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Lyra Germanica

The Christian Life

I WILL SING PRAISE
* TO THY NAME *
* O THOU *
* MOST *
HIGH
Is. ix.
2.

✢

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

E. ARMITAGE R.A. C. PEARSON SC

THOU WHO BREAKEST EVERY CHAIN
THOU WHO STILL ART EVER NEAR
THOU WITH WHOM DISGRACE AND PAIN
TURNED TO JOY AND HEAVEN EE'N HERE

The Deliverer from Bondage, p. 152.

Lyra Germanica:

The Christian Life

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

CATHERINE WINKWORTH

AND ILLUSTRATED BY

JOHN LEIGHTON F.S.A.

E. ARMITAGE A.R.A. & F. MADOX BROWN

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BY JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

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PREFACE.

Those who are beſt acquainted with the rich ſtores of German hymnology will feel the leaſt ſurpriſe at the appearance of a ſecond ſeries of Tranſlations from the ſame ſource. Many excellent and claſſical compoſitions were neceſſarily excluded from the plan of the former volume, which it was felt would ſtill be no leſs acceptable to English Chriſtians than thoſe already tranſlated. In this ſeries therefore hymns are admitted of a more perſonal and individual character than in the former,—hymns adapted to particular circumſtances or periods of life, and to peculiar ſtates of feeling. At the ſame time many will be found of ſufficiently comprehenſive import to be ſuited for congrega-

tional ſinging, and will be recognized by thoſe familiar with the ſervices of the German Church as conſtantly uſed there in public worſhip, eſpecially thoſe on pages 157, 158, 185, and 73. The firſt of theſe indeed holds in Germany, with its fine old tune, much the ſame place as the Old Hundredth with us. The ſecond is remarkable as being, as far as we know, the only hymn of its author, a man of conſideration and wealth in Frankfort. It was publiſhed without his name, and as it immediately became popular it was aſcribed at firſt to Hugo Grotius, and other celebrated authors. The third is one of the well-known hymns of Joachim Neander, the moſt important hymn-writer of the German Reformed Church, whoſe productions are marked by great depth and tenderneſs of feeling.

Moſt of the hymns under the laſt two diviſions of this ſeries are popular in Proteſtant Germany in the trueſt ſenſe of the word, to be found in the well-worn hymn-books of every cottage home, or heard as the village funeral paſſes on to the "court of peace." It will be obſerved that one of the hymns for the burial of the dead bears the name of Michael Weiſs, and that ſome others are deſignated as belonging to the Bohemian Brethren. Theſe are productions of that ancient Church which exiſted in Bohemia from the firſt introduction of Chriſtianity into that country by two Greek monks of the eighth century. In the eleventh

century it formed itself into a separate community, distinguished from the Roman Church in Bohemia, among other things, by the celebration of public worship, according to the native ritual and in the vulgar tongue. After suffering bitter persecutions under various Popes, in one of which John Huss was burnt in 1415, in 1453 its remaining members, including men of all classes, withdrew to a district assigned to them on the borders of Silesia and Moravia, where we find them, fifty years later, numbering about two hundred congregations, under the name of Brethren or United Brethren. But here, too, fierce persecutions followed them; their countrymen were incited from the pulpits to hunt them down like wild beasts; and in 1508, despairing of peace at home, they sent out four messengers to search whether anywhere a Christian people might be found, serving Christ truly, into whose communion they might ask admission. One of these brethren went to Russia, one to Greece, one to Bulgaria, and one to Palestine and Egypt; but they all returned unsuccessful, no such Christian people had they found. Two more were then sent to the Waldenses in France and Italy, but they too brought back nothing but admonitions to patience and stedfastness. The Brethren therefore remained in their own country, and occupied themselves in printing the Bible, no fewer than three editions having been published in Bohemian before the

Reformation. The dawn of that great event filled them with joy, and in 1522 they ſent two meſſengers to Luther to greet him and aſk his advice, one of whom was Michael Weiſs. In 1531 Michael Weiſs publiſhed the hymns of the Bohemian Brethren tranſlated into German, with the addition of ſeveral of his own. They paſſed through many editions, and ſome of them were introduced into Luther's hymn-book. They have great warmth of feeling and directneſs of expreſſion (often with intricate metres), and are marked by frequent pathetic reference to the troubles of this Church, and by a ſtrong ſenſe of the living union of Chriſtians with each other and their Head. The ſubſequent ſettlement of the ſmall remnant of this Church on Count Zinzendorf's eſtates in Saxony, and its rapid growth and ſpread into other countries, are well known. That the ſpirit of Chriſtian poetry ſtill lives among them in modern times is proved by the names of Zinzendorf, Chriſtian Gregor, L. von Hayn, Spangenberg, and Albertini.*

As the object of this work is chiefly devotional, the hymns are arranged according to their ſubjects, not in chronological order, and have been ſelected for their warmth of feeling and depth of Chriſtian experience, rather than as ſpecimens of a particular maſter or ſchool. Still it is

* See Bunsen's larger Gesangbuch, and Sketch of the History of the Church of the United Brethren by James Montgomery.

believed that these two series afford on the whole fair examples of most of the principal writers, not of course without omissions, since only about two hundred and twenty hymns are given from a literature containing several thousands. Of Luther none are given in this series, (unless the hymn known as "Queen Maria of Hungary's song" were written by him for that princess,) for those productions of his which no collection of German hymns could omit, had been already inserted in the previous volume, and there seemed the less necessity for introducing any of minor importance, as all his hymns are accessible to the English reader in the excellent translation of Mr. Massie.*

The writers perhaps the least fully represented, are Gellert, Klopstock, and others of the middle and latter half of the last century, whose productions constitute a large proportion of most of the collections made fifty or sixty years ago. But these hymns are, for the most part, either of a purely reflective or didactic character, or in very many instances are merely versions of more ancient hymns, smoothed down to a dead level of tame correctness in form, and robbed of their original fervour and strength. Gellert, however, appreciated the characteristic excellences of the

* Spiritual Songs of Luther, translated by R. Massie, Esq. Hatchard and Co.

ancient hymns; and his own have high merit, as leſſons of Chriſtian duty, or paraphraſes of Scripture, expreſſed in ſimple, clear, and unaffected verſe, ſometimes with much true poetic feeling. Yet while they thus ſupplied a want among the hymns of his country,—which, during the laſt century eſpecially, had loſt that direct application to real life which makes a hymn ſpeak to the hearts of all,—and have therefore become very popular in Germany, for the ſame reaſon they more nearly reſemble what we already poſſeſs in our own language.

There is a very large ſchool of hymn-writers ſpringing up in Germany at the preſent day, whoſe works are diſtinguiſhed by much thoughtful feeling and great fluency and ſweetneſs of expreſſion. In general, however, theſe hymns are ſuited rather to private reading, than congregational ſinging; the length of the lines, and the reflective tone of thought, deprive them of that ſtrength and ſimple grandeur which many of the older hymns poſſeſs. Specimens are given here from Spitta, Puchta, Knapp, Henſel, and others; thoſe hymns to which no dates are affixed being written by authors living or very recently deceaſed.

The hymns in this ſeries have been choſen from various ſources, moſt of them being ſuch as would be found in any ſtandard collection. The greater number, however, are taken from Bunſen's "Verſuch eines allgemeinen Geſang

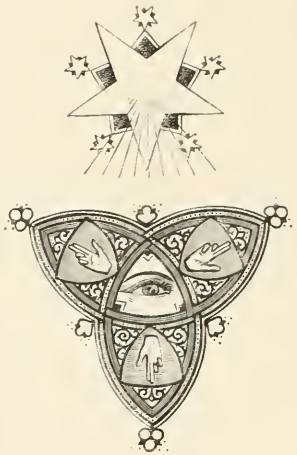
und Gebet buchs," a collection diſtinguiſhed above moſt others by its wide range of Chriſtian experience and ſympathy, and the poetic merit of the verſions it gives. The ſhort notices prefixed to ſome of theſe hymns are derived from the ſame ſource.

One or two verſes have been omitted in ſeveral of the hymns, for in many inſtances even fine hymns are weakened by repetition, or disfigured by verſes of decidedly inferior merit; this is eſpecially the caſe with Paul Gerhardt, notwithſtanding the remarkable beauty of his works. The original metre has been almoſt invariably maintained; in ſome hymns metres ſtrange to our ears have been preſerved with care for the ſake of the fine chorales attached to them.

*

* Alderley Edge, *
May 19th,

1858.



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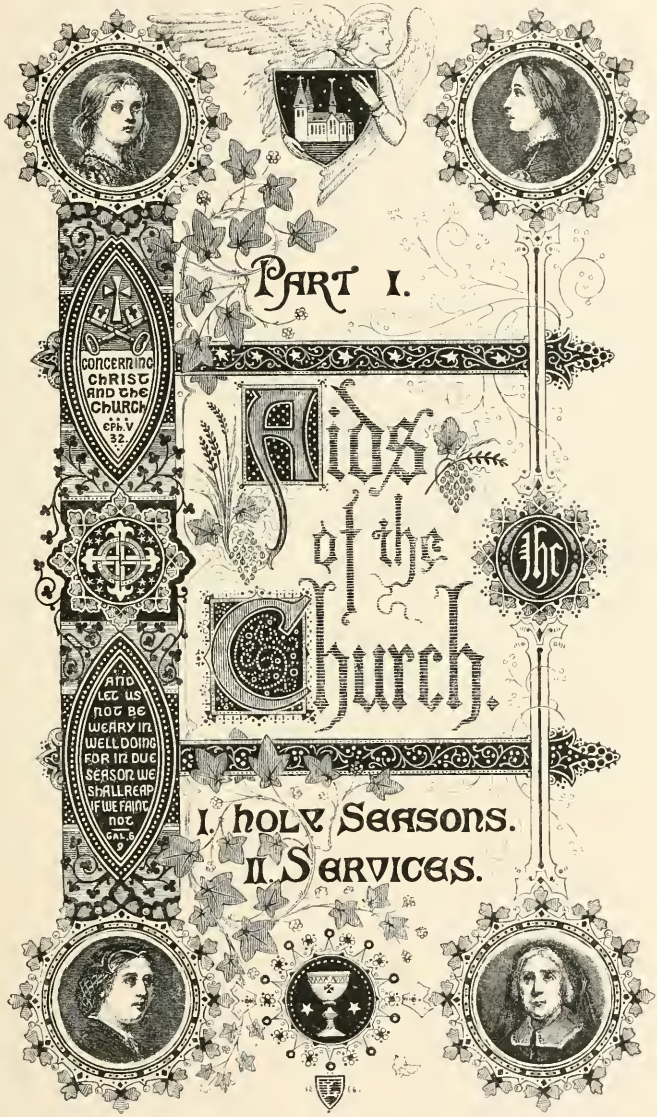
CONCERNING CHRIST AND THE CHURCH
Eph. V 32.
AND LET US NOT BE WEARY IN WELL DOING FOR IN DUE SEASON WE SHALL REAP IF WE FAINT NOT
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PART I.
Acts of the Church.
I. HOLY SEASONS.
II. SERVICES.

AGNUS DEI

I.

The Daystring from on High.

Heavens, oh haste your dews to shed;
Ye clouds, rain gladness on our head;
Thou earth, behold the time of grace,
And blossom forth in righteousness!

Lyra Germanica

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!

II.

Our Saviour.

Arise, the kingdom is at hand,
The King is drawing nigh;
Arise with joy, O faithful band,
To meet 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 hearts, 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.

LYRA GERMANICA

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 pure 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.

III.

The Heart Longing for the inner Word.

Wherefore dost Thou longer tarry,
Blessed of the Lord, afar?
Would it were Thy will to enter
To my heart, O Thou my Star,
Thou my Jesus, Fount of power,
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!

While the foe my soul is telling,
"There is grace no more for thee;
Thou must make thy endless dwelling
In the pains that torture me."

Yes, and keener still thy smart,
Conscience, in my anguish'd heart:
By thy venom'd tooth tormented,
Long-past sins are sore repented.

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 the world can give is cheating,
Strengthless all, and merely nought:
Have I greatness, it is fleeting;
Have I riches, are they aught
But a heap of glittering earth?
Pleasure? Little is it worth
When it brings no joy or laughter
That we shall not rue hereafter.

All delight, all consolation
Lies in Thee, Lord Jesus Christ;
Feed my soul with Thy salvation,
O Thou Bread of Life unpriced!
Blessed Light, within me glow,
Ere my heart breaks in its woe;
O refresh me and uphold me,
Jesus, 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.

Thy misdeeds are thine no longer,
He hath cast them in the sea,
And the love of God shall conquer
All the strength of sin in thee.
Christ is victor in the field,
Mightiest wrong to Him must yield;
He with blessing will exalt thee
O'er whatever would assault thee.

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 fix'd and sure,
As that thou shalt hymn His praises
In the happy heavenly places.

GERHARDT.

1653.

PILGRIMS·COMING·TO·THE·GOLDEN·GATE

IV.

The New Year.

Composed on his journey to Gotha after his unjust expulsion from Erfurt; as we are told in the Oration delivered at his grave, "in the full experience of the unspeakable consolations of the Holy Spirit."

Thank GOD that towards eternity
Another step is won!
Oh, longing turns my heart to Thee
As Time flows slowly on,
Thou Fountain whence my life is born,
Whence those rich streams of grace are drawn
That through my being run!

I count the hours, the days, the years,
That stretch in tedious line,
Until, O Life, that hour appears,
When, at Thy touch divine,
Whate'er is mortal now in me
Shall be consumed for aye in Thee,
And deathless life be mine.

So glows Thy love within this frame,
That, touch'd with keenest fire,
My whole soul kindles in the flame
Of one intense desire,
To be in Thee, and Thou in me,
And e'en while yet on earth to be
Still pressing closer, nigher!

Oh that I soon might Thee behold!
I count the moments o'er;
Ah come, ere yet my heart grows cold
And cannot call Thee more!
Come in Thy glory, for Thy Bride
Hath girt her for the holy-tide,
And waiteth at the door.

And since Thy Spirit sheds abroad
The oil of grace in me,
And Thou art inly near me, Lord,
And I am lost in Thee,
So shines in me the Living Light,
And steadfast burns my lamp and bright,
To greet Thee joyously.

Come! is the voice, then, of Thy Bride,
She loudly prays Thee come!
With faithful heart she long hath cried,
Come quickly, Jesus, come!
Come, O my Bridegroom, Lamb of God,
Thou knowest I am Thine, dear Lord;
Come down and take me home.

Yet be the hour that none can tell
Left wholly to Thy choice,
Although I know Thou lov'st it well,
That I with heart and voice
Should bid Thee come, and from this day
Care but to meet Thee on Thy way,
And at Thy sight rejoice!

I joy that from Thy love divine
No power can part me now,
That I may dare to call Thee mine,
My Friend, my Lord, avow,
That I, O Prince of Life, shall be
Made wholly one in heaven with Thee;
My portion, Lord, art Thou!

And therefore do my thanks o'erflow,
That one more year is gone,
And of this Time, so poor, so slow,
Another step is won;
And with a heart that may not wait,
Toward yonder distant golden gate
I journey gladly on.

And when the wearied hands grow weak,
And wearied knees give way,
To sinking faith, oh quickly speak,
And make Thine arm my stay;
That so my heart drink in new strength,
And I speed on, nor feel the length
Nor steepness of the way!

Then on, my soul, with fearless faith,
Let nought thy terror move;
Nor aught that earthly pleasure saith
E'er tempt thy steps to rove:
If slow thy course seem o'er the waste,
Mount upwards with the eagle's haste,
On wings of tireless love.

O Jesus, all my soul hath flown
Already up to Thee,
For Thou, in whom is love alone,
Hast wholly conquer'd me.
Farewell, ye phantoms, day and year,
Eternity is round me here,
Since, Lord, I live in Thee.

A. H. FRANCKE.
1691.

CHRISTMAS.

A Song of Joy at Dawn.

All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices; [singing,
"Christ is born," their choirs are
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

For it dawns,—the promised morrow
Of His birth
Who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth,
Of His grace
To our race
Here His Son He lendeth:

Yea, so truly for us careth,
That His Son
All we've done
As our offering beareth;
As our Lamb who, dying for us,
Bears our load,
And to God
Doth in peace restore us.

Terra Germanica

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;

Lyra Germanica

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 outstretchèd;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget
All regret,
Fill your hearts with treasure.

Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee!
Keep Thou me
Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee!
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest;
Calm I rest
On Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

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.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1651.

We love Him, for He first loved Us.

THOU fairest Child Divine,
In yonder manger laid,
In whom is God Himself well pleased,
By whom were all things made,
On me art Thou bestow'd;
How can such wonders be!
The dearest that the Father hath
He gives me here in Thee!

