

[This appendix is supplemental to the Center's 2018 printed monograph—*Anna B. Hoppe: Her Life and Hymnody* by Elisabeth Joy Urtel. All of these texts are in the public domain.]

Appendix B

Anna Hoppe: Hymns from the *Northwestern Lutheran* and *Lutheran Companion*, 1914-1941

“More Songs of the Church Year”

The *Northwestern Lutheran* was published biweekly, beginning with the first Saturday of the year, while the *Lutheran Companion* came out weekly each Saturday. These poems were collected and transcribed over twenty months, August 7, 2014-April 7, 2016.

August 7, 1914

Saved By Grace

Eph. 2:8. Gal. 2:16. Rom. 3:28. Rom. 3:23-25. Gal. 3:13.

Saved! Saved by Grace! Sweet Revelation!
What joy you bring my sinful, burdened heart!
Through Christ the Rock of my Salvation,
My soul is ransomed, with His blood I'm bought,
I'm saved by Grace, through Faith in Jesus Christ,
The price is paid, His precious blood sufficed.

I know that Death will be the wages,
Of my countless transgressions and my sin,
But when I glance at Scripture's pages,
I find this precious truth inscribed therein,
That I am saved by Grace, through Faith in Christ,
The price is paid, His precious blood sufficed!

Through Jesus' righteousness and merit,
I am at peace, His blood has cleansed my sin;
As child of God, I shall inherit
A mansion in the skies, prepared by Him,
I'm saved by Grace, through Faith in Jesus Christ,
The price is paid, His precious blood sufficed!

Lord, grant that in sincere repentance,
I humbly at my Savior's feet recline,
Let me hear this consoling sentence: -
“I called thee by thy name, and thou art Mine.”
Saved! Saved by Grace! through faith in Jesus Christ,
The price is paid, His precious blood sufficed!

Dear Father, let Thy Spirit bind me,
Guide and rule me, and strengthen my weak faith,
That when I leave this world behind me,
My faith may shout: - “Where is Thy sting, O Death?”

Saved! Saved by Grace! through faith in Jesus Christ,
The price is paid, His precious blood sufficed!

Saved! Saved by Grace! Sweet Revelation,
Sweet Gospel music, echo far and wide,
Proclaim the truth of free salvation,
Bring countless thousands to the Savior's side,
Saved by Thy Grace, so boundless, full, and free,
Saved! Saved by Grace, dear Lord, through faith in Thee!

ANNA HOPPE.

Anna Hoppe, "Saved By Grace," *Northwestern Lutheran* I, no. 15 (August 7, 1914): 121.

November 7, 1914
To Martin Luther

The world proclaims thy fame in song and story,
Historians have written volumes to thy praise, -
My pen need add no luster to thy glory,
But oh, permit a grateful heart its voice to raise!
The world proclaims thee great as poet, writer,
And renders homage to thee in its halls of fame;
Art vies with art to make thy count'nance brighter,
Paintings and monuments immortalize thy name.

Here as a hero brave I hear thee lauded,
There as reformer, liberator, thou art hailed,
Here as composer I hear thee applauded,
There as an orator, whose mighty words ne'er failed
To fill vast audiences with awe and wonder,
And hold spellbound the great and mighty ones of earth;
"Honor to him, who feared not Pop'ry's thunder,"
They shout, and "Honor to the land that gave him birth."

The world proclaims thy eloquence and learning,
Though centuries have passed since thy triumphant death,
But let my feeble voice speak of thy yearning,
For light, and truth, and peace, - let me speak of thy faith!
Oh man of God, thy faith, that rock foundation
Upheld thee through the bitter trails of thy life;
That mighty one, whose arm sustains creation
Was thy great Fortress, and Protector through the strife.

Safe in the Wartburg's stillness and seclusion
Thy faith waxed strong, repulsed the enemy's dart;
Christ's glorious Gospel, cleansed from Rome's pollution,
Shed its rays of pristine beauty in thy heart.
Thy wondrous faith, unwavering in afflictions,
Firmly trusted in Jehovah's love and grace, -
And, blessed by divine, celestial benedictions,

Thou could'st behold thy Savior's smiling face.

Oh, for a faith like thine, so strong, victorious,
A faith Rome's turbulent ocean failed to drown!
Oh, for a death like thine, triumphant, glorious,
Illumined by a bright, celestial crown!
Lord, when from Pisgah's heights I see the crossing,
And in the distance view the brilliant realms of bliss,
Then let life's vessel bear the tempest's tossing,
Oh Lord, grant me a faith, - grant me a death, - like this!
Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "To Martin Luther," *Northwestern Lutheran* I, no. 21 (November 7, 1914): 169.

1915

February 7, 1915
Teach Me To Understand

O Lord, my God, the Heavens declare Thy glory,
The firmament Thine handiwork displays;
Earth, Thy footstool glorious, tells Creation's story,
The birds' sweet morning songs proclaim Thy praise.
The fields of grain, the flowers in matchless splendor,
Bear witness to Thy greatness and Thy love,
The heavenly hosts to Thee their praises render,
Oh let not me, Thy child, ungrateful prove!
In verdant pastures Thy Holy Word has led me,
Refreshing me at the crystal fountains there,
Thy wondrous love has clothed, and warmed, and fed me,
O place upon my lips a grateful prayer!
And should I e'er forget the bounties of Thy hand,
O Father mine! Teach me to understand.

Thy Word, my God, reveals the wondrous story,
How Christ, Thy Son, descended from on high,
And how He left His throne of heavenly glory,
To give His life for sinners such as I.
For me, O Christ, Thy lowly birth in Bethlehem,
For me Thy weary toil in Galilee,
For me Thy tears and labors in Jerusalem,
For me thy thorn-crowned brow, - Thy thirst for me,
For me the bitter anguish in the garden,
For me the cruel cross on Calvary, -
O wondrous love! Thus hast Thou sealed my pardon,
O make me Thine in all eternity!
Let not my carnal heart cling to earth's sinking sand,
Lord, I am Thine! Teach me to understand.

Father of Mercies, Thou Lord of all Creation,

I thank Thee for Thy loving, tender care.
O precious Savior, Rock of my salvation,
I thank Thee for the burdens Thou did'st bear.
Oh, Holy Comforter, ne'er will I refuse Thee
A habitation in this heart of mine;
My Guide, my Light divine, if e'er I should lose Thee,
In what a wilderness my soul would pine!
Be thou my Pilot, Lord, when my hopes are tossing
Upon the billows of life's stormy sea,
Be Thou my Guardian till at Jordan's crossing
The golden gates of Paradise I see.
Guide Thou my falt'ring footsteps; hold my trembling hand,
O Triune God, teach me to understand.

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Teach Me To Understand," *Northwestern Lutheran* II, no. 3 (February 7, 1915): 17.

March 7, 1915

The Coming Of The Nazarene

Music fills the Kidron dale, - a song has just begun, -
"Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna, David's Son!"
The shouts are coming nearer, "see the procession now,"
"Behold the palm-tree branches on Olivet's fair brow!"
"For whom this great commotion?" "For whom this jubilee?"
"Jesus is here! The prophet! Jesus of Galilee!"
"Hosanna in the highest, - O wondrous, joyous scene!"
"Art Thou so highly honored, Thou lowly Nazarene?"

Lo, He has reached the hill-top, and now His eyes behold
The Holy City's beauty, the temple with its gold,
He sees the palm-tree branches, He hears the shouts, the cheers,
But Thou, beloved city, hast filled His eyes with tears!
"Hosanna in the highest" the song of triumph swells,
But oh, the solemn story the Master's sorrow tells!
He speaks the olive branches bow to the mournful tone, -
"If thou hadst known, fair city, - if only thou hadst known."

The toil of day is over, - Judea's sun has set,
Its parting rays illumine the heights of Olivet,
Its glory fills the valley, - its crimson afterglow
Is mirrored in the waters of Kidron's stream below.
Slowly, with His chosen few, the Nazarene appears,
His eyes divine, so mournful, so often filled with tears, -
See in prophetic vision the temple rent in twain,
Its mighty pillars fallen, - its crumbling ruins remain.

The lips divine have uttered a solemn prophecy,
And eager hearts inquire, - "Master, when shall it be?"
He speaks, a solemn, stillness falls o'er Mount Olivet, -

“Ye shall hear of wars, beloved, - but the end is not yet,
For nation against nation shall rise, and ye shall hear
Of famines, pestilences, and earthquakes far and near.
But that – great day and hour, when from my Father’ throne
I come to judge the nations, to mortals is not known.”

The twilight shadows linger about the distant west,
The chosen few are weary, - the Master longs for rest;
But oh, Thy words, dear Savior, shall through the ages ring
Until Thy ransomed thousands behold Thee as their king.
Until they see Thy glory, Thou Lamb on Calv’ry slain,
Once Thou didst come to suffer, Oh come again to reign!
When in Thy pow’r and glory we see Thee in the sky
No more shall glad Hosannas be changed to “Crucify.”

I see Thy words, dear Savior, Thy prophecies fulfilled
As o’er earth’s warring nations Thy Father’s wrath is spilled,
Signs of Thy great appearing shine forth in ages past,
And all creation groaneth, - “Wilt Thou not come at last?”
Master, Thy saints are sighing, “When will the night be o’er?”
When wilt Thou send Thy message, - “There shall be time no more”
When wilt Thou still the longing of my impatient heart
To see Thee in Thy beauty, - to see Thee as Thou art?

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, “The Coming of the Nazarene,” *Northwestern Lutheran* II, no. 5 (March 7, 1915): 37.

April 7, 1915
No Condemnation

“There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus; who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.” Romans 8:1.

There is now no condemnation
To the souls which are in Christ.
Therefore, cease thy lamentation,
Sinner, dry thy weeping eyes.
Tears for sin cannot atone
Though a thousand years thou moan,
Thou couldst not obtain erasion
Of one trivial transgression.

Just behold the blood of Jesus,
This alone can cleanse thy sin;
From guilt’s burden it releases,
Gives refreshing balm within.
He now calls “Come unto me,
That thy faith at rest may be
In my wounds, where I will shield thee,

Ne'er to condemnation yield thee."

What can cause thy condemnation?
God is here, and justifies.
Is there sin for whose erasion
Jesus' blood doth not suffice?
Christ, the righteous, who alone
Did for all earth's sin atone
Is, and will remain thy Savior,
Thine, O sinner, thine forever.

All his merits He hath given
To thee in His Gospel clear;
Grace, Salvation, Life, and Heaven
Fill thy soul with joy and cheer;
Here the Savior's heart is shown,
Firmly trust His Word alone,
And believe that thy transgression
Shall not cause thy condemnation.

Jesus' merits beautified thee
In baptismal waters blessed;
And, as token of His mercy,
God's own image thee impressed.
Thou art His beloved child,
Though with sin and guilt defiled,
Be of cheer, for thy transgression
Shall not cause thy condemnation.

He bestows His merits on thee,
When He gives, as nutriment,
His true blood and His true body
To thee in His sacrament.
What a boundless love the Lord's
Cannot be expressed in words,
Know, therefore, that thy transgression
Cannot bring thee condemnation.

Precious Christian Faith, I take it,
And upon it live and die;
Satan or his hosts can't shake it,
Though all cruelty they try.
Christ, my Savior, sets me free;
I fear not eternity;
Resting on His full salvation,
What can cause my condemnation?

Dearest Savior, by Thy merit
Render strength in faithfulness.
That I walk after Thy Spirit,

And not follow world and flesh.
Then I'll ever stand secure
Of Thy grace-election sure;
Safe in Thee, - sweet consolation,
Naught can cause my condemnation.

Translated from the German
by Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "No Condemnation," *Northwestern Lutheran* II, no. 7 (April 7, 1915): 55.

November 21, 1915
Thanksgiving

For all the wonders of Thy fair creation,
For all the glory in the skies above,
For Thy paternal care and preservation,
For all the tokens of Thy tender love,
For food and raiment, health, and home, and friends,
For all the aid Thy mighty arm extends,
For peace and freedom in this blessed land,
For all the bounties of Thy gracious hand, -
I thank Thee, my Creator.

For all the love that wrought Thy incarnation,
For Thy so burdened sojourn here below,
For Thy travail to win my soul's salvation,
For all Thy sorrow, agony, and woe,
For martyr-death, and triumph o'er the grave,
For all Thy toil a dying world to save,
For intercession at Thy Father's throne,
For all that made me Thine, and Thine alone,
I thank Thee, my Redeemer.

For all Thy guidance and Thy consolation,
For all the Faith Thy toil hath in me wrought,
For all my carnal mind's illumination,
For all the understanding Thou has brought,
For all the joy God's Holy Word imparts,
For all the peace it brings believing hearts,
For strength to bear the burden of the strife,
For that most precious hope, - eternal life, -
I thank Thee, Holy Spirit. - Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Thanksgiving," *Northwestern Lutheran* II, no. 22 (November 21, 1915): 169.

1916

July 21, 1916
To The Lutheran Church

In beauty clad, on Zion's holy mountain,
Mine eyes behold thy glory, so divine;
Pure-white thy garb, cleansed at the Calv'ry fountain,
Christ's spotless robe of righteousness is thine, -
My Church, - My precious Church.

