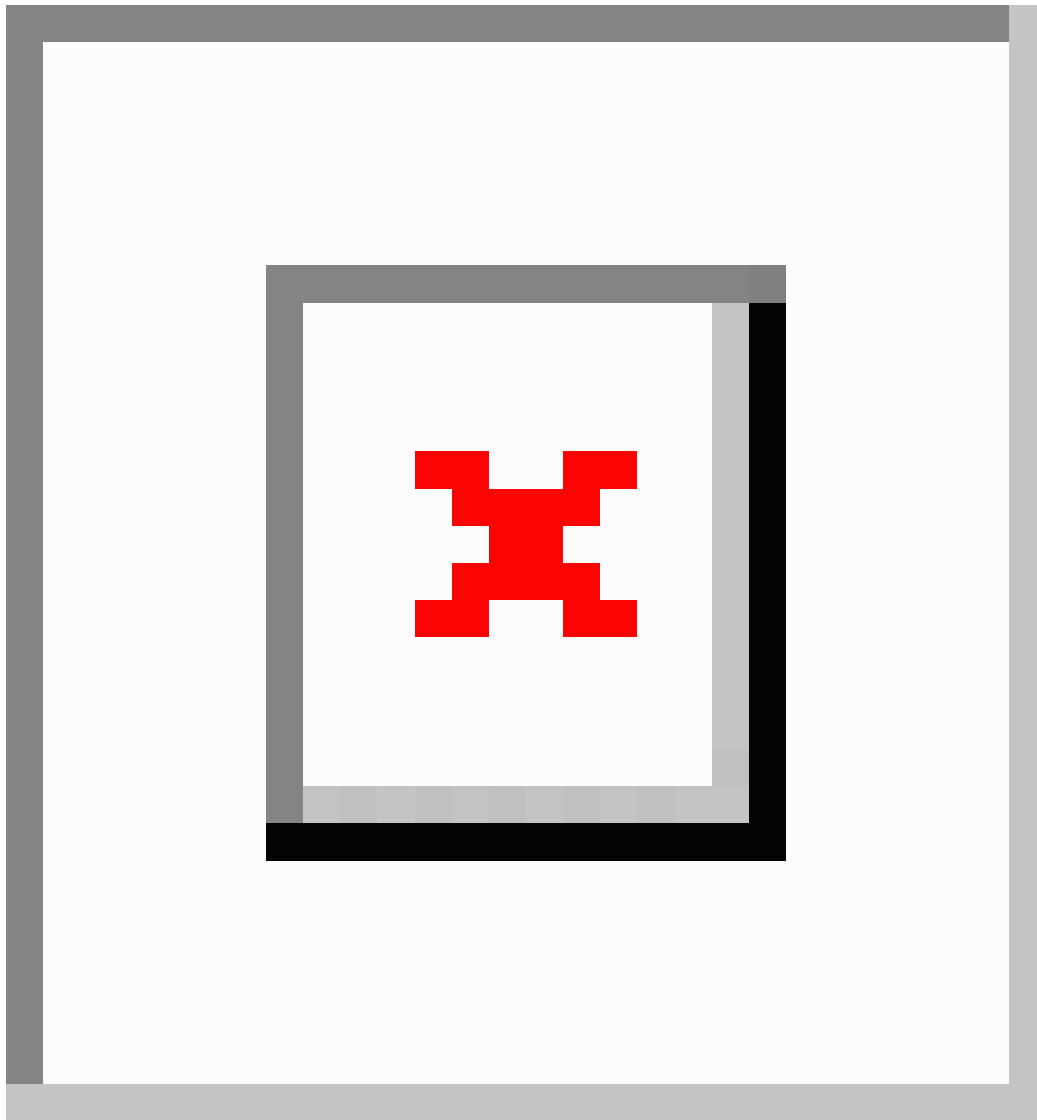
 For my sake He went before me,
 And His death is now my gain;
 Peace and hope He conquer'd for me,
 So without regret or pain
 To His lovely home I go,
 From this land of toil and woe,
 Glad to reach that blest abode
 Where I shall behold my God.

 There is joy beyond our telling
 Where so many saints are gone;
 Thousand thousands there are dwelling,
 Worshipping before the throne,
 There the seraphim on high
 Brightly shine, and ever cry
 "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!
 There in One for aye adored!"

 O Jerusalem, how clearly
 Dost Thou shine, Thou city fair!
 Lo! I hear the tones more nearly,
 Ever sweetly sounding there!
 Oh what peace and joy hast thou!
 Lo the Sun is rising now,
 And the breaking day I see
 That shall never end for me!

 Yea, I see what here was told me,
 See that wondrous glory shine,
 Feel the spotless robes enfold me,
 Know a golden crown is mine;
 So before the throne I stand
 One amid that glorious band,
 Gazing on that joy for aye
 That shall never pass away!





8,7,8,7,7,7,7,7

Welt, lebwohl, ich bin dein müde

Welt, ade, ich bin dein müde

J. G. Albinus, 1652

World, farewell! Of thee I'm tired,
 Now t'ward heav'n my way I take;
 There is peace the long-desired,
 Lofty calm that nought can break;
 World, with thee is war and strife,
 Thou with cheating hopes art rife,
 But in heaven is no alloy,
 Only peace and love and joy.
 When I reach that home of gladness,

I shall feel no more this load,
 Feel no sickness, want, or sadness,
 Resting in the arms of God.
 In the world woes follow fast,
 And a bitter death comes last,
 But in heaven shall nought destroy
 Endless peace and love and joy.

 Here is nought but care and mourning,
 Comes a joy, it will not stay;
 Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
 Night will soon o'ercloud the day;
 World, with thee we weep and pine,
 Gnawing care and grief are thine;
 But in heaven is no alloy,
 Only peace and love and joy.

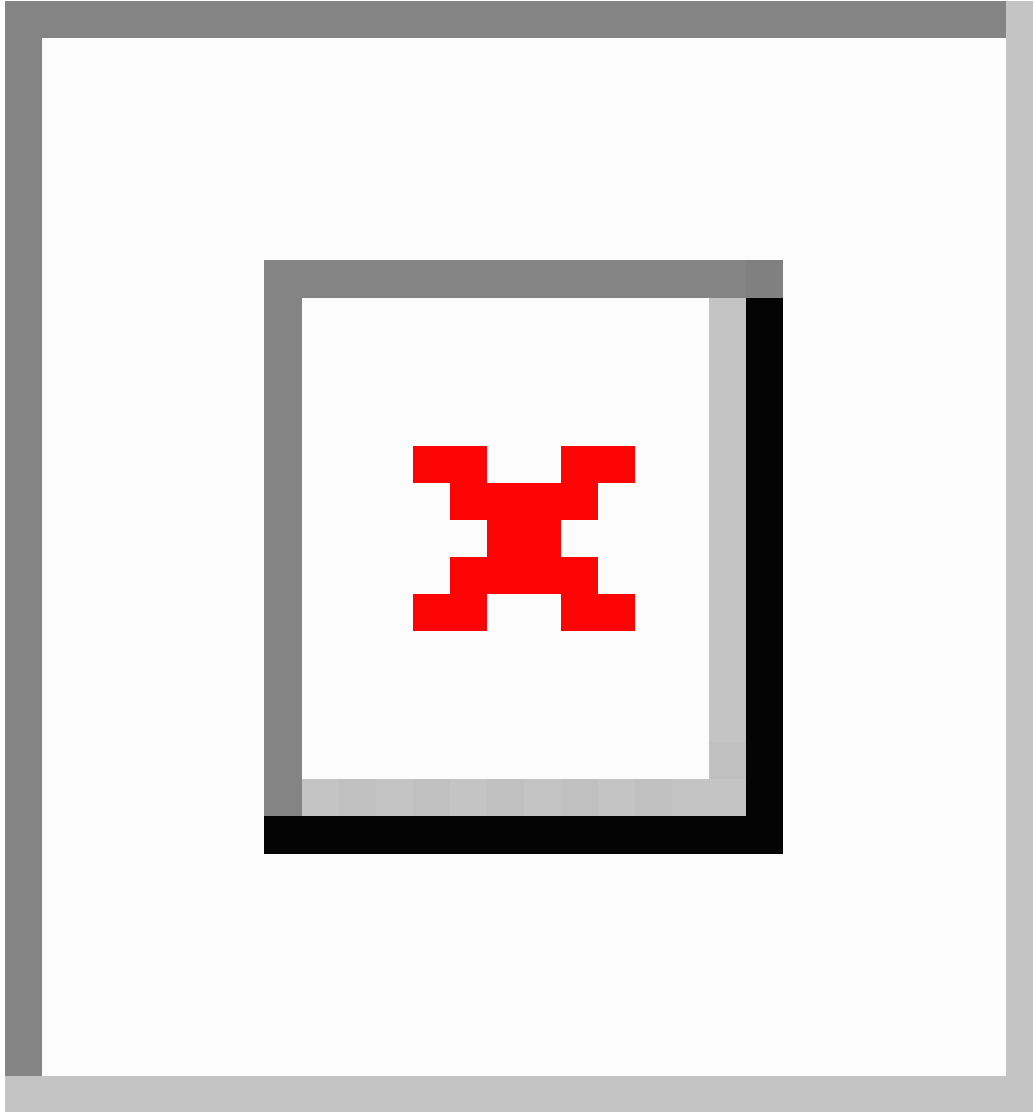
 Well for him whom death has landed
 Safely on yon blessed shore,
 Where, in joyful worship banded,
 Sing the faithful evermore;
 For the world hath strife and war,
 All her works and hopes they mar,
 But in heaven is no annoy,
 Only peace and love and joy.