Lyra Germanica

I was a foe to God,
  I fought in Satan's host,
I trifled all His grace away,
  Alas! my soul was lost.
Yet God forgets my sin,
  His heart, with pity moved,
He gives me, Heavenly Child, in Thee;
  Lo! thus our God hath loved!

Once blind with sin and self,
  Along the treacherous way,
That ends in ruin at the last,
  I hasten'd far astray;
Then God sent down His Son;
  For with a love most deep,
Most undeserved, His heart still yearn'd
  O'er me, poor wandering sheep!

God with His Life of love
  To me was far and strange,
My heart clung only to the world
  Of sight and sense and change;
In Thee, Immanuel,
  Are God and man made one;
In Thee my heart hath peace with God,
  And union in the Son.

Oh ponder this, my soul!
  Our God hath loved us thus,
That even His only dearest Son
  He freely giveth us.

Ivra Germanica

Thou precious gift of God,
  The pledge and bond of love,
With thankful heart I kneel to take
  This treasure from above.

I kneel beside Thy couch,
  I press Thee to my heart,
For Thee I gladly all forsake
  And from the creature part:
Thou priceless Pearl! lo, he
  By whom Thou'rt loved and known,
Will give himself and all he hath
  To win Thee for his own.

Oh come, Thou Blessed Child,
  Thou Saviour of my soul,
For ever bound to Thee, my name
  Among Thy host enrol!
Oh deign to take my heart,
  And let Thy heart be mine,
That all my love flow out to Thee,
  And lose itself in Thine!

Tersteegen.

1731.

!!! God with us.

O Bessed Jesus! This
Thy lowly manger is
The Paradise where oft my soul would feed:
Here is the place, my Lord,
Where lies the Eternal Word
Clothed with our flesh, made like to us indeed.

For He whose mighty sway
The winds and seas obey,
Submits to serve, and stoops to those who sin;
The glorious Son of God
Doth bear the mortal load
Of earth and dust, like us and all our kin.

For thus, O Good Supreme,
Wilt Thou our flesh redeem,
And raise it to Thy throne o'er every height:
Eternal Strength, here Thou
To brotherhood dost bow
With transient things that pass like mists of night.

Thy glory and Thy joy
All woe and grief destroy;
Thou, Heavenly Treasure, dost all wealth restore!
Thou deep and living Well!
Thou, great Immanuel,
Dost conquer sin and death for evermore!

DOTH CONQUER SIN AND DEATH
FOR EVERMORE.

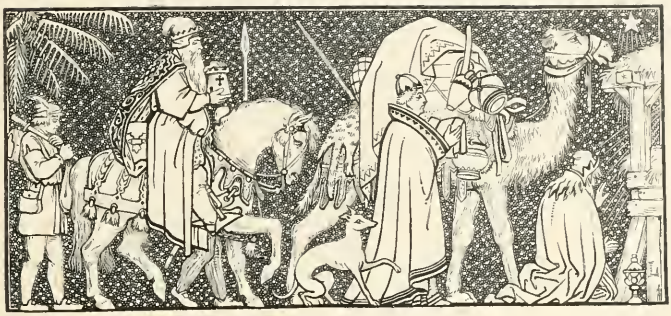
Then come, whoe'er thou art,
O poor desponding heart,
Take courage now, let this thy fears dispel,
That since His Son most dear
Thy God hath given thee here,
It cannot be but God doth love thee well.

How often dost thou think
That thou must surely sink,
That hope and comfort are no more for thee;
Come hither then and gaze
Upon this Infant's face,
And here the love of God incarnate see.

Ah now the blessed door
Stands open evermore
To all the joys of this world and the next:
This Babe will be our Friend,
And quickly make an end
Of all that faithful hearts long time hath vex'd.

Then, earth, we care no more
To seek thy richest store,
If but this treasure will be still our own;
And he who holds it fast,
Till all this life is past,
Our Lord will crown with joy before His throne.

PAUL GERHARDT.



EPIPHANY.

The King of Men.

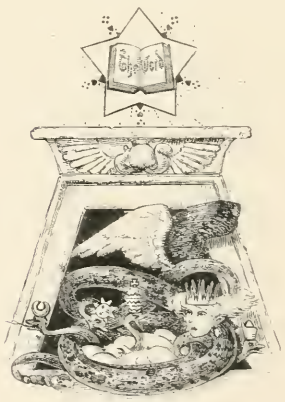
O King of Glory! David's Son!
Our Sovereign and our Friend!
In heaven for ever stands Thy throne,
Thy kingdom hath no end:
Oh now to all men, far and near,
Lord, make it known, we pray,
That as in heaven all creatures here
May know Thee and obey.

The Eastern sages gladly bring
Their tribute-gifts to Thee;
They witness that Thou art their King,
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 pitying grace,
Though weak and poor I be,
Within Thy kingdom grant a place
Secure and blest to me!
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, the fairest Star,
Within us clearly shine;
Keep sin and all false doctrine far,
Since Thou hast claim'd us Thine:
Let us Thy name aright confess,
And, with Thy Christendom,
Our King and Saviour own and bless
Through all the world to come.

BEHOLD.



The Light of the World.

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 hear 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 wanderers 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.

I. HERMANN.
1630.

Forsaking all for the True Light.

The heart athirst to know
That the King of heaven 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
Fill'd with praise and love of Thee.

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI.
1700.

IV

Christ our Example.

EVER would I fain be reading
In the ancient holy Book,
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.

Terra Germanica.

How when children came He bless'd them,
Suffer'd no man to reprove,
Took them in His arms, and press'd them
To His heart with words of love.

How to all the sick and tearful
Help was ever gladly shown;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
Call'd them brothers and His own.

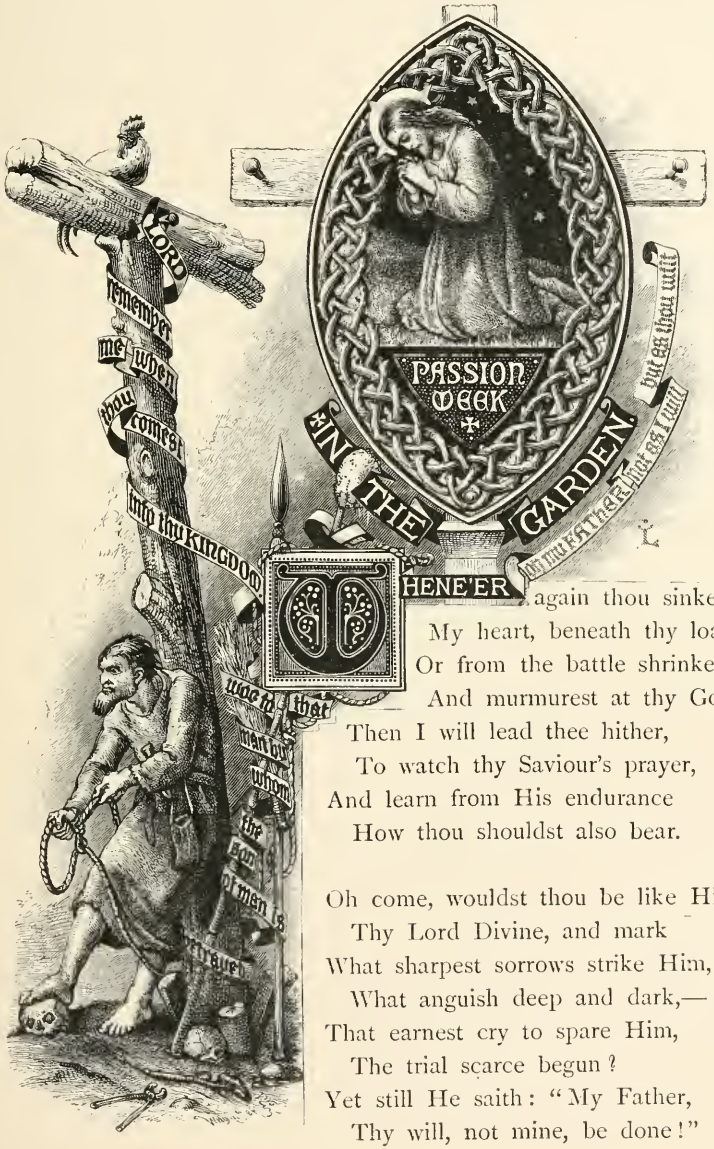
How no contrite soul e'er sought Him,
And was bidden to depart;
How with gentle words He taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.

Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new,
How for us He left His glory,
How He still is kind and true.

How the flock He gently leadeth
Whom His Father gave Him here;
How His arms He widely spreadeth
To His heart to draw us near.

Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love adore Thee,
Blest in Thee 'mid joy or woe!

Luise Hensel.



WHENE'ER again thou sinkest,
My heart, beneath thy load,
Or from the battle shrinkest,
And murmurest at thy God;
Then I will lead thee hither,
To watch thy Saviour's prayer,
And learn from His endurance
How thou shouldst also bear.

Oh come, wouldst thou be like Him,
Thy Lord Divine, and mark
What sharpest sorrows strike Him,
What anguish deep and dark,—
That earnest cry to spare Him,
The trial scarce begun?
Yet still He saith: "My Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Oh wherefore doth His spirit
Such bitter conflict know?
What sins, what crimes could merit
Such deep and awful woe?
So pure are not the heavens,
So clear the noonday sun,
And yet He saith: "My Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Oh mark that night of sorrow,
That agony of prayer;
No friend can watch till morrow
His grief to soothe and share;
Oh where shall He find comfort?
With God, with God alone;
And still He saith: "My Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Hath life for Him no gladness,
No joy the light of day?
Can He then feel no sadness,
When heart and hope give way?
That cup of mortal anguish
One bitter cry hath won,
That it might pass: "Yet, Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

And who the cup prepared Him,
And who the poison gave?
'Twas one He loved ensnared Him,
'Twas those He came to save.

Oh sharpest pain, to suffer
  Betray'd and mock'd—alone;
Yet still He saith: "My Father,
  Thy will, not mine, be done!"

But what is joy or living,
  What treachery or death,
When all His work, His striving,
  Seems hanging on His breath?
Oh can it stand without Him,
  That work but just begun?
Yet still He saith: "My Father,
  Thy will, not mine, be done!"

He speaks; no more He shrinketh,
  Himself He offers up;
He sees it all, yet drinketh
  For us that bitter cup.
He goes to meet the traitor,
  The cross He will not shun,—
He saith: "I come, my Father;
  Thy will, not mine, be done!"

My Saviour, I will never
  Forget Thy word of grace,
But still repeat it ever,
  Through good and evil days;
And looking up to Heaven,
  Till all my race is run,
I'll humbly say: "My Father,
  Thy will, not mine, be done!"

C. Hey.
1828.

At the Foot of the Cross.

O, world! behold upon the tree
Thy Life is hanging now for thee,
Thy Saviour yields His dying breath;
The mighty Prince of glory now
For thee doth unresisting bow
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

Draw near, O world, and mark Him well;
Behold the drops of blood that tell
How sore His conflict with the foe:
And hark! how from that noble heart,
Sigh after sigh doth slowly start
From depths of yet unfathom'd woe.

Alas! my Saviour, who could dare
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear,
What evil heart entreat Thee thus?
For Thou art good, hast wronged none,
As we and ours too oft have done;
Thou hast not sinn'd, dear Lord, like us.

I and my sins, that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought to pass this agony;
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe
That now Thy dying soul o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

Iam Germanica

'Tis I to whom these pains belong,
'Tis I should suffer for my wrong:
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains,
The scourge, the fetters, whatsoe'er
Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,
For she hath well deserved such pains.

Yet Thou dost even for my sake
On Thee in love the burdens take
That weigh'd my spirit to the ground:
Yes, Thou art made a curse for me,
That I might yet be blest through Thee;
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

To save me from the monster's power,
From Death that all things would devour,
Thyself into his jaws dost leap;
My death Thou takest thus away,
And buriest in Thy grave for aye,
O love most strangely true and deep!

From henceforth there is nought of mine
But I would seek to make it Thine,
Since all myself to Thee I owe.
Whate'er my utmost powers can do,
To Thee to render service true,
Here at Thy feet I lay it low.

Ah! little have I, Lord, to give,
So poor, so base the life I live,
But yet, till soul and body part,

Lyra Germanica

This one thing I will do for Thee—
The woe, the death endured for me,
I'll cherish in my inmost heart.

Thy cross shall be before my sight,
My hope, my joy, by day and night,
Whate'er I do, where'er I rove;
And, gazing, I will gather thence
The form of spotless innocence,
The seal of faultless truth and love.

And from Thy sorrows will I learn
How fiercely doth God's anger burn,
How terribly His thunders roll,
How sorely this our loving God
Can smite with His avenging rod,
How deep His floods o'erwhelm the soul.

And I will study to adorn
My heart with meekness under scorn,
With gentle patience in distress,
With faithful love, that yearning cleaves
To those o'er whom to death it grieves,
Whose sins its very soul oppress.

When evil tongues with stinging blame
Would cast dishonour on my name,
I'll curb the passions that upstart;
And take injustice patiently,
And pardon, as Thou pardon'st me,
With an ungrudging generous heart.

And I will nail me to Thy cross,
And learn to count all things but dross
    Wherein the flesh doth pleasure take;
Whate'er is hateful in Thine eyes,
With all the strength that in me lies,
    Will I cast from me and forsake.

Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs,
The tears that from Thy dying eyes
    Were shed when Thou wast sore oppress'd,
Shall be with me, when at the last
Myself on Thee I wholly cast,
    And enter with Thee into rest.

PAUL GERHARDT.
1659.

III

Our Heritage

Ah Iesus, the merit
Of all that Thou hast borne
Maketh me inherit
The crown that hath no thorn!

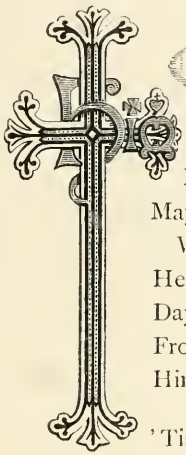
Ah then, teach me duly
To worship at Thy cross,
Owning inly, truly,
The Love that bore our loss.

There to sin, oh let me
From henceforth daily die;
Nor in death forget me:
Then grant me life on high.

ANON.

IV

Our Requital.



On yonder cross I love,
Nought beside on earth count dear!
May He mine for ever prove,
Who is now so inly near!
Here I stand: whate'er may come,
Days of sunshine or of gloom,
From this word I will not move;
Him upon the cross I love!

'Tis not hidden from my heart,
What true love must often bring;
Want and grief have sorest smart,
Care and scorn can sharply sting;
Nay, but if Thy will were such,
Bitterest death were not too much!
Dark though here my course may prove,
Him upon the cross I love!

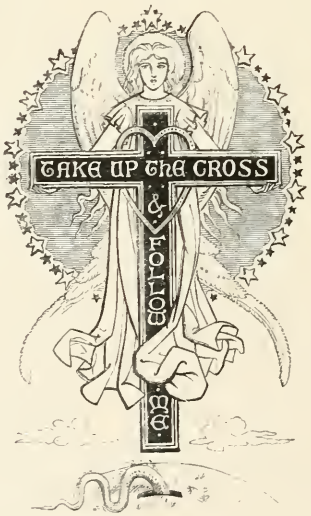
Rather sorrows such as these,
Rather love's acutest pain,
Than without Him days of ease,
Riches false and honours vain.
Count me strange, when I am true,
What He hates I will not do;
Sneers no more my heart can move;
Him upon the cross I love!

Know ye whence my strength is drawn,
Fearless thus the fight to wage?
Why my heart can laugh to scorn
Fleshly weakness, Satan's rage?

'Tis, I know the love of Christ:
Mighty is that love unpriced!
What can grieve me, what can move?
Him upon the cross I love!

Once the eyes that now are dim
Shall discern the changeless love
That hath led us home to Him,
That hath crown'd us far above:
Would to God that all below
What that love is now might know,
And their hearts this word approve:
Him upon the cross I love!

CREDING.



Born 1676.

At the Sepulchre.

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,
Yea, 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.

VIKTOR STRAUSS.

VI

Our Rest.

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!

GEORGE WERNER.

1638.

The Song of Triumph.

Christ THE LORD is risen again!
Christ hath broken every chain!
Hark, the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah.

He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day!
We too sing for joy, and say:
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.

Lyra Germanica

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.

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN.

Christ our Champion.

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.

I. HERMANN.
1630.

III

The whole World restored in Christ.

I SAY to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again ;
That He is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.

And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland,
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelm'd beneath the sea,
And every heart now light and brave
May face the things to be.

The way of darkness that He trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His word
Shall reach His Father's home.

Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his beloved sleep,
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

Now every heart each noble deed
With new resolve may dare,
A glorious harvest shall the seed
In brightest regions bear.