Yea, thou art glorious, - but oh the sorrow
Thou hast endured, the anguish and the tears!
Fightings today, and griefs upon the morrow, -
The martyr-fire, the bitter strife, the fears, -
My Church, - My precious Church.

No martyrdom, no stakes, no Inquisition,
No battlefields, no tyrants-sword sufficed,
To quench thy love, - to shake thy firm position,
To tear thee from the bosom of thy Christ.
My Church, - My precious Church.

Yes, thou hast fled from Babylon's pollution,
Has pledged thy troth to Him upon the Cross;
Thou hast endured a wilderness-seclusion;
Hast counted earthly wealth and honor dross;
My Church, - My precious Church.

But Christ hath seen thee weep in desolation,
And His all-hearing ear thy wail hath heard, -
His tender voice rang out in consolation, -
"Fear not, I'm with thee, - THOU HAST KEPT MY WORD."
My Church, - My precious Church.

O keep the Faith! Invisible communion
Binds thee to Him whose love hath never ceased.
But O the joy of everlasting union
When Calv'ry's Lamb prepares the bridal feast!
My Church, - My precious Church.

Then in His Father's house of many mansions
Thou wilt behold the Bridegroom face to face;
Eternal joy in Heaven's vast expansions
Will all thy sorrow, all thy cares erase, -
My Church, - My precious Church.

- Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "To The Lutheran Church," *Northwestern Lutheran* III, no. 14 (July 21, 1916): 111.

September 21, 1916
My Bible

Oh what a joy, when toil of day is ended,
And peace and calm steal o'er life's busy mart, -

When sunset glow with even's red has blended,
To clasp thee, precious volume, to my heart!

Oft as I read thy pure, inspired pages,
I find in them a wisdom greater far
Than all the learning of earth's wisest sages,
A light of truth more bright than morning-star.

Oh precious book, thy rays of heav'nly glory
At dawn of life upon my pathway fell,
And when a child, in song and sacred story,
I heard a mother's lips thy contents tell.

Ere since in childhood's paths my feet were treading,
Thy lamp has led me in the way of truth.
And still its beams their radiance are shedding
Across the winding pathway of my youth.

Thou hast revealed the God of all Creation,
And thou has told of sin and of the fall;
Thou makest plain the Way of my salvation,
Thou bidst me heed a Savior's pleading call.

Thou hast revealed to me my lost condition,
Beloved book, and thou hast shown me how
With humble heart, and tears of true contrition,
In faith and trust at Calv'ry's Cross to bow.

Like living streams the words that grace thy pages
Poured o'er my soul their floods of healing balm;
My trembling feet have found the Rock of Ages,
My burdened heart's grown peaceful, strong, and calm.

Thou art my compass o'er life's stormy ocean,
Thy beacon light shall guide me all the way
Through waves of doubt, and billows of commotion,
Till dawns the light of an eternal day.

Thou bidst me sing the songs of the Immortal
When I have passed the scenes of earthly strife;
Thou ledest me to Heaven's stately portal,
Thou art my Guide to everlasting life.

Thy living stream my panting thirst assuages,
Thy Bread of Life my hungry soul doth fill;
O Word of God, I'll love thy sacred pages,
And cling to thee until my heart stands still!

- Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "My Bible," *Northwestern Lutheran* III, no. 18 (September 21, 1916): 137.

October 21, 1916
Come Unto Me

How brilliantly on Holy Scripture's pages
Thy precious words, my dear Redeemer, shine!
Like sparkling gems they glitter through the ages,
And never lose their radiance divine.
Could I among these gems select the fairest,
The richest one, the loveliest and best,
My heart would choose this jewel, brightest, rarest, -
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

O precious words, what memories lie hidden
Beneath the luster of your gleaming light!
O precious words, why do the tears unbidden
Start when your glory beams upon my sight?
O precious words, so tender, so inviting,
Ye take me back to childhood days so blessed,
Ah, still I hear my childish lips reciting, -
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

O precious words, my comfort in affliction,
Ye crowned my solemn confirmation vow,
O precious words, ye breathed a benediction
Of love and tenderness upon my brow.
O precious words, my Savior's invitation,
Ye brought me to His arms when sore oppressed;
Ah, in that call He offered me salvation, -
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

O precious words, ye fell like summer showers,
When as a desert land my heart lay bare,
Ye bade me dine 'neath sacramental bowers,
To quench my thirst, and leave my hunger there.
And when, in solemn hours of deep repentance,
I came, dear Savior, as Thy humble guest,
Oh, what a balm to hear again Thy sentence, -
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

O precious words, when days are dark and dreary,
When o'er life's raging seas the billows roll,
When, tossed by doubts, I'm all perplexed and weary,
Ye flood with light, and calm my troubled soul.
Heeding your call, my heart, when bruised and broken,
Finds peace and comfort on the Savior's breast;
O precious words, the sweetest ever spoken, -
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

O my Redeemer, in Thy arms reposing,

I fear no earthly ill, nor death's alarms;
O may the hour of life's peaceful closing
Find me at rest within Thy shelt'ring arms.
And when my soul has left its habitation,
And years to dwell in mansions of the Blessed,
O then repeat once more Thy invitation, -
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."
- A.H.

Anna Hoppe, "Come Unto Me," *Northwestern Lutheran* III, no. 20 (October 21, 1916): 153.

1917

November 7, 1917
A Jubilee Song
1517-1917

O come, let us honor with glad jubilation,
Our mighty Creator, our Ruler, our King,
O come lift your voices in glad adoration,
With songs of rejoicing His praises to sing.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,
O God of our Fathers, - Thy Zion is free!

O come, let us honor with heart and with voices,
Our gracious Redeemer, our Savior, our Lord,
Proclaim to the world, till each nation rejoices,
His life-giving Gospel, through Luther restored.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,
Thy blood has redeemed us, - Thy Zion is free!

O come, sing the praises of His Holy Spirit,
Whose pow'r hath implanted the Word in our hearts,
O wonderful blessing to keep it and hear it,
Life, Peace, Joy and Comfort its Counsel imparts.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,
The Word is our Refuge, - Thy Zion is free!

No longer a Pilate's hard stairway ascending,
Thy free grace, dear Father, we strive to obtain.
But straight to Thy throne now our pathway is wending,
For Calvary's Cross rent the curtain in twain.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,
Unchained is the Gospel, - Thy Zion is free!

No longer we grope in monastic seclusion
No longer in Popery's chains we repine,
The Gospel has cleansed us from Romish pollution,
Thy Blood has redeemed us, - dear Lord, we are Thine!
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,

From popery's bondage Thy Zion is free!

No longer in Popery's darkness we languish,
Thy Gospel of Freedom has vanquished the night.
No longer we groan in our sorrow and anguish,
Rome's midnight has vanished, - Behold, it is light!
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,
From Rome's vain traditions Thy Zion is free!

No longer we tremble at Popery's thunders,
Our Fortress, our rock, our Defense is the Lord,
His name we shall praise, and proclaim all His wonders,
His Grace and His Mercy, His Truth and His Word.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,
Rome's fetters are broken, - Thy Zion is free!

We'll tell all the world of Thy blood-bought salvation,
Thy finished redemption, dear Lord, we'll proclaim,
Till every kindred, and people, and nation,
Shall hail, O Messiah, Thy glorious Name.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,
Thy Gospel has saved us, - Thy Zion is free!

O join, all ye ransomed, the Jubilee chorus;
O come, praise Jehovah in Psalter and song!
For Israel's Keeper is still watching o'er us,
Come join in the song of the heavenly throng,
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,
Forever and ever, - Thy Zion is free!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "A Jubilee Song," *Northwestern Lutheran* IV, no. 21 (November 7, 1917): 161.

November 21, 1917
Build Thou The Walls of Zion

Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Master,
Thy weary toilers are troubled with fears,
For war with its ruin, death, and disaster,
Has deluged the world in sorrow and tears;
Rachel in vain for her children is crying,
Slain by the ravage of fire and sword;
Thy Church in its anguish of heart is sighing: -
"Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Lord."

Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Master,
Thy Church hath need of Thine almighty aid;
For "Higher Criticism" seeks to cast her
Into the traps my human reason laid.

They hear Thy name but boldly speak, denying
Thy Virgin-birth, Thy miracles, Thy Word;
They scorn Thy Blood, but O Thy Bride is crying: -
“Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Lord.”

Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Master,
The wolves that Thou hast warned against, are here.
Thou, thou alone canst save us from disaster,
O guard the trembling flock, to Thee so dear.
Self-righteous man afresh may crucify Thee,
Scoff at Thy name, Thou great Incarnate Word;
Thy Church pleads on, though all the world decry Thee: -
“Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Lord.”

Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Master,
If Thou dost build them, hell cannot prevail.
Ten thousand foes may threaten with disaster,
Thy Church shall stand, though all the world assail;
She trusted Thee, when cruel Nero wondered,
Defied the martyr-fires and the sword, -
She cried aloud, when Pop’ry scoffed and thundered: -
“Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Lord.”

Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Master,
Ah, well we know Thy Church shall rest secure,
Thou as her Lord, her Guardian, Shepherd, Pastor,
Wilt give her strength to keep Thy doctrine pure.
Oh let Thy Word encircle earth’s expansion,
Let it remain our Buckler, Shield, and Sword;
Until we reach our home in heav’nly mansions,
Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Lord.

Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Master,
Their adamant foundations firmly stand,
More beautiful than priceless alabaster,
Upheld, supported by Thy mighty hand;
Their tow’ring heights point to the realms supernal,
Where songs of praise ring out in sweet accord;
Until we join that heav’nly Choir eternal, -
Build Thou the walls of Thy Zion, dear Lord.

- ANNA HOPPE.

Anna Hoppe, “Build Thou The Walls of Zion,” *Northwestern Lutheran* IV, no. 22 (November 21, 1917): 177.

1918

January 13, 1918
A New Year’s Prayer

(Dedicated to The Northwestern Lutheran)

The year is o'er. The year of Jubilee
Has left its footprints on the sands of time.
Eternal God, Thou hast not ceased to be

Near with Thy Help, near with Thy Pow'r divine.
O be our Refuge in the year before us,
Remain our Help throughout the years to come.
That we may know Thou still art watching o'er us,-
Help us realize all Thou hast done.
We thank Thee, Father, for the heav'nly blessing
Each day and hour upon Thy children poured, -
Sun, moon, and stars through trackless space progressing
Tell of Thy Love, by thankless man ignored.
Eternal One, forgive us our transgression,
Reward us not, according to our guilt,
Neath sin's great load we humbly make confession,

Let Grace abound, - on Christ our hopes are built.
Under His Cross, for daily pardon pleading,
There to be clothed in righteousness divine, -
Help us to heed Thy Holy Spirit's leading, -
Erect within our hearts Thy sacred shrine.
Remain with us, O Triune God, forever, -
Abide with us, in Sacrament and Word; -
Naught from Thy Love divine our souls can sever; -
Amen, - so let it ever be, dear Lord.

Anna Hoppe.ⁱ

Anna Hoppe, "A New Year's Prayer," *Northwestern Lutheran* V, no. 1 (January 13, 1918): 1.

March 24, 1918

He Is Risen!

O joy unspeakable! My Lord is risen!
My Jesus lives! He lives to die no more!
At break of day He burst His rock-sealed prison,
The morning dawns! Death's gloomy night is o'er!
O what a peace this truth my spirit gives: -
My crucified Redeemer lives! He lives!

The Conqueror appears! The scene is glorious!

Laurels eternal crown His hallowed brow!
The battle o'er, its Hero stands victorious, -
Where is, O Grave, Thy boasted vict'ry now?
In vain the rock, in vain the guarded door,
My Jesus lives! He lives to die no more!

O come ye comfortless! Linger no longer
Cheerless and sad on Calv'ry's cruel heights.
Though Death was strong, its Conqueror is stronger,
He lives! He lives, in Whom your heart delights!
Come, let the Living One dispel your gloom,
The Lord of Life is risen from the tomb!

Lion of Judah! Hail, triumphant Jesus!
Victorious One, the glory all is Thine!
From Satan's dominion Thou didst release us,
Thou Lord of Lords, Thou conqueror divine!
King of all Kings, come, - take Thy blood-bought crown,
Thou, Thou alone hast trod the serpent down!

O joy unspeakable! The Rock is riven!
I groan no more in Satan's strong enthrall,
Cancelled my debt, my guilt and sin forgiven,
My Jesus lives! He lives Who paid it all!
Tho' sin's dark stain my heart and soul defiled,
My Jesus lives! My God is reconciled!

O precious Redeemer! Savior immortal!
Since Thou hast arisen, we too shall rise.
O hasten the day when each grave's sealed portal
Shall burst when Thy glory illumines the skies!
Hail, Risen One! Hail! Thy Name we adore!
Reign over us! Reign! Reign forevermore!

Anna Hoppe, "He Is Risen!," *Northwestern Lutheran V*, no. 6 (March 24, 1918): 41.

September 8, 1918
The Throne of Grace

Savior, my soul hath heard Thee say,
And trusts Thy promise sure: -
"Though heav'n and earth shall pass away,
My word shall still endure."

Thy Word eternal, tenderly
Removes all fear and doubt;
The burdened one who comes to Thee
Thou never will cast out.

