

Lord Jesus Christ, with Us Abide  
Nikolaus Selnecker et al.(1532-1592)  
Leipzig, 1589)

Lord Jesus Christ, with us abide,  
For round us falls the eventide;  
Nor let Thy Word, that heav'nly light,  
For us be ever veiled in night.

In these last days of sore distress  
Grant us, dear Lord, true steadfastness  
That pure we keep, till life is spent,  
Thy holy Word and sacrament.

Lord Jesus, help, Thy Church uphold,  
For we are sluggish, thoughtless, cold.  
Oh, prosper well Thy Word of grace  
And spread its truth in every place!

Oh, keep us in Thy Word, we pray;  
The guile and rage of Satan stay!  
Oh, may Thy mercy never cease!  
Give concord, patience, courage, peace.

O God, how sin's dread works abound!  
Throughout the earth no rest is found,  
And falsehood's spirit wide has spread,  
And error boldly rears its head.

The haughty spirits, Lord, restrain  
Who o'er Thy Church with might would reign  
And always set forth something new,  
Devised to change Thy doctrine true.

And since the cause and glory, Lord,  
Are Thine, not ours, to us afford  
Thy help and strength and constancy,  
With all our heart we trust in Thee.

A trusty weapon is Thy Word,  
Thy Church's buckler, shield, and sword.  
Oh, let us in its power confide  
That we may seek no other guide!

Oh, grant that in Thy holy Word  
We here may live and die, dear Lord;  
And when our journey endeth here,  
Receive us into glory there.