He lives, His presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast
A world renew'd to life!

* NOVALIS. *

1772-1801.

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F.M.BROWN.

HE THAT SOWETH TO THE SPIRIT
SHALL OF THE SPIRIT REAP
LIFE EVERLASTING.
GAL VI. 8.

IV

The Resurrection from the Death of Sin.

Risen Lord! O Conquering King!
O Life of all that live!
To-day that peace of Easter bring
Which only Thou canst give!
Once Death, our foe,
Had laid Thee low;
Now hast Thou rent his bonds in twain,
For Thou art risen who once wast slain!

The power of Thy great majesty
Bursts rocks and tombs away;
Thy victory raises us with Thee
Into the glorious day;
Now Satan's might
And Death's dark night
Have lost their power this blessed morn,
And we to higher life are born.

Oh that our hearts might inly know
Thy victory over death,
And gazing on Thy conflict glow
With eager, dauntless faith!

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, Conquering King!
Kindle the lamp of faith to-day,
Teach our faint hearts to sing
For joy at length,
That in Thy strength
We too may rise whom sin had slain,
And Thy eternal rest attain.

And when our tears for sin o'erflow,
Do Thou in love draw near,
The precious gift of peace bestow,
Shine on us bright and clear;
That so may we,
O Christ, from Thee
Drink in the life that cannot die,
And keep true Easter feasts on high.

Yes, let us truly know within
Thy rising from the dead,
And quit the grave of death and sin,
And keep that gift, our Head,
That Thou didst leave
For all who cleave
To Thee through all this earthly strife—
So shall we enter into life.

I. H. BOHMER.

1706.

The Walk to Emmaus.

SAD with longing, sick with fears,
Towards Emmaus slowly go
Two whose eyes are dim with tears,
And their hearts oppress'd with wo:

Of their ruin'd hopes they talk;
Yet while thus they sadly walk,
Jesus is not far away,
And their fears shall soon allay.

Ah! and still how many a heart
Onward toils in silent grief,
Mourning o'er its woes apart,
Hopeless now of all relief;
Oft it seeks to walk alone,
But to weep its fill unknown;
Yet my Jesus cometh now,
Asking, wherefore weepest thou?

Many a time I've felt indeed
That He leaves me ne'er alone;
In the hour of utmost need
Then Himself He maketh known;
When in sorrow I consume
As though He no more could come,
Lo! I find Him more than near,
Quickly with His help He's here.

Truest Friend, who canst not fail me,
Evermore abide with me;
When the world would most assail me,
Then Thy presence let me see;
When its heaviest thunders roll,
Shelter Thou my trembling soul,
Come and in my spirit rest,
I will do what seems Thee best.

When I dread some coming ill,
  Lord, then bid me think of this,
That my Saviour loves me still,
  And that I am surely His:
More of Thy word let me learn,
Till my heart within me burn,
Fill'd with love, and in Thy Light
Learn to know her Lord aright.

Comfort those who, fill'd with gloom,
  Lonely on their journey go,
Or within their silent room
  Cry to Thee from depths of wo;
When they leave the world apart,
There to weep out all their heart,
Let them hear Thy whisper mild;
Wherefore dost thou mourn, my child?

When life's day hath fleeted by,
  When the night of death is near,
When in vain the darken'd eye
  Seeks some stay, some helper here:
Then Thy followers' prayer fulfil,
Then abide Thou with us still;
Till Thou give us peace and rest,
Stay, oh stay, Thou noble Guest!

L. E. S.
MULLER.

ASCENSION.

The Way Opened.

TO-DAY our Lord went up on high,
And so our songs we raise;
To Him with strong desire we cry
To keep us in His grace,
For we poor sinners here beneath
Are dwelling still 'mid woe and death,
All hope in Him we place.
Hallelujah.

Thank God that now the way is made!
The cherub-guarded door,
Through Him on whom our help was laid,
Stands open evermore;

Who knoweth this is glad at heart,
And swift prepares him to depart
  Where Christ is gone before.
Hallelujah.

Our heavenward course begins when we
  Have found our Father, God,
And join us to His sons, and flee
  The paths that once we trod;
For He looks down, and they look up,
They feel His love, they live in hope,
  Until they meet their Lord.
Hallelujah.

Then all the depths of joy that lie
  In this day we shall know,
When we are made like Him on high,
  Whom we confess below;
When bathed in life's eternal flood
We dwell with Him, the highest Good:
  God grant us this to know!
Hallelujah.

I. WICK.
1538.

II

Christ's Ascension the Ground of Ours.

SINCE Christ is gone to heaven, His home
I too must one day share;
And in this hope I overcome
All anguish, all despair;
For where the Head is, well we know
The members He hath left below
In time He gathers there.

Since Christ hath reach'd His glorious throne
And mighty gifts are His,
My heart can rest in heaven alone,
On earth my Lord I miss;
I long to be with Him on high,
And heart and thoughts would hourly fly
Where now my treasure is.

From Thy ascension let such grace,
My Lord, be found in me,
That steadfast faith may guide my ways
Unfaltering up to Thee,
And at Thy voice I may depart
With joy to dwell where Thou, Lord, art;
Oh grant this prayer to me!

IOSUA WECELIN.

1636.

The Kingdom of Christ.

Conquering Prince and Lord of glory!
Majesty enthroned in light!
All the heavens 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?

Far and wide, Thou heavenly Sun,
Now Thy brightness streams abroad,
And Heaven's host anew hath won
Light and gladness from its Lord;
Hark, how yon unnumber'd throng
Welcome Thee with joyous song!
See Thy children weak and few
Here would cry Hosanna too!

Of Thy cup shall I not drink,
Now Thy glories o'er me shine?
Shall my courage ever sink,
Now I know all power is Thine?
I will trust Thee, O my King,
And will fear no earthly thing:
Henceforth will I bow the knee
To no ruler, save to Thee.

Power and Spirit now o'erflow,
On me also be they pour'd,
Till Thy last and mightiest foe
Hath been made 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 filleth now
All Thy Church in every place,
To my heart, oh enter Thou,
See it thirsteth for 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!

Parting, dost Thou bring Thy life,
God and heaven, most inly near:
Let me rise o'er earthly strife,
As though still I saw Thee here,
And 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!

TERSTEEGEN.
1731.

IV

The Throne of Grace.

O 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 of mine,
Now dark with evil's hateful night,
Endure to gaze upon the light
That aye surrounds that throne of Thine?

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, before Thy throne
  My soul in lowly love doth bend;
  Oh show Thyself her gracious Friend,
And say, "I choose thee for mine own."

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 go;
  Thou canst not be ungracious, Lord,
  To one for whom Thy blood was pour'd,
Whose guilt was cancell'd by Thy woe.

Here in Thy gracious hands I fall,
  To Thee I cling with faith's embrace:
O righteous Sovereign, hear my call,
  And turn, oh turn, to me in grace!
For through Thy sorrows I am just,
  And guilt no more in me is found:
  Thus reconciled, my soul is bound
To Thee in endless love and trust.

And let Thy wisdom be my guide,
  Nor take Thy light from me away;
Thy grace be ever at my side,
  That from the path I may not stray
Which Thou dost love, but evermore
  In steadfast faith my course fulfil,
  And keep Thy word, and do Thy will,
Thy love within, Thy heaven before!

Lyra Germanica

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:
So shall the kingdom of Thy love
  Be through me and within me spread,
  That honours Thee, our glorious Head,
And crowneth us in realms above.

Yes, yes, to Thee my soul would cleave;
  Oh choose it, Saviour, for Thy throne!
Couldst Thou in love to me once leave
  The glory that was all Thine own,
So honour Thou my life and heart
  That Thou mayst find a heaven in me;
  And when this house decay'd shall be,
Then grant the heaven where now Thou art.

To Thee I rise in faith on high,
  Oh 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 I have life and breath,
  Thee will I honour, fear, and love;
  And when this heart hath ceased to move,
Yet Love shall live and conquer death.

D. G. Dessler.
1692.

WHITSUNTIDE.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.

Holy Spirit, once again
Come, Thou true Eternal God!
Nor Thy power descend in vain,
Make us ever Thine abode;
So shall Spirit, joy, and light
Dwell in us, where all was night.

Pour into our heart and mind
  Wisdom, counsel, truth, and love;
That we be to nought inclined,
  Save what Thou mayst well approve;
Let Thy knowledge spread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.

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 in 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 request be heard,
And our faith to joy be stirr'd.

And whene'er a yearning strong
  Presses out the bitter cry,
"Ah my God, how long, how long?"
  Then oh let me find Thee nigh,
And Thy words of healing balm
Bring me courage, patience, calm.

Spirit Thou of strength and power,
  Thou new Spirit God hath given,
Aid us in temptation's hour,
  Train and perfect us for heaven;
Arm us in the battle-field,
Leave us never there to yield.

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 unspeakable
Where our God would have us dwell.

ANON.

The Spirit of Wisdom, Love, and Joy.

Sweetest Joy the soul can know,
Fairest Light was ever shed,
Who alike in joy or woe
Leavest none unvisited;
Spirit of the Highest God,
Lord from whom is life bestow'd,
Who upholdest everything,
Hear me, hear me, while I sing!

For the noblest gift Thou art
That a soul e'er sought or won,
Have I wish'd Thee to my heart,
Then my wishing all is done;

Ah then yield Thee, nor refuse
Here to dwell, for Thou didst choose
This my heart, from e'en its birth,
For Thy temple here on earth.

Thou art shed like gentlest showers
From the Father and the Son,
Bringest to this earth of ours
Purest blessing from their throne:
Suffer then, O noble Guest,
That rich gift by Thee possest,
Which Thou givest at Thy will
All my soul and flesh to fill.

Thou art wise, before Thee stand
Hidden things unveil'd to Thee,
Countest up the grains of sand,
Fathomest the deepest sea,
And Thou knowest well how blind,
Dark and crooked is my mind;
Give me wisdom, in Thy light
Let me please my God aright.

Thou art holy, enterest in
Where pure hearts Thy coming wait,
But Thou fleest shame and sin,
Craft and falsehood Thou dost hate;
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.

Thou art loving, hatest strife,
As a lamb of patient mood,
Calm through all our restless life,
E'en to sinners kind and good;
Grant me too this noble mind,
To be calm and true and kind,
Loving every friend or foe,
Grieving none whom Thou dost know.

Well contented is my heart,
If but Thou reject me not;
If but Thou wilt ne'er depart,
I am blest whate'er my lot;
Thine for ever make me now,
And to Thee, my Lord, I vow
Here and yonder to employ
Every power for Thee with joy.

Be my help when danger's nigh,
When I sink hold Thou me up,
Be my life when I must die,
In the grave be Thou my hope;
Bring me when I rise again
To the land that knows no pain,
Where Thy followers from Thy stream
Drink for ever joys supreme.

PAUL GERHARDT.
1653.

III

The Unity of the Spirit.

The Church of Christ that He hath hallow'd here
To be His house, is scatter'd far and near,
In North and South and East and West abroad,
And yet in earth and heaven, through Christ her Lord,
The Church is one.

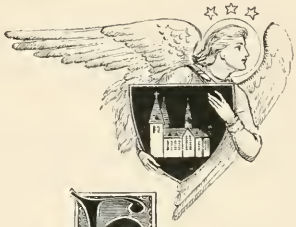
One member knoweth not another here,
And yet their fellowship is true and near,
One is their Saviour, and their Father one,
One Spirit rules them, and among them none
Lives to himself.

They live to Him who bought them with His blood,
Baptized them with His Spirit pure and good,
And in true faith and ever-burning love
Their hearts and hope ascend to seek above
The eternal Good.

O Spirit of the Lord, all life is Thine,
Now fill Thy Church with life and power divine,
That many children may be born to Thee,
And spread Thy knowledge like the boundless sea,
To God's great praise.

A. C. SPANGENBERG.

1747.



IV

The Strength of the Church.

Hark, the Church proclaims her 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.

S. PREISWERK.

HE THAT HATH AN EAR

LET HIM HEAR

WHAT THE SPIRIT

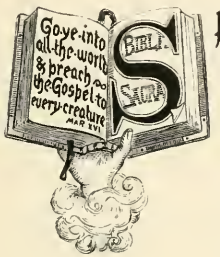
SAITH UNTO THE CHURCHES

TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH WILL I GIVE TO EAT OF THE TREE OF LIFE

WHICH IS IN THE MIDST OF PARADISE.

Rev. ii. 7.

The Diffusion of the Gospel.



* * * * *

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.

BAHNMAIER.

TRINITY.

A Morning Hymn.

Thee Fount of blessing we adore!
Lo! we unlock our lips before
Thy Godhead's 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 trust 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!

TERSTEEGEN.

1731.

II

Our Father, Redeemer, Guide.

Father-eye, that hath so truly watch'd,
O Father-hand, that hath so gently led,
O Father-heart, that by my prayer is touch'd,
That loved me first when I was cold and dead:
Still do Thou lead me on with faithful care
The narrow path to heaven where I would go,
And train me for the life that waits me there,
Alike through love and loss, through weal and wo.

O my Redeemer, who for me wast slain,
Who bringest me forgiveness and release,
Whose death has ransom'd me to God again,
That now my heart can rest in perfect peace;
Still more and more do Thou my soul redeem,
From every bondage set me wholly free,
Though Evil oft the mightiest power may seem,
Still make me more than conqueror, Lord, in Thee.

O Holy Spirit, who with gentlest breath
Dost teach to pray, dost comfort or reprove,
Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,
Through whom we live at peace with God in love;
Still do Thou shed Thine influence abroad,
Let me the Father's image ever wear,
Make me a holy temple of my God,
Where dwells for ever calm adoring prayer!

SPITTA.

III

An Evening Hymn.

True mirror of the Godhead! Perfect Light!
Thou Three in One, whose never-slumbering might
Enfolds the world within its sheltering wings,
And holds in being all created things!

We praise Thee with the earliest morning ray,
We praise Thee with the parting beam of day;
All things that live and move, by sea and land,
For ever ready at Thy service stand.

Exhaustless Treasure! Being limitless!
What gaze hath ever pierced Thy deep abyss?
Deep Fount of Life! Light inaccessible!
How great Thy power, O God, what tongue can tell!

Thy Christendom is singing night and day,
"Glory to Him, the mighty God, for aye,
By Whom, through Whom, in Whom all beings are!"
Grant us to echo on this song afar!

Thy Name is great, Thy kingdom in us dwell,
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well;
Spare us, redeem us in the evil hour,
For Thine the glory, Thine the rule, the power.

I. FRANCK.
1653.

SERVICES.

Morning Prayer.

For the Sabbath Morning.

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.

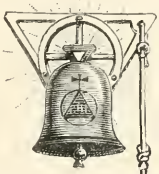
Rest in me and I in Thee,
Build a Paradise within me;
Oh reveal Thyself to me,
Blessed Love, who diedst to win me;
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

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.

B. SCHMOLCK.
1731.

II

Before Public Worship.



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!

T. Clausnitzer.

1671.

III

In Time of War and Persecution.

NCE more the day-light 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.

Ah Lord God! 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!

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN.

IV

In Time of Distress.

Written during the Thirty Years' War.

When anguish'd and perplexed, with many a sigh and tear
I lift mine eyes up to the hills, and pour out all my woe,
Thou bendest down Thine ear,
And never from Thy face, dear Lord, uncomforted I go.

My help and my defence come, faithful God, from Thee,
By Whom the heavens were fixed, and earth's foundations laid;
Man cannot succour me,
Before Thy throne alone I find my refuge and my aid.

Thou watchest that my foot should neither slip nor stray,
Thou guidest me Thyself through all my dark and troubled course,
Thou pointest me the way
Amid the snares of sin and death, and this world's craft and force.

Guardian of Israel! Thou dost slumber not, nor sleep,
Thine eye is open day and night, still watching over those
Who true allegiance keep
To Jesus' banner of the Cross, and bravely meet His foes.

And when Thou bidd'st me leave this world of strife and pain,
Grant me in Thee a steadfast hope, and gentle quick release,
Knowing we rise again
To dwell where death and war are not, in endless joy and peace.

D. A. VON LÖWENSTERN.

V

The Christian's Morning Sacrifice.

Thou Most Highest! Guardian of mankind!
Supreme exhaustless Good Thou art!
To Thee I offer soul and heart:
Praise Him all creatures with your strength and mind,
For He is kind!

Yes, Lord, 'tis of Thy power alone to-day
That still I draw my living breath,
Thy grace preserves me still from death,
O Father-heart, reject me not, but stay
With me to-day.

O Israel's God, I bring Thee now my will,
That would be Thine whate'er it cost,
Love Thy good gifts, yet love Thee most;
This is my prayer while yet the morn is still,
Take Thou my will.