When thunder-clouds of Sinai
Would hide my Father's face,
To Calvary Thou bidst me fly,
And there implore Thy grace.

I'm coming, burdened down with guilt,
O Lamb of God, to Thee;
Thy precious Blood, for sinners spilt,
Can cleanse, can set me free.

Thy promise still is sure, dear Lord,
And thou art still the same,
Trusting in Thy Eternal Word,
O blessed Christ, I came!

Life's anxious cares I cast on Thee,
My Mediator, - Friend;
For He, with Whom Thou plead'st for me,
Help and relief can send.

The rest I sought, I found in Thee,
Now all is calm within,
And Thy forgiveness, full and free,
Has cancelled all my sin.

Each day and hour, till life shall cease,
Thy Mercy-Seat I'll seek,
For pardon, blessing, grace, and peace, -
For strength when I am weak.

O let me seek Thy throne of grace,
And all my needs supply,
Until I see Thee face to face
Beyond the starry sky.

- Anna Hoppe

Anna Hoppe, "The Throne of Grace," *Northwestern Lutheran* V, no. 18 (September 8, 1918): 137.

December 1, 1918.
Lead Me To The Rock
Psalm 61:2

Thou Whose exalted Name the hosts extol,
Who in the spheres on high behold Thy face,
Thou at Whose Word the might planets roll
Through trackless realms of vast, celestial space; -
Thou who hast laid the earth's foundation,
Thou mighty Lord of all creation,
Hear, I beseech Thee, Thy creature's pleading cry: -
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

I'm but a vessel. Thou art the potter
Whose hand divine hath deigned to form this clay.
Without Thine aid I tremble and totter,
I fall if Thou takest Thine hand away.
I live, while Thou deignest to give me breath,
And life is extinct, when Thy will is death.
But oh, while life lingers, with David I'll cry: -
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

I cannot fathom, - cannot comprehend
The wonders Thine almighty hand hath wrought.
O teach my carnal mind to humbly bend
Its reason to the Truth Thy Word hath taught.
In the wisdom of earth no peace I find,
Its learning is vain, - its unbelief blind.
But the psalmist of old has taught me to cry: -
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Thine Israel in barren desert land,
Famished by thirst, to Thee for succor cried;
When prayerful Moses lifted up his hand,
And smote the Rock, which like a stream supplied
Water abundant. Thine almighty pow'r
Sustained Thy people in the evil hour.
Thou Guardian of Israel, who reignest on high.
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Fleeing from Jezebel's persecution,
In the clefts of the Rock Thy prophets found

A shelter secure, - a safe seclusion
From the cruel foes in the camps around;
To the clefts of the Rock Elijah fled
When Baal's defenders on Carmel lay dead.
Thou God of the Prophets, hear also my cry: -
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

O lead Thy child to the Rock, dear Father,
To the Rock divine, that's higher than I.
When clouds in my life's horizon gather,
Or when joys beam forth from a cloudless sky.
I need Thee when happiness comes to bless,
I need Thee when sorrow my heart oppress.
O leave not unanswered Thy child's humble cry: -
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Thou art my Rock, O gracious Father mine,
My sure Defense, in Whom I place my trust,
All pow'r on earth, all pow'r in Heav'n is Thine,
I'm but a helpless atom of the dust.
Thou Author of Life, in Thee do I live,
Thou alone the life-giving breath canst give;
Each moment of life to Thy throne I'll cry: -
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Thou art my Rock, O Christ, to Thee I flee,
When angry billows o'er life's ocean roll;
Thou art my Rock, on Calv'ry cleft for me,
Thou art the anchor of my troubled soul;
In Thee I trust, in Thee I can confide,
For Thou wilt hide me in Thy riven side.
O pass my petition, dear Master, not by: -
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Thou art the Rock, the sure Foundation-Stone,
That God within the walls of Zion laid.
Thou Rock of Ages, Thou and Thou alone
Hast for the guilt of earth atonement made.
Lead Thou my soul to Calv'ry's cross-crowned brow;
O Friend of Sinners, save me; save me now!
Fleeing from Sinai's thunderings I cry: -
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Thou art my Rock, Thou Triune God on high,
My Fortress, Stronghold, Refuge, Shield, and Tow'r;
My Hiding-Place, to Whose safe clefts I fly,
When Satan manifests his awful pow'r.
Hide me in Thee till life's journey is past,
Till I cast anchor in Heaven at last;
Until I behold Thee in mansions on high,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
- ANNA HOPPE.

Anna Hoppe, "Lead Me To The Rock," *Northwestern Lutheran* V, no. 24 (December 1, 1918): 185.

1919

January 12, 1919
"His Name Was Called Jesus"
Luke 2:21.

Jesus, O precious Name,
By Heaven's herald spoken;
Jesus, O Holy Name,
Of Love Divine the token,
Jesus, in Thy dear Name
This New Year we begin,
Bless Thou its op'ning door,
Inscribe Thy Name within.

Jesus, O precious Name,
Known ere the earth's creation,
Jesus, O sweetest Name
In angels' adoration,
No jeweled diadem
Nor glitt'ring stars of morn
Excel in brilliancy
Thy Name, O Virgin-born!
Jesus, O precious Name,
From sin and wrath Thou savest,
Jesus, O blessed Name,
Forgiveness free Thou gavest,
When in the Book of Life
Our debt of sin lay bare,
In Thee, O Name Divine
God penned His "Cancelled" there.

Jesus, O precious Name,
Thou harbinger of glory,
Jesus, most sacred Name
In hallowed song and story;
O Name more beautiful
Than gems of purest gold,
Thou bringest hope and peace,
And love and joy untold.

Jesus, O precious Name,
Be praised throughout the ages,
Jesus, O glorious Name
No wisdom of the sages
A sweeter sound could find
Thy beauty to express
Nor word more wonderful
Thy power to confess.

Jesus, O precious Name,
In Thee our hopes are centered,
In Thee, O Mighty Name,
This New Year we have entered.
Seasons may come and go,
Thou, Lord, art still the same;
Immovable is still
That solid Rock, Thy Name.

Jesus, O precious Name,
Thou bringest peace and gladness;
Jesus, O worshipped Name,
Dispeller of our sadness;
In hallowed Temple halls
Thy sacred echo rings,
While Heaven's ransomed host
Thy praise in glory sings.

Jesus, O precious Name,
By Heaven's herald spoken,
Jesus, O Holy Name,
Of Love Divine the token.
Jesus, in Thee we live,
Jesus, in Thee we die;

Jesus, Thy Name we'll praise
Eternally on high.

- ANNA HOPPE.

New Year's Eve, Nineteen Eighteen.ⁱⁱ

Anna Hoppe, "His Name Was Called Jesus," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 1 (January 12, 1919): 1.

January 26, 1919
Epiphany

Why fearest thou, O Herod,
A pure and holy Child,
Born in a stable lowly,
Of Virgin undefiled?
'Tis not thy throne He seeketh,
And not thy crown, O king,
'Tis not an earthly scepter
This monarch comes to swing.

Behold, the godly prophets
His coming long foretold,
And thousands prayed and longed for
This King in times of old.
The watchman on Mount Zion
Now sounds his trumpet blast,
For lo, the promised Shiloh
Comes to His own at last.

In Eastern skies resplendent
His star Wise Men behold;
From distant lands they bring Him
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold.
With joy they kneel before Him
O'er Whose Epiphany
The heav'nly host rejoiceth,
For King of Kings is He.

Hark! Hark! A voice of weeping,
In Israel's domain,
For comfortless Judea
Mourns o'er its children slain;
In vain didst thou, O Herod,
Thy sword of carnage swing,

For God Himself protected
Israel's new-born King.

The prophet's dread prediction
In truth is now fulfilled,
Rachel indeed is weeping,
Innocent blood is spilled;
But oh, ye infant martyrs,
Torn from paternal love,
Ye cov'nant heirs, your portion
Is endless life above.

O newborn King, Thy coming
To Bethlehem, fulfilled
The seer's unfailing promise,
Penned as the Spirit willed.
Thy dwelling-place in Egypt,
And Nazareth of old,
Thy virgin-birth, dear Savior,
The Scriptures long foretold.

Thou art indeed Messiah
As Heaven's hosts proclaim,
The promised Root of Jesse,
And Jesus is Thy name.
Thou comest to Thy Temple,
O long-expected Lord,
Accept, we pray, our homage,
Thou great Incarnate Word.

Our arms cannot enfold Thee,
Like Simeon's of old,
Nor can we, like the wise men
Thy sacred form behold.
But oh, accept, dear Jesus,
The songs of praise we bring,
Thrice-welcome Guest, we hail Thee
Our One, our All, our King!ⁱⁱⁱ

Anna Hoppe, "Epiphany," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 2 (January 26, 1919): 9.

February 9, 1919
The Marriage at Cana

O favored land of Galilee,
The Savior deigns to come to thee.
Cease thou awhile thy weary toil,
Messiah stands upon your soil!

He by Whose Word the earth was made,
He Who its firm foundations laid,
The great Eternal One in Three,
Comes to thy shores, O Galilee.

The Word Incarnate, long foretold,
In humble manhood ye behold,
He hallows Galileean sod,
Who once the soil of Eden trod.

O town of Cana, blest art thou;
Come, greet your promised Shiloh now!
His glory He shall manifest
Who enters thee, - a wedding-guest.

O blest espousal, God is there,
Your nuptial blessedness to share,
He condescends to be your guest,
Who Eden's primal wedding blest.

'Tis not in vain His aid ye sought,
Behold, a miracle He wrought!
A mild command from lips divine,
And water reddens! Lo! 'tis wine!

Thou hast indeed made manifest
Thy glory, welcome bridal-guest!
Thou art Messiah, we believe,
Our adoration, Lord, receive!

Be Thou our constant guest, we pray;
O Friend of Sinners, come to stay!
Our ev'ry need do Thou supply,
Till we become Thy guests on high.

O haste the day, Thou Living Vine,
When in Thy Father's House we'll dine,

And praise in an eternal strain,
Thee, Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

O heav'nly Bridegroom, haste, we pray,
That long-expected wedding-day,
When trumpets sound to call us home: -
"The bridal of the Lamb has come."

Anna Hoppe, Milwaukee, Wis.^{iv}

Anna Hoppe, "The Marriage at Cana," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 3 (February 9, 1919): 17.

February 23, 1919

The Sower

Heav'nly Sower, Thou hast scattered
Precious seed upon Thy field;
That a harvest might be gathered,
Rich and fruitful in its yield.
Gracious Lord, Thou hast defended,
Nurtured, watered, guarded, tended,
This most precious seed of Thine,
Springing up in soil divine.

Lo, Thy field its fruit has yielded
Where Thy Kingdom's seed was sown;
Gospel rain from drought has shielded,
Pentecostal winds have blown;
Where Thy Sun of Grace in splendor,
Shed its warming rays so tender,
There Thy seed has taken root,
There it blossomed into fruit.

From his regions, dark, infernal,
Satan views with scorn Thy toil;
Threatens to destroy Thy kernel,
Ere it blossoms in the soil;
In his malice vigil keeping,
While the weary guards are sleeping,
He with scornful, cruel mien,
Sows his blighting tares between.

"Lord, behold Thy toilsome sowing, -
Whence these tares?" the toilers sigh;

“See, among Thy wheat they’re growing,
Shall we root them up?” they cry.
“Nay,” He answereth, but rather,
“Wait ye till my reapers gather,
All this precious wheat of mine
Into barns, at harvest-time.”

“Garner not the tares too quickly,
Lest my wheat ye shall despoil,
Though betwixt the grain to thickly,
They are sown upon the soil.
Lo, upon the day of burning,
Tares to stubble will be turning,
When into the harvest-bin,
All my wheat is gathered in.”

Precious Lord, Thou still art sowing,
All the world’s Thy harvest-field;
Still Thy Gospel seed is growing,
Promising abundant yield.
Guard Thy Kingdom, blessed Master,
Save Thy harvest from disaster,
For the cruel foe doth still,
Sow his wicked tares at will.

Tares of unbelief and schism,
Still Thy Gospel-field annoy,
Tares of “Higher Criticism”
Seek Thy Kingdom to destroy;
Lo, false doctrine ev’ry hour,
Seeketh whom it may devour,
Tares of proud self-righteousness,
Still Thy harvest-field distress.

Wake, ye husbandmen, from sleeping!
Haste! The harvest draweth nigh!
Lo, the day of joyous reaping,
Now is dawning in the sky!
See the grain in glory sprouting,
Hear the heav’nly reapers shouting!
Hark! ‘tis Gabriel’s trumpet-blast: -
“Harvest-time hath come at last!”

ANNA HOPPE,

Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel for the Fifth Sunday
After Epiphany, February 9th, 1919.^v

Anna Hoppe, "The Sower," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 4 (February 23, 1919): 25.

March 9, 1919
The Transfiguration

Beautiful Savior! Thou Star of the Morning!
Son of the Highest! What glory is Thine!
Heavenly Brightness, Thy raiment adorning,
Sheds o'er the hilltop its luster divine!
Beauty celestial encircles Thy brow,
Star of the Morning! How glorious art Thou!

