

CW 208 Great God, What Do I See And Hear

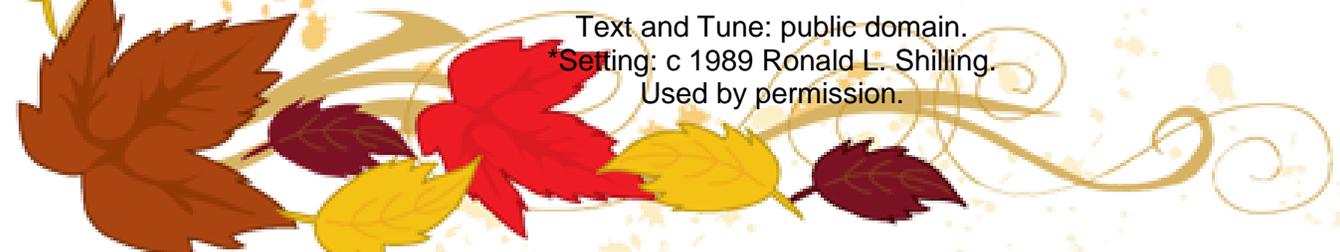
Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created;
The judge of mankind shall appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

The dead in Christ shall first arise
At that last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners filled with guilty fears
Behold his wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
They trembling stand before his throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

O Christ, you died, and yet you live;
To me account your merit,
My pardon seal, my sins forgive,
And cleanse me by your Spirit.
Beneath your cross I view the day
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet you.

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CW 606 For Me To Live Is Jesus

For me to live is Jesus; To die is gain for me.
So, when my Savior pleases, I meet death willingly.

For Christ, my Lord and brother, I leave this world so dim
And gladly seek another, Where I shall be with him.

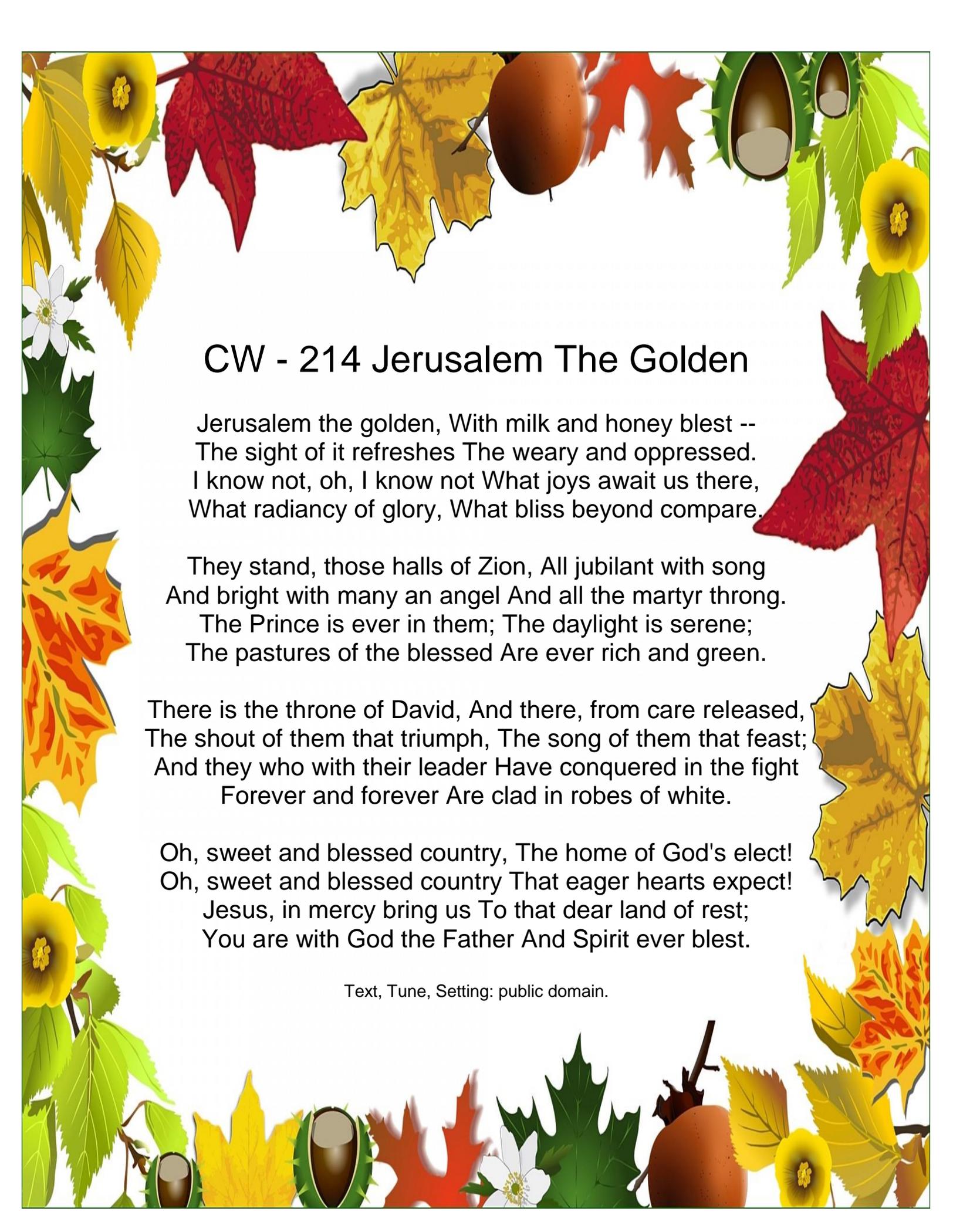
My woes are nearly over Though long and dark the road;
My sin his merits cover, And I have peace with God.

In my last hour, oh, grant me A slumber soft and still,
No doubts to vex or haunt me, Safe anchored in your will.

Amen! For Christ my Savior Will grant this unto me.
Your Spirit lead me ever That I fare happily.

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CW - 214 Jerusalem The Golden

Jerusalem the golden, With milk and honey blest --
The sight of it refreshes The weary and oppressed.
I know not, oh, I know not What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory, What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song
And bright with many an angel And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them; The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed Are ever rich and green.

There is the throne of David, And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast;
And they who with their leader Have conquered in the fight
Forever and forever Are clad in robes of white.

Oh, sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us To that dear land of rest;
You are with God the Father And Spirit ever blest.

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