O Fount of grace, in love be Thou my guide,
Thine eye look down on me in power,
Whate'er I do or am each hour
Prepare me for th' eternal life, abide
Still at my side.

Lyra Germanica.

The soul and body Thou dost hold in life,
Be ever ready in Thy fear
To fight for truth and justice here,
And trusting Thee to meet the final strife,
For Thou art Life.

Bless all my works and ways, my light increase,
Order my doings for the best,
In all my toil be Thou my rest,
Until at last I lay me down in peace
That ne'er shall cease.

Joachim Neander.

Psalm iv. 8.

1679.

VI

A Morning Song of Gladness.

AS a bird in meadows fair
Or in lonely forest sings,
Till it fills the summer air
And the greenwood sweetly rings,
So my heart to Thee would raise,
O my God, its song of praise,
That the gloom of night is o'er
And I see the sun once more.

If Thou, Sun of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirr'd,
And to greet Thee upward flies
Gladsome as yon little bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright
Till I learn to praise Thee right;
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

Bless to-day whate'er I do,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
From the paths of virtue true
Let me never, never rove;
By Thy Spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee,
Then an heir of life on high
Fearless I may live and die.

ANON.

About 1580.

VII

A Morning Prayer.

The golden morn flames up the Eastern sky,
And what dark night had hid from every eye
All-piercing day-light summons clear to view:
And all the forests, vale or plain or hill,
That slept in mist enshrouded, dark and still,
In gladsome light are glittering now anew.

Shine in my heart, and bring me joy and light,
Sun of my darken'd soul, dispel its night,
And shed in it the truthful day abroad;
And all the many gloomy folds lay bare
Within this heart, that fain would learn to wear
The pure and glorious likeness of its Lord.

Glad with Thy light, and glowing with Thy love,
So let me ever speak and think and move
As fits a soul new-touch'd with life from heaven,
That seeks but so to order all her course
As most to show the glory of that Source
By whom alone her strength, her life are given.

I ask not, take away this weight of care;
No, for that love I pray that all can bear,
And for the faith that whatsoe'er befall
Must needs be good, and for my profit prove,
Since from my Father's heart most rich in love,
And from His bounteous hands it cometh all.

I ask not that my course be calm and still;
No, here too, Lord, be done Thy holy will;
I ask but for a quiet childlike heart;
Though thronging cares and restless toil be mine,
Yet may my heart remain for ever Thine,
Draw it from earth, and fix it where Thou art.

I ask Thee not to finish soon the strife,
The toil, the trouble of this earthly life;
No, be my peace amid its grief and pain;
I pray not, grant me now Thy realm on high;
No, ere I die let me to evil die,
And through Thy cross my sins be wholly slain.

True Morning Sun of all my life, I pray
That not in vain Thou shine on me to-day,
Be Thou my light when all around is gloom;
Thy brightness, hope, and courage on me shed,
That I may joy to see when life is fled
The setting sun that brings the pilgrim home.

SPITTA.

YE SHALL
RECEIVE A CROWN OF GLORY
THAT FADETH NOT
AWAY.
I PET. V.
4.

Trust in God.

The night is come, wherein at last we rest,
God order this and all things for the best!
Beneath His blessing fearless we may lie
Since He is nigh.

Terra Germanica

Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away,
Master, watch o'er us till the dawning day,
Body and soul alike from harm defend,
Thine angel send.

Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be,
Let us awake with joy, still close to Thee,
In all serve Thee, in every deed and thought
Thy praise be sought.

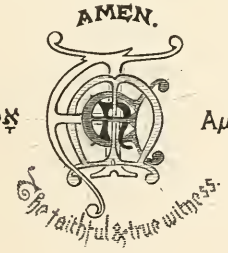
Give to the sick as Thy beloved sleep,
And help the captive, comfort those who weep,
Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe,
Keep far our foe.

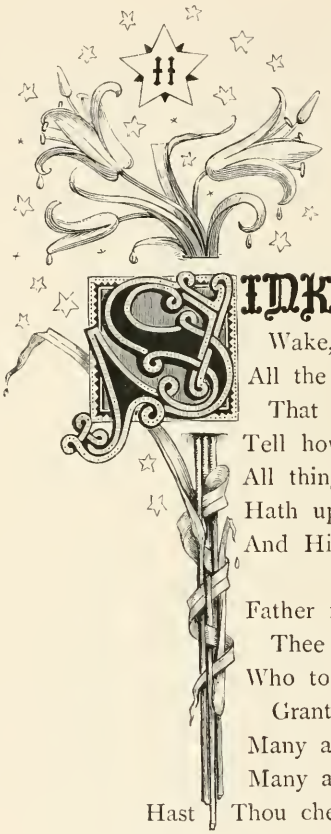
For we have none on whom for help to call,
Save Thee, O God in heaven, who car'st for all,
And wilt forsake them never, day or night,
Who love Thee right.

Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home,
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever!

AMEN.

BOHEMIAN אָמֵן Αμήν BRETHREN.





An Evening Thanksgiving.

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.

Yes, our wisdom vainly ponders,
Fathoms not Thy loving thought;
Never tongue can tell the wonders
That each day for us are wrought;
Thou hast guided me to-day
That no ill hath cross'd my way,
There is neither bound nor measure
In thy love's o'erflowing treasure.

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.

Of Thy grace I pray Thee pardon
All my sins, and heal their smart;
Sore and heavy is their burden,
Sharp their sting within my heart;
And my foe lays many a snare
But to tempt me to despair,
Only Thou, dear Lord, canst save me,
Let him not prevail to have me.

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.

Keep me safe till morn is breaking,
Nightly terrors drive Thou hence,
Let not sickness keep me waking;
Sudden death and pestilence,
Fire and water, noise of war,
Keep Thou from my house afar;
Let me die not unrepented,
That my soul be not tormented.

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.

I. RIST.
1642.

In Sickness.

Lord, a whole long day of pain
Now at last is o'er!
Ah how much we can sustain
I have felt once more;
Felt how frail are all our powers,
And how weak our trust;
If thou help not, these dark hours
Crush us to the dust.

Could I face the coming night
If Thou wert not near?
Nay, without Thy love and might
I must sink with fear:
Round me falls the evening gloom,
Sights and sounds all cease,
But within this narrow room
Night will bring no peace.

Other weary eyes may close,
All things seek their sleep,
Hither comes no soft repose,
I must wake and weep.
Come then, Jesus, o'er me bend,
Give me strength to cope
With my pains, and gently send
Thoughts of peace and hope.

Lyra Germanica

Draw my weary heart away
From this gloom and strife,
And these fever pains allay
With the dew of life;
Thou canst calm the troubled mind,
Thou its dread canst still,
Teach me to be all resign'd
To my Father's will.

Then if I must wake and weep
All the long night through,
Thou the watch with me wilt keep,
Friend and Guardian true;
In the darkness Thou wilt speak
Lovingly with me,
Though my heart may vainly seek
Words to breathe to Thee.

Wheresoe'er my couch is made
In Thy hands I lie,
And to Thee alone for aid
Turns my restless eye;
Let my prayer grow weary never,
Strengthen Thou th' oppress'd,
In Thy shadow, Lord, for ever
Let me gently rest.

HEINRICH PUCHTA

IV

For a Wakeful Night.

NOW darkness over all is spread,
No sounds the stillness break,
Ah when shall these sad hours be fled,
Am I alone awake?

Ah no, I do not wake alone,
Alone I do not sleep,
Around me ever watcheth One
Who wakes with those that weep.

On earth it is so dark and drear,
With Him so calm and bright,
The stars in solemn radiance clear
Shine there through all our night.

'Tis when the lights of earth are gone
The heavenly glories shine;
When other comfort I have none,
Thy comfort, Lord, is mine.

Be still, my throbbing heart, be still,
Cast off thy weary load,
And make His holy will thy will,
And rest upon thy God.

How many a time the night hath come,
Yet still return'd the day;
How many a time thy cross, thy gloom,
Ere now hath pass'd away.

And these dark hours of anxious pain
That now oppress thee sore,
I know will vanish soon again,
Then I shall fear no more;

For when the night hath lasted long,
We know the morn is near,
And when the trial's sharp and strong
Our Help shall soon appear.

PASTOR

IOSEPHSEN.

V

At the Close of the Sabbath.

BIDE 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 spirits fill,
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.

STEGMANN.
1630.

AS MANY OF YOU AS HAVE BEEN BAPTIZED INTO CHRIST ✝

BAPTISM.

The Command.

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, [it!
Take the pledge we bring, oh take
Let us here Thy glory see,
And in tender pity make it

HAVE PUT ON CHRIST ✝
GAL. III, 27.

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.

SCHMOLCK.

1672- -1737.

The Name.

O Father-heart, who hast created all
In wisest love, we pray
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way,
Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught,
And make Thou something out of nought,
O Father-heart!

O Son of God, who diedst for us, behold
We bring our child to Thee,
Thou tender Shepherd, take it to Thy fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it on the path of life,
O Son of God!

O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant it while yet a babe to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

O Triune God, what Thou command'st is done,
We speak, but Thine the might:
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
Yet pour on it Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God!

A. KNAPP.

The Blessing.

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

Wash'd in the blood that gushes
From out His wounded heart,
Wrapp'd in the peace that hushes
All earthly grief and smart,
Go forth upon thy journey,
Grow up in strength and age,
And seek with joy and wisdom
Thy holy heritage.

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

A. KNAPP.

IV

For a Christian Child.

SEEING I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am
O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
Who provides me daily food,
And His lamb by name doth call,
For He knows and loves us all.

Guided by His gentle staff
Where the sunny pastures laugh,
I go in and out and feed,
Lacking nothing that I need;
When I thirst my feet He brings
To the fresh and living springs.

Must I not rejoice for this?
He is mine, and I am His,
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in His arms at last
He will bear me home to heaven;
Ah what joy hath Jesus given!

LUISE H. VON HAYN.
1724-1782.

Renewal of the Vow.

I AM baptized into Thy name,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Among Thy seed a place I claim,
Among Thy consecrated host;
Buried with Christ, and dead to sin,
Thy Spirit now shall live within.

My loving Father, here dost Thou
Proclaim me as Thy child and heir;
Thou faithful Saviour bidd'st me now
The fruit of all Thy sorrows share;
Thou Holy Ghost wilt comfort me
When darkest clouds around I see.

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

My faithful God, upon Thy side
This covenant standeth fast for aye:
If I transgress through fear or pride,
Oh cast me therefore not away;
If I have sore my soul defiled,
Yet still forgive, restore Thy child.

I bring Thee here, my God, anew
  Of all I am or have the whole;
Quicken my life, and make me true,
  Take full possession of my soul;
Let nought within me, nought I own,
Serve any will but Thine alone.

Hence, Prince of darkness; hence, my foe!
  Another Lord hath purchased me!
My conscience tells of sin, yet know,
  Baptized in Christ I fear not thee!
Away, vain World; Sin, leave me now;
I turn from you: God hears my vow.

And never let me waver more,
  O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Till at Thy will this life is o'er
  Still keep me in Thy faithful host,
So unto Thee I live and die
And praise Thee evermore on high.

RAMBACH.

1720.

The Holy Communion.

The Preparation.

LORD Jesus Christ, [herd, hear!
my faithful Shep-

Feed me with Thy grace, draw inly near.
By Thee redeem'd, in Thee alone I live,
All I need 'tis Thou canst give:
Kyrie Eleison!
Ah Lord, Thy timid sheep now feed
With joy upon Thy heavenly mead,

Terra Germanica

Lead us to the crystal river
Whence our life is flowing ever:
Kyrie Eleison!

For Thou art calling all the toil oppress'd,
All the weary, to Thy rest;
The pardon of their sins is here bestow'd,
Thou dost free them from their load:
Kyrie Eleison!
Ah come, Thyself put forth Thine hand,
Unbind this heavy iron band,
Set me from my sorrows free,
Give me strength to follow Thee:
Kyrie Eleison!

Thou fain wouldst heart and soul to Thee incline,
Take me from myself and make me Thine;
Thou art the Vine and I the branch, oh grant
I may grow in Thee a living plant:
Kyrie Eleison!
For nought but sins I find in me,
Yet are they done away in Thee;
Mine are anguish, fear, unrest,
But in Thee, Lord, I am blest:
Kyrie Eleison!

Johann Heermann.
1630.

The Thanksgiving.

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 boundless grace
Grants thee at His feast a place;
He whom all the heavens obey
Deigns to dwell in thee to-day.

Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
Who with words of life immortal
Now is knocking at thy portal;
Haste to make for Him a way,
Cast thee at His feet, and say:
Since, O Lord, Thou com'st to me,
Never will I turn from Thee.

Ah how hungers all my spirit,
For the love I do not merit!
Ah how oft with sighs fast thronging
For this food have I been longing!
How have thirsted in the strife
For this draught, O Prince of Life,
Wish'd, O Friend of man, to be
Ever one with God through Thee!

Here 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;
On this banquet's mystery,
On the depths we cannot see;
Far beyond all mortal sight
Lie the secrets of Thy might.

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,
Here I fall before Thy feet,
Grant me worthily to eat
Of this blessed heavenly food,
To Thy praise, and to my good.

Jesus, Bread of Life from Heaven,
Never be Thou vainly given,
Nor I to my hurt invited;
Be Thy love with love requited;
Let me learn its depths indeed,
While on Thee my soul doth feed;
Let me here so richly blest,
Be hereafter too Thy guest.

I. FRANK.
1653.

III

The exceeding great Love of our Master and only Saviour Jesus Christ.

O Love, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings 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;

Lyra Germanica

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,
Whose 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!

Angelus.

1657.

IV

The Christian Sacrifice.

Now take my heart and all that is in me,
Lord beloved, take it from me to Thee;
I would have Thine
This soul and flesh of mine;
Would order thought and word and deed
As Thy most holy will shall lead.

Thou feedest me with heavenly bread and wine,
Thou pourest through me streams of life divine;
O noble Face,
So sweet, so full of grace,
I ponder as Thy cross I see,
How best to give myself to Thee.

Behold, through all the eternal ages, still
My heart shall choose and love Thy holy will;
Wouldst Thou my death,
I die to Thee in faith;
Wouldst Thou that I should longer live,
To Thee the choice I wholly give.

But Thou must also deign to be my own,
To dwell in me, to make my heart Thy throne,
My God indeed,
My Help in time of need,
My Head from whom no power can sever,
The Bridegroom of my soul for ever!

ANGELUS.
1657.

V

THE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

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!"

Save her from the world her foe,
Satan quickly overthrow,
Cast him down beneath her feet;
Through the Spirit slay within
Love of ease, the world, and sin,
Let her find Thee only sweet.

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.

Unto all Thyself impart,
Fashion'd after Thine own heart,
Make Thy children like to Thee;
Humble, pure, and calm, and still,
Loving, single as Thy will,
And as Thou wouldst have them be.

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 their souls 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 nevermore 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.

Tersteegen.

1731.

VI

The Remembrance.

O how could I forget Him
Who ne'er forgetteth me?
Or tell the love that let Him
Come down to set me free?
I lay in darkest sadness,
Till He made all things new,
And still fresh love and gladness
Flow from that heart so true.

How could I ever leave Him
Who is so kind a Friend?
How could I ever grieve Him
Who thus to me doth bend?
Have I not seen Him dying
For us on yonder tree?
Do I not hear 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 sorest smart!
Whate'er I've loved or striven
  Or borne, I bring to Thee;
Now let Thy heart and heaven
  Stand open, Lord, to me!

KERN.

Died 1835.

VII

After Participation. ✠

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 song o'erflows;
For while the life and strength in me
Were quicken'd by this food,
My soul hath gazed awhile on Thee,
O highest, only Good!

My Lord, Thou here hast led me
Within Thy temple's holiest place,
And there Thyself hast fed me
With all the treasures of Thy grace;
And Thou hast freely given
What earth could never buy,
The bread of life from heaven,
That now I shall not die;

And Thou hast suffer'd me in faith
To drink the blessed wine
That heals the soul from inner death,
And makes her wholly Thine.

Thou givest all I wanted,
The food whose power can death destroy,
And Thou hast freely granted
The cup of full eternal joy;
Ah Lord, I do not merit
The favour Thou hast shown,
And all my soul and spirit
Bow down before Thy throne;
Since Thou hast suffer'd me to eat
The food of angels here,
Nor Sin, nor foes that I can meet,
Nor Death I now may fear.

O Love incomprehended!
That wrought in Thee, my Saviour, thus
That Thou shouldst have descended
From highest heaven to dwell with us!
Creator, that hath brought Thee
To succour such as I,
Who else had vainly sought Thee!
Then grant me now to die
To sin, and live alone to Thee,
That when this time is o'er,
Thy face, O Saviour, I may see
In heaven for evermore.