Moses beheld Thee, Thou Godhead Eternal,
Horeb and Sinai blazed in Thy light!
Faithful Elijah, in glory supernal,
Sped on Thy chariots to realms of delight!
Glorious Immortals to Tabor descend,
Heavenly Light with Thy glory to blend.

Glorified Savior! The Father beholds Thee,
Calls Thee His Loved One; Declares Thee His Own!
Splendor celestial in glory enfolds Thee,
Radiance beams from the heavenly throne,
Precious Redeemer! Thou Savior Divine!
Star of the Morning! What glory is Thine!

Promised Messiah! O glorified Jesus!
Thou hast redeemed us on Calvary's heights.
Earth with its pleasures no longer can please us,
In Thee we find sweeter, purer delights;
Pardoned, and ransomed, and purchased by Thee,
Savior of sinners! Thine, Thine we shall be!

Light of the Gentiles! O beautiful vision!
Foregleam of infinite glory to be!
Symbol of splendor in regions elysian,
Where through the ages Thy face we shall see!
Jesus, Thou joy of the heavenly throng,
Thou art the theme of the Seraphim's song!

Saviour Immortal! First-born of Creation!
Haste Thou the dawn of that wonderful day,
When we shall share in Thy glorification,
When all that's mortal shall vanish away!
Changed in a moment! Transformed by Thy pow'r!
Glorified Jesus! O hasten the hour!

- Anna Hoppe, Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel for the Sixth
Sunday after Epiphany,
1919.^{vi}

Anna Hoppe, "The Transfiguration," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 5 (March 9, 1919): 33.

March 23, 1919
Lenten Meditations

"Behold, we go up to Jerusalem," –
O precious words, uttered by lips divine!
Within my heart, dear Lord, I cherish them;
Dear Master, take my trembling hand in Thine!
Lord let me follow Thee, be Thou my Guide,
Bless with Thy presence sweet this Lenten-tide.

Thou Friend of Sinners, let me walk with Thee,
And tread with Thee Judea's hallowed sod;
Let me in faith Thy holy passion see,
And follow in the path Thy feet have trod;
Thou Who didst come to seek and save the lost,
Help me to understand how great the cost!

Thou art clothed by mockers in purple dress,
Thy sacred brow with cruel thorns is crowned,
That I might gain the crown of righteousness,
That in the garb of saints I might be gowned;
Thou criest: "I thirst" in Thy pain and woe,
That for me the Water of Life might flow.

Thou art bound, dear Master, that I might be
Free from sin's bonds, and free from Satan's chain;
Thou art bruised and wounded, dear Lord, for me,
That with Thy stripes I might healing obtain;
Thou bearest the scorn of the Judgment hall,

That no condemnation on me might fall.

Thou art scorned, and mockingly entreated,
That with heav'nly honor I might be crowned,
That in Heav'ns Home I might be greeted,
No haven for Thee, dear Master, is found!
That I might life in its fullness obtain,
Thou on the hill-top for sinners wast slain.

My Master! My Master! I never knew
My awful guilt until I heard Thy prayer,
When at Thy cross I near Thy passion drew,
I saw Thee pleading, suff'ring, dying there!
How couldst Thou leave Thy Father's throne on high,
And give Thy life for sinners such as I?

I am Thine, dear Master! Thine forever!
Thy Blood has bought me, Savior, take Thine own!
I am Thine, dear Master! Leave me never,
Till I behold Thee on the judgment throne.
Joy divine, at Thy right hand to stand,
When I sing Thy praises in the glory-land!

"Behold, we go up to Jerusalem",
City beloved, within thy vast domain,
The King of Kings now wears the diadem,
He rules, Who once on Calvary was slain,
O let me dwell with Thee, Thou Perfect Love,
In the Jerusalem that is above!

ANNA HOPPE.

Anna Hoppe, "Lenten Meditations," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 6 (March 23, 1919): 41.

April 6, 1919
The Reward of Faith
(Reminiscere)

O Love Divine, Thou camest down from Heaven,
From realms of joy to this drear vale of tears,
To save the lost Thy precious life was given,
To ransom rebels from their trembling fears;
Thou camest down to bind the broken-hearted,
To free the captives from the prison-cell,

To rescue those who from Thy fold departed,
To preach deliv'rance unto Israel.

Anointed One, the Spirit hath descended
In pow'r upon Thee, bidding Thee to seek
The sheep whose loss the Father apprehended,
Entrusting Thee with tidings for the meek.
But art Thou not the Light of Gentile Nations?
Is Thy redemption only for the Jew?
Ah, no, Thy love, Thy grace, Thy tender patience,
Embraces in its scope the heathen, too!

Thou who didst heal Capernaum's afflicted,
Canst also heal in Sidon and in Tyre.
O Son of David, - Savior long-predicted,
A heathen's child is vexed with Satan's ire!
Its burdened parent Thy dear Name is calling.
O harken to her oft-repeated cry!
Before Thy feet, dear Lord, she now is falling;
Light of the Gentiles! Wilt Thou pass her by?

O wondrous Faith! O courage still unbroken,
Though with the lowliest her lot is cast,
O to have heard the words of promise spoken
By Him Who hears her pleading prayer at last!
"Great is thy faith," replies the Son of David,
"And even as Thou wilt be unto thee!"
He came not to destroy the soul, but save it,
And lo, from Satan's bonds the captive's free!

O for a Faith, that constant in its pleading,
Content with crumbs that from the table fall,
Still follows on, where Thou, dear Lord, art leading,
In hopeful trust that Thou wilt hear its call!
O for a faith, whose mountain height exploreth
The boundless realms of Thy eternal love,
And finding Thee, all earthly things ignoreth
To find its dwelling-place, - its rest, above!

O for a Faith, that never ceases praying,
But, like the Can'nite for her loved child,
At Thy dear feet its heavy burden laying,
Trusts in Thy pow'r, Thy love, Thy mercy mild;
O for a Faith, that in its sore affliction,

Though all petitions seem to be ignored,
Still sees through clouded skies Thy benediction,
And trusteth still Thy promise, dearest Lord!

O for a Faith, of towering expansions,
That fears not Sinai, nor hell, nor death,
But through the mists beholds the "many mansions"
Built by the Carpenter of Nazareth!
That soars in spirit to the realms elysian,
To find in Thee the fount of endless bliss,
Till dawns the day of glorious transition,
Grant us, O Nazarene, a faith like this!

ANNA HOPPE, Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Second Sunday in Lent,
Reminiscere, - 1919.^{vii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Reward of Faith," Northwestern Lutheran VI, no. 7 (April 6, 1919): 49.

April 20, 1919
He is Risen, - As He Said!
(Matthew 28:6)

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen as He said!
Stony portals burst before Him,
Pilate's guardsmen all have fled,
Angels hasten to adore Him,
He is risen, as He said!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen as He said!
He hath kept His promise surely,
Though His precious Blood was shed;
Though His grave was sealed securely,
He is risen, as He said!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen as He said!
O ye mourners, cease your weeping!
Come, behold the empty bed,

Where in death your Lord was sleeping,
He is risen, as He said!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen as He said!
He hath burst His rocky portal,
He hath crushed the serpent's head,
Passed from death to life immortal,
He is risen, as He said!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen as He said!
From the battlefield of Edom,
In defeat the foe has fled,
Christ has won eternal freedom,
He is risen, as He said!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen as He said!
He Who suffered in the garden,
Bowed in death His thorn-crowned Head,
Lives to seal our purchased pardon,
He is risen, as He said!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen as He said!
Hallelujah! Judah's Lion
All His foes hath captive led.
Tell the joyful news to Zion,
He is risen, as He said!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen as He said!

Glorious seal of sins forgiven,
He Who for our pardon bled,
Conquered Hell, and opened Heaven,-
He is risen, as He said!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen as He said!
Hell, we tremble not before you,
Death, Thy sting we do not dread!
For the Savior triumphed o'er thee;
He is risen, as He said!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is risen as He said!
Death can hold us but a season,
We shall rise, as did our Head!
And forever sing the reason: -
"He is risen, as He said."

ANNA HOPPE

Easter, 1919. Milwaukee, Wis.^{viii}

Anna Hoppe, "He Is Risen, - As He Said," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 8 (April 20, 1919): 57.

May 4, 1919
The Good Shepherd
(Misericordias Domini)

O dear Redeemer Crucified,
Thou faithful Shepherd, Who hast died
To save from death Thy helpless sheep,
We pray Thee, risen Savior, keep
In Thy secure protection still
Thy sheep who harken to Thy will.

All we, like sheep had gone astray
From Thy dear fold, and lost our way,
Left pleasant pastures, verdant lands,
For barren wastes, and desert sands,
But oh, Thy Shepherd-love so deep,

Sought, till it found, Thy erring sheep.

An hireling still to safety flees,
Whene'er the prowling wolf he sees;
Cares naught for scattered sheep and slain,
The trembling flock doth cry in vain!
Content the fold is not his own,
He leaves the helpless herd alone.

But Thou Thy flock dost safely keep;
Yea, Thou hast died to save Thy sheep!
Thy love could not endure their loss,
Thou languishes upon the cross
In pain and agony untold
To save from death Thy cherished fold.

O Shepherd-Savior, we rejoice
To be Thine own, to know Thy voice,
Bought with a price, we now are Thine,
And known of Thee, Thou Love Divine!
By grace to Thy dear fold restored,
Let us not stray again, dear Lord.

Guard Thou Thy flock, O Crucified!
Keep it securely at Thy side,
For prophets false, and worldling gay
Thy ransomed fold would lead astray;
Lo, Satan like a wolf each hour
Still seeketh whom he may devour.

O feed Thy flock, Thou dearest Lord,
Still with the Water of Thy Word,
Let Thy blest Sacraments supply
Abundant manna from on high,
Salvation, pardon, grace bestow,
Upon Thy blood-bought fold below.

Dear Father, grant, through Christ Thy Son
That Jew and Gentile may be one,
Drawn by Thy Spirit, through Thy Word
Into one fold to hail Him Lord,
Who died His flock from death to free
On cross-crowned heights of Calvary.

Dear Lord, our eyes of faith behold
In truth, one Shepherd and one fold;
Kept through the Spirit's bond of peace
In unity which ne'er shall cease. (Eph. 4:3)
As Thou hast promised, we shall be
Thine Own in all eternity!

ANNA HOPPE
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel of the
Second Sunday after Easter, 1919.^{ix}

Anna Hoppe, "The Good Shepherd," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 9 (May 4, 1919): 65.

May 18, 1919
The Sorrowing Disciples
(Cantate)

Why are ye filled with sadness?
O chosen few, why do ye mourn?
Has all the joy and the gladness
Of Easter's bright and glorious dawn
Now passed away forever,
When Christ, your Lord, departs, -
Whose hallowed presence ever
Consoled your burdened hearts?
O grieve not, though ye rather
Would see your Lord remain;
He goeth to the Father
At His right hand to reign.

Ye heard Him cry: - "'Tis finished";
Ye know Redemption's work is done.
O has your joy diminished
Or passed with Easter's setting sun?
Does this sweet knowledge grieve you
That He shall soon ascend
To Heav'n above and leave you?
O mourn not, He will send
His blessed Holy Spirit,
The Comforter divine!
O precious promise! Hear it!
No more in sorrow pine.

O Jesus, dearest Jesus!
Thy precious Blood indeed sufficed,
To purchase and release us
From Satan's bonds, Thou risen Christ,
Though all the world decrieth
This Truth and hides its face,
Thy Spirit still applieth
It through the Means of Grace
Unto Thine own, who cherish
His presence sweet within,
That they might never perish
Whom Thou hast died to win.

Come, Holy Spirit, hasten
The Savior's glorious Name to bless!
Reprove the world, and chasten
Its sin and base self-righteousness.
Into all truth still guide us,
Blest Comforter, we pray;
Though all the world deride us,
And walks in Satan's way
Of unbelief and pleasure;
Condemn its evil course.
Let Jesus be our treasure
Of all our joy the source.

Ascend, O risen Savior!
Thy weary toil indeed is done!
The Father views with favor
The battle fought, the vict'ry won!
Forgiveness, peace, and pardon,
And life through Thee we gain;
Thine anguish in the garden,
Thy Cross was not in vain!
He Who from death did raise Thee
Greets Thee in Heav'n again!
Thy Spirit bids us- praise Thee,
Exalted Christ, - AMEN!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel for the Fourth
Sunday after Easter, -

Cantate (1919)

Anna Hoppe, "The Sorrowing Disciples," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 10 (May 18, 1919): 73.

June 1, 1919

Ascension

Ascend, dear Lord!
Thy earthly toil is done, -
Thy pain and anguish o'er;
Fought is the fight, the victory is won,
Thy grave's once fast-sealed door
Is open. Thou hast burst its prison
Since Thou from death to Life hast risen.

Ascend, dear Lord!

Ascend, dear Lord!
Redemption is complete, -
For Thou hast paid the price!
Death, Sin and Hell lie vanquished at Thy feet;
O Lamb, Thy sacrifice
Grants us a blood-bought, free salvation;
Saves us from Satan's domination.

Ascend, dear Lord!

Ascend, dear Lord!
And send Thy Spirit blest,
Thy Comforter on high;
Let His sweet comfort strengthen the oppressed
With solace from the sky!
Thou Who hast died for our transgression.
Grant us Thy promised intercession.

