

To God the anthem raising

Wolfgang Figulus, 1575

Helft mir Gott's Gute
76.76.67.76

To God the anthem raising,
Sing, Christians, great and small;
Sing out, His goodness praising,
Oh, thank Him, one and all!
Behold how God this year,
Which now is safely ended,
Hath in His love befriended
His children far and near.

Let us consider rightly
His mercies manifold,
And let us not think lightly
Of all His gifts untold.
Let thankfulness recall
How God this year hath led us,
How He hath clothed and fed us,
The great ones and the small.

To church and state He granted
His peace in every place,
His vineyard He hath planted
Among us by His grace,
His ever bounteous hand
Prosperity hath given
And want and famine driven
From this our native land.

His Father heart is yearning
To take us for His own
When, our transgressions mourning,
We trust in Christ alone;
When in His Name we pray
And humbly make confession,
He pardons our transgression
And is our faithful Stay.

Our God hath well defended,
Hath kept us through His grace;
But if He had contended
With us our sins to trace
And given us our meed,
We all would then be lying
In sin and sorrow, dying,
Each one for his misdeed.

O Father dear in Heaven,
For all Thy gifts of love
Which Thou to us hast given
We lift our thanks above.
In Jesus' Name we here,
To Thee our prayers addressing,
Still ask Thee for Thy blessing:
Grant us a joyful year.

Paul Eber