

II. ADVENT.

Wie soll ich dich empfangen?



ORD, how shall I receive Thee,
 Thou joy of all the earth,
 What entertainment give Thee
 Befitting Thy great worth?

O kindle, Jesu, Jesu,
 Thy lamp within my breast,
 And show me how to please Thee,
 And entertain Thee best.

When Sion came to meet Thee,
 She strewed Thy way with palms,
 And I would also greet Thee
 With joyful songs and psalms ;
 My heart, fresh trophies bringing
 To scatter on Thy way,
 Shall break forth into singing,
 And praise Thee night and day.

What comfort have I wanted
 Thy pity could bestow,
 When soul and body panted
 Beneath their weight of woe?
 When from me had been taken
 My dream of earthly blifs,
 Thou camest to awaken
 A better joy than this.

When left to pine and languish
 In bonds and misery,
 'T was Thou who saw'st my anguish,
 And came to set me free.
 Thou raisedst me to honour,
 And gav'st me riches too,
 Which fly not from their owner,
 As earthly riches do.

Naught, naught but true compassion,
 And pure unbounded love,
 Drew Thee, for our salvation,
 From Thy bright realms above ;
 A love which comprehended
 Within its wide embrace
 A world which had offended,
 The sins of all our race.

Let this be plainly written,
 Ye mourners, on your heart,
 When it is sorely smitten,
 And wrung with keenest smart ;
 Fear not, nor be dejected,
 Your Helper is at hand,
 The Saviour long expected
 E'en at the door doth stand.

Ye need not so bestir you,
 And labour day and night,
 As though to draw Him near you
 By your own strength and might.

He comes, He comes with healing
For all the countless woes
Which human hearts are feeling,
Whereof He so well knows.

Nor need the sins which grieve you
Your trembling souls appal;
No, Jesus will forgive you,
His grace can hide them all.
He comes to bring salvation
To every contrite heart,
On earth sweet consolation,
In heaven a better part.

What though the proud blasphemer
Both threats and wiles employ,
A word from your Redeemer
Shall him at once destroy.
He comes, He comes with glory
And majesty arrayed,
Great kings shall bow before Him,
His foes all flee dismayed.

He comes to judge the scorers
Who have despised His grace,
And comfort pious mourners
Who humbly seek His face.
Ah! come, sweet Sun, and light us
To those bright realms above,
And with Thyself unite us,
Who art all Light and Love.

PAUL GERHARDT.