Ascend, dear Lord!

Ascend, dear Lord!
Accept Thy blood-bought crown!
Return to that blest land
From whence Thy love hath caused Thee to come down.
Reign at Thy Father's hand!
Exalted Savior, naught can sever
Thee from the right to rule forever!

Ascend, dear Lord!

Ascend, dear Lord!
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Thou blest High Priest, ascend!
O King of Kings, in righteousness e'er reign!
Thy Kingdom hath no end!
Thy ransomed host on earth rejoices,
While angels lift in song their voices: -
 Ascend, dear Lord!

Ascend, dear Lord!
Thy Word and Sacrament, -
The precious Means of Grace;
Shall lead Thy Church, till earth's last hour is spent,
And she beholds Thy face!
Grant her Thy unction, heav'nly Teacher,
To preach Thy Truth to every creature,
 Ascend, dear Lord!

Ascend, dear Lord!
Thy Church shall follow on,
Where Thou, dear Lord, hast led,
Where Thou in triumph, risen Christ, hast gone,
To thee her Bridegroom, wed,
She too, shall reign in light supernal,
And praises Thy boundless love eternal.
 Ascend, dear Lord!

Ascend, dear Lord!
Ten thousand harps are strung
In Salem's palace-hall!
The glorious song of victory is sung.
The Father's love doth call
Thee to His bosom, - Lamb victorious!
Earth, echo back the angel's chorus: -
 Ascend, dear Lord!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

For Ascension Day, 1919.

Anna Hoppe, "Ascension," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 11 (June 1, 1919): 81.

June 15, 1919
Trinity

“O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!

Who hath known the mind of the Lord, or Who hath been His counsellor?

Who hath first given to Him, and it shall be recompensed unto Him again?

For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, - to Whom be glory forever. Amen.” -

(Romans 11:33-36.)

“Ye must be born again.” - (John 3:1-15.)

O Depth of boundless riches,
How can I fathom Thee?
How can I grasp Thy wisdom, -
Eternal Trinity?
Unsearchable Thy judgments, -
Thy ways past finding out, -
My reason at Thy greatness
Doth tremble, fear, and doubt!

O who hath e'er advised Thee,
Almighty God and Lord?
Or what hath mortal granted
Thee to receive reward?
Can erring human reason,
Thou Holy One in Three,
E'er comprehend Thy knowledge, -
E'er grasp eternity?

The planets in their orbits
Roll on through endless space.
O, when my understanding
Thy footprints seek to trace
In wonders of creation,
In moon, and stars, and sun, -
Its carnal search, though ceaseless,
Has ever just begun!

Ah, once before Thy presence
Man's visage did not pale,
When fearless, pure, and sinless,
He dwelt in Eden's vale!
But sin's infernal power,
The tempter's cruel lie,
Placed on Thy fallen creatures
The Curse of Sinai!

Thy Love, Divine Creator,
Sought not the sinner's death,
But planned complete redemption
Through Christ of Nazareth!
The sacrifice, O Father,
Of Thy Incarnate Son,
On Calv'ry's cross-crowned mountain,
The lost again has won!

Conceived in sin, and sinning,
By Adam's guilt defiled, -
Can lost and fallen creature
Again become Thy child?
Ah, hidden is the myst'ry
From minds of carnal men, -
But Christ, Thy Son, hath spoken: -
"Ye must be born again!"

O precious Revelation, -
Creator, - born anew
Of Water and the Spirit
In Thy blest Word so true!
Thou art again my Father!
The pure baptismal flood
Hath sealed the pardon purchased
With my Redeemer's Blood!

O blest Regeneration,
Wrought by Thy Spirit's might!
O blest New Birth, which brought me
Back to Thy Kingdom bright!
Saved by Thy Grace, my Father,
Through Faith in Thy dear Son, -
Grant me Thy Spirit's Witness
Until my course is run!

Thine, Thine be all the glory,
Thou Triune God above!
On earth I'll sing the praises
Of Thy so boundless love!
And when, through Grace, I've anchored
On Heaven's blissful shore,

O Father, Son, and Spirit,
I'll praise Thee evermore!

ANNA HOPPE.

Milwaukee, Wis.

For Trinity Sunday, 1919.

Anna Hoppe, "Trinity," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 12 (June 15, 1919): 89.

July 13, 1919

Be Ye Merciful!

O Father mine, Whose mercies never cease.
Whose bounties toward Thy children e'er increase, -
Create in me a heart, whose tender love
Reflects Thine own, Thou gracious God above!

Thou hast created me, and I am Thine,
A vessel in Thy Potter's Hand Divine!
And though of fleshly birth, - with sin defiled, -
Thou hast adopted me as Thy dear child.

Thou bidst me call Thee "Father" since Thy Son
On Calv'ry's Cross my soul's redemption won.
Thy Holy Spirit witness sweet doth bear
That, as Thy child, I all Thy love may share.

Thy endless mercy, loving, tender, mild,
Each day aboundeth toward Thy helpless child.
Let me reflect Thy love on earth below,
That other hearts its essence pure may know.

As Thou, for Jesus' sake, forgavest me,
So fill my heart with tender love to Thee,
That I condemn not others, but forgive,
And live, my God, as Thou wouldst have me live!

O let me judge not! Father, keep my tongue
From evil. Let no heart with sadness, wrung
E'er seek in vain for mercy's healing balm,
But grant me grace, through Thee its fears to calm.

Let me not over faults of others fret,
And the corruption of my heart forget!

As Thou hast given, - Father, let me share
The gifts of Thine entrusted to my care.

Let me e'er speak, as Thou wouldst have me speak,
And not mine own, but others' welfare seek!
Let Thy o'erflowing cup of kindness be
A source of never-ending thanks to me.

As Thou dost every perfect gift bestow
So let me give, that other hearts might know
Thy never-ceasing bounties, and confess
Thy grace, my God, in love and thankfulness.

"Judge not! Condemn not! Give, and e'er forgive!"
O let these precepts, Father, ever live!
Engrave them on the tablet of my heart,
And let me ne'er from Thy blest Truth depart!

Grant me Thy Grace, till life's last hour is spent,
Through Thy so precious Word and Sacrament,
That by Thy Spirit's might I e'er may prove
By word and deed the power of Thy Love.

Till I behold Thee in the realms above, -
Let thoughts, and words, and deeds reflect Thy Love!
That other hearts, O gracious Father mine,
May glorify the precious name of Thine!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the Fourth
Sunday after Trinity, 1919.^x

Anna Hoppe, "Be Ye Merciful," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 14 (July 13, 1919): 105.

July 27, 1919

The Righteousness That Availeth

("Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Matt. 5:20.)

How can I enter, O my God
The Kingdom of Thy Heaven,
From whose sublime and blest abode
Through Adam's fall I'm driven?

Conceived in sin,
Defiled within,
My carnal strength can never
That home regain
Where Thou dost reign
In holiness forever.

Cast from Thy presence, O Most High,
At Thy just wrath I tremble,
When o'er the heights of Sinai
Thy thunder-clouds assemble.
Where can I flee,
My God, from Thee
Whose Holy Law I've broken?
Can I confess
Self-righteousness
When Thou the curse hast spoken?

A greater righteousness, my God,
Than Pharisees can render,
Is Thy demand, ere the abode
Of Heaven I may enter.
In thought and word
And deed, dear Lord,
By nature I am solely
Defiled, - impure.
Canst Thou endure
This garb of mine, - unholy?

To Thee, my Father, I confess
My manifold transgression.
Purge me from carnal righteousness, -
Hear Thou the intercession
Of Thy dear Son,
Whose Blood hath won
Forgiveness, Life, - Salvation.
My guilt He bore,
That I no more
Need fear Thy condemnation.

Thy love, O Savior Crucified,
Again has opened Heaven.
Since Thou, O blest High Priest, hast died,

My sin is all forgiven.
Thy Blood sufficed,
O Spotless Christ,
To meet the awful payment!
Thy righteousness
Is now my dress,
My pure and holy raiment!

I fear no more the flaming sword
Once sheathed in Eden's garden, -
For Thy blest Sacrament and Word
Have sealed my purchased pardon!
Thy Kingdom's Door
Is barred no more!
Wide open is its portal!
How blest to be
O Christ, through Thee,
An heir to Life Immortal!

In Thy pure robe of righteousness
Dear Lord, my hopes I center!
Grant me, I pray, this spotless dress,
That I may safely enter
Thy Kingdom bright,
That realm of Light
Where darkness enters never.
In holiness
Thy Name I'll bless,
O Crucified, - forever!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson
for the Sixth Sunday after
Trinity, 1919.^{xi}

Anna Hoppe, "The Righteousness That Availeth," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 15 (July 27, 1919):
113.

July 27, 1919

An Admonition to Watchfulness

("Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening
wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. **** Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall

enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father, which is in Heaven.”
Matt. 7:15-23).

Church of Jesus! Wake! Awaken!
To Arms! Let not your faith be shaken
By Satan’s awful power and might.
Clad in armor of the Spirit,
Unsheathe thy Sword! the foe doth fear it!
He trembleth when Thy weapon bright
 The Word of God, is shown.
 This two-edged Sword alone
 Can defend thee;
 In power wield
 This mighty Shield
Upon the earth’s vast battlefield!

Heed the Master’s solemn warning: -
“Beware of wolves in sheep’s adorning
Who oft their garments bright display!”
By their fruits, O Zion, know them,
Until the Day of Wrath shall show them
Cast out from yonder realm of day.”
 O trust the Master still!
 Do Thou the Father’s will, -
 Church of Jesus!
 And rest secure,
 His Word so sure
Through endless ages shall endure.

Bid all error firm defiance!
False doctrine in the guise of Science
Still stalks unbridled through the land!
Battle heresy’s pollution,
And human reason’s vain illusion!
On Christ, the Rock of Ages, stand!
 When earthly tempests rage,
 Let Holy Scripture’s page
 Be thy anchor!
 When billows roll,
 Behold thy goal!
O Church of Christ, - the Cross extol!

“Saved by Grace, through Faith in Jesus” -

O spread this Truth, though ne'er it pleases
Self-righteous men, who mock and scorn.
Bring the tidings of salvation
Through Jesus' Blood, - to every nation
Till dawns the Resurrection Morn!
 Then Christ will bid thee rise, -
 Blest Zion, to the skies!
 Hallelujah!
 Through endless days
 Thou then wilt raise
The Triumph-song of ceaseless praise.

Master! Master! Dearest Master!
Guard Thou Thy Zion from disaster;
O grant her vic'try in the fight!
While the Day of Wrath is nearing,
False prophets are so oft appearing,
Like Lucifer, disguised in light!
 O keep Thy Church, dear Lord,
 E'er steadfast in Thy Word,
 Through Thy Spirit!
 Grant her Thy peace,
 Her faith increase!
Till, battles won, all strife shall cease!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the
Eighth Sunday after Trinity,
1919.

August 10, 1919

The Weeping Saviour

Gospel Lesson Hymn for Tenth Sunday after Trinity

("And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying: - 'If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! But now are they hid from thine eyes **** because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation.'" Luke 19:41-48.)

O'er Jerusalem Thou weepst
In compassion, dearest Lord!
Love divine, of love the deepest,
O'er Thine erring Israel poured,
Crieth out in bitter moan: -
"O loved city, hadst thou known

This thy day of visitation,
Thou wouldst not reject salvation."

"Hadst thou known, beloved city,
Of the peace I would impart!
Hadst thou known the depth of pity
In Messiah's anguished heart, -
O Jerusalem, thine eyes
Would behold my bitter sighs!
Blind in sin, O seek repentance,
Ere Jehovah speaks His sentence!"

Love Divine, for sinners weeping,
O anoint my blinded eyes;
Waken me from sin's deep sleeping,
Bid my soul from slumber rise!
Through Thy Sacrament and Word,
Let Thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
E'er reveal my lost condition.
Grant me, Savior, true contrition!

By the love Thy tears are telling,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Make my heart Thy Temple-dwelling,
Purged from all carnality.
Oh, forgive, forgive, my sin!
Cleanse me! Cleanse me, Lord, within!
I am Thine, since Thou hast sought me,
Since Thy precious Blood hath bought me.

O Thou Lord of my Salvation,
Grant my soul Thy blood-bought peace!
By Thy tears of lamentation,
Bid my love and faith increase!
Grant me grace to love Thy Word, -
Grace to keep the message heard, -
Grace to own Thee as my Treasure,
Grace to love Thee without measure.

Father, when in deep repentance,
Thy blest mercy-seat I seek,
When Thy Law's so awful sentence
Its dread curse would o'er me speak,

Let my Savior's bitter tears
Shed for sinners, calm my fears!
Grant His prayer of intercession,
O forgive Thy child's transgression!

Triune God, henceforth forever
Thou alone my All shalt be!
Father, let Thy Spirit ever,
Lead and guide and comfort me!
Purge Thou me of earthly dross,
Let me cling to Cal'vary's Cross!
Till, by Grace, through Jesus' merit,
I eternal Life inherit.

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for
the Tenth Sunday after Trinity, 1919.

Anna Hoppe, "The Weeping Saviour," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 16 (August 10, 1919): 121.

