

I. ADVENT.

Warum willst du draußen stehen.



HEREFORE dost Thou, blest of God

Stand without and dwell afar ?

Deign to make me Thine abode,

Jesu, bright and morning star.

Thou my joy, and friend indeed,

Help in time of utmost need,

Come, my Saviour, and relieve me

From the wounds which deeply grieve me !

These deep scars the iron yoke

Of the law hath made in me,

Oft, as with a hammer's stroke,

Crushing e'en my strongest plea.

O how terrible the wrath

Of my God and Judge, who hath

Pierced me with a voice of thunder,

Rending heart and reins asunder !

Satan, too, his wiles doth ply,

And denieth me all grace,

As tho' I must ever lie

In his own accursed place ;

And what even worse than this

Fills my cup with bitterness—

My own conscience doth fore smite me,

And with fangs of venom bite me.

If, to ease my grief of mind,
 And to quench the hidden fire,
 I should join the wordly kind,
 Lo, I plunge into the mire!
 There is comfort, but no peace,
 Joy which makes my pains increase,
 Help which makes my burdens double,
 Friends who laugh at all my trouble.

All the world hath is, at most,
 Empty chaff which flies away;
 Have I grandeur? 't is soon lost;
 Have I riches? what are they
 But a heap of fordid earth?
 Have I pleasure? what is 't worth?
 What gives joy to-day, to-morrow
 Disappointment brings and sorrow.

Jesus Christ, in Thy sweet grace
 All I find that I can need;
 Comfort, joy, a resting-place,
 Where I may securely feed.
 Lighten me, Thou source of light,
 Ere my heart be broken quite;
 Comfort, strengthen, and revive me,
 Nor of Thy sweet sight deprive me.

Heart, rejoice that thou art heard;
 Jesus comes to sup with thee;
 He draws nigh thee: speak the word;
 Let Him quickly welcomed be.

Make all ready for the guest,
 Wholly give thyself to rest ;
 Open all thy soul's distresses,
 Tell Him all that pains or presses.

See'st thou not that all goes right,
 Where thy feet were wont to slip ?
 Hear'st thou not with rich delight
 Words of honey from His lip ?
 The old dragon must refrain
 From attempts he sees are vain,
 And must, forely bruised and wounded,
 Flee to his abyfs confounded.

Sweet is now thy life to thee ;
 All thou wilt is thine, and more :
 Christ who gave Himself for thee
 Lays His riches at thy door.
 Thy crown's jewel is His grace,
 And thy heart His dwelling-place ;
 Bound by bonds which none can sever,
 He is now thy spouse for ever.

PAUL GERHARDT.

