## 227     O Lord, how shall I meet you



1 O Lord, how shall I meet you, how wel-come you a-right?
2 Love caused your in-car-na-tion, love brought you down to me;
3 Re-joice, then, you sad-heart-ed, who sit in deep-est gloom,
4 Sin's debt, that fear-ful bur-den, let not your souls dis-tress;

Your peo-ple long to greet you, my hope, my heart's de-light!
your 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.
your guilt the Lord will par-don and cov-er by his grace.

O kin-dle, Lord most ho-ly, your lamp with-in my breast
O love be-yond all tell-ing that led you to em-brace,
De-spair not, he is near you, yea, stand-ing at the door,
He comes, for men pro-cur-ing the peace of sin for-given,

to do in spir-it low-ly all that may please you best.
in love all love ex-cel-ling, our lost and fall-en race!
who best can help and cheer you and bids you weep no more.
for all God's sons se-cur-ing their her-i-tage in heaven.