For as a shadow passes
I pass, but Thou dost still endure;
I wither like the grasses,
But Thou art rich, though I am poor;
Oh boundless is Thy kindness,
And righteous is Thy power;
And 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;
And 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 bread and wine, if here
My course on earth 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.

RIST.

1651.

FOR TRAVELLERS.

At the Outset of any Journey.

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 arms without.
Hallelujah.

And Christ, be Thou our Friend and Guide,
Through 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.

ANON.

II

On a Long and Perilous Journey.

Written
on a Journey to Russia and Persia,
undertaken by the Author
as Physician to the Embassy
from Holstein.

WHERE'ER I go, whate'er my task,
The counsel of my God I ask,
Who all things hath and can;
Unless He give both thought and deed
The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
And vain the wisest plan.

For what can all my toil avail?
My care, my watching all must fail,
Unless my God is there;
Then let Him order all for me
As He in wisdom shall decree;
On Him I cast my care.

For nought can come, as nought hath been,
But what my Father hath foreseen,
And what shall work my good;

Terra Germanica

Whate'er He gives me I will take,
Whate'er He chooses I will make
My choice with thankful mood.

I lean upon His mighty arm,
It shields me well from every harm,
All evil shall avert;
If by His precepts still I live
Whate'er is useful He will give,
And nought shall do me hurt.

But only may He of His grace
The record of my guilt efface,
And wipe out all my debt;
Though I have sinn'd He will not straight
Pronounce His judgment, He will wait,
Have patience with me yet.

I travel to a distant land
To serve the post wherein I stand,
Which He hath bade me fill;
And He will bless me with His light,
That I may serve His world aright,
And make me know His will.

And though through desert wilds I fare,
Yet Christian friends are with me there,
And Christ Himself is near;
In all our dangers He will come,
And He who kept me safe at home
Can keep me safely here.

Yes, He will speed us on our way,
And point us where to go and stay,
And help us still and lead;
Let us in health and safety live,
And time and wind and weather give,
And whatsoe'er we need.

When late at night my rest I take,
When early in the morn I wake,
Halting or on my way,
In hours of weakness or in bonds,
When vex'd with fears my heart desponds,
His promise is my stay.

Since then my course is traced by Him
I will not fear that future dim,
But go to meet my doom,
Well knowing nought can wait me there
Too hard for me through Him to bear;
I yet shall overcome.

To Him myself I wholly give,
At His command I die or live,
I trust His love and power:
Whether to-morrow or to-day
His summons come, I will obey,
He knows the proper hour.

But if it please that love most kind,
And if this voice within my mind
Be whispering not in vain,

I yet shall praise my God ere long
In many a sweet and joyful song,
In peace at home again.

To those I love will He be near,
With His consoling light appear,
Who is my shield and theirs;
And He will grant beyond our thought
What they and I alike have sought
With many tearful prayers.

Then, O my soul, be ne'er afraid,
On Him who thee and all things made
With calm reliance rest;
Whate'er may come, where'er we go,
Our Father in the heavens must know
In all things what is best.

PAUL

16 31

FLEMMING.

III

Prayers at Sea.

O Lord, be this our vessel now
A worthy temple unto Thee,
Though none may hear its bells but Thou
And this our little company;
Our church's roof, yon mighty dome,
Shall ring with hymns we learnt at home,
Our floor the boundless tossing wave,
Our field, our path, perchance our grave.

Where shall we aid and comfort find
With toils and perils all around?
Command, O mighty God, the wind
To bear us whither we are bound,
Oh bring us to our home once more
From weary wanderings safe to shore;
And those who follow us with prayer
Keep Thou in Thy most tender care.

And as the needle, while we rove,
To one point still is true and just,
So let our hope and faith and love
Be fix'd on One in whom we trust;
His word is mighty still to save,
He still can walk the stormiest wave,
And hold His followers with His hand,
For His are heaven and sea and land.

F. WINKELMANN.

IV

On the Sea-shore.

THOU, solemn Ocean, rollest to the strand
Laden with prayers from many a far-off land;
To us thy thousand murmurs at our feet
One cry repeat.

Through all thy myriad tones that never cease
We hear of death and love, the cross and peace,
New churches bright with hope and glad with psalms,
And martyrs' palms.

Then on! and come whate'er our God sees fit!
To yon frail wave-toss'd planks we now commit
Our lives, our all, and leave our native land
At His command.

We take thee for our chariot, stormy Sea!
Borne safely on to serve our God by thee,
For thou and we alike obey His word
And own Him Lord.

And whether thy chill deeps become our grave,
Or far away our blood shall stain thy wave,
Or we shall cross with joyous songs thy foam
Back to our home:

Be it as He ordains whose name is Love!
Whether our lot or life or death shall prove,
To Life Eternal surely guides His will,
And we are still.

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

The Parting.

Now we must leave our father-land,
And wander far o'er ocean's foam;
Broken is kinship's dearest band,
Forsaken stands our ancient home;
But One will ever with us go
Through busiest day and stillest night;
And heaven above, the deeps below
Shrink back abash'd before His sight.

Then be the issue life or death,
Let Him do as it seems Him best,
The messenger of Christian faith
Looks not in this world for his rest.
If but His hand still hold us fast,
His presence hourly fold us round,
The anchor of our souls is cast
Firm in the One eternal ground.

The voice of Everlasting Love,
That rang with living power through us,
Is worthy thus our souls to move,
Worthy to fill a lifetime thus;
Here none was e'er deceived or lost,
Howe'er his earthly hopes might fade;
Then well for him who weighs the cost
Ere yet his final choice is made.

Yes, scatter'd are our brothers now
O'er land and ocean far apart,
Yet to one Master still they bow,
In Him they still are one in heart:
For as *one* sin, *one* poison ran
Through all our race since Adam's fall;
There is *one* hope, *one* life for man
In Him who bore the sins of all.

Sweet for each other oft to plead,
And feel our oneness in the Son,
Ah then we daily meet indeed
In spirit at our Father's throne!
Our bodies are but parted here,
And fade in this dark land away,
The earthly shadows disappear,
The harvest ripens for that Day.

Soon Time for us shall cease to reign,
The Saviour calls us home in peace;
At last we all shall meet again,
And dwell together all in bliss,
Where faith to clearest vision yields;—
Triumphant light for sorrowing gloom,
For desert wastes fair Eden's fields,
For tearful paths a blessed home!

ALBERT KNAPP.

VI

On the Voyage.

Now our sails all soft and sweetly,
Yet with bold resistless force,
Breathe the winds of heaven, and fleetly
Wing us on our watery course;
Swift, and swifter, furrowing deep
Through the mighty waves, that keep
Not a trace where we have been,
On we speed to lands unseen!

Sink thou deeply in our mind,
Type of life, most apt and true!
Though we leave no track behind,
Yet we plough our furrows too,

Where, from out a world of bliss,
Falls the seed unseen of this,
And an unseen distant home
Beckons o'er the desert foam.

Be our voyage, brethren, such
That if direst peril came,
Wreck and ruin could not touch
Aught but this our weary frame;
That may gladly sleep, the while
Still and blest the soul shall smile,
In the eternal peace of Heaven,
That our God hath surely given.

Oh that in that blessed peace
Many and many a soul may rest!
Oh through us may God increase
Soon the number of the blest!
Free through us the souls that now
'Neath a bitter bondage bow;
Whom yet darkest error binds!
Speed, oh speed us on, ye winds!

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

AT THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

The Sure and Certain Hope.

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.

Terra Germanica

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.

Then 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!

Michael Weiss.

1531.

AN
INHERITANCE
INCORRUPTIBLE AND UNDEFILED,
THAT FADETH NOT AWAY,
IS RESERVED IN HEAVEN
FOR YOU.
1 Pet.
i 4.

II

The Departure of a Christian.

NOW weeping at the grave we stand
And sow the seed in tears,
The form of him who in our band
On earth no more appears.
Ah no, for he hath safely come
Where we too would attain;
He dwells within our Father's home,
And death to him was gain.

Now he beholds what we believe,
He has what here we want,
The sins no more his soul can grieve
That here the pilgrim haunt;
The Lord hath claim'd him for His own,
And sent him calm release;
We weep, but it is we alone,
He dwells in perfect peace.

He wears the crown of life on high;
He bears the shining palm,
Where angels "Holy, holy," cry,
He joins their glorious psalm.
But we poor pilgrims journey on
Through this dark land of woe,
Until we go where he is gone,
And all his joy shall know.

SPITTA.

III

The Lord doth all Things well.

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, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

MORAVIAN HYMN-BOOK.

The Light in Darkness.

Though Love may weep with breaking heart,
There comes, O Christ, a Day of Thine,
There is a Morning Star must shine,
And all these shadows shall depart.

Though Faith may droop and tremble here,
That Day of light shall surely come;
His path has led him safely home;
When twilight breaks the dawn is near.

Though Hope seem now to have hoped in vain,
And Death seem king of all below,
There yet shall come the Morning-glow,
And wake our slumberers once again.

F. A. KRUMMACHER. ✠

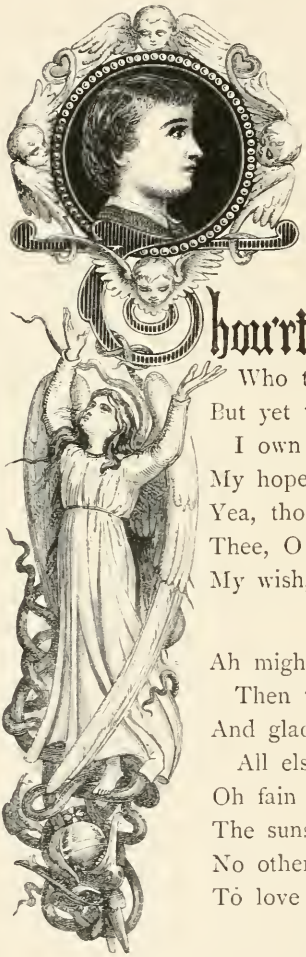
The Death of a Little Child.

GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast still'd
Now Thy little lamb's long weeping;
Ah how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it,
To the sunny heavenly plain
Dost Thou now with joy receive it,
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Ah Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving,
Then the gain of death we prove
Though Thou take what most we love.

MEINHOLD.



VI

On the Death of his Son. ✠

Thourt [own!
mine, yes, still thou art mine
Who tells me thou art lost?
But yet thou art not mine alone:
I own that He who cross'd
My hopes, hath greatest right in thee;
Yea, though He ask and take from me
Thee, O my son, my heart's delight,
My wish, my thought, by day and night.

Ah might I wish, ah might I choose,
Then thou, my Star, shouldst live.
And gladly for thy sake I'd lose
All else that life can give.
Oh fain I'd say: Abide with me,
The sunshine of my house to be,
No other joy but this I crave,
To love thee, darling, to my grave!

Thus saith my heart, and means it well,
God meaneth better still;
My love is more than words can tell,
His love is greater still;

I am a father, He the Head
And Crown of fathers, whence is shed
The life and love from which have sprung
All blessed ties in old and young.

I long for thee, my son, my own,
  And He who once hath given,
Will have thee now beside His throne,
  To live with Him in heaven.
I cry, Alas! my light, my child!
But God hath welcome on him smiled
And said: "My child, I keep thee near,
For there is nought but gladness here."

Oh blessed word, oh deep decree,
  More holy than we think!
With God no grief or woe can be,
  No bitter cup to drink,
No sickening hopes, no want or care,
No hurt can ever reach him there;
Yes, in that Father's shelter'd home
I know that sorrow cannot come.

We pass our nights in wakeful thought
  For our dear children's sake;
All day our anxious toil hath sought
  How best for them to make
A future safe from care or need,
Yet seldom do our schemes succeed;
How rarely does their future prove
What we had plann'd for those we love!

How many a child of promise bright
  Ere now hath gone astray,
By ill example taught to slight
  And quit Christ's holy way.
Oh fearful the reward is then,
The wrath of God, the scorn of men!
The bitterest tears by mortal shed
Are his who mourns a child misled.

But now I need not fear for thee,
  Where thou art, all is well;
For thou thy Father's Face dost see,
  With Jesus thou dost dwell!
Yes, cloudless joys around him shine,
His heart shall never ache like mine,
He sees the radiant armies glow
That keep and guide us here below:

He hears their singing evermore,
  His little voice too sings,
He drinks of wisdom deepest lore,
  He speaks of secret things,
That we can never see or know
Howe'er we seek or strive below,
While yet amid the mists we stand
That veil this dark and tearful land.

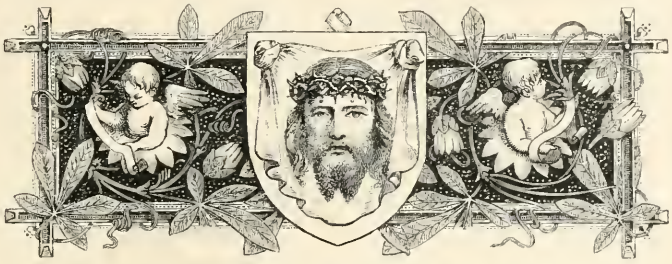
Oh that I could but watch afar,
  And hearken but awhile,
To that sweet song that hath no jar,
  And see his heavenly smile,

As he doth praise the holy God,
Who made him pure for that abode!
In tears of joy full well I know
This burden'd heart would overflow.

And I should say: Stay there, my son,
My wild laments are o'er,
O well for thee that thou hast won,
I call thee back no more;
But come, thou fiery chariot, come,
And bear me swiftly to that home,
Where he with many a loved one dwells,
And evermore of gladness tells!

Then be it as my Father wills,
I will not weep for thee;
Thou livest, joy thy spirit fills,
Pure sunshine thou dost see,
The sunshine of eternal rest:
Abide, my child, where thou art blest;
I with our friends will onward fare,
And, when God wills, shall find thee there.

SOUND HEART IS THE LIFE OF THE FLESH
PROV: XIV XXX
STRONG BY HIS SPIRIT IN THE INNER MAN
EPH III XVI
PART II.
THE INNER LIFE



Penitence.

The Only Helper.

LORD Jesus Christ, in Thee alone
My hope on earth I place;
For other comforter is none,
Nor help save in Thy grace.
There is no man nor creature here,
No angel in the heavenly 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 mourn beneath its load;
Oh free me from this heavy weight
Through Thy most precious blood;
And with Thy Father for me plead
That Thou hast suffer'd in my stead,
The burden then from me is roll'd;
Lord, I lay hold
On Thy dear promises of old.

And of Thy grace on me bestow
  True Christian faith, O Lord,
That all the sweetness I may know
  That in Thy 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 all love;
To his dear Son, for sinners given
  Whose grace we daily prove;
To God the Holy Ghost we cry,
That we may find His comfort nigh,
And learn how, free from sin and fear,
    To please Him here,
And serve Him in the sinless sphere.

I. Schneesing.

1522.

Submission.

ALAS! my Lord and God,
How heavy is my load,
My sins are great and weigh me to the ground;
The yoke doth sorely press,
And yet in my distress
Through all the world no helper can be found.

And fled I in my fear
Far, far away from here,
To earth's remotest end—Thou still wert there.
My anguish and my pain
Would yet with me remain;
I could not flee away from my despair.

'Tis Thou canst help alone,
I cast me at Thy throne,
Reject me not, though I deserve it, Lord;
Ah think of all Thy Son
For me, for me, hath done,
Nor let me feel Thy sharp avenging sword.

And if it must be so,
That punishment and woe
Must follow sin, then let me bear it here;
Low at Thy feet I bow,
Oh let me suffer now,
But spare me yonder, then in love appear.

O Lord, forget my sin,
And deign to put within
A calm obedient heart, a patient mind,
That I may murmur not,
Though bitter seem my lot,
For hearts unthankful can no blessing find.

Do Thou, O Lord, with me
As seemeth best to Thee,
For Thou wilt strengthen me to bear the rod;
For this alone I pray,
Oh cast me not away,
For ever from Thy grace, Thou pitying God.

Nay, that Thou wilt not do,
I know Thy word is true,
My faith can rest in quiet hope on Thee;

The death of Christ, I know,
Hath freed me from my woe,
And open'd heaven to sinners and to me.

Lord Jesus, where Thou art
All doubt and dread depart,
My refuge is the cross where Thou wast slain,
Where Thou, Lord, for our sake
Didst all our griefs partake,
And die our comfort and our grace to gain.

Here at my Saviour's side,
Here let me still abide,
Then death may come, but little he destroys;
Though soul and body part,
I live where Thou, Lord, art,
My sins wiped out amid eternal joys.

