

HYMNS

The Advent of Our King

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1 The ad - vent of our King Our prayers must now em - ploy,
2 The ev - er - last - ing Son In - car - nate deigns to be,
3 O Zi - on's daugh - ter, rise To meet your low - ly King,
4 As judge, on clouds of light, He soon will come a - gain



And we must hymns of wel - come sing In strains of ho - ly joy.
Him - self a ser - vant's form puts on To set His ser - vants free.
Nor let your faith - less heart de - spise The peace He comes to bring.
And His true mem - bers all u - nite With Him in heav'n to reign.

5 Before the dawning day
Let sin's dark deeds be gone,
The sinful self be put away,
The new self now put on.

△ 6 All glory to the Son,
Who comes to set us free,
With Father, Spirit, ever one
Through all eternity.

*Text: Charles Coffin, 1676–1749;
tr. John Chandler, 1806–76, alt.
Tune: Aaron Williams, 1731–76
Text and Tune: Public domain*

Hark! A Thrilling Voice Is Sounding

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1 Hark! A thrill - ing voice is sound - ing! "Christ is
 2 Star - tled at the sol - emn warn - ing, Let the
 3 See, the Lamb, so long ex - pect - ed, Comes with
 4 So, when next He comes in glo - ry And the
 Δ 5 Hon - or, glo - ry, might, do - min - ion To the



near," we hear it say. "Cast a - way the
 earth - bound soul a - rise; Christ, its sun, all
 par - don down from heav'n. Let us haste, with
 world is wrapped in fear, He will shield us
 Fa - ther and the Son With the ev - er -



works of dark - ness, All you chil - dren of the day!"
 sloth dis - pel - ling, Shines up - on the morn - ing skies.
 tears of sor - row, One and all, to be for - giv'n;
 with His mer - cy And with words of love draw near.
 liv - ing Spir - it While e - ter - nal a - ges run!

*Text: Latin, c. 5th–10th cent.;
 tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78, alt.
 Tune: William H. Monk, 1823–89
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Savior of the Nations, Come

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1 Sav - ior of the na - tions, come, Vir - gin's Son, make
 2 Not by hu - man flesh and blood, By the Spir - it
 3 Here a maid was found with child, Yet re - mained a
 4 Then stepped forth the Lord of all From His pure and



here Your home! Mar - vel now, O heav'n and earth,
 of our God, Was the Word of God made flesh—
 vir - gin mild. In her womb this truth was shown:
 king - ly hall; God of God, yet ful - ly man,



That the Lord chose such a birth.
 Wom - an's off - spring, pure and fresh.
 God was there up - on His throne.
 His he - ro - ic course be - gan.

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| <p>5 God the Father was His source,
 Back to God He ran His course.
 Into hell His road went down,
 Back then to His throne and crown.</p> | <p>7 From the manger newborn light
 Shines in glory through the night.
 Darkness there no more resides;
 In this light faith now abides.</p> |
| <p>6 For You are the Father's Son
 Who in flesh the vict'ry won.
 By Your mighty pow'r make whole
 All our ills of flesh and soul.</p> | <p>△ 8 Glory to the Father sing,
 Glory to the Son, our king,
 Glory to the Spirit be
 Now and through eternity.</p> |

*Text: attr. Ambrose of Milan, 340–397;
 German version, Martin Luther, 1483–1546;
 (sts. 1–2): tr. William M. Reynolds, 1812–76;
 (sts. 3, 6): tr. Lutheran Service Book, 2006;
 (sts. 4–5, 8): tr. F. Samuel Janzow, 1913–2001
 (st. 7): tr. Gifford A. Grobien, 1973
 Tune: Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn, 1524, Wittenberg, ed. Johann Walter
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O Lord, How Shall I Meet You

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1 O Lord, how shall I meet You, How wel - come You a - right?
 2 Your Zi - on strews be - fore You Green boughs and fair - est palms;
 3 I lay in fet - ters, groan - ing; You came to set me free.
 4 Love caused Your in - car - na - tion; Love brought You down to me.



Your peo - ple long to greet You, My hope, my heart's de - light!
 And I too will a - dore You With joy - ous songs and psalms.
 I stood, my shame be - moan - ing; You came to hon - or me.
 Your thirst for my sal - va - tion Pro - cured my lib - er - ty.



