O Lord, how shall I meet you

Johann Cruger, 1598-1662

Wie soll ich dich empfangen 76.76.D







O Lord, how shall I meet Thee, How welcome Thee aright? Thy people long to greet Thee, My Hope, my heart's Delight! O kindle, Lord, most holy, Thy lamp within my breast To do in spirit lowly All that may please Thee best.

I lay in fetters, groaning, Thou com'st to set me free; I stood, my shame bemoaning, Thou com'st to honor me; A glory Thou dost give me, A treasure safe on high, That will not fail or leave me As earthly riches fly. Love caused Thy incarnation, Love brought Thee down to me; Thy thirst for my salvation Procured my liberty. O love beyond all telling, That led Thee to embrace, In love all love excelling, Our lost and fallen race!

Rejoice, then, ye sad-hearted, Who sit in deepest gloom, Who mourn o'er joys departed And tremble at your doom. All hail the Lord's appearing! O glorious Sun, now come, Send forth your beams so cheering and guide us safely home.

Paul Gerhardt