

Speak, O Lord, Thy Servant Hearth
Anna Sophia of Hessen-Darmstadt, 1658.
Johann Schop, 1642.

Speak, O Lord, Thy servant hearth,
To Thy Word I now give heed;
Life and spirit Thy Word beareth,
All Thy Word is true indeed.
Death's dread pow'r in me is rife;
Jesus, may Thy Word of Life
Fill my soul with love's strong fervor
That I cling to Thee forever.

Oh, what blessing to be near Thee
And to hearken to Thy voice;
May I ever love and fear Thee
That Thy Word may be my choice!
Oft were hardened sinners, Lord,
Struck with terror by Thy Word;
But to him who for sin grieveth
Comfort sweet and hope it giveth.

Lord, Thy words are waters living
Where I quench my thirsty need;
Lord, Thy words are bread life-giving,
On Thy words my soul doth feed.
Lord, Thy words shall be my light
Through death's vale and dreary night;
Yea, they are my sword prevailing
And my cup of joy unfailing.

Precious Jesus, I beseech Thee,
May Thy words take root in me;
May this gift from Heav'n enrich me
So that I bear fruit for Thee!
Take them never from my heart
Till I see Thee as Thou art,
When in heav'nly bliss and glory
I shall greet Thee and adore Thee.