

Wie soll ich dich empfangen.

To the Tune : *Commit thy Ways and Goings.*

I.

HOW shall I meet my Saviour ?
How shall I welcome Thee ?

What Manner of Behaviour

Is now requir'd of me ?

Let thine Illumination

Set Heart and Hands aright,

That this my Preparation

Be pleasing in thy Sight.

II.

Whilst with the gayest Flowers

Thy Sion strews the Way,

I'll raise with all my Powers

To Thee, a grateful Lay :

To Thee the King of Glory

I'll tune a Song Divine ;

And make thy Love's bright Story

In graceful Numbers shine.

III.

What hast thou not performed,

Lord, to retrieve my Loss,

While I was so deformed

By Sin and Hellish Dross ?

The Sense of lost Salvation

Quite drove me to Despair,

But thy own Incarnation

Brought my Redemption near.

IV.

I lay in Fetters groaning,
 Thou cam'st to set me free.
 My Shame I was bemoaning ;
 With Grace thou cloathedst me.
 Thou raifest me to Glory ;
 Endow'st me with thy Blifs,
 Which is not transitory,
 As worldly Treasure is.

V.

What caus'd thy Incarnation?
 What brought Thee down to me?
 Thy Love to my Salvation
 Contriv'd my Liberty.
 O Love, beyond Expression !
 Wherewith thou dost embrace
 Mankind in its Digression
 From Thee, the Source of Grace.

VI.

Let this Consideration
 Heal up your Wounds within,
 Ye Sons of Desolation,
 That feel the Smart of Sin.
 Take Courage, your Salvation
 Stands waiting at the Door ;
 The Gospel Consolation
 Is nearer than before.

VII.

'Tis none of your Endeavour,
 Nor any Mortal Care
 Cou'd draw his Sov'reign Favour
 To Sinners in Despair ;

Uncall'd he comes with Gladness
To save you from the Fall,
And cure all Grief and Sadness
You're still oppress'd withal.

VIII.

Be not cast down nor frighted
At Sin, tho' ne'er so great;
No! *Jesus* is delighted
The Greatest to remit.
He comes repenting Sinners
With Life and Love to crown;
And make them happy Winners
Of Glory like his own.

IX.

Then fear not ye the Clamour
Of Satan and his Clan;
The Word, his pow'rful Hammer,
Destroys their wicked Plan.
He comes as King of Glory,
Whose Nod confounds their Host;
He carries all before ye,
And baffles all their Boast.

X.

He comes to pass his Sentence
On all his Enemies.
But Children of Repentance
Shall meet with Love and Peace.
Come, Prince of Grace and Wonder!
Fetch thy Beloved Home;
Reveal thy Glories yonder;
Thy longing Spouse says, Come!