 Time, thou speedest on but slowly,
 Hours, how tardy is your pace,
 Ere with Him, the High and Holy,
 I hold converse face to face:
 World, with partings thou art rife,
 Fill'd with tears and storms and strife;
 But in heaven can nought destroy
 Endless peace and love and joy.

 Therefore will I now prepare me,
 That my work may stand His doom,
 And when all is sinking round me,
 I may hear not "Go"--but "Come!"
 World, the voice of grief is here,
 Outward seeming, care, and fear,
 But in heaven is no alloy,
 Only peace and love and joy!

*The Life to Come*

(LXXXIX. Psalm 42, Goudimel.)

199.

8,7,8,7,7,8,8

Wann der Herr einst die Gefangenen
S. G. Bürde. 1794.

Wann der Herr einst die Gefangenen
Bürde, 1794

When the Lord recalls the banish'd,
 Frees the captives all at last,
Every sorrow will have vanish'd
 Like a dream when night is past;

Then shall all our hearts rejoice,
 And with glad resounding voice
 We shall praise the Lord who sought us,
 For the freedom He hath wrought us.

Lift Thy hand to aid us, Father,
 Look an us who widely roam,
 And Thy scatter'd children gather
 In their long'd-for promised home;
 Steep and weary is the way,
 Shorten Thou the sultry day;
 Faithful warriors hast Thou found us,
 Let Thy peace for aye surround us.

In that peace we reap in gladness
 What was sown in tearful showers:
 There the fruit of all our sadness
 Ripens,--there the palm is ours;
 There our God upon His throne
 Is our full reward alone;
 They who all for God surrender
 Bring their sheaves in heavenly splendour.

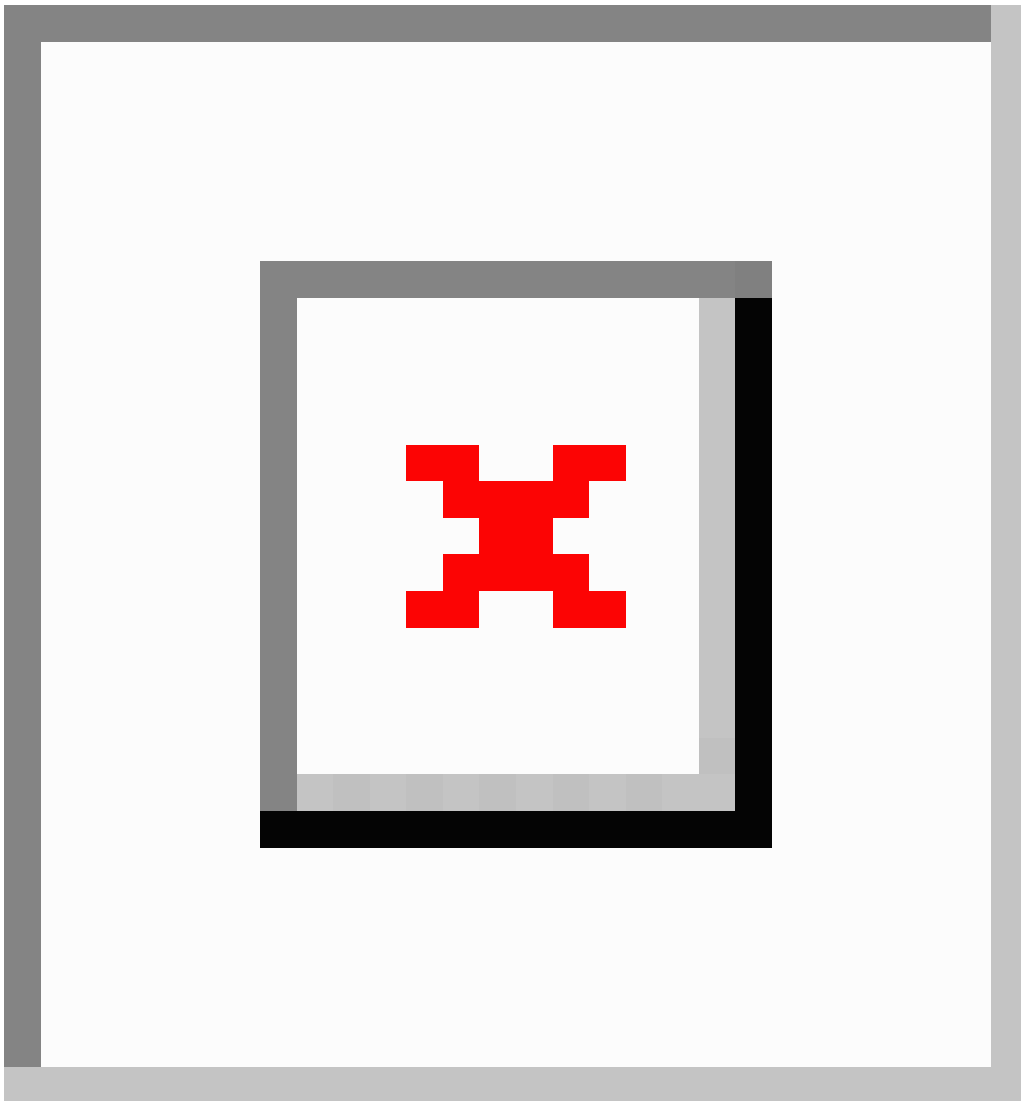


The Life to Come

(CVI.--"Wachet auf ruft uns die Stimme.")

200.

Original Tune.



8,9,8,8,9,8,6,6,4,8,8

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme

Philip Nicolai. 1598.

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme

Nicolai, 1598

Wake, awake, for night is flying,

The watchmen on the heights are crying;

Awake, Jerusalem, at last!

Midnight hears the welcome voices,

And at the thrilling cry rejoices:

Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!

The Bridegroom comes, awake,

Your lamps with gladness take;

Hallelujah!

And for His marriage-feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah come, Thou blessed Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God,
Hallelujah!

We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee!

Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attain'd to hear
What there is ours,

But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.