All praise to God alone,
Who claims me for His own,
Through Christ my Lord; oh let me trust Him then,
And lean in fullest faith
On what my Saviour saith,
He who believeth shall be saved;
Amen.

RUTILIUS
1604.

& CROSS.
1627.

In Great Inward Distress.

Jesus, pitying Saviour, hear me,
Draw Thou near me,
Turn Thee, Lord, in grace to me;
For Thou knowest all my sorrow,
Night and morrow
Doth my cry go up to Thee.

Lost in darkness, girt with dangers,
Round me strangers,
Through an alien land I roam,
Outward trials, bitter losses,
Inward crosses,
Lord. Thou know'st have sought me home.

See the fetters that have bound me,
Snares surround me,
Free the captive, hear my call;
Ah from sin my soul I never
Can deliver,
I am weak and helpless all.

Though the tempter's wiles and cunning
I am shunning,
Yet they vex and wound me sore;
Oft I waver, oft I languish,
Fill'd with anguish,
Strength and rest are mine no more.

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.

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.

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.

Satan watches to betray me,
He would slay me,
Quicken Thou my faith and powers;

Let me, though Thy face Thou'rt hiding,
Still confiding,
Look to Thee in darkest hours.

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.

Tersteegen.

1731.

IV

The Weakness and Restlessness of Sin.

O Jesus, Lord of Majesty!
O glorious King, eternal Son!
In mercy bend Thou down to me,
As now I cast me at Thy throne.

Enslaved to vanity, and weak,
An alien power in me hath sway,
My strength is gone, howe'er I seek
I cannot break my bonds away.

How oft my heart against my will
Is torn and tossing to and fro;
I cannot, as I would, fulfil
The good that yet I love and know.

How many ties oppress and bind
The soul that yearneth to be free;
Distracted, vanquish'd, oft the mind
That fain would rest at peace in Thee.

I practise me in self-control,
Yet rest and calm in vain pursue;
Self-will is rooted in my soul,
And thwarts me still, whate'er I do.

I hate it, but its life is strong,
I fear, yet cannot it forsake;
Ah Lord, how long it seems, how long,
Until Thy grace my yoke shall break!

Lyra Germanica

Ah Jesus, when, when, wilt Thou lead
The prisoner from this drear abode!
When shall I feel that I am freed,
And Thou art with me, Son of God!

Oh take this heart, that I would give
For ever to be all Thine own;
I to myself no more would live;
Come, Lord, be Thou my King alone.

Yes, take my heart, and in it rule,
Direct it as it pleases Thee;
I will be silent in Thy school,
And learn whate'er Thou teachest me.

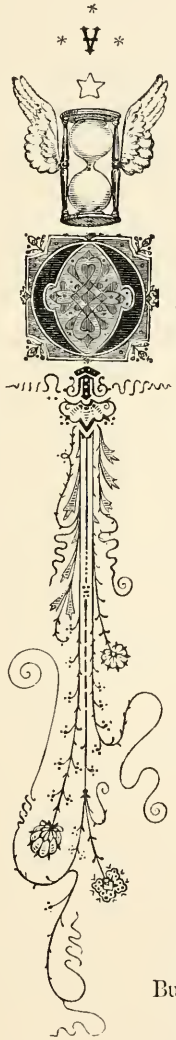
What lives by life that is not Thine,
I yield it to Thy righteous doom;
What yet resists Thy power Divine,
Oh let Thy fire of love consume.

And then within the heart abide,
That Thou hast cleansed to be Thy throne;
A look from Thee shall be my guide,
I watch but till Thy will is known.

Yes, make me Thine,—though I am weak,
Thy service makes us strong and free;
My Lord and King, Thy face I seek,
For ever keep me true to Thee.

Tersteegen.

1731.



A Christian's Daily Prayer. ✠

GOD, Thou faithful God,
Thou Fountain ever flowing,
Without Whom nothing is,
All perfect gifts bestowing;
A pure and healthy frame
Oh 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 space to sleep
Beside my fathers' grave,
And friends that o'er it weep.

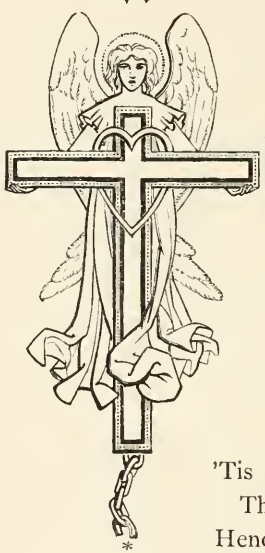
And when the Day is come,
And all the dead are waking,
Oh reach me down Thy hand,
Thyself my slumbers breaking;
Then let me hear Thy voice,
And change this earthly frame,
And bid me aye rejoice
With those who love Thy name.

IOHANN HEERMANN.

1630.

THE LIGHT
OF THE RIGHTEOUS REJOICETH:
BUT THE LAMP OF THE WICKED
SHALL BE PUT OUT.
Prov. xiii. 9

* * *
* VI *



The Deliverer from Bondage.

Thou Who breakest every chain,
Thou Who still art ever near,
Thou with Whom disgrace and pain
Turn to joy and heaven e'en here;
Let Thy further judgments fall
On the Adam strong within,
Till Thy grace hath freed us all
From the prison-house of sin.

'Tis Thy Father's will toward 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.

* * *
*
MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD.

Ah Thou wilt, Thou canst not cease,
Till Thy perfect work be done;
In Thy hands we lie at peace,
Knowing all Thy love hath won,
Though the world may blindly dream
We are captives poor and base,
And the cross's yoke may deem
Sign of meanness and disgrace.

Terra Germanica

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.

Conqueror, conquer; Ruler, reign;
  King, assert Thy sovereign right,
Till no slavery more remain
  Spread the kingdom of Thy might!
Lead the captives freely out,
  Through the covenant of Thy blood,
From our dark remorse and doubt,
  For Thou willest but our good.

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;

Lyra Germanica

Crush'd beneath our burden's weight,
  Crying at Thy feet we fall,
Point the path, though steep and straight,
  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 is on us 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.

GOTTFRIED

16 H 97.

ARNOLD.

VII

The Safe Refuge.

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.

Lyra Germanica.

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 chivalry is ours;
O Thou, for whom to die is gain,
I bring Thee here my all, oh deign
To accept and reign!

I. H. BÖHMER.

1704.

Praise and Thanksgiving.

Chorus of God's Thankful Children.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

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, [adore,
Whom earth and heaven
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

MARTIN RINCKART.
1636.

The Goodness of God.

All praise and thanks to God most High,
The Father of all Love!
The God who doeth wondrously,
The God who from above
My soul with richest solace fills,
The God who every sorrow stills;
Give to our God the glory!

The hosts of heaven Thy praises tell,
All thrones bow down to Thee,
And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
In earth and air and sea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whose wisdom orders all things right;
Give to our God the glory!

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

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

The Lord is never far away,
  Nor sunder'd from His flock;
He is their refuge and their stay,
  Their peace, their trust, their rock,
And with a mother's watchful love
He guides them wheresoe'er they rove:
    Give to our God the glory!

And when earth cannot comfort more,
  Nor earthly help avail,
The Maker comes Himself, whose store
  Of blessing cannot fail,
And bends on them a Father's eyes
Whom earth all rest and hope denies:
    Give to our God the glory!

Ah then till life hath reach'd its bound,
  My God, I'll worship Thee,
The chorus of Thy praise shall sound
  Far over land and sea:
Oh, soul and body, now rejoice;
My heart, send forth a gladsome voice:
    Give to our God the glory!

All ye who name Christ's holy Name,
  Give to our God the glory!
Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
  Give to our God the glory!
All idols under foot be trod,
The Lord is God! The Lord is God!
    Give to our God the glory!

I. I. Schütz.
1673.

The Glory of God in Creation.

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 water's 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!
Oh grave it deeply on my heart
What I am, Lord, and what Thou art!

JOACHIM NEANDER. 1679.

IV The Faithfulness of God.

WHO so oft in deep distress
And bitter grief must dwell,
Will now my God with gladness bless,
And all His mercies tell;
Oh hear me then, my God and King,
While of Thy Holy Name I sing,
Who doest all things well.

Our fathers who are now no more
Have praised Thee in their day,
They taught their children oft of yore
The wonders of Thy way;
Our children shall not rest, and still
They shall not all the measure fill,
Nor all exhaust the lay.

To Thee how many thankful songs
Have gone up ere my days,
And yet to me a part belongs
In that great hymn of praise;
I too must tell Thy wondrous might,
And praise Thy covenant just and right,
And Thine all-conquering grace.

And many a pious heart shall learn
The songs I make to Thee;
Far o'er the stars that yonder burn
Shall rise our harmony;
Thy Majesty, Thy mighty Hand
Shall be reveal'd to every land,
And all Thy goodness see!

For who is gracious, Lord, as Thou?
Who hath so much forgiven?
Who still to us would pitying bow
Who thus with grace have striven?
For lost in sins the whole world lies,
Her ceaseless crimes would scale the skies,
And cry aloud to heaven.

Yes, it must be a faithful heart
That thus can love us still,
Who oft reject the better part,
And thankless choose the ill;
But God can be nought else but good,
And therefore doth His mercies' flood
All things with blessing fill.

For this the works that Thou hast made
Do thank Thee and rejoice,
Thy saints shall bless Thee for Thine aid,
And make Thy ways their choice,
And tell abroad from hour to hour
Thy glorious rule, Thy kingdom's power,
With far-resounding voice.

Yes, they shall praise it, till its fame
  Through all the world shall ring,
And all men learn to know Thy name
  And gifts and service bring;
Eternal is Thy glorious throne,
Thy rule is like Thyself alone,
  O just, Eternal King!

And yet in death or pain or loss,
  The Lord is with us all,
Lightens the pressure of the cross,
  Upholds us when we fall;
He stems the swelling tide of woes,
And when we sink beneath its blows
  He comes, ere yet we call.

All eyes do wait on Thee, O Lord,
  Who keepest us from dearth,
Who scatterest rich supplies abroad
  For all the wants of earth;
Thou openest oft Thy bounteous hand,
And all in sea and air and land
  Are fill'd with food and mirth.

Thy thoughts are good, and Thou art kind
  E'en when we think it not;
How many an anxious faithless mind
  Sits grieving o'er its lot,
And frets and pines by day and night,
As God had lost it out of sight,
  And all its wants forgot!

Ah no! God ne'er forgets His own,
  His heart is far too true,
He ever seeks their good alone,
  His love is daily new;
And though thou deem that things go ill,
Yet He, in all He doeth, still
  Is holy, just, and true.

The Lord to them is ever nigh
  Who truly keep His word,
Whene'er in faith to Him they cry
  Their prayer is surely heard;
He knoweth well who love Him well,
His love shall yet their clouds dispel,
  And grant the hope deferr'd.

To those who love Him He denies
  No good thing that they seek;
He sees their sorrow, counts their sighs,
  And hearkens when they speak,
And surely frees them from their woes;
But those who hate them He o'erthrows,
  And makes their boasting weak.

Yet this is but a little part
  Of what I fain would sing;
But daily shall my voice and heart
  New thanks and praises bring;
Oh help me all that live and move,
Help me to speak His faithful love,
  And praise our glorious King.

PAUL GERHARDT.
1606-1676.

V

The Holiness of God Brought near to Man in Christ.

MIGHTY SPIRIT! Source whence all things sprung!
O glorious Majesty of perfect Light!
Hath ever worthy praise to Thee been sung,
Or mortal heart endured to meet Thy sight?
If they who sin have never known
Must veil their faces at Thy throne,
Oh how shall I, who am but sin and dust,
Approach untrembling to the Pure and Just?

The voice of conscience in the soul hath shown
Some far-off glimpses of Thy holiness,
And yet more clearly hast Thou made it known
In Thy dear word that tells us of Thy grace;
But with all-glorious light divine
In His face we behold it shine,
The sinless One, who this dark earth has trod
To win through sorrow sinners back to God.

The brightness of Thy glory was the Son;
Thy law engraven on His heart He wore,
And on His forehead that all clearly shone
That Aaron's forehead but in shadow bore;*

* Exodus xxviii. 36-38.

And even to death did He obey
To take the guilt of sin away;
And made a curse for man, and dying thus,
He won the power of holiness for us.

Now may Thine image in us shine anew
In holy righteousness and innocence;
Now, strengthen'd by Thy Son, a service true
Thy people render, pure from all offence;
But all their light is only dim,
A shadow'd broken light from Him,
Who that we might be holy bore our load,
In Whom we dare to meet the Holy God.

I. I.

RAMBACH.

RENDER UNTO CÆSAR THE THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S;

AND UNTO GOD THE THINGS THAT ARE GOD'S.

1720.

VI

To the Saviour.

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 for ever:
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
Of earth or Satan, sin or 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 triumph o'er sadness,
We sing in our gladness,
We love Thee, we praise Thee,
And yonder shall raise Thee,
Glad hymns for ever;
Hallelujah.

I.

LINDEMANN.

1580- -1630.

FOR PUBLIC PEACE

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.
Arise, take down thy lyre,
My country, and once more
Uplift in full-toned choir
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.

* *Written at the close of the Thirty Years' War.*

For nothing do we merit,
But fiery wrath and sharpest rod,
A race of froward spirit,
Whose shameless sins still mock our God;
And He indeed hath sent us
Full many a bitter stroke,
And yet, do we repent us,
Or learn to bear His yoke?
Nay, as we were so still we are,
But God abideth true,
His help shall still the noise of war,
The captives' bonds undo.

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 ours,
Ye homes, now stripp'd and lonely,
Ye wasted cities, ruin'd towers;
Ye fields once fairly blooming,
With golden harvests 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 bygone 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."

PAUL GERHARDT.

1648.

The Life of Faith.

Faith.

Faith is a living power from heaven,
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;

And 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.

* ABRAHAM *

✣✣✣ SEEST THOU HOW FAITH WROUGHT WITH HIS WORKS, & BY WORKS WAS FAITH MADE PERFECT? ✣

✣ Jas. ii. 22. ✣

✣
*
* II *
*

Faith that Worketh by Love.

WHO keepeth not
God's word, yet saith,
I know the Lord, is wrong;
In him is not that blessed
faith
Through which the truth is
strong;
But he who hears and keeps
the word,
Is not of this world, but of
God.

The faith His word hath
caused to shine
Will kindle love in thee;
More wouldst thou *know* of
things divine,
Deeper thy *love* must be;
True faith not only gives
thee light,
But strength to love and
do the right.

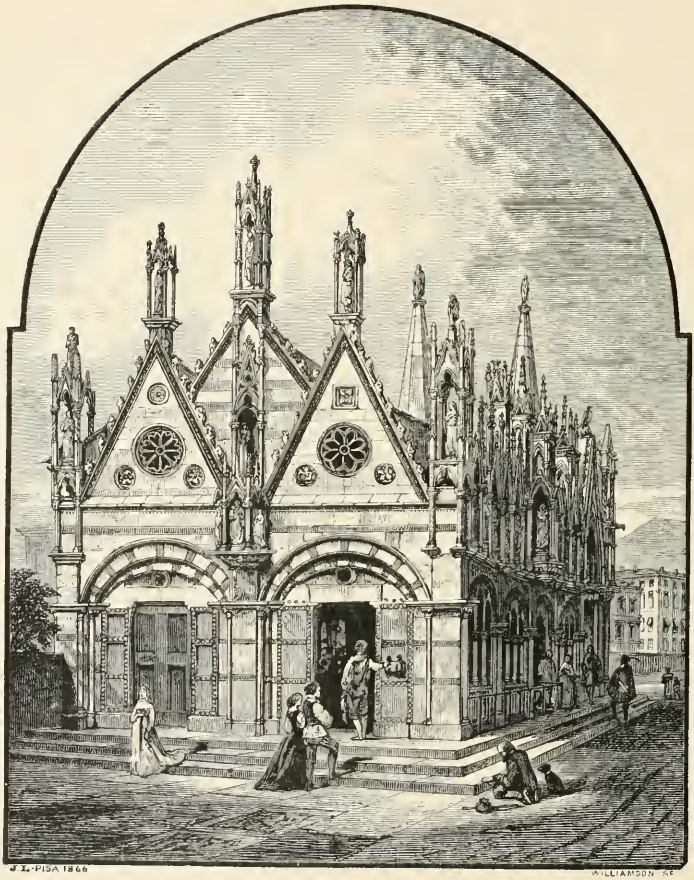
Jesus hath wash'd away our sin,
And we are children now;
Who feels such hope as this within,
To evil cannot bow;
Rather with Christ all scorn endure,
So we be like our Master pure!

For he doth please the Father well
Who simply can obey;
In him the love of God doth dwell
Who steadfast keeps His way;
A daily active life of love,
Such fruits a living faith must prove.