September 7, 1919

"I Am the Lord That Healeth Thee"

("And they brought unto Him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in speech. *** And He took him aside from the multitude, and put His fingers into his ears, and He spit, and touched his tongue, and looking up into Heaven, He sighed and saith unto him, Ephphatha, - that is, Be opened. And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain." Mark 7:31-37.)

Dear Savior, Thou Physician Blest,
Who givest soul and body rest,
In prayer I come before Thee.
The power is Thine to banish pain;
O let my prayer acceptance gain,
And let my soul adore Thee!
At Thy feet my burden laying,
Hear my praying,
Blest Physician,
Grant, O grant my heart's petition.

As Thou didst heal in Galilee,
The sufferers all who came to Thee
In illness and affliction.
Thus do Thou still Thy balm afford

To all who seek in faith, dear Lord,
Thy promised benediction.
Do Thou endow with Thy favor,
 Dearest Savior,
 All appealing,
To Thy Love for balm and healing.

By nature deaf to things divine,
My ears hear not this Word of Thine,
The Gospel of Salvation!
By nature dumb to speak Thy praise,
My carnal tongue doth fail to raise
A song of adoration.
Heal Thou me now, blest Physician,
 In contrition
 I beseech Thee,
Let my prayer and pleading reach Thee.

Conceived in sin, and sinning still,
I trembled at Thy Father's Will,
And feared His condemnation.
But Thou descendest from on high
To bear the curse of Sinai
And purchase my salvation.
From night to light Thou hast brought me,
 Thou hast bought me,
 Dearest Savior,
That I might be Thine forever.

I thank Thee, dear Redeemer mine,
That Thou in love, in power divine
Thy "Ephphatha" hast spoken!
Thy Word indeed doth balm afford,
And Thy forgiveness, dearest Lord,
The power of sin hath broken.
Thy Word, dear Lord, still endureth,
 And assureth
 Me, dear Saviour,
Of Thy everlasting favor.

Indeed Thou doest all things well,
Incarnate God, - Immanuel.
Thou promised Shiloh, Jesus.

My ears can hear Thy Word Divine,
My lips can praise the power of Thine
Which healeth all diseases.
Till I sing Thy praise in glory
 Let the story
 Of Salvation
Be my theme of adoration!

O Lamb once slain on Calv'ry's heights,
In Thee my ransomed soul delights,
For Thou hast dearly bought me!
Since I Thy loving call have heard,
I'll love Thy Sacrament and Word,
The Truth Thy Spirit taught me.
Precious Jesus, blest forever!
 Leave me never!
 I implore Thee
Let me evermore adore Thee!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the
12th Sunday after Trinity, 1919.

Anna Hoppe, "I Am The Lord That Healeth Thee," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 18 (September 7, 1919): 137.

September 21, 1919
The Blessed Physician

O Friend of Sinners, Son of God,
Who this dark vale of tears hast trod,
Thou blest Immanuel,
To Thee in faith we now appeal,
The power is Thine to bless and heal,
Thou doest all things well.

The deaf, the dumb, the halt, the blind,
Incarnate God, in Thee could find
Relief in their distress.
And lepers, pleading aid divine,
Found healing in a word of Thine,
For Thou canst heal and bless.

O hear us, Savior, when we pray,
For Thou art still the same to-day;
In faith we now implore,
Heal Thou the leprosy of sin,
Cleanse Thou our hearts, and enter in, -
Abide forevermore.

From Heaven's throne Thou didst descend,
O Son of God, Thou sinner's Friend,
To suffer in our stead.
That we, with sin's vast guilt defiled,
Might be forgiv'n and reconciled, -
Thy precious Blood was shed.

Thy Father calleth us His own,
Since Thou, O Love Divine, hast won
Our peace on Calv'ry's hill.
And our redemption is complete,
For at the Father's mercy-seat
Thou intercedest still.

Our grateful prayers ascend to Thee,
For Thou hast healed sin's leprosy,
And cleansed us from its stain.
O blest Physician, Thou hast still
A cure for every mortal ill, -
A balm for every pain.

Our lives we consecrate to Thee,
Thou spotless Lamb of Calvary;
Let us be wholly Thine!
Cleansed, pardoned, ransomed, - healed by Thee,
O grant us grace eternally
To praise Thy love divine.

Grant us obedience to Thy Will,
With grateful hearts let us fulfill
Thy blest commands of love!
Thy boundless mercy we will praise,
O dearest Lord, through all our days,
And evermore above!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the 14th
Sunday after Trinity, 1919.^{xii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Blessed Physician," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 19 (September 21, 1919): 145.

October 5, 1919

"I Am The Resurrection And The Life."

Thou Author of my soul's salvation,
Thou blest Redeemer, Jesus Christ, -
In Thee I find sweet consolation;
Thy precious Blood indeed sufficed
To purchase my complete redemption
And to secure complete exemption
From sin's eternal penalty.
Through Adam's fall cast out from heaven,
Into Hell's dark domain I'm driven,
But Thou hast died to set me free!

Thou art indeed the promised Savior, -
Thou Virgin-born Immanuel!
Anointed One, the Father's favor
Doth evermore upon Thee dwell!
My every hope in Thee I center,
For through Thy Blood Thou bidst me enter
The Home above regained by Thee!
O Crucified, since Thou hast found me,
Since Thou hast loosed the chains which bound me,
I'm Thine through all eternity!

The Law o'er me its curse has spoken
In thunder-tones of Sinai.
Since I my God's commands have broken,
In justice I'm condemned to die!
But O, on Calv'ry's cross-crowned mountain
A flood divine, a blood-filled fountain,
Cleansed all sin's stains, and lo, I live!
O my Redeemer, naught can sever
My soul from Thee! I'm Thine forever, -
For Thou eternal Life dost give!

I fear not death, since Thou hast spoken
Thy blest "Arise" at Nain's gate!

Why should my heart be bruised and broken?
Thy "Weep not" doth all grief abate!
O what is death, but peaceful sleeping, -
When my saved soul is in Thy keeping
In yonder blissful Paradise!
Why should I fear the grave's dark prison?
Since Thou from death's cold grasp hast risen,
O Prince of Life, I, too, shall rise!

Thou art indeed the Consolation
Of Israel, O dearest Lord!
Thou hast assured me of salvation
In Thy blest Sacrament and Word!
O precious Word, how sweet to hear it,
Since Thou hast sent Thy Holy Spirit
To be my Guide through earthly strife!
The comfortless Thou still sustainest;
O Love Divine, Thou still remainest
The Resurrection and the Life!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the Sixteenth
Sunday after Trinity, 1919.^{xiii}

Anna Hoppe, "I Am The Resurrection And The Life," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 20 (October 5, 1919): 153.

November 2, 1919
The Call To The Great Supper

Have ye heard the invitation, -
Sinners, ruined by the fall?
Famished souls, who seek salvation, -
Have ye heard the loving call?
Hark! A herald of the Father
Bids you of His Supper taste!
Round the Banquet-table gather!
All is ready! Sinners, - haste!

Ye who heard the invitation, -
Would ye know the Supper's price?
He Who planned its preparation,
Spared not cost nor sacrifice.

All the wealth of earth could never
Purchase e'en its smallest crumb!
They who dine, shall live forever,
All is ready! Sinners, - Come!

Will ye spurn the gracious offer?
Hear ye not the herald cry: -
"Drink, and no more thirst ye'll suffer" -
"Eat, and ye shall never die"?
Gracious call, - can ye refuse it, -
Ye with earthly cares oppressed?
Gracious offer, - will ye lose it?
Sinners! Will ye not be blest?

God hath sent His Son from Heaven, -
Jesus Christ, the Living Bread.
That this Supper might be given,
His so precious blood was shed.
Peace, forgiveness, life, salvation,
At this blood-bought feast abound!
Joys which know no limitation
At this festive Board are found!

O ye chosen! Have ye slighted
This sweet call to you proclaimed?
Lo, the King hath now invited
All the halt, the blind, - the maimed!
"Come, ye poor, from out the highways!"
"Come, - a feast awaits you, - Come!"
"Leave the hedges and the byways!"
"Hasten to the Father's Home."

"Linger not in hesitation
Till the gracious call hath ceased!
Hark! A royal invitation
Bids you welcome to a feast!
Christ, the Prince of Life, hath given
You His robe of righteousness!
Lo, the King of highest Heaven
Bids you dine in spotless dress!

Precious Savior, Bread of Heaven,
Only through Thy precious Blood

This so gracious call is given
Off'ring sinners heav'nly food!
Blest Messiah, long-expected,
In Whom Heaven's hosts rejoice!
By self-righteous man rejected
Let the contrite hear Thy voice!

We have heard Thy call, dear Father,
In Thy Word and Sacrament.
Round Thy festal board we'll gather,
Till our life's last day is spent.
Ours the risen Savior's merit,
Ours the bounties of Thy love,
Ours Thy peace, till we inherit
Endless life in heav'n above.

Hungry, Thou in love has fed us,
Thirsty, Thou hast giv'n us drink!
Wayward, Thy blest Spirit led us
Safely from destruction's brink!
Naked, Thy dear Son has given
Us His robe of righteousness!
Till we dine with Thee in Heaven,
Lord, Thy glorious feast we'll bless!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the
20th Sunday after Trinity, 1919.^{xiv}

Anna Hoppe, "The Call To The Great Supper," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 22 (November 2, 1919):
169.

November 16, 1919

"And Forgive Us Our Trespasses, As We Forgive Those Who Trespass Against Us."

Before Thy Presence, O my God,
I come in true contrition.
Far from Thy path my feet have trod, -
Behold my sad condition!
Invited by Thy Word divine,
I come to Thee, O Father mine,
In deep, sincere repentance.
Forgive, forgive Thy wayward child,

Let me again be reconciled!
Withhold Thy righteous sentence!

Conceived in sin, my words, my deeds, -
My thoughts can please Thee never,
My carnal heart Thy cleansing needs,
All vain is my endeavor
To keep Thy Holy Law, my God!
How can I cast away sin's load,
How pay the debt I owe Thee?
Vain is my carnal righteousness, -
My lost condition I confess, -
Wilt Thou in love still own me?

For Jesus' sake, pass me not by,
Forgive Thy child's transgression,
Remove the Curse of Sinai!
Hear Thou the intercession
Of Thy dear Son, Who died for me, -
Who bled on Calv'ry's cruel tree
To purchase my salvation.
O Father, let the crimson flood
Of my Redeemer's precious blood
Remove Thy condemnation!

Forgiven? Oh, what grace is Thine
To pardon my transgression!
Till life shall cease, O Father mine,
My heart shall make confession
Of Thy so boundless, mighty love!
And when I reach Thy Home above
My songs of jubilation
Through all eternity I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in ceaseless praise
And endless adoration!

Let me forgive as Thou hast done,
Grant me Thy Holy Spirit.
Teach me to love the erring one,
And through my Savior's merit
Purge me from all ungodly wrath;
O let me walk the narrow path
Which leads to Thy blest Heaven.

Let me forgive, O gracious God,
Until I reach that blest abode
And enter there, – forgiven!

ANNA HOPPE, Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the 22nd Sunday after Trinity, 1919.^{xv}

Anna Hoppe, “And Forgive Us Our Trespases, As We Forgive Those Who Trespass Against Us,”
Northwestern Lutheran VI, no. 23 (November 16, 1919): 177.

December 14, 1919
The Longing of Zion

Wilt Thou not come, my Lord, my King, my Master?
Wilt Thou not come, Thou Bridegroom of my soul?
The earth o'erflows with ruin and disaster,
O'er troubled seas the restless billows roll!
Thy Zion's wail resounds from shore to shore: -
“O faithful watchman, is the night soon o'er!”

She mourns, and pines, and sighs for Thy appearing
At dawn of day, at noon, at eventide.
Wilt Thou not come? O, is the day not nearing
When Thou wilt claim Thy faithful, waiting bride?
Weary of earth, she longs to cross the bar,
Longs for the home where many mansions are.

She heeded, Lord, Thy holy admonition,
Thy Word has ever been her only Sword,
And faithful to her heav'n appointed mission,
She spread o'er all the earth Thy truth, dear Lord.
Thy Gospel truth, through Luther brought to light,
Still sheds its rays in heathendom's dark night.

The Word has reached the islands of the ocean,
The message sweet has gone to distant lands.
Midst cannon's roar, through tumult and commotion,
It spread from frozen wastes to tropic strands.
From pole to pole, from Hecla's ice and snow,
To summer climes, where balmy breezes blow.

By Satan's hosts despised, denounced, derided,
By wrongs oppressed, by sad divisions torn,

Thy Zion's hopes are still in Thee confided,
Though all her foes cease not their cruel scorn.
O how she trusts Thy promise, sweet and true:
"Surely, I quickly come, my Love, to you!"

Blest is her peace, that passeth understanding,
The peace within, which Satan cannot mar,
Though hell its widespread borders is expanding,
Though all the world is armed, prepared for war.
For Thou didst bid Thy waiting bride rejoice,
And trustingly she heed, Belov'd, Thy voice.

"O my belov'd, cease thou thy lamentation,
Soon shall the watchman sound the midnight cry!
O dry thy tears, behold, the consummation,
Rejoice, for thy redemption draweth nigh!
Await with holy joy His "Welcome Home,"
For Thy belov'd will tarry not, but come.