APPENDIX*Appendix***The Life to Come**

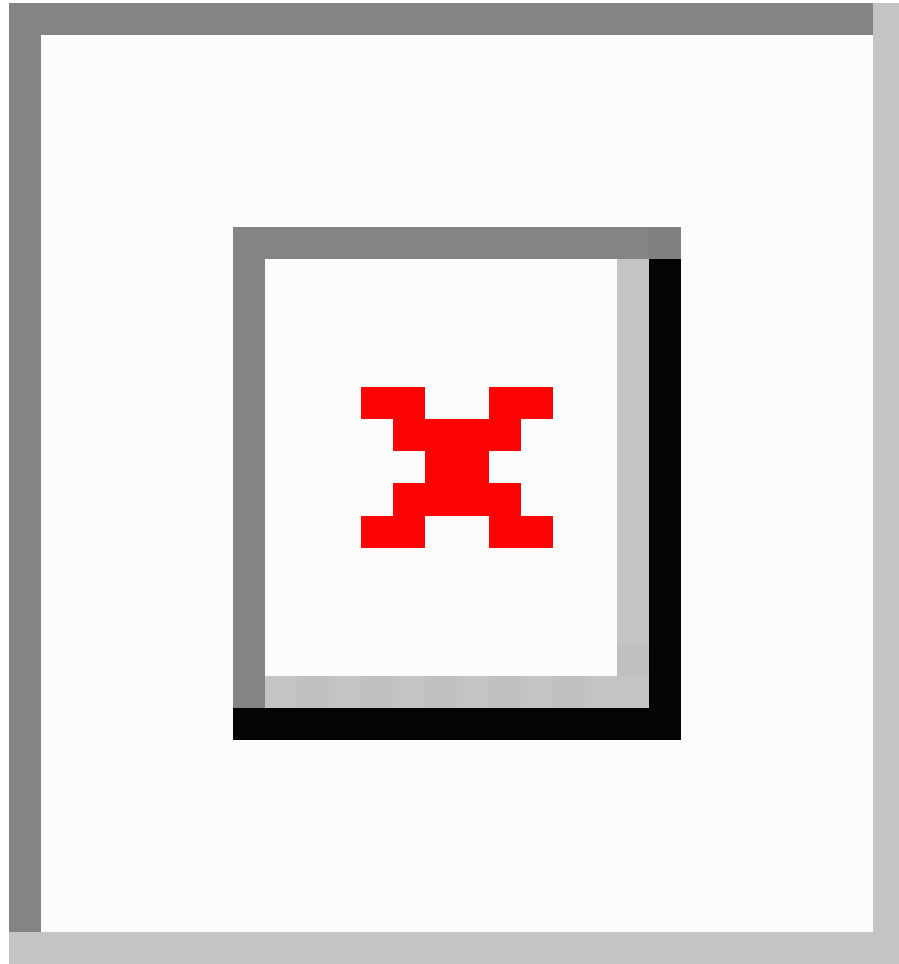
- I. O Welt, ich muss dich lassen.
 II. Hark! a voice saith, All are mortal
 III. Oh how blest are ye behond our telling
 IV. World, farewell! Of thee I'm tired
 V. When the Lord recalls the banish'd
 VI. Wake, awake, for night is flying
 For FASTS, *see* Hymns for Lent and on Penitence

*Appendix***I.**

[See No. 189.

"O Welt, ich muss dich lassen," as it appears both in melody and harmony in the
 "musae Sionai Michaelis' Praetorii," vol. viii. 1610.

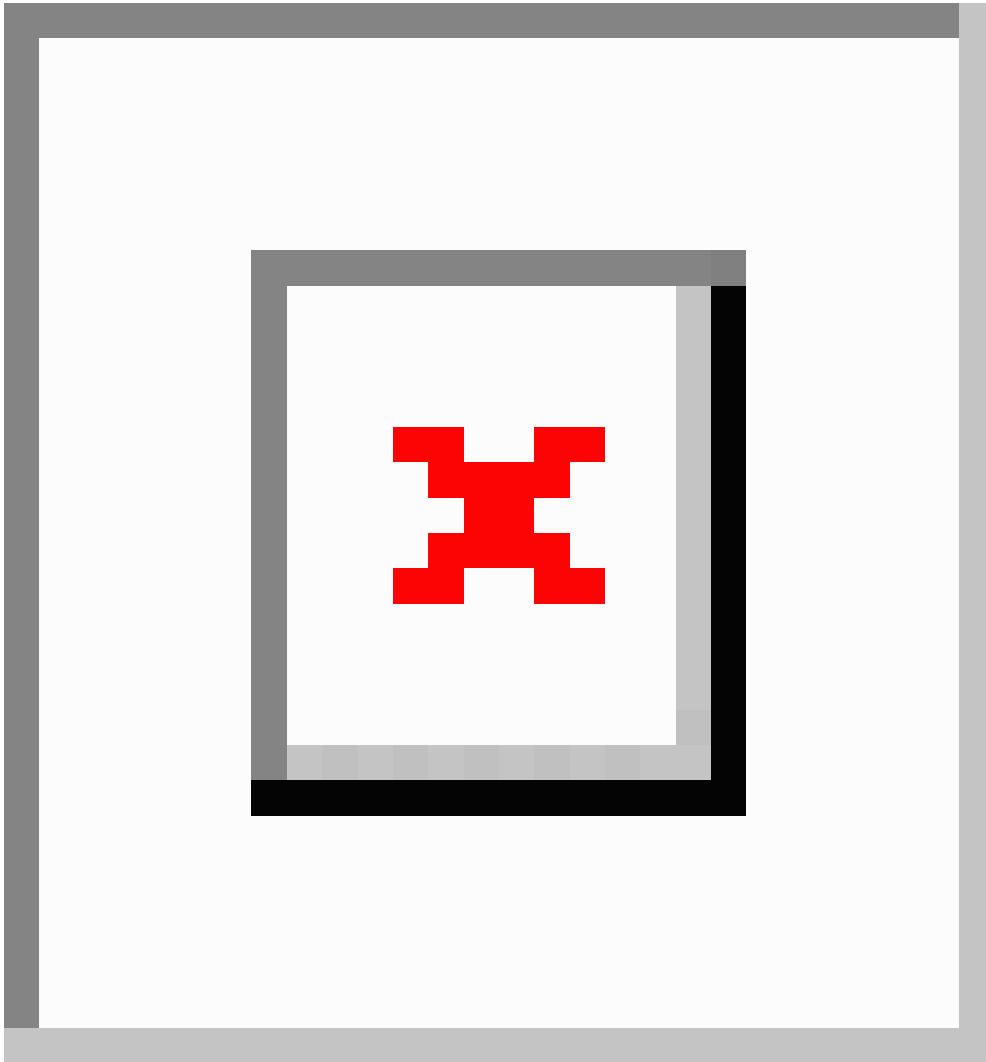


**I.**

O world, I now must leave thee,
 But little doth it grieve me,
 I seek my native land;
 True life I there inherit,
 And here I yield my spirit
 With joy to God's all-gracious hand.

*Appendix***II.**

[See No. 93.
 Johann Crüger's tune to "*Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele*," as it appears, both in melody
 and harmony, in his "*Geistliche Kirchenmelodien*. Leipzig, 1649.



Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,
 Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
 Come into the daylight's splendour,
 There with joy thy praises render
 Unto Him whose grace unbounded
 Hath this wondrous banquet founded;
 High o'er all the heav'ns he reigneth,
 Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth!

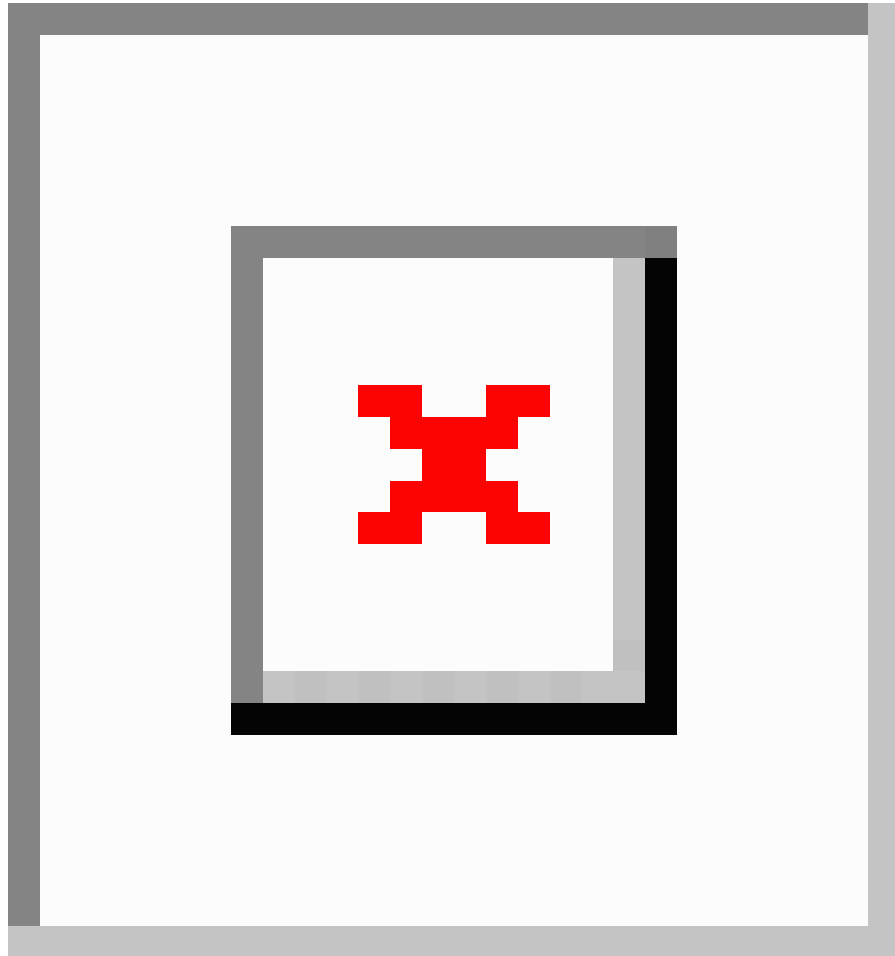


Appendix

III.

