

Advent

##. Wherefore Dost Thou Longer Tarry?

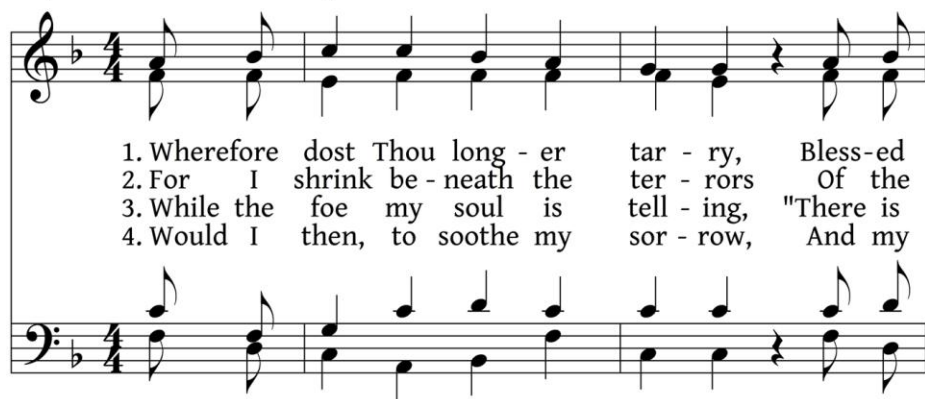
Warum willst du drauszen stehen

Paul Gerhardt, 1653

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1858

Werde munter

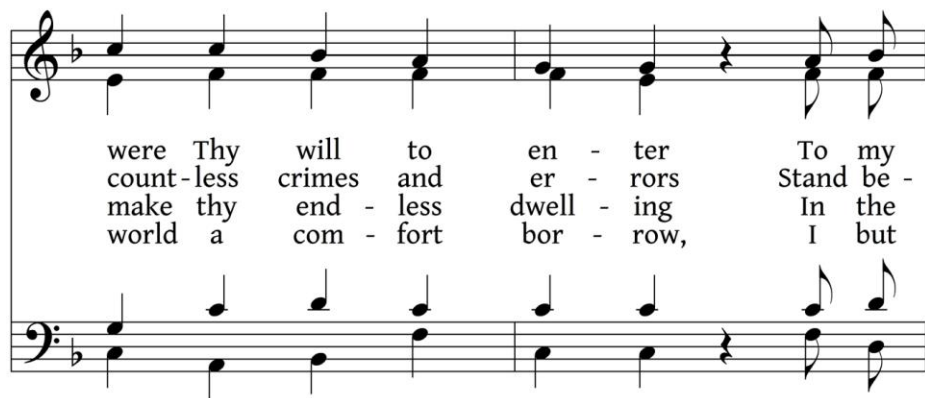
Johann Schop, 1642



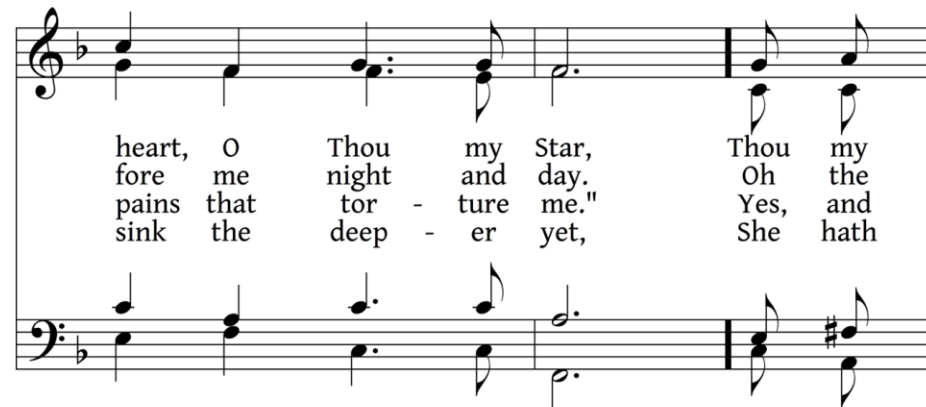
1. Wherefore dost Thou long - er tar - ry, Bless - ed
 2. For I shrink be - neath the ter - rors Of the
 3. While the foe my soul is tell - ing, "There is
 4. Would I then, to soothe my sor - row, And my



