

ADVENT.

(cxviii.—, „Wie soll ich Dich empfangen.“)

21.

Original Tune.

Ah! Lord, how shall I - meet Thee, How wel-come Thee a - right?
All na - tions long to greet Thee, My hope, my sole de - light!

Brigh - ten the lamp that burn - eth But dim - ly in my breast,

And teach my soul, that yearn - eth To hon - our such high guest.

2

Thy Zion strews before Thee
Her fairest buds and palms,
And I too will adore Thee
With sweetest songs and psalms;
My soul breaks forth in flowers
Rejoicing in Thy fame,
And summons :ll her powers
To honour Jesus' name.

ADVENT.

3

Nought, nought, dear Lord, could move Thee
To leave Thy rightful place
Save love, for which I love Thee ;
A love that could embrace
A world where sorrow dwelleth,
Which sin and suffering fill,
More than the tongue e'er telleth ;—
Yet Thou couldst love it still !

4

O ye sad hearts that sicken
With hope deferred, and see
The gloom around you thicken,
The joys ye hoped for flee,—
Despair not, He is near you,
Yea, at the very door,
Who best can help and cheer you,
He will not linger more.

5

Nor sin shall make you fearful,
Ashamed to see His face,
The contrite heart and tearful
He covers with His grace ;
He comes to heal the spirit
That mourneth sin-oppressed,
And raise us to inherit
With Him our proper rest.

6

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 of cheering
And guide us safely home !