[See No. 199.]

Goudimel's Melody to Psalm xlii, "*Comme en void un cerf qui brâme*," known in Germany under the title "*Wie ein Hirsch*," as it is found, both in melody and harmony, in Samuel Marshall's edition of the Whole Book of Psalms. Basle, 1594.¹⁷



O my soul, be glad and cheerful,
 Now forget thy misery;
 From this earth so dark and tearful,
 Christ the Lord is calling thee.
 Out of sorrows, fears, and woe,
 To that joy thou now shalt go;
 Which our thought may picture never,
 But we know it lasts for ever.

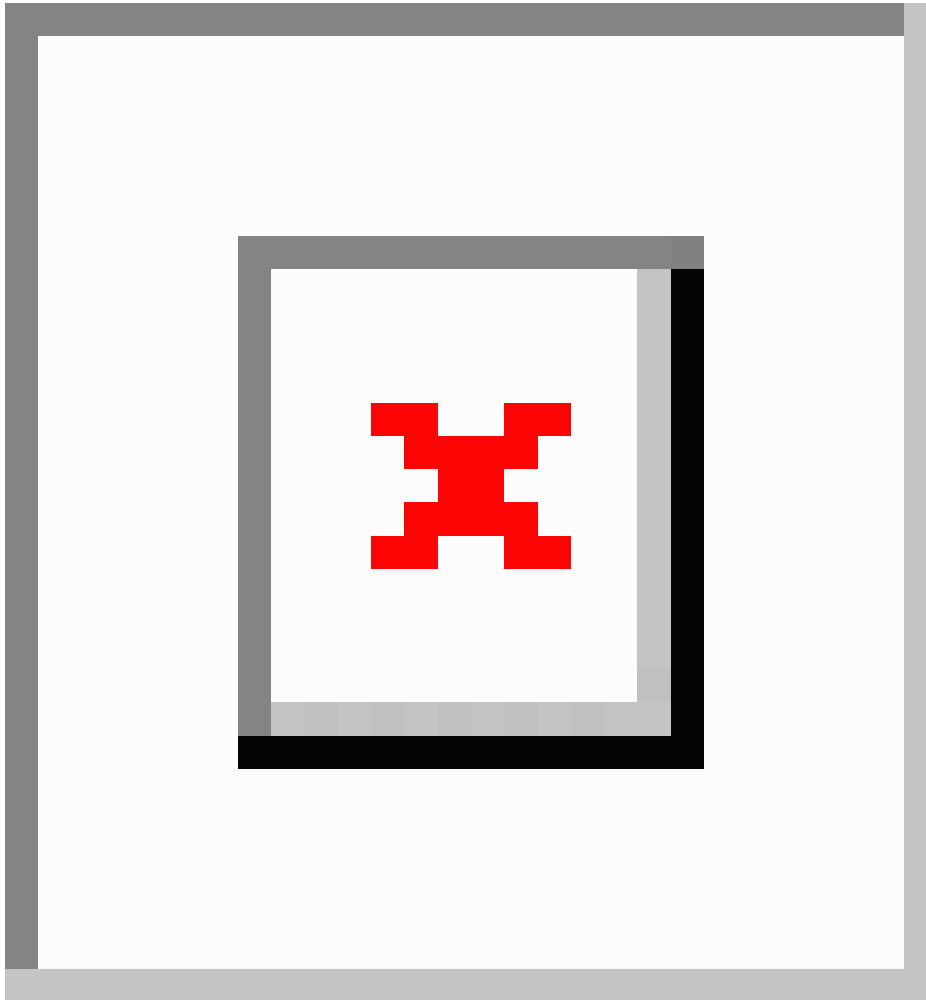
¹⁷ In this reprint of Goudimel's Psalmody (French) 1565, the melody is, for the first time, given to the highest voice. In Goudimel's original work the melody is entrusted to the tenor, as was customary in his time.



Appendix

IV.

Hans Leo Hassler's tune, "*Herzlich thut mich verlangen*," as it appears, both in melody in harmony, in J. H. Schein's Cantional, 1627.¹⁸



My heart is fill'd with longing
 To pass away in peace;
 For woes are round me, thronging,
 And trials will not cease.
 Oh fain would I be hasting
 From thee, dark world of gloom,
 To gladness everlasting;
 O Jesus! quickly come!

¹⁸ The harmonies, as printed here for *four voices*, are from Schein's "Cantional," and are a reduction from the Composer's original score of *five voices*, as published by him in 1601 to the words "."



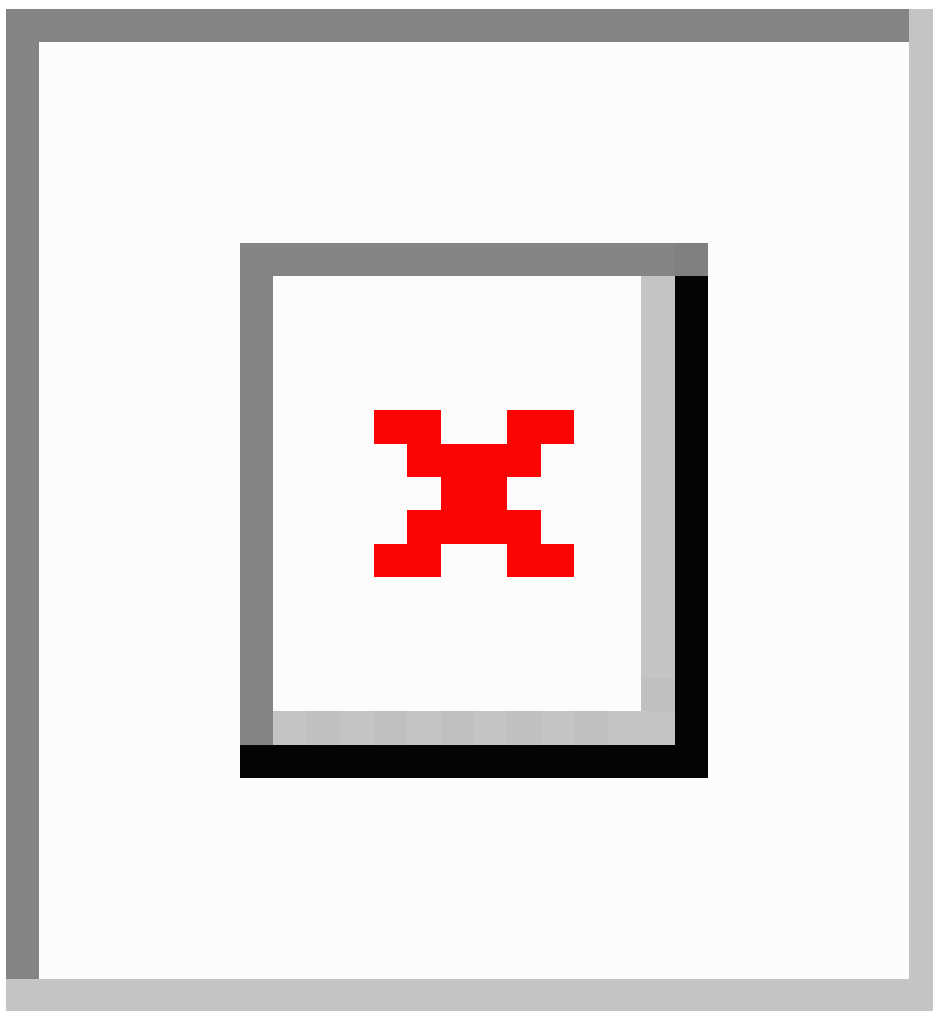
Appendix

[See No. 33.

V.

Psalm cxxxiv. (In England called the Old 100th). The Melody is given below, as it is found on its first appearance (withoud harmonies) in the work: "*Les Pseaumes mis en rime Française par Cl. Marot et Theodor de Bèze; à Lyon par Jan de Tourmes pour Antoine Fincent, MDLXIII.*"¹⁹ (Preface dated Geneval, June 10, 1543.)

