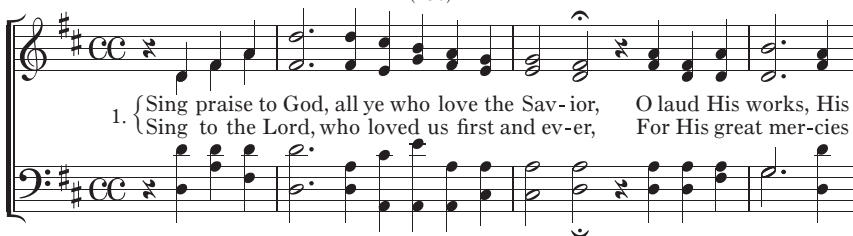


191 Sing Praise to God, All Ye Who Love the Savior

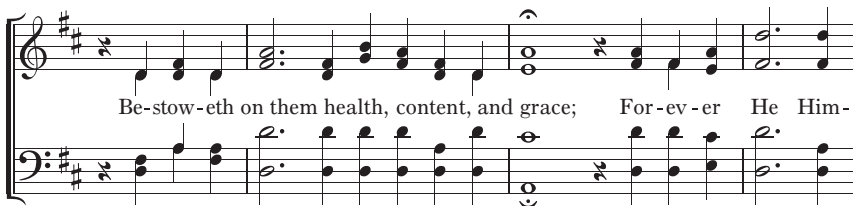
(180)




1. { Sing praise to God, all ye who love the Sav-ior, O laud His works, His
Sing to the Lord, who loved us first and ev-er, For His great mer-cies



faith-ful-ness so true! } With love and fa-vor all His own He meet-eth,
ev - ery morn are new! }



Be-stow-eth on them health, content, and grace; For-ev-er He Him-



self with them u - nit - eth And giv-eth them in heav'n a-bove a place.

2. Ye children of the cov'nant, love Him ever, Ye who have died unto the world and sin,
Who in the death of this our conq'ring Savior, And through Baptism buried are with Him!
In love profound His life and blood He gave us, From sin and guilt redeemed us here below;
He, for a life renewed in Him, did save us, And henceforth us His love and grace doth show.

3. O gracious Savior, Thou hast left us duly Thy dear example, and we follow Thee;
O now enfold us with Thy love most truly, That willing bearers of Thy shame we be!
How blest, all this for Thy sake to be sharing! Thou dwell'st in us, we follow faithfully.
Through crosses here Thou art Thine own preparing For glory there—Oh, truly blest are we!

4. O therefore, ye disciples of the Savior, Now consecrate yourselves to Him anew!
Unite, and let your love's true fervor ever Anew to Him in your hearts brightly glow;
Upon your fellow-members your love shower In Him who chose them as His Bride alone;
He calls us brethren, loves us every hour, And by Him we are numbered with His own.

5. As His own people He will then possess us When dawns at last the day of judgment great;
Before His Father He will then confess us, And from His love will us naught separate!
What holy gladness shall at last requite us When He as Bridegroom comes in bright array,
When as His Church with Him He shall unite us Eternally—and wipe all tears away!

6. Eternal bliss shall crown us then in heaven, The crown of life shall then the Bride adorn.
There we shall be no more to sorrow given, We shall exchange for glory, pain and scorn.
Fulfilled shall be the promises held o'er us, Then we shall see Him whom our soul holds dear;
The Fount of life shall open stand before us, That floweth pure and undisturbed and clear.

7. As King of Glory we shall see our Savior, Before whose face all earth and heaven flee;
Before whose feet, as humble subjects ever, The heav'nly host in rev'rence bows the knee.
Yea, there at length must every knee be bowing When He appears upon that judgment-morn;
When He Himself as World-Judge will be showing, Of whom the present world but speaks with scorn.

8. Oh, woe to all who here His Word disdaining, Now proudly, boldly walk the sinner's way,
Whose only thought is gold and honor gaining, Who think the Christian foolish in his day.
How the Avenger, then Himself revealing, Shall recompense what every one hath done!
How foolish then shall seem their earthly dealing Who here upon the scorner's path have gone.

9. Then shall their laughter all be changed to sorrow When earthly joys their final end shall gain;
Yea, gnashing teeth shall have an endless morrow In late remorse, in torment, and in pain.
Their worm, the evil conscience, never dying, An endless fire at the spirit gnaws,
For worldly sowing brings endless destroying; Woe him who not unto the Spirit sows!

10. It shall be well, if we with tears are sowing The seed in hope of blest eternity,
Despising scorn our foes are here bestowing, And bearing persecution patiently;
Eternally will prosper fresh and vernal The seed of faith that we have planted here,
When we shall harvest mid the joys eternal And see the ripened sheaves in glory there.

11. The harvest there will truly our hearts gladden, So let us freely sow while here we may;
And let us bear all crosses that would sadden; The Father will reward us in that day.
There will the joys of heaven be unended, The pain of earth will soon forgotten be.
Here sowing-days with sighs and cares are blended, There we shall reap with joy eternally.

12. Belovèd pilgrims, in one faith united, Strive on to build the kingdom day by day!
Pray, labor, and let not your zeal be blighted, For harvest-season is not far away!
Behold, the fields are growing white for reaping, The fig-tree now is showing buds and leaves.
Up, gather in! Who in this time is sleeping No crown of glory from his Lord receives!