

O Lord, How Shall I Meet Thee

ADVENT

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1653. translator unknown.

Music: 'Wie Soll ich Dich Empfangen' Johann Crüger, 1653.

Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931.

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♩ = 140

1. O Lord, how shall I meet Thee, How wel - come Thee a - right?
 2. Thy Zi - on palms is strew - ing, And branch - es fresh and fair;
 3. What hast Thou left un - grant - ed To give me glad re - lief?
 4. I lay in fet - ters groan - ing, Thou com'st to set me free;
 5. Love caused Thine in - car - na - tion Love brought Thee down to me;

All na - tions long to see Thee, My Hope, my heart's De - light!
 My heart, its pow'rs re - new - - ing, An an - them shall pre - pare.
 When soul and bo - dy pant - - ed In ut - most depth of grief,
 I stood, my shame be - moan - - ing, Thou com'st to hon - or me.
 Thy thirst for my sal - va - - tion Pro - cured my lib - er - ty.

O kin - dle, Lord, most ho - - ly, Thy lamp with - in my breast,
 My soul puts off her sad - - ness Thy glor - ies to pro - claim;
 In deep - est de - gra - da - - tion, De - void of joy and peace,
 A glor - y Thou dost give me, A trea - sure safe on high,
 O love be - yond all tell - - ing, That led Thee to em - brace,

To do in spir - it low - ly All that may please Thee best.
 With all her strength and glad - ness She fain would serve Thy Name.
 Then, Thou, my soul's Sal - va - tion, Didst come to bring re - - lease.
 That will not fail nor leave me As earth - ly rich - es fly.
 In love all love ex - cel - ling, Our lost and fal - len race!

6. Rejoice, then, ye sad-hearted, Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed, And tremble at your doom:
Despair not, He is near you, Yea, standing at the door;
He brings His pity near you, And bids you weep no more.
7. No care nor effort either Is needed day or night,
How ye may draw Him hither In your own strength and might.
He comes, He comes with gladness, Moved by His love alone,
To calm your fear and sadness, To Him they well are known.
8. Sin's debt, that fearful burden, Let not your souls distress;
Your guilt the Lord will pardon and cover with His grace.
He comes, He comes procuring The peace of sin forgiv'n,
To all God's sons securing Their part and lot in heav'n.
9. Why should the wicked move you? Heed not their craft and spite!
Your Savior who doth love you, Will scatter all their might.
He comes, a King most glorious, and all His earthly foes
In vain His course victorious Endeavor to oppose.
10. He comes to judge the nations, A terror to His foes,
A light of consolations And blessed hope to those
Who love the Lord's appearing. O glorious Sun, now come,
Send forth Thy beams so cheering, And guide us safely home!