

How Brightly Beams the Morning Star!

Johann Schlegel, 1765.

Philipp Nicolai, 1599.

How brightly beams the Morning Star!
What sudden radiance from afar
Doth glad us with its shining,
Brightness of God that breaks our night
And fills the darkened souls with light
Who long for truth were pining!
Thy Word, Jesu, inly feeds us,
Rightly leads us, life bestowing;
Praise, oh praise such love o'erflowing.

Thou here my comfort, there my crown,
Thou King of Heav'n, who camest down
To dwell as man beside me;
My heart doth praise Thee o'er and o'er,
If Thou art mine I ask no more,
Be wealth or fame denied me;
Thee I seek now; none who proves Thee,
None who loves Thee finds Thee fail him;
Lord of life, Thy powers avail him!

Through Thee alone can I be blest,
Then deep be on my heart impressed
The love that Thou hast borne me;
So make it ready to fulfill
With burning zeal Thy holy will,
Though men may vex or scorn me;
Savior, let me never lose Thee,
For I choose Thee, thirst to know Thee;
All I am and have I owe Thee!

O God, our Father far above,
Thee too I praise for all the love
Thou in Thy Son dost give me!
In Him am I made one with Thee,
My brother and my friend is He;
Shall aught affright or grieve me?
He is Greatest, Best, and Highest,
Ever nighest to the weakest;
Fear no foes, if Him thou seekest!

O praise to Him who came to save,
Who conquered death and burst the grave;
Each day new praise resoundeth
To Him the Lamb who once was slain,
The Friend whom none shall trust in vain,
Whose grace for aye aboundeth;
Sing, ye heavens, tell the story
Of His glory, till His praises
Flood with light earth's darkest places.