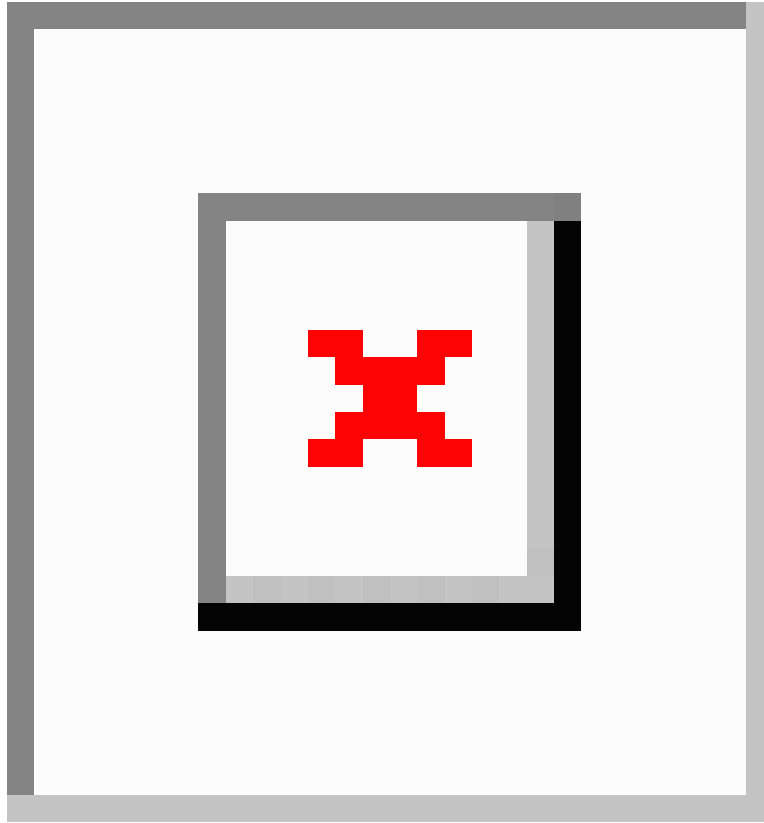
PSEAUME CXXXIII.--Th. de BE (Theo. de Beza).



Subsequently this tune (as above, without any alteration) appears to "Psalm C. Jubilate Deo, J. H." in Sternhold and Hopkins' edition of the Whole Book of Psalms, London, 1604, and later in Ravenscroft's "Whole Booke of Psalmes, London, 1621;" set for four parts, once on the words of the 100th Psalm, and a second time to

¹⁹ There is a fine copy of this book at the British Museum.

harmonies by Ravenscroft, as given below. The melody is assigned to the Tenor, as was usually done at that period.

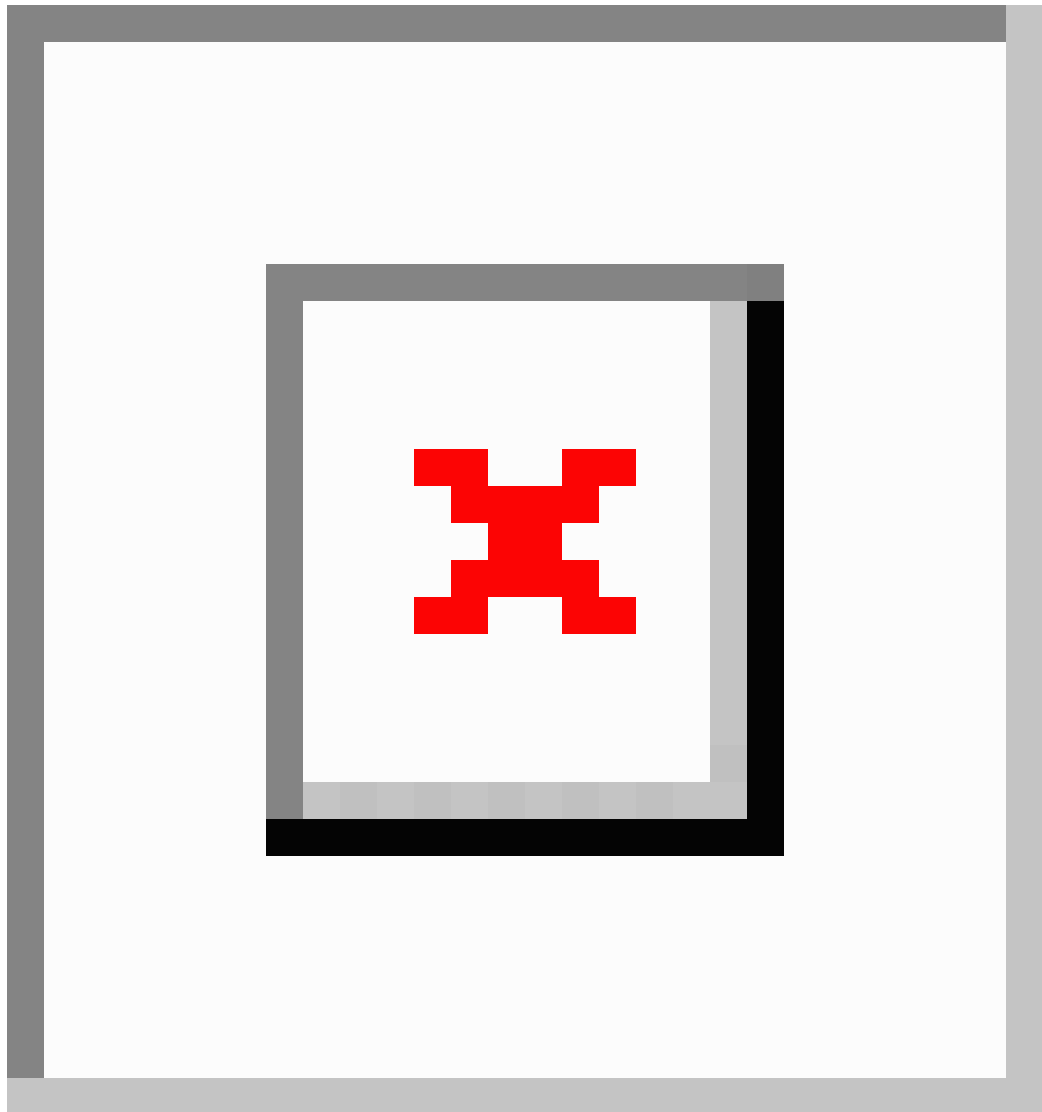


Appendix

VI.

Luther's tune and hymns, "," as it appears for the first time in Johann Walter's "*Geistliche Gesangbüchlein*." Wittenberg, 1524. The harmonies are taken from the tune book published by command of the "*Eisenach Kirchenconferenz*," by G. v. Tucher and others (Stuttgart, 1854), and are probably selected from old editions.

This hymn and tune was intended by Luther to be sung as the Creed during the morning service, and remained in use as such for a long time. Though omitted by the Editors in the body of this work, being considered by them unsuitable for England, they have inserted it here as an interesting specimen of hymnology.



We all believe in One true God,
 Maker of the earth and heaven;
The Father, who to us in love
 Hath the claim of children given.
He in soul and body feeds us,
 All we want His hand provides us;
Thro' all snares and perils leads us,
 Watches that no harm betides us;
 He cares for us,
Cares for us by day and night,
All things are govern'd by His might.
And we believe in Jesus Christ,
 His Only Son, our Lord, possessing

An equal Godhead, throne and might,
 Through whom descends the Father's blessing;
Conceivèd of the Holy Spirit,
 Born of Mary, virgin mother;
That lost man might inherit
 Made true man, our Elder Brother,
Was crucified for sinful men,
And raised by God to life again.
And we confess the Holy Ghost,
 Who from Son and Father floweth,
The Comforter of fearful hearts,
 Who all precious gifts bestoweth;
In whome all the Church hath union,
Who maintains the Saints' Communion;
 We believe our sins forgiven,
 And that life with God in heaven,
When we are raised again, shall be
Our portion in eternity.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

28	A dread hath S. Dach come on me	1640
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14	Abide among us Stegmann with Thy grace	1629
42	Against Thee Gellert only have I sinned	1757
101	Ah God, from Luther heaven look down and see	1523
136	Ah God, my Hojer days are dark indeed	1584
50	Ah Jesus, the Layritz merit	1854?
21	Ah Lord, how Gerhardt shall I meet Thee	1653
51	Ah, wounded Gerhardt Head that bearest	1659
52	Alas! dear J. Heerman Lord, what law	1630
107	Alas! my God! Rutilius my sins are great	1604
1	All glory be to N. Von Hofe God on High	1529
31	All my heart Gerhardt this night rejoices	1656

