

Oh, How Shall I Receive Thee

1. Oh, how shall I re - ceive Thee, How greet Thee, Lord, a - right?
 2. Thy Zi - on palms is strew - ing, And branch - es fresh and fair;
 3. *I lay in fet - ters groan - ing, Thou com'st to set me free!*
 4. Love caused Thine in - car - na - tion; Love brought Thee down to me;
 5. Re - joice, then, ye sad - heart - ed, Who sit in deep - est gloom,

All na - tions long to see Thee, My Hope, my heart's de - light!
 My heart, its pow'rs re - new - ing, An an - them shall pre - pare.
I stood, my shame be - moan - ing, Thou com'st to hon - or me!
 Thy thirst for my sal - va - tion Pro - cured my lib - er - ty.
 Who mourn o'er joys de - part - ed, And trem - ble at your doom:

O kin - dle, Lord most ho - ly, Thy lamp with - in my breast.
 My soul puts off her sad - ness Thy glo - ries to pro - claim;
A glo - ry Thou dost give me, A treas - ure safe on high,
 O love be - yond all tell - ing, That led Thee to em - brace,
 He who a - lone can cheer you Is stand - ing at the door;

To do in spir - it low - ly All that may please Thee best.
 With all her strength and glad - ness She fain would serve Thy name.
That will not fail nor leave me As earth - ly rich - es fly,
 In love all love ex - cel - ling, Our lost and fall - en race!
 He brings His pit - y near you, And bids you weep no more.