

Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject



O Lord, how shall I meet you,
how welcome you aright?
Your people long to greet you,
my hope, my heart's delight!
O kindle, Lord Most Holy,
your lamp within my breast
to do in spirit lowly
all that may please you best.

Love caused your incarnation,
love brought you down to me;
your thirst for my salvation
procured my liberty.
O love beyond all telling,
that led you to embrace,
in love all love excelling,
our lost and fallen race!

Rejoice, then, you sad-hearted,
who sit in deepest gloom,
who mourn o'er joys departed
and tremble at your doom.
Despair not, he is near you,
yea, standing at the door,
who best can help and cheer you
and bids you weep no more.

Sin's debt, that fearful burden,
let not your souls distress;
your guilt the Lord will pardon
and cover by his grace.
He comes, for men procuring
the peace of sin forgiv'n,
for all God's sons securing
their heritage in heav'n.

You come, O Lord, with gladness,
in mercy and goodwill,
to bring an end to sadness
and bid our fears be still.
In patient expectation
we live for that great day
when a renewed creation
your glory shall display.



Paul Gerhardt, 1607 - 1676
Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1827 - 1878 (and others)

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*God became our
Savior in all our distress.*