O kin - dle, Lord most ho - ly, Your lamp with - in my breast
 My heart shall bloom for - ev - er For You with prais - es new
 A glo - rious crown You give me, A trea - sure safe on high
 Oh, love be - yond all tell - ing, That led You to em - brace



To do in spir - it low - ly All that may please You best.
 And from Your name shall nev - er With - hold the hon - or due.
 That will not fail or leave me As earth - ly rich - es fly.
 In love, all love ex - cel - ling, Our lost and fall - en race.

5 Sin's debt, that fearful burden,
 Cannot His love erase;
 Your guilt the Lord will pardon
 And cover by His grace.
 He comes, for you procuring
 The peace of sin forgiv'n,
 His children thus securing
 Eternal life in heav'n.

6 He comes to judge the nations,
 A terror to His foes,
 A light of consolations
 And blessèd hope to those
 Who love the Lord's appearing.
 O glorious Sun, now come,
 Send forth Your beams so cheering,
 And guide us safely home.

*Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76;
 tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.
 Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Prepare the Royal Highway

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1 Pre - pare the roy - al high - way; The King of kings is near!
2 God's peo - ple, see Him com - ing: Your own e - ter - nal king!
3 Then fling the gates wide o - pen To greet your prom - ised king!
4 His is no earth - ly king - dom; It comes from heav'n a - bove.



Let ev - 'ry hill and val - ley A lev - el road ap - pear!
Palm branch-es strew be - fore Him! Spread gar - ments! Shout and sing!
Your king, yet ev - 'ry na - tion Its trib - ute too should bring.
His rule is peace and free - dom And jus - tice, truth, and love.



Then greet the King of Glo - ry Fore - told in sa - cred sto - ry:
God's prom - ise will not fail you! No more shall doubt as - sail you!
All lands, bow down be - fore Him! All na - tions, now a - dore Him!
So let your praise be sound - ing For kind - ness so a - bound - ing:



Ho - san - na to the Lord, For He ful - fills God's Word!

*Text: Frans Mikael Franzén, 1772–1847;
tr. Lutheran Book of Worship, 1978, alt.*

Tune: Swedish, 17th cent.

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Jerusalem the Golden

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1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest—
 2 With-in those walls of Zi - on Sounds forth the joy - ful song,
 3 A - round the throne of Da - vid, The saints, from care re - leased,
 △ 4 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



The prom - ise of sal - va - tion, The place of peace and rest—
 As saints join with the an - gels And all the mar - tyr throng.
 Raise loud their songs of tri - umph To cel - e - brate the feast.
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That faith - ful hearts ex - pect!



We know not, oh, we know not What joys a - wait us there:
 The Prince is ev - er with them; The day - light is se - rene;
 They sing to Christ their lead - er, Who con - quered in the fight,
 In mer - cy, Je - sus, bring us To that e - ter - nal rest



The ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, The bliss be - yond com - pare!
 The cit - y of the bless - ed Shines bright with glo - rious sheen.
 Who won for them for - ev - er Their gleam - ing robes of white.
 With You and God the Fa - ther And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

*Text: Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent.;
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
 Tune: Alexander C. Ewing, 1830–95, alt.
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The King Shall Come When Morning Dawns

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1 The King shall come when morn-ing dawns And light tri - um-phant breaks,
2 Not as of old a lit - tle child, To bear and fight and die,
3 Oh, bright-er than the ris - ing morn When Christ, vic - to-rious, rose
4 Oh, bright-er than that glo - rious morn Shall dawn up - on our race
5 The King shall come when morn-ing dawns And light and beau - ty brings.



When beau - ty gilds the east - ern hills And life to joy a-wakes.
But crowned with glo - ry like the sun That lights the morn-ing sky.
And left the lone-some place of death De - spite the rage of foes.
The day when Christ in splen-dor comes And we shall see His face.
Hail, Christ the Lord! Your peo - ple pray: Come quick-ly, King of kings!

*Text: John Brownlie, 1859–1925, alt.
Tune: Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second,
1813, Harrisburg, ed. John Wyeth
Text and Tune: Public domain*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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