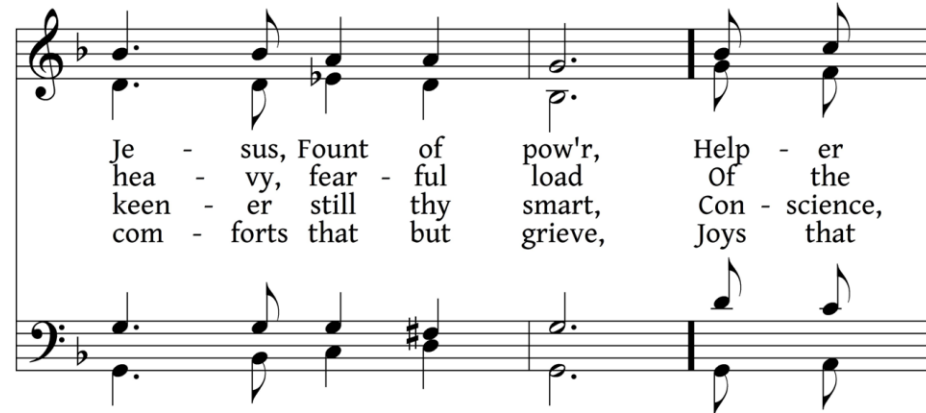
of the Lord, a - far? Would it
 Law's tre - men - dous sway; All my
 grace no more for thee; Thou must
 pain a - while for - get, From the



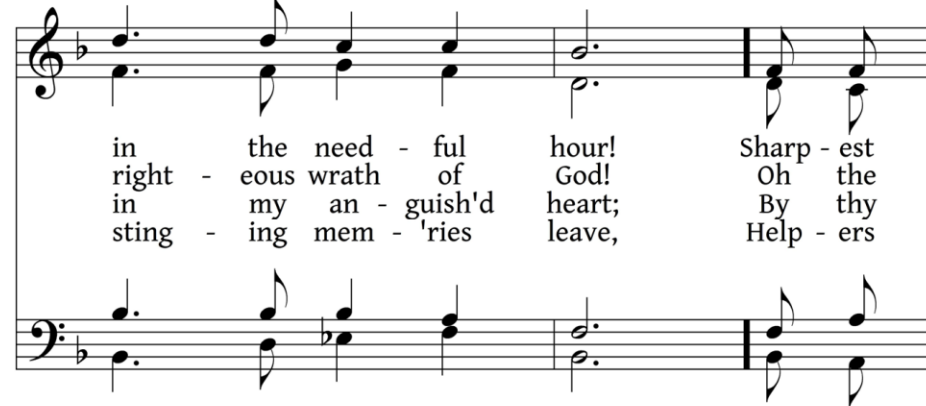
were Thy will to en - ter To my
 count - less crimes and er - rors Stand be -
 make thy end - less dwell - ing In the
 world a com - fort bor - row, I but



heart, O Thou my Star, Thou my
 fore, me night and day, Oh the
 pains that tor - ture me." Yes, and
 sink the deep - er yet, She hath



Je - sus, Fount of pow'r, Help - er
 hea - vy, fear - ful load Of the
 keen - er still thy smart, Con - science,
 com - forts that but grieve, Joys that



in the need - ful hour! Sharp - est
 right - eous wrath of God! Oh the
 in my an - guish'd heart; By thy
 sting - ing mem - 'ries leave, Help - ers

##. Wherefore Dost Thou Longer Tarry? [cont.]

wounds my heart is feel - ing, Touch them,
 aw - ful voice of thun - der Cleav - ing
 ve - nom'd tooth tor - ment - ed, Long - past
 that my heart are break - ing, Friends that

Sav - ior, with Thy heal - ing!
 heart and soul a - sun - der!
 sins are sore re - pent - ed.
 do but mock its ach - ing. A - men.

5. All the world can give is cheating,
 Strengthless all, and merely nought.
 Have I greatness, it is fleeting;
 Have I riches, are they aught
 But a heap of glittering earth!
 Pleasure? Little is it worth
 When it brings no joy or laughter
 That we shall not rue hereafter.

6. All delight, all consolation
 Lies in Thee, Lord Jesus Christ,
 Feed my soul with Thy salvation,
 O Thou Bread of Life unpriced.
 Blessed Light, within me glow,
 Ere my heart breaks in its woe;
 Oh refresh me and uphold me,
 Jesus, come, let me behold Thee.

7. Joy, my soul, for He hath heard thee,
 He will come and enter in;
 Lo! He turns and draweth toward thee,
 Let thy welcome-song begin!
 Oh prepare thee for such guest,
 Give thee wholly to thy rest,
 With an opened heart adore Him,
 Pour thy griefs and fears before Him.

8. Thy misdeeds are thine no longer,
 He hath cast them in the sea,
 And the love of God shall conquer
 All the strength of sin in thee.
 Christ is Victor in the field,
 Mightiest wrong to Him must yield;
 He with blessing will exalt thee
 O'er whatever would assault thee.

9. What would seem to hurt or shame thee
 Shall but work thy good at last;
 Since that Christ hath deigned to claim thee,
 And His truth stands ever fast;
 And if thine can but endure,
 There is nought so fixed and sure,
 As that thou shalt hymn His praises
 In the happy heav'nly places.