



HYMN 5.

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| <p>1 OH, how shall I receive thee,
 How greet thee, Lord, aright?
 All nations long to see thee,
 My hope, my heart's delight!
 Oh, kindle, Lord most holy,
 Thy lamp within my breast,
 To do in spirit lowly
 All that may please thee best.</p> | <p>3 I lay in fetters groaning,
 Thou com'st to set me free!
 I stood, my shame bemoaning,
 Thou com'st to honour me!
 A glory dost thou give me,
 A treasure safe on high,
 That will not fail nor leave me,
 As earthly riches fly.</p> |
| <p>2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
 And branches fresh and fair;
 My heart, its powers renewing,
 An anthem shall prepare:
 My soul puts off her sadness
 Thy glories to proclaim;
 With all her strength and gladness
 She fain would serve thy name.</p> | <p>4 Love caused thy incarnation,
 Love brought thee down to me;
 Thy thirst for my salvation
 Procured my liberty:
 Oh, love beyond all telling!
 That led thee to embrace,
 Oh, love all love excelling!
 Our lost and fallen race!</p> |
- 5 Rejoice, then, ye sad-hearted
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom:
He only who can cheer you,
Is standing at the door;
He brings his pity near you,
And bids you weep no more