

Thine Honor Save, O Christ, Our Lord
Johann Heermann, 1630, 1873.
Wittenberg, Germany, 1543.

Thine honor save, O Christ, our Lord!
Hear Zion's cries and help afford;
Destroy the wiles of mighty foes
Who now Thy Word and truth oppose.

Their craft and pomp indeed are great,
And of their power they boast and prate;
Our hope they scornfully deride
And deem us nothing in their pride.

Forgive, O Lord, our sins forgive.
Grant us Thy grace and let us live.
Convince Thy foes throughout the land
That godless counsels shall not stand.

That Thou art with us, Lord, proclaim
And put our enemies to shame;
Confound them in their haughtiness
And help Thine own in their distress.

Preserve Thy little flock in peace,
Nor let Thy boundless mercy cease;
To all the world let it appear
That Thy true Church indeed is here.