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "The Longing of Zion," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 25 (December 14, 1919): 193.

December 28, 1919

Christmas Tide

("And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." - Isaiah 9:6)

Rejoice, O Zion, shout and sing,
And praise Thy God in gladness!
Let joyous anthems loudly ring,
And hush the notes of sadness!
For lo, in David's town behold
The promised Shiloh, long foretold!
In worship bow before Him,
As Lord of Lords adore Him!

Hark! "Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Men,"
The heavenly choir is singing!
O'er placid fields of Bethlehem
The tidings glad are ringing: -
"The day is born Immanuel,
The Christ, of Whom the prophets tell, -
The Savior, long-expected, -

The King, by God elected!"

O follow on, by Shepherds led,
Adore Him, faithful Zion!
He soon shall bruise the serpent's head!
The longed-for Judah's Lion,
The Gentiles' Light, - the promised King
Shall Israel's great scepter swing!
The Son of God, thy Savior,
Shall have the throne forever!

Behold the Godhead veiled in clay
Born of a Virgin Mother!
He leaves the realms of endless day
To be in flesh thy brother!
The Son of Man, - Incarnate Word,
The Root of Jesse, David's Lord,
The First-born of Creation
Descends to bring salvation!

The Counsellor, - the Mighty God,
The Father Everlasting,
Comes as a babe to earthly sod!
The Prince of Peace is resting
In a pure virgin's fond embrace!
"The Wonderful" Who fills all space
Within a stall is sleeping,
While angels watch are keeping!

Behold the Star of Jacob rise,
As long foretold in story!
The heav'nly Dayspring from the skies (Luke 1:78)
Now floods the earth with glory!
The Sun of Righteousness now gleams!
Behold is radiant, glorious beams!
O hail with jubilations
The blest "Desire of Nations!" (Hag. 2:7).

O Virgin-born, we hail Thee King,
Redeemer, Lord, and Savior!
Accept, we pray, the praise we bring,
Grant us Thy Father's favor!
Forgiveness, grace, and peace bestow

Upon Thine Israel below!
Remove sin's condemnation;
O grant us Thy salvation!

Until our earthly course is o'er,
Messiah, we'll adore Thee!
And when, on Heaven's peaceful shore
We cast our crowns before Thee,
With angels' songs our own shall blend,
Our worship nevermore shall end!
Redeemer, King, and Savior,
Be glorified forever!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Christmas, 1919.

Anna Hoppe, "Christmas Tide," *Northwestern Lutheran* VI, no. 26 (December 28, 1919): 201.

1920

January 11, 1920
The Christ-Child In The Temple

A festal throng doth wend its way
From earthly toil released,
To worship God in Temple-halls,
At His Passover feast.

Thou followest the pious throng,
Dear Child of twelve, to pay
Thy homage sweet to Israel's God,
And in His Courts to pray.

The scenes of dear Jerusalem,
Now fall upon Thy sight,
And sojourn in Thy Father's house
Fills Thee with pure delight.

Thy knowledge, heaven-born, exceeds
The learning of the wise.
O Son of God, Thy lips o'erflow
With wisdom from the skies!

Humbly, dear Child, didst Thou obey
Thy earthly parent's call,
And subject to their rule art Thou,
Though King and Lord of all.

Let us increase, O Christ, like Thee,
In wisdom, truth, and grace;
Grant that with humble, contrite hearts
Thy teachings we embrace.

Born 'neath the law, Thou hast fulfilled
For us its hard demands.
Thy perfect righteousness, dear Lord,
Now as our ransom stands.

Thy Father's house, Thy Father's work,
Shall be our hearts' delight!
We'll throng His earthly courts until
We reach His realms of light.

O precious Christ of Nazareth,
Haste to prepare a place,
Where all thy blood-bought throng may dwell,
And see Thee face to face.

O haste the day, when in the courts
Of Paradise we sing
Songs of eternal praise to Thee,
Thou Lord of Lords, our King.

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the
First Sunday after Epiphany.^{xvi}

Anna Hoppe, "The Christ-Child In The Temple," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 1 (January 11, 1920): 1.

January 25, 1920
The Master At Capernaum

O precious Jesus, dearest Savior,
Incarnate God, Immanuel, -
Blest bearer of the Father's favor,

Thou Christ, of Whom the prophets tell,
Bless us as to Thy throne we come,
As Thou didst bless Capernaum.

All power is Thine in earth and heaven,
Thou gracious Godhead, veiled in clay.
All might, all strength to Thee is given
To banish mortal ills away.
O mighty Saviour, at Thy will
Earth's every pain must vanish still.

Thou still hast balm for all afflictions,
Thou still canst make the lepers clean!
Beneath Thy hallowed benedictions,
O Thou almighty Nazarene,
The sick their vanished health regain,
And burdened hearts relief obtain!

O blest Redeemer, precious Jesus,
Physician of Capernaum, -
The power is Thine to heal diseases, -
In faith before Thy throne we come!
Hear Thou our call of deep distress,
O Friend of sinners, heal and bless.

Thou knowest, Lord, our sad condition,
Naught but corruption dwells within!
Be Thou, we pray, our soul's physician, -
Heal Thou the leprosy of sin!
Dear Lord, our wounded conscience heal, -
To Whom, but Thee, can we appeal?

Grant us, we pray, through Thy blest Spirit,
A firm, unwav'ring faith in Thee;
O grant us through Thy blood-bought merit
Salvation full, complete and free!
Clothe Thou our carnal nakedness
With Thy blest robe of righteousness.

We humbly pray, increase and strengthen,
Our love to Thee, Physician blest, -
Until life's evening shadows lengthen,
And we are called to endless rest,

Till, saved forever, by Thy grace,
We see Thee, Savior, - face to face!^{xvii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Master At Capernaum," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 2 (January 25, 1920): 17.

February 8, 1920
The Seed of The Word

A Sower goeth forth to sow
His seed of grain, so tender,
That it may spring to root, and grow,
And bring forth fruit in splendor;
By faith He sees His harvest-field
Its fruitage in abundance yield.

Behold, the fields of golden grain
In harvest beauty growing!
The Sower's hopes are not in vain,
Blest is His toilsome sowing!
In fruitful soil His seed found root,
And in abundance yielded fruit!

But by the wayside some was found,
Which eager sparrows gathered,
And some upon the stony ground,
And twixt the thorns was showered.
Nor soil of stone, nor thorny field
Could give it root, its fruit to yield.

Thou art the Sower, dearest Lord,
The World Thy field so spacious;
The seed Thou sowest is Thy Word,
Sown by Thy hand so gracious,
From Heaven above to earth below,
That it may blossom, thrive, and grow.

If it should fall on hearts of stone,
O break the stone to pieces! (Jer. 23:29)
If by the wayside it be thrown,
Where Satan's theft ne'er ceases,
O swing Thy two-edged Sword with speed,
And rescue, Lord, Thy precious Seed!

The world in wickedness is cloaked,
Its vain, deceitful treasures
Like cruel thorns Thy Word have choked
In hearts e'er bent on pleasures.
O burn the thorns away, dear Lord,
And save that precious seed, Thy Word!

But oh, Thou still hast fruitful soil,
Where Thy dear seed is growing,
In gratitude for all Thy toil,
To thank Thee for Thy sowing!
The hearts that love Thy Word and Thee,
Still bring forth fruit abundantly!
Let not Thy precious Word be lost,
Nor by the way be scattered!
Let it not on the rock be tossed,
Nor by the fowls be gathered!
Cleanse Thou, we pray, the thorny soil
And let its fruits reward Thy toil!

Beside all water sow Thou still,
Thy precious Word, dear Master!
Grant that its mission it fulfill,
Guard it from all disaster!
Grant that its fruitage e'er increase,
And in abundance never cease!

Let us not merely hearers be,
But doers, dearest Savior,
Who bring forth fruit abundantly.
Grant us Thy Spirit's favor
To treasure in believing hearts
The precious truths Thy Word imparts.

Increase our fruits of faith, we pray,
Incarnate Word Eternal,
Until we reach the realms of day,
The Glory-land supernal,
Where we shall see Thee face to face,
And praise the wonders of Thy grace!^{xviii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Seed of the Word," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 3 (February 8, 1920): 33.

February 22, 1920
Temptation

O my soul, watch, fight, and pray,
Battle every hour,
Let the tempter's cruel sway
Thee not overpower.
He in might,
Shuns the light,
And his vigil keepeth
While the watchman sleepeth.

Swing the Spirit's two-edged Sword,
Bid the foe defiance!
In the armor of the Lord
Place thy firm reliance.
Human strength
Fails at length;
Earthly power fails thee
When the foe assails thee.

In the desert wilderness
Thou hast fought, dear Jesus,
Satan's cunning craftiness.
From his might release us!
Stem his power
Every hour,
Save us from denial,
In the hour of trial.

Our strength quails before the foe,
Thine is everlasting!
By Thy pain, and grief, and woe,
By Thy desert-fasting,
Grant, dear Lord,
That Thy Word
Which fore'er remaineth,
The oppressed sustaineth,

Earthly joys today may thrill,
But upon the morrow
Burdens, cares, and trials fill
Heart and soul with sorrow!

Earthly wealth,
Honor, health,
Which awhile we cherish,
Like the flowers perish.

All the wealth of man is vain,
Ne'er it satisfieth,
Though a kingdom his domain,
Soon he falleth- dieth!
But Thy Word,
Dearest Lord,
Shall abide forever,
Faileth, dieth never!

Thou Thy holy Blood hast shed,
For our soul's salvation,
Thou hast crushed the serpent's head,
Overcome temptation,
Calm our fears,
Dry our tears,
Be our shield and tower
In the trial hour.

Thou Who multitudes hast led,
Bread of Life, still feed us!
Thou Who e'er Thy flock hast led,
Through earth's desert lead us,
Onward still,
Upward, till
We through Heaven's portal
Enter Life immortal.

Anna Hoppe, "Temptation," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 4 (February 22, 1920): 56-57.

March 7, 1920
The Power Of The Word

Thou camest down from Heav'n on high,
O Son of God the Father,
For this lost world to bleed and die,
The straying sheep to gather,
The works of Satan to destroy,
To turn our sorrow into joy.

In thee the blind receive their sight,
The lame in joy are leaping,
The sorrowful find pure delight,
The weary peaceful sleeping,
Thou givest speech unto the dumb,
And vibrant life to senses numb.

Thou who hast broken Satan's power,
Be e'er our Strength, dear Jesus,
Uphold us in the evil hour,
And from his might release us.
His kingdom is a stronghold still,
And legions hearken to his will.

Who can withstand his boasting flaunts?
With cruel wrath he burneth.
Though driven oft from former haunts,
In armor he returneth,
Endued with power sevenfold,
He strives anew his fort to hold.

But O, before Thy Word, dear Lord,
The Prince of Darkness trembles!
He quails before that two-edged sword,
When Thy armed host assembles.
O mighty Word, how great thy power;
Thou art our Refuge, Shield, and Tower!

Beneath the banner of Thy cross
Thy battling host has gathered.
Lord Jesus, guard from every loss,
Let none of Thine be scattered.
Help us to rally, Lord, with Thee,
And meet the foe defiantly!

That we may ever keep Thy Word,
That we with joy may hear it,
And thus be blest, O dearest Lord,
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit.
For all Thy mercies, evermore
Thy Holy Name we shall adore.

Anna Hoppe, "The Power Of The Word," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 5 (March 7, 1920): 65.

March 21, 1920

The Holiness of Christ

"Which of you convinceth me of sin?" John 8:46

O First-born of Creation,
Incarnate Son of God,
Who for the world's salvation,
This vale of tears hast trod;
Though carnal minds conceive not
The wonders Thou hast done,
Thou art, though men believe not,
The Father's Holy Son.

Though in Thy manhood lowly
No splendors Thee adorn,
All Heaven hails Thee holy,
O spotless Virgin-born!
Thou, Who ere earth's beginning
In holiness didst reign,
Art free from human sinning,
Untainted by its stain.

Begotten of the Father,
His glory Thou didst seek;
His own Thou cam'st to gather,
His holy Truths to speak.
Thou camest, as expected,
To do His Holy Will.
And though by men rejected,
The Father owns Thee still!

How Abraham in gladness
Rejoiced Thy day to see!
How Zion in her sadness,
Messiah, pined for Thee!
Thou virgin-born Eternal
Art still the Truth, the Way;
Before Thy light supernal
All darkness flies away.

O pure and sinless Savior,

Thou spotless Lamb of God,
Grant us Thy blood-bought favor,
As through earth's vale we plod.
O blest and holy Jesus,
Thou bearer of our sin,
From all its guilt release us,
And make us pure within.

Thy promise, still unbroken,
Upholds us in the strife,
Thou wilt, as Thou hast spoken,
Grant us eternal life!
Our hopes of Heav'n are centered,
O Crucified, in Thee!
Where Thou, dear Lord, hast entered,
Thine own shall follow Thee!^{xix}

Anna Hoppe, "The Holiness of Christ," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 6 (March 21, 1920): 81.