8	All my hope is Neander grounded surely	1679
2	All praise and Schutz thanks to God most high	1673
130	All things hang Anon. o n o u r possessing	<i>about 1676</i>
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22	Arise, the Rist kingdom is at hand	1651
161	As a bird at Anon. d a w n i n g singeth	<i>about 1580</i>
27	Awake, thou Rist careless world, awake!	1651
92	Baptised into Rambach Thy name most holy	1723
12	Blessed Jesus, Clausnitzer at Thy Word	1671
90	Blessed Jesus, Schmolck here we stand	1704
49	Christ, the life Homburg of all the living	1659
58	Christ the Lord B. Brethren is risen again	1531
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86	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come	
72	Come, Holy Luther Spirit, God and Lord	1524
162	Come, my soul, V. Canitz awake, 't is morning	<i>died</i> 1699
4	C o m e t h Gerhardt sunshine after rain	1659
83	C o m f o r t , D. J. Olearius comfort ye my people	1671
63	C o n q u e r i n g Tersteegen Prince and Lord of Glory	1731
126	Courage, my Böhmer sorely tempted heart!	1704
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191	Deal with me, Schein God, in mercy now	1628
93	Deck thyself, J. Frank my soul, with gladness	1653
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57	Ere yet the J. Heermann dawn hath filled the skies	1630
123	Faith is a living B. Brethren power from heaven	

137	Farewell, I V. Herberger gladly bid Thee	1613
140	From God shall Helmbold nought divide me	1563
30	From heaven Luther above to earth I come	1538
91	From Thy Marot heavenly throne	<i>modern</i>
188	Go and dig my E. M. Arndt grave today	1819
160	God who H. Albert madest earth and heaven	1644
129	G r e a t Scheffler High-priest, who deign'dst to be	1657
196	Hark! a voice Albinus saith, All are mortal	1652
104	Hark! the Preiswerk C h u r c h proclaims her honour	<i>modern</i>
105	Heart and heart Zinzendorf together bound	1731
65	Heavenward Schmolck doth our journey tend	1731
172	Help us, O Rist Lord, behold we enter	1644
122	Here behold J. Neander me, as I cast me	1679
45	Here, O my Anon. God, low at Thy feet	<i>18th century</i>

Chorale Book for England

69	Holy Ghost, my <i>Tr. of the 17th</i> Comforter <i>century</i>	
74	Holy Spirit, J. Neander once again	1679
36	How brightly J. A. Schlegel beams the Morning Star	1765
121	I know, my P. Gerhardt God, and I rejoice	1656
185	I know the S. Franck doom that must befall me	1711
6	I praise Thee, O Mentzer my God and Father	1704
134	If thou but Neumarck suffer God to guide thee	1653
60	In Death's Luther strong grasp the Saviour lay	1524
180	In God's name Anon. let us on our way	<i>before</i> Luther
147	In God, my Weingärtner faithful God	1609
81	In peace and Luther joy I now depart	1525
156	In Thee is Lindemann gladness	<i>died</i> 1630
120	In Thee, Lord, Reisner have I put my trust	1533
138	In Thy heart Winkler and hands, my God	1713
39	Is thy heart Laurenti athirst to know	1700

117	Jehovah, let me now adore Thee	Crasselius	1697
195	Jerusalem, thou city fair and high	Meyfart	1634
174	Jesu, day by day	Zinzendorf	
151	Jesu, priceless treasure	J. Franck	1659
178	Jesu, when Thou once returnedst	Bahnmaier	1823
59	Jesus Christ, my sure Defence	L o u i s a Henrietta of Brandenburgh	1653
109;	Jesus, pitying Saviour, hear me	Tersteegen	1731
106	Jesus, whom Thy Church doth own	P. Flemming	1631
24	Let the earth now praise the Lord	H. Held	1643
29	Let us all with gladsome voice	Anon.	<i>appears</i> 1682
25	Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates	Weiszel	1635
17	Light of Light, enlighten me	Schmolck	1731
80	Light of the Gentile nations	J. Franck	1653
3	Lo, heaven and earth, and sea and air	J. Neander	1679
119	Lord, all my heart is fix'd on Thee	Schalling	1594

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116	Lord, hear the voice of my complaint	Anon.	1529
112	Lord Jesu Christ, in Thee alone	Schneering	1522
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19	Lord Jesu Christ, with us abide	Selnecker	1587
13	Lord Jesus Christ, be present now!	W. August II, Duke of Saxeweimar	1651
190	Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light	M. Behemb	1606
179	Lord Jesus Christ, we come to Thee	B. Brethren	
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44	Lord, to Thee I m a k e confession	J. Franck	1653
152	L o v i n g Shepherd, kind and true	Scheffler	1657
76	Most High and Holy Trinity	Scheffler	1657

127	My cause is Pappus God's, and I am still	1598
108	My God, Drewes behold me lying	1797
133	My God, in Anon. Thee all fulness lies	
194	My God, to Hiller Thee I now commend	1765
164	My inmost Anon. heart now raises	1592
67	My Jesus, if the Dessler Seraphim	1692
186	My life is hid in Anon. Jesus	1608
7	My soul, now Gramann praise thy Maker	1540
41	Not in anger, Albinus mighty God	1652
158	Nothing fair on Scheffler earth I see	1657
169	Now all the Gerhardt woods are sleeping	1653
131	Now at last I Tersteegen end the strife	1731
170	Now God be B. Brethren with us	
97	Now hush your N. Hermann cries, and shed no tear	1560
96	Now lay we M. Weiss calmly in the grave	1531
177	Now let us Löwenstern loudly	<i>died</i> 1648

Chorale Book for England

11	Now thank we Rinckart all our God	1648	
165	Now that the Hertzog sun doth shine no more	1670	
100	O Christ, our J. Heermann true and only Light	1630	
144	O Christ, Thou Anon. bright and Morning Star	Thirty War	Years'
54	O darkest woe, Rist ye tears, forth flow	1637	
118	O God, I long A. Unrich of Thy Light to Brunswick see	1667	
115	O God, Thou J. Heermann faithful God	1630	
70	O Holy Spirit, M. Schirmer enter in	1650	
37	O Jesu, King of M. Behemb Glory	1606	
46	O Lamb of N. von Hofe God, most stainless	1534	
94	O Living Bread Rist from Heaven	1651	
192	O Lord my Selnecker God, I cry to Thee	1587	
47	O Love, who Scheffler formedst me to wear	1657	
149	O Morning Nicolai Star, how fair and bright	1598	
62	O risen Lord, O Böhmer conquering King	1706	

- 154 O Thou Laurenti 1700
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- 155 O Thou of God Eliz. Creutziger 1524
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- 189 O world, I now J. Hesse *before* 1547
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- 175 Oh blest the C. C. L. von 1735
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- 71 Oh, enter, Lord, Gerhardt 1653
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- 197 Oh how blest S. Dach 1657
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- 95 Oh how could I Kern *died* 1835
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- 33 Oh rejoice, ye Keimann 1656
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- 5 Oh would, my J. Mentzer 1704
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- 173 Oh wouldst A. H. Francke 1691
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- 26 Once He came M. Weiss 1531
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- 18 Once more the B. Brethren
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- 15 Open now Thy Schmolck 1704
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- 114 Our Father, Luther 1539
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- 40 Out of the Luther 1524
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Chorale Book for England

85	Praise and Rist thanks to Thee be sung	1655
9	Praise to the J. Neander Lord, the Almighty	1679
113	Pure Essence! Freylinghausen Spotless Fount of Light	1713
23	Redeemer of J. Franck the Nations, come	
23	Redeemer of after St. the Nations, Ambrose come	
32	Rejoice, rejoice, Anon. ye Christians	<i>early</i>
78	Rise, follow Scheffler me, Our Master saith	1653
125	Rise, my soul, Freystein to watch and pray	1697
38	Rise, O Salem, Rist rise and shine	1655
146	Seems it in my Titius anguish lone	<i>died 1703</i>
10	Shall I not sing Gerhardt praise to Thee	1659
64	Since Christ is Wegelin gone to heaven, His home	1636
167	Sink not yet, Rist my soul, to slumber	1642
176	Spread, O Bahnmaier spread, thou mighty word	1823

128	Strive a right Winkler when God doth call thee	1703
73	Sweetest Fount Gerhardt of holy gladness	1653
184	Thank God, it Gerhardt hath resounded	1648
168	The day is done Freylinghausen and left alone	1704
166	The happy N. Hermann sunshine all is gone	1560
171	The old year Tapp now hath passed away	1603
98	The precious Spitta seed of weeping	<i>modern</i>
16	Thee, Fount of Tersteegen blessing, we adore	1731
35	Thee, O Gerhardt Immanuel, we praise	1653
150	Thee will I Scheffler love, my Strength and Tower	1657
56	Thou, Viktor Strauss sore-oppressed, the Sabbath rest	<i>modern</i>
82	Thou virgin Buhrmeister soul! O thou	<i>died</i> 1688
111	Thou who G. Arnold breakest every chain	1697
89	Thy parents' A. Knapp arms now yield thee	<i>modern</i>

