

"Jerusalem the Golden"

by Bernard of Morlas, c. 1140, cento Tr John M. Neale, 1849

Hymn #613 The Lutheran Hymnal Text: Revelation 21:18 JUDGMENT

1. Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2. They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3. There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4. O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Cross and Comfort Insert

<i>Lord, Thee I Love with All My Heart [Cross and Comfort]</i>	1
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"Lord, Thee I Love with All My Heart"

by Martin Schalling, c. 1567 Tr Catherine Winkworth, 1863

Hymn #429 The Lutheran Hymnal Text: Psalm 18 CROSS and COMFORT

1. Lord, Thee I love with all my heart; I pray Thee ne'er from me depart,
With tender mercies cheer me.
Earth has no pleasure I would share, Yea, heaven itself were void and bare
If Thou, Lord, wert not near me.
And should my heart for sorrow break, My trust in Thee no one could shake.
Thou art the Portion I have sought; Thy precious blood my soul has bought.
Lord Jesus Christ, My God and Lord, my God and Lord, Forsake me not!
I trust Thy Word.
2. Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy rich bounty gave My body, soul, and all I have
In this poor life of labor.
Lord, grant that I in every place May glorify Thy lavish grace
And serve and help my neighbor.
Let no false doctrine me beguile And Satan not my soul defile.
Give strength and patience unto me To bear my cross and follow Thee.
Lord Jesus Christ, My God and Lord, my God and Lord,
In death Thy comfort still afford.
3. Lord, let at last Thine angels come, To Abram's bosom bear me home,
That I may die unfearing;
And in its narrow chamber keep My body safe in peaceful sleep
Until Thy reappearing.
And then from death awaken me That these mine eyes with joy may see,
O Son of God, Thy glorious face, My Savior and my Fount of grace,
Lord Jesus Christ, My prayer attend, my prayer attend,
And I will praise Thee without end. Amen.

“When in the Hour of Utmost Need”

by Paul Eber, 1560 Based from the Latin hymn by Joachim Camerarius

Translated by: Caatherine Winkworth, 1858, alt.

Hymn #522 The Lutheran Hymnal Text: 2 Chron. 20: 12 CROSS and COMFORT

1. When in the hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid;
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought,
2. Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For rescue from our misery;
3. To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek Thy pardon for our sin
And respite from our griefs within.
4. For Thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to Thee
Through Him whose name alone is great,
Our Savior and our Advocate.
5. And thus we come, O God, today
And all our woes before Thee lay;
For sorely tried, cast down, we stand,
Perplexed by fears on every hand.
6. Ah! hide not for our sins Thy face,
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace,
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill,
7. That so with all our hearts we may
To Thee our glad thanksgiving pay,
Then walk obedient to Thy Word
And now and ever praise Thee, Lord. Amen.

"Wake, Awake, for Night is Flying"

by Philipp Nicolai, 1599 Tr Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

Hymn #609 The Lutheran Hymnal Text: Matthew 25: 1-13 JUDGMENT

1. "Wake, awake, for night is flying,"
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
"Awake, Jerusalem, arise!"
Midnight hears the welcome voices
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
"Oh, where are ye, ye virgins wise?
The Bridegroom comes, awake!
Your lamps with gladness take!
Hallelujah!
With bridal care Yourselves prepare
To meet the Bridegroom, who is near."
2. Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come.
"Now come, Thou Blessed One,
Lord Jesus, God's own Son,
Hail! Hosanna!
The joyful call We answer all
And follow to the nuptial hall."
3. Now let all the heav'ns adore Thee,
Let men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where, dwelling with the choir immortal,
We gather round Thy radiant throne.
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such great glory;
Therefore will we Eternally
Sing hymns of praise and joy to Thee. Amen.