

“Wie soll ich Dich empfangen.”

—  
An Advent Hymn by PAUL GERHARDT.  
—

- 1 LORD, how shall I be meeting,  
And how shall I embrace  
Thee, earth's desire, when greeting  
My soul's adorning grace!  
O Jesus, Jesus holding  
Thyself the flame in sight,  
Show how, thy beam beholding,  
I may, my Lord, delight.
  
- 2 Fresh palms thy Zion streweth,  
And branches ever green,  
And psalms my voice reneweth,  
To raise my joy serene.  
Such budding tribute paying,  
My heart shall hymn thy praise,  
Thy holy name obeying  
With chiefest of my lays.
  
- 3 What hast thou left ungranted,  
To give me glad relief?  
When soul and body panted  
In utmost depth of grief,

---

In hour of degradation,  
Thy peace and pity smiled,  
Then thou, my soul's salvation,  
Didst happy make thy child.

4 I lay in slavish mourning,  
Thou can'st to set me free ;  
I sank in shame and scorning,  
Thou can'st to comfort me.  
Thou raised'st me to glory,  
Bestowing highest good,  
Not frail and transitory,  
Like wealth on earth pursued.

5 Naught, naught did send thee speeding  
From mansions of the skies,  
But love all love exceeding,  
Love able to comprise  
A world in pangs despairing,  
Weighed down with thousand woes  
That tongue would fail declaring,  
But love doth fast inclose.

6 Grave on your heart this writing,  
O band of mourners poor !  
With pains and sorrows fighting,  
That throng you more and more ;

---

Dismiss the fear that sickens,  
For lo! beside you see  
Him who your heart now quickens  
And comforts; here is he.

7 Why should you be detained  
In trouble day and night,  
As though he must be gained  
By arm of human might?  
He comes, he comes all willing,  
All full of grace and love,  
Those woes and troubles stilling,  
Well known to him above.

8 Nor need ye tremble over  
The guilt that gives distress.  
No! Jesus all will cover  
With grace and righteousness:  
He comes, he comes, procuring  
The peace of sin forgiven,  
To all God's sons securing  
Their part and lot in heaven.

9 Why heed ye then the crying  
Of crafty foemen nigh?  
Your Lord shall send them flying  
In twinkling of an eye.

---

He comes, he comes, forever  
A King, and earth's fell band  
Shall prove in the endeavor  
Too feeble to withstand.

- 10 He comes to judge the nations,  
Wroth if they wrathful prove,  
With sweet illuminations  
To those who seek and love.  
Come, come, O Sun eternal,  
And all our souls convey  
To endless bliss supernal,  
In yonder court of day.