

We Gather

J. H. Van Harlingen, 1850.

G Kurze.

We gather, we gather,
Dear Jesus, to bring
The breathings of love,
'Mid the blossoms of spring.
Our maker! Redeemer!
We gratefully raise
Our hearts and our voices
In hymning Thy praise.

When stooping to earth
From the brightness of Heav'n,
Thy blood for our ransom
So freely was giv'n.
Thou deignedest to listen
While children adored,
With joyful hosannas,
The blessed of our Lord.

Those arms, which embraced
Little children of old,
Still love to encircle
The lambs of the fold.
That grace which invited
The wandering home,
Hath never forbidden
Thy youngest to come.

Hosanna! Hosanna!
Great Teacher! we raise
Our hearts and our voices
In hymning Thy praise,
For precept and promise
So graciously giv'n;
For blessing on earth
And glories on Heav'n.