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102	Thy Word, O Anon. Lord, is gentle dew	
79	True Shepherd, Hesenthaler who in love most deep	
157	Up, yes, upward Schade to thy gladness	1699
200	Wake, awake, Nocolai for night is flying	1598
87	Wake, Spirit, Bogatsky who in times now olden	1727
75	We all believe Clausnitzer in one True God	1671
34	We Christians ? Author may rejoice Gaspar Fugger today	+1617
34	We Christians may rejoice today	<i>Appears</i> 1645
61	Welcome, Thou Schmolck victor in the strife	1712
132	Well for him G. Arnold who all things losing	1697
110	What shall I, a Flittner sinner do	1661
139	What within me A. H. Francke and without	<i>died</i> 1727
135	Whate'er my Rodigast God ordains is right	1675
142	When anguish'd Löwenstern and perplex'd	<i>died</i> 1648

141	When in the Paul Eber hour of utmost need	1567
193	When my last N. Hermann hour is close at hand	1560
48	When o'er my Gesenius sins I sorrow	1646
53	When on the Ancient cross the Saviour hung	
199	When the Lord Bürde recalls the banish'd	1794
153	Wherefore dost Gerhardt Thou longer tarry	1653
163	While yet the J. Mühlmann m o r n i s breaking	1618
77	Who are those Schenck that far before me	<i>died 1727</i>
187	Who knows Emilie-Juliane, how near his Countess of end may be Schwarzburgh Rudolstadt	1686
145	Who puts his Anon. trust in God most just	1571
143	Why art thou Hans Sachs thus cast down, my heart	1552
198	W o r l d , Albinus farewell, of thee I'm tired	1652
20	Ye heavens, oh J. Franck haste your dews to shed	1653

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88	Ye servants of Lobwasser the Lord who stand	1573
84	Ye sons of men, Thilo in earnest	1642

TABLE OF GERMAN HYMNS

1	<i>Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'.</i>
2	<i>Sei Lob und Ehr dem höchsten Gut.</i>
3	<i>Himmel, Erde, Luft und Meer.</i>
4	<i>Auf den Nebel folgt die Sonn'.</i>
5	<i>O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte.</i>
6	<i>Lob sei Dir, treuer Gott und Vater.</i>
7	<i>Nun lob' mein' Seel' den Herren.</i>
8	<i>Meine Hoffnung stehet feste.</i>
9	<i>Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren.</i>
10	<i>Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht singen.</i>
11	<i>Nun danket Alle Gott.</i>
12	<i>Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.</i>
13	<i>Herr Jesu Christ, Dich zu uns wend'.</i>
14	<i>Ach bleib' mit Deiner Gnade.</i>
15	<i>Thut mir auf die schöne Pforte.</i>
16	<i>Brunn alles Heils, dich ehren wir.</i>
17	<i>Licht von Licht erleuchte mich.</i>
18	<i>Es geht daher des Tages Schein.</i>
19	<i>Ach bleib' bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ.</i>
20	<i>Ihr Himmel tröpfelt Thau in Eil'.</i>
21	<i>Wie soll ich dich empfangen.</i>
22	<i>Auf, auf, ihr Reichsgenossen.</i>
23	<i>Komm, Heiden Heiland, Lösegeld.</i>
24	<i>Gott sei Dank durch alle Welt.</i>
25	<i>Macht hoch die Thür, die Thor macht weit.</i>
26	<i>Gottes Sohn ist kommen.</i>
27	<i>Wach auf, wach auf, du sich're Welt.</i>
28	<i>Ich steh' in Angst und Pein.</i>
29	<i>Lasst uns alle fröhlich sein.</i>
30	<i>Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her.</i>
31	<i>Frölich soll mein Herze springen,.</i>

- 32 *Freut euch, ihr lieben Christen.*
- 33 *Freuet euch, ihr Christen alle.*
- 34 *Wir Christenleut' han jetzo Freud'.*
- 35 *Wir singen Dir, Immanuel.*
- 36 *Wie herrlich strahlt der Morgenstern.*
- 37 *O König aller Ehren.*
- 38 *Werde Licht, du Stadt der Heiden.*
- 39 *Wer im Herzen will erfahren.*
- 40 *Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu Dir.*
- 41 *Straf' mich nicht in deinem Zorn.*
- 42 *An dir allein, an dir hab' ich gefündigt.*
- 43 *Hier lieg' ich, o mein Gott, zu deinen
Füssen.*
- 44 *Herr, ich habe missgehandelt.*
- 45 *Bin ich allein ein Fremdling auf der
Erden.*
- 46 *O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig.*
- 47 *Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde.*
- 48 *Wenn meine Sünd' mich kränken.*
- 49 *Jesu, meines Lebens Leben.*
- 50 *Ach Jesu, Dein Sterben.*
- 51 *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.*
- 52 *Herzliebster Jesu, was hast Du
verbrochen.*
- 53 *Da Jesus an dem Kreuze stund.*
- 54 *O Trauerigkeit, O Herzeleid.*
- 55 *Der Du, Herr Jesu, Ruh und Rast.*
- 56 *Nun gingst auch du.*
- 57 *Frühmorgens, da sie Sonn' aufgeht.*
- 58 *Christus ist erstanden.*
- 59 *Jesus, meine Zuversicht.*
- 60 *Christ lag in Todesbanden.*
- 61 *Willkommen, Held im Streite.*
- 62 *O auferstandner Siegesfürst.*
- 63 *Siegesfürst und Ehrenkönig.*

64 *Auf Christ Himmelfahrt allein.*
65 *Himmelan geht unsre Bahn.*
66 *Herr, auf Erden muss ich leiden.*
67 *Mein Jesu, dem die Seraphinen.*
68 *Zeuch uns nach dir.*
69 *Heil'ger Geist, du Tröster mein.*
70 *O Heil'ger Geist, kehr bei uns ein.*
71 *Zeuch ein zu deinem Thoren.*
72 *Komm, Heil'ger Geist, Herre Gott.*
73 *O du allersüsste Freude.*
74 *Komm, O Komm, du Geist des Lebens.*
75 *Wir glauben all an einen Gott.*
76 *Hochheilige Dreieinigkeit.*
77 *Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne.*
78 *Mir nach, spricht Christus, unser Held.*
79 *Mein Jesu, wie so gross die Lieb'.*
80 *Herr Jesu, Licht der Heiden.*
81 *Mit Fried' und Freud' fahr' ich dahin.*
82 *Du keusche Seele du.*
83 *Tröstet, tröstet meine Lieben.*
84 *Mit Ernst, O Menschenkinder.*
85 *Ehr und Dank sei dir gesungen.*
86 *Veni Creator Spiritus.*
86 *Komm, Gott Schöpfer, Heil'ger Geist.*
87 *Wach auf, du Geist der ersten Zeugen.*
88 *Ihr Knecht' des Herren allegleich.*
89 *Aus diener Eltern Armen.*
90 *Liebster Jesu, hier sind wir.*
91 *Von des Himmels Thron.*
92 *Ich bin getauft auf deinen Namen.*
93 *Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele.*
94 *Wie wohl hast du gelabet.*
95 *Wie könnt' ich Sein vergessen.*
96 *Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben.*

97	<i>Hört auf mit Trauern und mit Klag'.</i>
98	<i>Am Grabe steh'n wir stille.</i>
99	<i>Aller Glaubigen Sammelplatz.</i>
100	<i>O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht.</i>
101	<i>Ach Gott, vom Himmel sieh darein.</i>
102	<i>Dein Wort, O Herr, ist milder Tau.</i>
103	<i>Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort.</i>
104	<i>Dies ist der Gemeine Stärke.</i>
105	<i>Herz und Herz vereint zusammen.</i>
106	<i>Jesu, der du bist allein.</i>
107	<i>Ach Gott und Herr.</i>
108	<i>Hier lieg' ich, Herr, im Staube.</i>
109	<i>Jesu mein Erbarmer höre.</i>
110	<i>Ach was soll ich Sünder machen.</i>
111	<i>O Durchbrecher aller Bande.</i>
112	<i>Allein zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ.</i>
113	<i>O reines Wesen, lautre Quelle.</i>
114	<i>Vater unser im Himmelreich.</i>
115	<i>O Gott, du frommer Gott.</i>
116	<i>Ich ruf' zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ.</i>
117	<i>Dir, dir, Jehovah, will ich singen.</i>
118	<i>Nach dir, O Gott, verlanget mich.</i>
119	<i>Herzlich lieb hab' ich dich, O Herr.</i>
120	<i>In dich hab' ich gehoffet, Herr.</i>
121	<i>Ich weiss, mein Gott, dass all mein Thun.</i>
122	<i>Sieh hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig.</i>
123	<i>Der Glaub' ist eine' lebendige' Kraft.</i>
124	<i>Ein' feste Burg is unser Gott.</i>
125	<i>Mache dich, mein Geist, bereit.</i>
126	<i>Brich durch, mein angefochtnes Herz.</i>
127	<i>Ich' hab' mein' Sach' Gott heimgestellt.</i>
128	<i>Ringe recht wenn Gottes Gnade.</i>
129	<i>Höchster Priester, der du dich.</i>
130	<i>Alles ist an Gottes Segen.</i>

