We Gather Together

I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go; I will counsel you and watch over you. Ps. 32:8

1. We gather together to ask the Lord’s blessing;
he chastens and hastens his will to make known;
sing praises to his name; he forgets not his own,
thou, Lord, wast at our side; all glory be thine!

2. Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
or detained, maintaining his kingdom divine;
thy name be ever prais’d! O Lord, make us free!

3. We all do exalt thee, thou leader triumphant,
and pray that thou still our defender wilt be.
the wicked oppressing now cease from distressing;
so from the beginning the fight we were winning.

We Gather Together

Trinity Hymnal 363

KREMSER 12.11.12.11
Adrianus Valerius’s Nederlandisch Gebedenboek 1636
Arr. by Edward Kremscr. 1877

Netherlands folk hymn
Tr. by Theodore Baker. 1917
Alt. 1990
Lord, with Glowing Heart ...  

Trinity Hymnal 80

Lord, with Glowing Heart I’d Praise Thee

To the praise of his glorious grace, which he has freely given us in the One he loves. Eph. 1:6

1. Lord, with glowing heart I’d praise thee for the bliss thy love bestows,
   for the pard’ning grace that saves me, and the peace that from it flows.

2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, wretched wan’derer far astray;
   found thee lost, and kindly brought thee from the paths of death away.

3. Praise thy Savior God that drew thee to that cross, new life to give,
   held a blood-sealed pardon to thee, bade thee look to him and live.

4. Lord, this bosom’s ardent feeling vainly would my lips express,
   low before thy footstool kneeling, deign thy suppliant’s prayer to bless.

Help, O God, my weak endeavor: this dull soul to rapture raise;

Praise, with love’s devoutest feeling, him who saw thy guilt-born fear,

Praise the grace whose threats alarmed thee, roused thee from thy fatal ease;

Let thy love, my soul’s chief treasure, love’s pure flame within me raise;

thou must light the flame, or never can my love be warmed to praise.

and, the light of hope revealing, bade the blood-stained cross appear.

praise the grace whose promise warmed thee, praise the grace that whispered peace.

and, since words can never measure, let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis Scott Key, 1817

RIPLEY 8.7.8.7.D.
Gregorian chant
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839