He is in God, and God in him,
Who still abides in love;
'Tis love that makes the Cherubim
Obey and praise above;
For God is love, the loveless heart
Hath in His life and joy no part.

C. F. GELLERT.

1757.



The Christian's Trust.

I KNOW in Whom I put my trust,
I know what standeth fast,
When all things here dissolve like dust
Or smoke before the blast:

Lyra Germanica

I know what still endures, howe'er
All else may quake and fall,
When lies the prudent men ensnare,
And dreams the wise enthral.

It is the Dayspring from on high,
The adamantine Rock,
Whence never storm can make me fly,
That fears no earthquake's shock;
My Jesus Christ, my sure Defence,
My Saviour, and my Light,
That shines within, and scatters thence
Dark phantoms of the night:

Who once was borne, betray'd and slain,
At evening to the grave;
Whom God awoke, Who rose again,
A Conqueror strong to save;
Who pardons all my sin, Who sends
His Spirit pure and mild;
Whose grace my every step befriends,
Who ne'er forgets His child!

Therefore I know in Whom I trust,
I know what standeth fast,
When all things form'd of earthly dust
Are whirling in the blast;
The terrors of the final foe
Can rob me not of this,
And this shall crown me once, I know,
With never-fading bliss.

E. M. ARNDT.

IV

The Anchor of the Soul.

LORD, all my heart is fix'd on Thee,
I pray Thee, be not far from me,
With grace and love divine.
The whole wide world delights me not,
Of heaven or earth, Lord, ask I not,
If only Thou art mine;
And 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 I live;
That I may use them to Thy praise,
And man's true welfare all my days,
Thy grace, I pray Thee, give;
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
To Paradise for aye;
And in its narrow chamber keep
My body safe in painless sleep
Until Thy Judgment Day;
And then from death awaken me,
That these 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 for ever I'll declare.

SCHALLING.

1594.

The Resolve.

NOW at last I end the 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.

Lyra Germanica

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 woe,
Where Thou leadest 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!

One thing will I seek alone,
Nothing outward shall be known,
  Sought, or toil'd for, more by me;
Strange to earth and all her care,
Well content with pilgrim's fare,
  Shall my life be hid in Thee.

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 covenant stand for aye
  That my hand to-day hath sign'd.

Tersteegen.

1731.

VI

The Christian Race.

Who would make the prize his own,
Runs as swiftly as he can;
Who would gain an earthly crown,
Strives in earnest as a man;
Trains himself betimes with care
For the conflict he would share,
Casts aside whate'er could be
Hindrance to His victory.

Lord, Thou biddest me aspire
To a prize so high, so grand,
That it sets my soul on fire
To be found amidst Thy band:
Oh how brightly shineth down
From Thy heights the starry crown
And the throne to victors given,
Who for Thee have bravely striven!

*

Yet it seems I strive in vain;
Lord, in pity look on me,
Thou my weakness must sustain,
Set me now from all things free
That would keep me from my goal;
Come, Thyself prepare my soul,
Give me joy and strength and life,
Help me in the race, the strife.

Well our utmost efforts worth
Is the crown I see afar,
Though the blinded sons of earth
Care not for our holy war;
An exceeding great reward
Is that crown of grace, my Lord;
Be Thyself my Strength divine,
And the prize shall soon be mine.

I. MENTZER.

1704.

VII

The Christian's Joy.

Ah dearest Lord! to feel that Thou art near
Brings deepest peace, and hushes every fear;
To see Thy smile, to hear Thy gracious voice,
Makes soul and body inwardly rejoice
With praise and thanks.

We cannot see as yet Thy glorious face,
Not yet our eyes behold its love and grace,
But Thee our inmost soul can surely feel;
Oh clearly, Lord, canst Thou Thyself reveal,
Though all unseen!

Oh well for him who ever day and night
Still only seeks to feed on Thee aright!
In him a well of joy for ever springs,
And all day long his heart is glad and sings:
Who is like Thee?

For Thou dost love to meet us as a Friend,
Our comfort, healing, hope, and joy to send;
Patient to pity and to calm our woe,
And daily to forgive us all we owe,
Of Thy rich grace.

Or though we weep soon bid our tears to cease,
And make us feel how strong Thy love and peace;
And let the soul see Thee within, and learn
From need and love alike to Thee to turn
With ceaseless gaze.

A warm and loving heart, a childlike mind,
Through every change mayst Thou within us find;
The comfort of Thy holy sorrows keep
Our hearts at rest, in peace most calm and deep,
In joy or woe!

So shall we all, until Thy heaven we see,
Like children evermore be glad in Thee,
Though many a time the sudden tear may start,—
If only Thou wilt touch the throbbing heart
And still its pain!

Thou reachest down to us Thy wounded hand,
And at Thy cross, dear Lord, ashamed we stand,
Remembering all Thy truth through weal and woe,
Until our eyes with tears must overflow
Of thanks and praise.

Christian
Gregor.
1778.

VIII

Under Clouds.

HERE behold me, as I cast me
At Thy throne, O glorious King!
Tears fast thronging, childlike 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.

JOACHIM NEANDER.
1679.

IX

Aspiration. ✠

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 thee,
Howsoe'er thy foes assail thee,
Fear not their shock.

Firm, yes firmly, ever cleaving
Unto Christ the strong and true,
All, yes all, to God still leaving,
For His love is daily new,
Be steadfast here;
Soon thy foes shall be o'erthrown,
Since He wills thy good alone,
Be of good cheer.

Hide thee, in His chamber hide 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 thee,
But He cannot, will not leave thee,
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 to have thee,
Who in love hath died to save 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.

I. G. SCHADE.

1699.

X

Song of the Christian Pilgrim.

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 borne,
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 shine.

  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!

PAUL GERHARDT.
1606-1676.

XI

Longing for Home.

NOW the pearly gates unfold,
O Thou Joy of highest heaven,
Who ere earth was made, of old
Light of light for light wast given!
Hasten, Lord, and quickly come,
Bring the bride Thou hast betroth'd,
In Thine own pure radiance clothed,
Safe to Thine eternal home,
Where no more the night of sin
Spreads its fear and gloom within.

All my spirit thirsts to see,
Lord, Thy face unveil'd and bright;
And to stand from sin set free,
Spotless Lamb, amid Thy light.
But I leave it,—Thou dost well,
And my heaven is here and now,
Daystar of my soul, if Thou
Wilt but deign in me to dwell;
For without Thee could there be
Joy in heaven itself for me?

Bliss from Thee my soul hath won,
Spite of darkly threat'ning ill;
And my heart calls Thee its Sun,
And the sea of care grows still

In the shining of Thy smile;
For Thy love's all-quickening ray
Chases night and pain away,
That my heart grows light the while;
Heavenly joys in Thee are mine,
Far from Thee I mourn and pine.

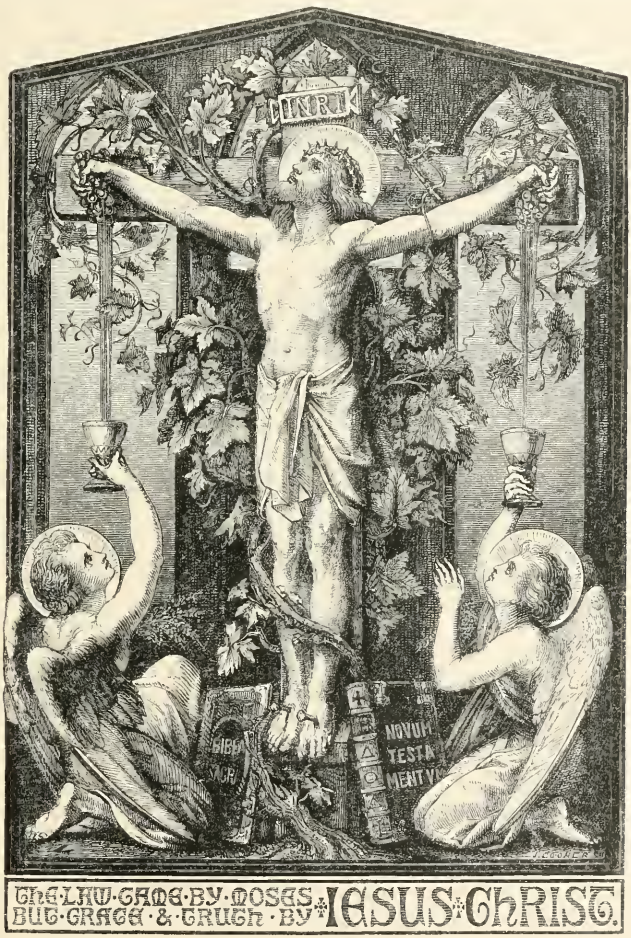
Graft me into Thee for ever,
Tree of Life, that I may grow
Stronger heavenward, drooping never
For the sharpest storms that blow,
Bearing fruits of faith and truth;
Then transplant me out of time
Into that eternal clime
Where I shall renew my youth,
When earth's wither'd leaves shall bloom
Fresh in beauty from the tomb.

Life, to whom as to my Head
I unite me, through my soul
Now Thy quickening life-stream shed,
And Thy love's warm current roll,
Freshening all with strength and grace;
Be Thou mine, I am Thine own,
Here and ever Thine alone,
All my hope in Thee I place;
Heaven and earth are nought to me,
Save, O Life of life, with Thee!

DESSLER.

1692.

✠ SONGS ✠



✠ OF ✠ THE ✠ CROSS ✠

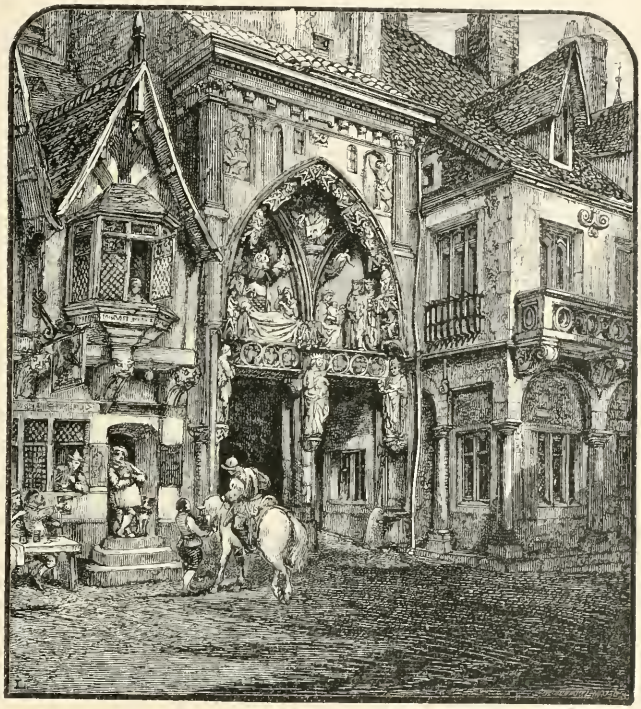
Queen Maria of Hungary's Song.

AM I my fate no more withstand,
Nor 'scape the hand
That for my faith would grieve me;
This is my strength, that well I know
In weal or woe
God's love the world must leave me:
God is not far, though hidden now,
He soon shall rise and make them bow
Who of His word bereave me.

Judge as ye will my cause this hour,
Yours is the power,
God bids me strive no longer;
I know what mightiest seems to-day
Shall pass away,
Time than your rule is stronger.
The Eternal Good I rather choose,
And fearless all for this I lose;
God help me thus to conquer!

All has its day, the proverb saith:
This is my faith,
Thou, Christ, wilt be beside me,
And look on all this pain of mine
As were it Thine,
When sharpest woes betide me;
Must I then tread this path—I yield;
World, as thou wilt, God is my shield,
And He will rightly guide me!

COMPOSED probably in 1526, when she was compelled to flee from Buda on account of her adherence to the Reformed Doctrine, after the Battle of Mohacz; in which her husband and the flower of the Hungarian nobility fell in defending their country against the Turks.



In Outward and Inward Distress.

From the Dark Times
of the Thirty Years' War.

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.

Lyra Germanica

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.

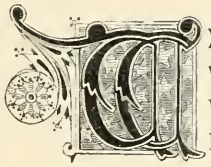
I cannot rest, I may not sleep,
No joy or peace I know,
My soul is torn with anguish deep
And fears a deeper woe;
O Christ, Thy pity show!

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!

ANON.

The only Refuge in Time of Trouble.



HEN 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.

PAUL EBER.

1511—1569.

IV

Under a Heavy Private Cross or Bereavement.

FAITHFUL God! O pitying Heart,
Whose goodness hath no end;
I know this cross with all its smart
Thy hand alone doth send!
Yes, Lord, I know it is Thy love,
Not wrath or hatred bids me prove
The load 'neath which I bend.

'Twas ever wont with Thee, my God,
To chasten oft a son;
He whom Thou lovest feels Thy rod,
Tears flow ere joy is won;
Thou leadest us through darkest pain
Back to the joyous light again;
Thus ever hast Thou done.

For e'en the Son Thou most dost love
Here trod the path of woe;
Ere He might reach His throne above
He bore the cross below:
Through anguish, scorn, and poverty,
Through bitterest death He pass'd, that we
The bliss of heaven might know.

And if the pure and sinless One
  Could thus to sorrow bow,
Shall I who so much ill have done
  Resist the cross! O Thou
In whom doth perfect patience shine,
Whoe'er would fain be counted Thine
  Must wear Thy likeness now.

Yet, Father, each fresh aching heart
  Will question in its woe,
If Thou canst send such bitter smart
  And yet no anger know?
How long the hours beneath the cross!
How hard to learn that love and loss
  From one sole Fountain flow!

But what I cannot, Thou true Good,
  Oh work Thyself in me;
Nor ever let my trials' flood
  O'erwhelm my faith in Thee;
Keep me from every murmur, Lord,
And make me steadfast in Thy word,
  My tower of refuge be!

If I am weak, Thy tender care
  Shall bid me fear no ill;
With ceaseless cries and tears and prayer
  The long sad hours I'll fill;
The heart that yet can hope and trust,
And cry to Thee, though from the dust,
  Is all unconquer'd still!

O Thou who diedst to give us life,
  Full well to Thee is known
The cross, and all the inner strife
  Of those who weep alone,
And 'neath their burden well-nigh faint;
The aching heart's unspoken plaint
  Finds echo in Thine own.

Ah Christ, do Thou within me speak,
  For Thou canst comfort best;
The tower and stronghold of the weak,
  The weary wanderer's rest,
Our shadow in the noon-day hours,
And when the tempest round us lowers,
  Our shelter safe and blest!

O Holy Spirit, sent of God,
  In whom all gladness lies,
Refresh my soul, lift off her load,
  From Thee all sadness flies;
Thou know'st the glories yet to come,
The joy, the solace, of that home,
  Where we shall one day rise.

There in Thy presence we shall see
  Glories beyond our ken;
The cross known here to none but Thee
  Shall turn to gladness then;
There smiles for all our tears are given,
And for our woes the joys of heaven;
  Lord, I believe! Amen!

PAUL GERHARDT.
1606—1676.

The One True Friend.

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 heaven I gain!
How hard to teach this flesh and blood
To seek alone the 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'lt 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 dews drop 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;
Jesus, Consoler, bend to me,
Ah would I were e'en now with Thee!

CONRAD HOIER.

1584.

VI

Under the Pressure of Care or Poverty.

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;
Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing fast that He hath taught,—
Who trusts in God shall want for nought.

Written probably either during the great Famine in Nuremburg in 1552, or at the time of the Siege in 1561.

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 'tis 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;
Oh 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.

HANS SACHS.

VII

The Resting-place amid Changes.

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.

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.

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.

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 look dim;
All that earth has fleets and changes
As a river onward ranges,
But I rest in peace on Him.

ANON.

In a Nuremburg Hymn Book of 1676.

VIII

Rest in the Lord.

O 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 heavenly 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 hast 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!

Anon.

IX

The Christian's Confidence.

Who puts His trust in God most just
Hath built his house securely;
He who relies on Jesus Christ,
Shall reach His heaven most surely:
Then fix'd on Thee my trust shall be,
For Thy truth cannot alter; [smart
While mine Thou art, not death's worst
Shall 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.
Oh 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.

PROBABLY by Joachim Magdeburg, a Pastor who died in 1560—long a favourite Hymn at deathbeds; said to be found in a stained glass window in Nordhausen with the date 1592, printed at latest 1598.

Childlike Submission.

THAT pleases God, O pious soul,
Accept with joy, though thunders roll
And tempests lower on every side,
Thou knowest nought can thee betide
But pleases God.

The best will is our Father's will,
And we may rest there calm and still,
Oh make it hour by hour thine own,
And wish for nought but that alone
Which pleases God.