131 *Nun so will ich denn mein Leben.*
132 *O der alles hält' verloren.*
133 *Mein Gott bei dir ist alle Fülle.*
134 *Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.*
135 *Was Gott thut das ist wohlgetan.*
136 *Ach Gott, wie manches Herzelied.*
137 *Valet will ich dir geben.*
138 *Meine Seele senket sich.*
139 *Was von aussen und von innen.*
140 *Von Gott will ich nicht lassen.*
141 *Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein.*
142 *Wenn ich in Angst und Noth.*
143 *Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz.*
144 *O Christe Morgensterne.*
145 *Wer Gott vertraut hat wohlgebaut.*
146 *Sollt' es auch bisweilen scheinen.*
147 *Auf meinen lieben Gott.*
148 *Ich bin ein Gast auf Erden.*
149 *Wie schön leucht' uns der Morgenstern.*
150 *Ich will Dich lieben, meine Stärke.*
151 *Jesu, meine Freude.*
152 *Guter Hirte, willst du nicht.*
153 *Warum willst du draussen stehen.*
154 *Du wesentliches Wort.*
155 *Herr Christ, der einig' Gotts Sohn.*
156 *In dir ist Freud.*
157 *Auf, hinauf zu deiner Freude.*
158 *Keine Schönheit hat die Welt.*
159 *Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.*
160 *Gott des Himmels und der Erden.*
161 *Wie ein Vogel lieblich singet.*
162 *Seele du musst munter werden.*
163 *Dank sei Gott in der Höhe.*
164 *Aus meines Herzens Grunde.*

165	<i>Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.</i>
166	<i>Hinunter ist der Sonnenschein.</i>
167	<i>Werde munter, mein Gemüthe.</i>
168	<i>Der Tag ist hin.</i>
169	<i>Nun ruhen alle Wälder.</i>
170	<i>Die Nacht ist kommen.</i>
171	<i>Das alte Jahr vergangen ist.</i>
172	<i>Hilf, Herr Jesu, lass gelingen.</i>
173	<i>Gottlob, ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit.</i>
174	<i>Jesu, geh voran.</i>
175	<i>Wohl einem Haus wo Jesus Christ.</i>
176	<i>Walte, walte, nah und fern.</i>
177	<i>Nun preiset alle Gottes Barmherzigkeit.</i>
178	<i>Jesu, als du wiederkehrtest.</i>
179	<i>Nun hilf uns, O Herr Jesu Christ.</i>
180	<i>In Gottes Namen fahren wir.</i>
181	<i>Kommt, Christen, Gottes Huld zu feiern.</i>
182	<i>Du Friedefürst, Herr Jesu Christ.</i>
183	<i>Herr Gott, wir danken Dir.</i>
184	<i>Gottlob, es ist erschollen.</i>
185	<i>Ich weiss es wird mein Ende kommen.</i>
186	<i>Christus der ist mein Leben.</i>
187	<i>Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende.</i>
188	<i>Geht und hin und grabt mein Grab.</i>
189	<i>O Welt, ich muss dich lassen.</i>
190	<i>O Jesu Christ, mein's Lebens Licht.</i>
191	<i>Mach's mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güt'.</i>
192	<i>O Herre Gott, ich ruf' zu dir.</i>
193	<i>Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden ist.</i>
194	<i>Mein Gott, in deine Hände.</i>
195	<i>Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.</i>
196	<i>Alle Menschen müssen sterben.</i>
197	<i>O wie selig seid ihr doch, ihr Frommen.</i>
198	<i>Welt, ade, ich bin dein müde.</i>

Catherine Winkworth

199

Wann der Herr einst die Gefangenen.

200

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

"We might seem extravagant to some were we to express our full sense of the piety, poetry, and music of this most charming volume of sacred verse and harmony. All the hymns have considerable merit (which can be said perhaps of no other collection). Some of them are most touching, especially when well sung: but they need to be *well* sung. They need a degree of executive skill which will not be found in parish churches as a rule. It is a book, in a word, for which all hymn-lovers must be grateful: it must tend powerfully to refine the taste of the Christian public where it is known. Most of the hymns, although translations, read with all the freshness of originals."

LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"Of the *Chorale Book* as a whole we may speak most favourably. From the hands of such musical editors nothing that could offend the most critical could be expected to appear. . . . Many of the tunes are as beautiful as they are new to the English ear. They are all derived from the German sources, though the origin of many, dating before the Reformation, is European rather than locally national. The variety of their metres is welcome, after the uniform stiffness to which we are accustomed in England. Two-thirds of the hymns themselves are familiar to us from their appearance in Miss Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica*; those which have been added are translated by the same accomplished pen, and are characterized by the same merits. . . . Dr. Bennett and Mr. Goldschmidt have done good service by undertaking this compilation; and we can honestly recommend it to every choir that loves sound and sterling music."

SATURDAY REVIEW.

"The editors have, in many cases, retained the harmonies of the authors of the tunes, and in general have striven to preserve, as far as possible, the character belonging to the period of their composition: thus, the melodies of the sixteenth and eighteenth century called for different styles of harmony, clearly indicated by their different flow in respect of distances. The editors say that they have in all cases endeavoured to combine solemnity with simplicity, and to give harmonies which, though offering no difficulty in execution, should yet approach the strength and purity peculiar to the best Church music of all times. . . . The *Chorale Book* is really a beautiful and highly valuable work, and it will be found to administer admirably to musical taste when directed to holy and devout themes."

CLERICAL JOURNAL.

"It is gratifying to find two such distinguished musicians as Professor Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt co-operating in a work which deserves to take high rank as a standard collection of Church tunes, admirable alike in selection and arrangement. . . . It is with much satisfaction that we welcome the appearance of the *Chorale Book*, as a collection of some of the grandest and purest old tunes associated with religious purposes. . . . This work, viewed in its musical aspect, is likely to cause a healthy reaction in English Psalmody."

LONDON REVIEW.

The names of the editors of this book are a sufficient guarantee for the value of its contents. Professor Bennett is well known to have devoted much of his attention to the old German school of sacred music, and the English public are mainly indebted to his exertions for such knowledge as they possess of the most illustrious masters of that school. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt is one of the most learned and accomplished German musicians of our time, and a fitting coadjutor with Professor Bennett in such a work as the present. . . . The volume contains many of the finest German, French, and Flemish tunes. The harmonies are excellent, and the entire volume is of great value. . . . In regard to the harmonisation, the editors have endeavoured to combine solemnity with simplicity, and to give harmonies which, though offering no difficulty in execution, should yet approach the strength and purity peculiar to the best church music of all times. In the execution of this task they have availed themselves of the labours of Sebastian Bach; and their *Chorale Book* contains a body of ecclesiastical harmony which, in antique and venerable grandeur, plain and simple style, freedom from chromatic crudities, and fitness to be sung by large numbers of voices, is unequalled by any work of this class that has ever appeared in England."

DAILY NEWS.

"The general arrangement of this book carries with it tokens of an amount of diligent research which, in connexion with the musical learning of its editors, would make it an impertinence for any one not specially devoted to the archaeology of German sacred music to criticise the selection. . . . The arrangements of the tunes are worthy of all praise. The harmony is essentially vocal. It is quite a luxury to follow even with the eye the bold, free movement of the parts which distinguishes every page of the book, contrasting so pleasantly with the prevalent or lately prevalent style of hymn-book harmony. . . . The independent melodic treatment of each part is preserved, tenfold interest being thereby given to the work of each individual singer. The universal use of keyed instruments has somewhat dulled the popular perception of the beauty of vocal harmony; and a piano-forte-player falls insensible into the habit of regarding harmony as a succession of chords. These chorales are just the thing to counteract this tendency. They should be sung, not played. They are essentially vocal music. So treated, this collection will be, all association apart, a source of delight to all part-singers who can enjoy real harmony in its purest forms."

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