His thought is aye the wisest thought,
How oft man's wisdom comes to nought,
Mistake or weakness in it lurks,
It brings forth ill, and seldom works
What pleases God.

His mind is aye the gentlest mind,
His will and deeds are ever kind,
He blesses when against us speaks
The evil world, that rarely seeks
What pleases God.

His heart is aye the truest heart,
He bids all grief and harm depart,
Defending, shielding day and night
The man who knows and loves aright
What pleases God.

He governs all things here below,
In Him lie all our weal and woe,
He bears the world within His hand,
And so to us bear sea and land
What pleases God.

And o'er His little flock He yearns,
And when to evil ways it turns,
The Father's rod oft smiteth sore,
Until it learns to do once more
What pleases God.

What most would profit us He knows,
And ne'er denies aught good to those
Who with their utmost strength pursue
The right, and only care to do
What pleases God.

If this be so, then World, from me
Keep if thou wilt, what pleases thee;
But thou, my soul, be well content
With God and all things He hath sent;
As pleases God.

And must thou suffer here and there,
Cling but the firmer to His care,

For all things are beneath His sway,
And must in very truth obey
What pleases God.

True faith will grasp His mercy fast,
And hope bring patience at the last,
Then both within thy heart enshrine,
So shall the heritage be thine
That pleases God.

To thee for ever shall be given
A kingdom and a crown in heaven,
And there shall be fulfill'd in thee,
And thou shalt taste and hear and see
What pleases God.

1653.

XI

The Quiet Hoping Heart.

WRITTEN for the comfort of a Sick Friend, who set it to Music, and on his recovery frequently caused it to be sung before his house by the School Choir.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
His will is ever just;
Howe'er He order now my cause
I will be still and trust.
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;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
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,
He taketh thought for me,
The cup that my Physician gives
No poison'd draught can be,

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 I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day,
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
My Light, my Life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good,
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We once shall see as sunlight clear
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Here will I take my stand;
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land,
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

S. RODIGAST.
1675.

XII

The Courage of perfect Trust.

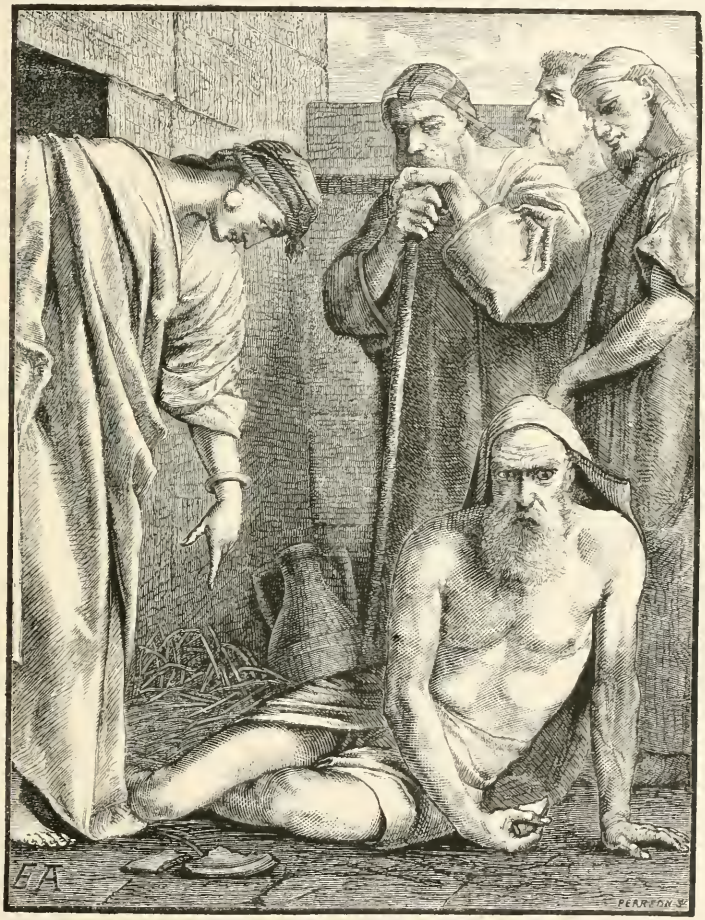
WHEREFORE should I grieve and pine?
Is not Christ the Lord still mine?
Who can sever me from Him?
Who can rob me of the heaven
Which the Son of God hath given
Unto faith though weak and dim?

Naked, helpless, was I born,
When my earliest breath was drawn;
Naked must I wander forth,
As a shadow flits away
At the coming of the day,
Bearing nought with me from earth.

Soul and body, life and goods,
Are not mine, are only God's,
Given me by His loving will;
Would He take back aught of His,
Let Him take it, not for this
Shall my song of praise be still.

Sendeth He some cross to bear,
Cometh sorrow, need, or care,
Shall it all my peace destroy?

SHALL WE
RECEIVE GOOD AT THE HAND OF GOD,



AND SHALL WE NOT RECEIVE EVIL?

Job ii. 10.

He who sends can end it too;
Well He knows in season due,
How to turn my griefs to joy.

Lyra Germanica

Many a day of happiness
Hath He sent who loves to bless:
  Shall I not bear aught for God?
He is kind, we know that He
Ne'er forsakes us utterly,
  Love lies hidden in His rod.

What is there my foes can do,
Though they be nor weak nor few,
  Save to scorn and mock my woe?
Let them laugh, and let them mock,
God my Saviour and my Rock
  Soon shall all their schemes o'erthrow.

With a glad and fearless mien
Should a Christian man be seen,
  Wheresoe'er be cast his lot;
Yea, though death seem close at hand,
Calm and quiet let him stand,
  And his spirit tremble not.

Him no death has power to kill,
But from many a dreaded ill
  Bears his spirit safe away:
Shuts the door of bitter woes,
Opens yon bright path that glows
  With the light of perfect day.

There in deepest joy my heart
Shall be heal'd from all the smart
  Of the wounds that pierced it here;
Here can no true good be found,
Seeming goods that here abound
  In a moment disappear.

Wealth that this world can command,
Is it aught but barren sand,
  Bringing cares and troubles sore?
There, there are the gifts unpriced
Where my Shepherd Jesus Christ
  Shall refresh me evermore.

Fount of Joy, my Lord Divine,
Thine I am, and Thou art mine,
  Nought can part my soul from Thee;
I am Thine, for Thou didst give
Once Thy life that I might live,
  Dearly didst Thou purchase me.

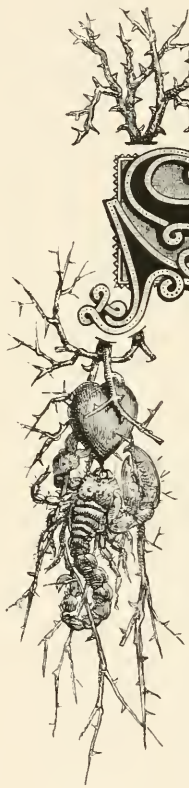
Thou art mine, because my heart
Ne'er will let Thee more depart,
  Clings to Thee her joy, her light;
Bring me, bring me to that place
Where, enclasped in Thine embrace,
  Love at last is blest with sight.

PAUL GERHARDT.

1653.

XIII

The Sufficiency of God.



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.

BE
NOT AFRAID
OF
THEIR WORDS,
THOUGH
BRIERS AND THORNS
BE
WITH THEE,
AND
THOU DOST
DWELL AMONG
SCORPIONS.
Ez. ii. 6.

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.

C. TITIUS.

1641-1703.

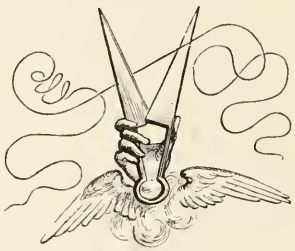
THE FINAL CONFLICT AND HEAVEN.

The Uncertainty of Life.

I KNOW my end must surely come,
But know not when or where or how,
It may be I shall hear my doom
To-night, to-morrow, nay or now
Ere yet the present hour is fled,
This living body may be dead.

Lord Jesus, let me daily die,
And at the last Thy presence give,
Then Death his utmost power may try,
He can but make me truly live,
Then welcome my last hour shall be,
When, where, and how it pleases Thee.

S. FRANCK.



1711.

Preparation for Death.

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.

Said to be written on occasion of the sudden death of Duke George of Saxe-Eisenach, while hunting.

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.

EMILIA IULIANA,

Countess of Schwarzburg Rudolstadt.

1686.

A Weary Pilgrim's Song.

WORLD, farewell!
Of thee I'm tired,
Now toward heaven
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.

What are earthly joys? a weary
Chase of mist, or wind-borne foam!
On this desert black and dreary
Sins and vices have their home;

Lyra Germanica

Thine, O World, are war and strife,
Mocking pleasures, dying life;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace and love and joy.

Oh the music and the singing
  Of the host redeem'd by love!
Oh the hallelujahs ringing
  Through the halls of light above!
Thine, O World, the scornful sneer,
Misery thy reward, and fear;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only 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.

Onwards then! not long I wander,
  Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with Him abiding yonder
  All His glory I shall see;
For there's nought but sorrow here,
Toil and pain and many a fear,
But in heaven is no annoy,
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!

I. C. ALBINUS.

1652.

IV

In Time of dangerous Duty.

My cause is God's, and I am still,
Let Him do with me as He will;
Whether for me the fight is won,
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.

In Him my Saviour I abide,
I know for all my sins He died,
And, risen again to work my good,
The burning flood
Hath quench'd with His most precious [blood.

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 day,
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!

O Jesus Christ, Thou Son of God,
Who once for me didst bear the rod,
Ah hide me in Thy wounded heart
When I depart;
My help, my hope, Thou only art!

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.

I. PAPPUS.

1598.

In the near Prospect of Death.

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!

NICHOLAS SELNECKER.

1587.

VI

In Weakness and Distress of Mind.

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 prayer refresh and comfort me,
Thy bonds and fetters set me free!

That thirst and bitter draught of Thine
Help me to bear with patience mine,
Thy piercing cry avail my soul,
When floods of anguish o'er me roll!

And when my lips grow white and chill,
Thy Spirit cry within me still,
And help my soul Thy heaven to find,
When these poor eyes grow dark and blind!

And when the spirit flies away,
Thy parting words shall be my stay,
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!

M. BEHEIM.

1606.

VII

Resignation.

LORD GOD, [Thy heaven,
My parting hour is near; now open wide
My course is run, enough I've striven,
Enough I've suffer'd here;
Weary and sad
My soul is glad
That she may lay her down to rest;
Now all on earth I can resign,
But only let Thy heaven be mine.

As Thou, Lord, hast commanded me,
Have I with perfect faith
Embraced my Saviour, and to Thee
I calmly look in death;
With willing heart
I hence depart,
I hope to stand before Thy face:
Yes, all on earth I can resign,
If but Thy heaven at last be mine.

Then let me go like Simeon
In peace with Thee to dwell,
For I commend me to Thy Son,
And He will guard me well,
And guide me straight
To the golden gate;
And in this hope I calmly die;
Yes, all on earth I can resign,
If but Thy heaven may now be mine.

T. KIEL. 1620.

The Faithful Servant Longing for Peace.

VIII

LORD, now let Thy servant
Pass in peace away;
I have had enough of life,
Here I would not stay:
Let me go, if such Thy will,
With a heart at rest and still.

Here, Lord, have I wrestled,
Suffer'd many a woe,
Fought as fearless warriors fight,
Conquer'd many a foe,
Kept the faith with them of old,
Help'd to guard and warn Thy fold!

Many an hour of sorrow,
Many an anguish'd tear,
Many a thorny path was mine
With Thy people here;
O'er my sins I've had to mourn,
Many a cross and trial borne.

All at last is ended,
Fight and race are o'er,
God will free me from all ills
Now for evermore;
To a better life I go,
Than this tearful earth can show.

Terra Germanica

Peace shall I find yonder,
And be free from sin,
No more strife and wars without,
No more foes within,
All around me shall be peace,
And the joy that cannot cease.

Where they bear the sceptre,
There a crown for me
Is laid up through Jesu's grace,
Bright that crown shall be:
Deepest calm my soul shall fill,
And this longing shall be still.

My Redeemer liveth,
He shall bid me rise
From the gloomy realm of death,
There all sorrow lies,
And I need not fear to wake,
Since His voice my sleep shall break.

He will change this body,
Make it like His own,
When the dead arise from earth,
When the trump is blown,
I shall see Him face to face,
Here my steadfast hope I place.

Therefore of His mercy
Ever will I sing,
All my heart and soul to Him
Praise and thanks shall bring;
Praise Him now, and praise Him then,
When the heavens shall cry, Amen!

David Böhme.

1605- -1657.

The Christian Soldier Rejoicing that he has Overcome.

IX.

Then now at last the hour is come,
That I have long'd for many a time,
When God with joy should call me home
From this strange land, this wintry clime;
Thy victim, Death, escapes no more,
The hour draws on when I shall be
From all the bonds of earth set free,
And life's long battle shall be o'er.

To combat for His glory here
The Father sent me forth;—and lo!
The hour of victory draws near,
And conquer'd now is every foe;
And I have borne me in the strife
As true and fearless warriors ought,
And bravely to the last have fought
Through all the wars and woes of life.

My cry, when rough the march and dark,
Was, watch and strive till thou hast won,
Press forward fearless to the mark!
As now, thank God, at last I've done.
Now it is o'er, I cannot miss;
Through every danger to the death
True to my Lord I've kept the faith,
And freely risk'd all else for this.

Terra Germanica

It lacketh now a few short hours,
  And I am in eternity;
The wreath of fadeless heavenly flowers
  Is twined already there for me,
The crown is waiting for me there,
  Until the fight is wholly fought,
  And all my soul is thither caught,
Where shining palms the conquerors bear.

But when that morning shall appear,
  When our great Judge, the Son of God,
Shall give to those who loved Him here
  Their gracious undeserved reward,
Then in the glorious halls above,
  I too among that host shall stand,
  And take from His all-faithful hand
The crown of righteousness and love.

Nor shall I yonder stand alone,
  I see the crowned host appear,
The mighty host before His throne,
  Who shine for ever pure and clear,
The souls of those, who on their way
  Still hour by hour were longing here,
  With burning love and many a tear,
To see the glories of His Day.

SPENER.

1676.

X

I·N·R·I JERUSALEM. † S·P·Q·R

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.

O 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 chariot bears 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 hail thou glorious 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 nation, 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.

Lyra Germanica.

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.

Innumerous 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!

I. M. MEVART.

1634.

The New Heavens and New Earth. ✠

XI

NOW fain my joyous heart would sing
That lovely summer-time,
When God reneweth everything
In His celestial prime;
When He shall make new heavens and earth,
And all the creatures there
Shall spring from out that second birth
All-glorious, pure, and fair.

The perfect beauty of that sphere
No mortal tongue may speak,
We have no likeness for it here,
Our words are far too weak;
And we must wait till we behold
The hour of judgment true,
That to the soul shall all unfold
What God is, and can do.

For God ere long will summon all
Who once on earth were born,
This flesh shall hear the trumpet's call
And live again that morn,
And when in Christ His Son we wake,
These skies asunder roll,
And all the bliss of heaven shall break
Upon the raptured soul.

And He will lead the white-robed throng
To His fair Paradise,
Where from the marriage-feast the song
Of endless praise shall rise,
And from His fathomless abyss
Of perfect love and truth,
Shall flow perpetual joy and bliss,
In never-ending youth.

Ah God, now lead me of Thy love
Through this dark world aright;
Lord Christ, defend me lest I rove,
Or lies delude my sight;
And keep me steadfast in the faith
Till these dark days have ceased,
And ready still in life or death
For Thy great marriage-feast.

And herewith will I end the song
Of that fair summer-time;
The blossoms shall burst out ere long
Of heaven's eternal prime,
The year begin, for ever new;
God grant us then on high
To see our vision here made true,
And eat the fruits of joy!

I. WALTHER.

1557.

XII

The Final Joy. ✠

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 One,
God's own Beloved Son,
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.

PHILIP NICOLAI.

1598.

The End.

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 on 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.

S. C. BURDE.

1794.

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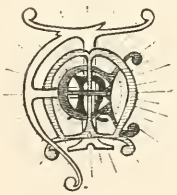
4. Ich hab mein Sach Gott heimgestellt 227
5. O Herre Gott ich ruf zu dir 227
6. Herr Jesu Christ mein Lebens Licht 230
7. Herr Gott nun schleuss dein Himmel auf 232
8. Herr nun lass in Friede 233
9. So ists an dem dass ich mit Freude 235
10. Jerusalem du hochgebaute Stadt 237
11. Herzlich thut mich erfreuen 240
12. Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme 242
13. Wann der Herr einst die Gefangenen 244

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM,
✝ THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, ✝
✝ FOR EVER. ✝



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