April 4, 1920
He Is Risen

He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
My precious Redeemer, my Lord!
He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
What joy this blest truth doth afford!
The tidings on angelic pinions
Are wafted o'er earth's vast domain!
All vanquished are Satan's dominions.
The Crucified liveth again!

He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
The Savior, Who suffered for me!
He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
O wonderful truth! I am free!
Sin's fetters are broken that bound me;
The Victor has burst every chain!
He lives, Who hath sought me and found me, -
The Lamb, Who for sinners was slain!

He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
The promised Messiah and King!
He is risen! My Jesus is risen!

His praises the Seraphim sing!
In vain did the powers infernal
Against the Anointed One war!
The Virgin-born Godhead Eternal
Has broken the sepulchre's door!

He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
His glory divine I confess.
He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
His righteousness now is my dress.
Forgiven is all my transgression;
Removed is sin's every stain,
And over His blood-bought possession,
The Lion of Judah shall reign.

He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
Who languished on Calvary's brow.
He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
Where, grave, is thy victory now?
The conquering hero of Edom
Is wafting His banner on high!
He lives, Who has purchased my freedom, -
And never again will He die!

He is risen! My Jesus is risen,
The Paradise-gates swing ajar!
He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
Messiah has broken the bar.
Wide open is Eden's bright portal;
A child of the Father I am!-
And heir to the regions immortal, -
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb!

He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
I, too, shall arise from the dead!
He is risen! My Jesus is risen!
I'll follow my conquering Head, -
To regions of infinite splendor!
Redemption's sweet story I'll sing, -
And praises eternally render
My risen and glorified King!^{xx}

Anna Hoppe, "He Is Risen," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 7 (April 4, 1920): 97.

April 18, 1920
Quasimodogeniti

Savior, all-glorious,
Mighty, victorious,
Thou hast arisen
From death's dark prison,
Conquering Satan, and Hell, and the Grave.
Thy blest redemption
Doth grant exemption
From wrath eternal.
Thy power supernal
Sinner from Hell's dark dominion can save.

Thy Blood releases
Us, precious Jesus,
From condemnation.
Thy free salvation
Grant us eternal life, pardon, and peace.
Son of the Father,
In love Thou dost gather
The lost and straying;
O hear Thou our praying, -
Let Thy blest Spirit our weak faith increase.

Grant us, dear Savior,
Thy blood-bought favor.
Let Peace unending
From Heav'n descending,
Strengthen our feeble faith, - banish all doubt.
In Thee believing,
Thy blest Word receiving, -
Our Shield and Tower, -
O grant us Thy Power
To shed Thy Light o'er the darkness without.

Jesus, dear Savior,
Be praised forever!
Though earth decry Thee,
We glorify Thee, -
O Son of God, in Thy Name we believe!
Mighty Deliv'rer,

Thou, Thou art the Giver
Of Life Immortal.
Thy Heaven's bright portal
Is open wide Thy redeemed to receive!^{xxi}

Anna Hoppe, "Quasimodogeniti," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 8 (April 18, 1920): 113.

May 2, 1920

Jubilate

("Ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy...And ye now therefore have sorrow, but I shall see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." John 16:20-22.)

Comforter of all who mourn,
Precious Jesus, - risen Savior,
Grant Thy loved ones, - sad, - forlorn,
Thy blest solace, peace, and favor.
 Thou alone canst balm afford,
 Dearest Lord.

When upon the cruel cross,
Thou didst die in pain and sadness,
Thy disciples mourned their loss,
While the foes rejoiced in gladness.
 Thus this world with wicked will,
 Scorns us still.

Savior, wipe away our tears,
When if sin we make confession,
Thou canst calm our trembling fears,
Thou canst cleanse us from transgression
 In the fountain of Thy Blood, -
 Precious flood!

Thou didst die on Cal'vry's heights,
To secure our soul's salvation;
Thou wilt grant us Heav'n's delights, -
Free us from all condemnation,
 Thou hast borne our sin's great load, -
 Lamb of God!

Though the world doth scorn today
All who find in Thee their treasure;

Lead us still in Thy blest way,
Keep us free from sinful pleasure,
Let us in Thy Word so pure
Rest secure.

Though awhile the world annoys
With its unbelief and scorning,
Thou wilt grant us heav'nly joys,
Hush forevermore our mourning,
When our earthly course is run,
Risen One!

Thou wilt crown with joy divine
Thy redeemed, who now are weeping;
O'er the ransomed flock of Thine,
Thou in love Thy watch art keeping.
Thou wilt give Thy poor oppressed
Heav'nly rest.

When the grave our friends doth take,
Tearing ties of deep affection,
Cheer us, for Thine own dear sake,
O Thou Life and Resurrection! (John 11:25)
Let us hear Thy loving voice
And rejoice.

Though in grief we weep awhile,
When our path is filled with sadness,
Soon the sunshine of Thy smie
Turns our mourning into gladness.
In our utter helplessness
Thou canst bless.

Thou art risen from the dead,
That Thine Own might live forever,
Bound to Thee, Thou Living Head,
Naught the precious Bond can sever.
Soon we'll see Thee face to face, -
Saved by Grace.

Safely through this vale of tears,
Tender Shepherd, do Thou lead us,

Thou alone canst calm our fears,
Thou with Bread of Life canst feed us.
 Thou canst bid all sorrows cease,
 Prince of Peace.

Thy sure promise still remains,
Soon shall end our night of sorrow.
Thy blest Word our hope sustains,
Joy wilt come upon the morrow.
 Then to Thy dear Name we'll raise
 Endless Praise!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.^{xxii}

Anna Hoppe, "Jubilate," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 9 (May 2, 1920): 129.

May 16, 1920
"Ye Shall Also Bear Witness"

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
Belov'd Immanuel,
Thou camest to release us
From sin, and death, and hell.
From Heaven Thou descendest,
To Calv'ry's Cross Thou wendest
Thy path of pain and woe,
That earth Thy love might know.

Thou art, O dearest Savior,
Indeed God's Holy Son.
Thy heav'nly Father's favor
For sinners Thou hast won.
Thy full, complete salvation
Frees us from condemnation.
For Thou hast conquered death,
O Christ of Nazareth.

We fear the grave's dark prison
No more since Thou hast died.
For Thou from death art risen,
Redeemer Crucified.
Thy pow'r, O Word Eternal,
Has crushed the foe infernal.

Thy Blood our peace has won,
O Thou Incarnate Son.

Thy precious Word believing,
We come to Thee in prayer.
Redemption's gifts receiving,
O let us witness bear
To all the world, dear Savior,
That Thou canst save forever.
Blest King of Righteousness,
Do Thou our witness bless.

O send Thy Holy Spirit,
Thou ris'n, ascended Lord.
Seal unto us Thy merit
In Sacrament and Word.
Though all the world decry Thee,
O let us ne'er deny Thee,
But, faithful to the end,
Let us Thy Truth defend.

O Lord of our Salvation,
Thy Holy Name we bless.
Let us in tribulation
Thy sov'reign pow'r confess.
For Thy redeemed Thou pleadest,
In love Thou intercedes,
Dear Savior, for Thine own,
Before the Father's throne.

Thou art, O precious Jesus,
The Way, the Truth, the Life.
From Satan's might release us, -
Uphold us in the strife.
Grant that we leave Thee never,
Let us bear witness ever
Unto Thy Truth, dear Lord,
In spirit, deed, and word.

Grant that we keep, dear Savior,
Thy Word and Doctrine pure.
Guide Thou our whole behavior,
Let us in Faith endure

Till in the mansions glorious
We hail Thee, Lamb victorious!
Till with the saints above
We praise Thy boundless love!

- Anna Hoppe, Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson
for the Sixth Sunday
after Easter, Exaudi.^{xxiii}

Anna Hoppe, "Quasimodogeniti," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 8 (April 18, 1920): 113.

May 30, 1920

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The Message of Pentecost

"If a man love me, He will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." *****

"Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Come, Thou promised Holy Spirit,
Messenger of light and love!
Witness of my Savior's merit, -
Waft His peace, Thou heav'nly Dove
O'er this troubled heart of mine, -
Flood my soul with Light Divine!

Precious Jesus, my Salvation,
Come, I pray, abide with me!
Love doth prompt the invitation,
Savior, come! I long to be
By Thy hallowed presence blest,
By Thy tender love caressed!

Come, dear Father, come and bless me,
Come, within my heart abide!
Holy Comforter, possess me,
How I need Thee, faithful Guide!
Come, Thou Triune God, I pray,
Enter Thou my heart, - and stay!

Grant me, Father, through Thy Spirit,
Grace to keep my Savior's word.
In remembrance let me bear it,

Treasure the sweet message heard;
Precious precepts, all divine,
Father, Jesus' Word is Thine.

Dearest Savior, Thou hast bought me,
For my sins Thou didst atone;
Thy blest Holy Spirit taught me
E'er to trust in Thee alone!
Naught my sinful heart can calm
But Thy pardon, - Gilead's balm!

My Redeemer, I believe Thee!
Bid my troubled fears now cease!
Why should earthly strife still grieve me,
When, Belov'd, I have Thy peace
Bought on Calv'ry's Cross of pain, -
Sealed when Thou didst rise again?

All in vain is earth's endeavor
To console and calm my heart!
O the world can never, never
Give the peace Thou dost impart.
How can sinners rest until
Thou hast spoken: "Peace, be still"?

Thou hast gone to Thy loved Father,
O Thou well-beloved Son!
From Thy precious Word I gather
Solace till my course is run!
Holy Ghost, till life shall cease,
Grant me my Redeemer's peace!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson
for Pentecost Sunday.^{xxiv}

Anna Hoppe, "The Message of Pentecost," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 11 (May 30, 1920): 161.

June 13, 1920
Abraham's Bosom

O glorious land, O realm of Light supernal,
Thou peaceful Haven of the saved and blessed -

Where reigns the Triune God of Love Eternal,
Where weary pilgrims find their longed-for rest -
In Thee abideth peace and endless gladness,
Thou art the dwelling place of joy and love;
When will I bid farewell to pain and sadness,
And enter Thee, blest Canaan above?

How oft I long for the sublime transition
Which takes me to thy shores, O Paradise -
When faith beholds the glorious fields elysian,
When my bound spirit for deliv'rance cries!
Eye hath not seen thy all-transcendent splendor;
No mortal tongue thy glory can define!
Ear hath not heard the songs thy choirs render,
Thou Eden fair, prepared by Love Divine!

How Zion longs to leave her desert-dwelling,
And join with saints of old, the heav'nly throng!
Still through earth's wilderness her song is swelling,
As once in Patmos' skies - "O Lord, how long!"
O how she yearns to mount on eagle's pinions,
To leave forevermore this vale of tears,
To reach, Jerusalem - thy blest dominions,
And bid adieu to pain, and strife, and fears!

O precious Savior, through Thy blood-bought merit
Grant that I reach that Canaan on high!
Let me by grace that blissful Home inherit,
That Eden fair beyond the starry sky!
O guide me safely o'er death's frigid Jordan,
Hold Thou my hand, till I have passed the gloom;
Let the assurance of Thy purchased pardon
Illume the midnight darkness of the tomb!

Thou hast redeemed me, Jesus, precious Savior,
From Satan's pow'r, from sin, and hell, and death!
Thou hast restored me to the Father's favor,
Thou, Son of God, Thou Christ of Nazareth.
In Thee, O Crucified, my hopes I center,
Through faith in Thee, I'm justified by grace,
And through Thy Blood, O Risen One, I'll enter,
Thy mansions fair, and see Thee face to face!

Grant Thou me grace to flee earth's carnal pleasure,
Fill Thou my heart with love to Thee and Thine;
Let Thy blest Word, dear Savior, be my treasure,
Place my affections on the things divine.
O grant me pow'r to overcome temptation,
Do Thou in mercy pardon all my sin.
Let me rejoice, O Christ, in Thy salvation,
And in Thy Spirit's strength the vict'ry win.

Thy Word has given me the blest assurance
That Eden's joys eternal I may share.
O grant me through Thy Spirit blest assurance
In faith, in hope, in penitence, in prayer!
Till on the fiery chariots of Elijah,
Thy Zion mounts to greet Thee in the skies -
Till with Thy Church Triumphant, blest Messiah -
I praise Thee evermore - in Paradise!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the First Sunday After Trinity.^{xxv}

Anna Hoppe, "Abraham's Bosom," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 12 (June 13, 1920): 177.

June 27, 1920

Hymn On The Installation of a Pastor

Almighty God, - Eternal Father, -
Thou ever-present, gracious Lord,
In this Thy house of prayer we gather
To worship Thee, - to hear Thy Word.
As Thou hast promised, be Thou near us,
For Jesus sake, we pray Thee, hear us.
Let Thy blest Spirit witness bear
Unto our hearts that Thou dost harken!
Suffer not Faith's bright lamp to darken;
Abba, dear Father, hear our prayer!

O grant unto our congregation
A loyal shepherd, dearest Lord.
Bless Thou, we pray, his ministration
Of Thy pure Sacrament and Word!
With heav'nly manna do Thou feed us,
In Scripture's verdant pastures lead us!

Lord of the Church, - forsake us not!
Guard us from unbelief's disasters,
Give strength unto Thy faithful pastors
To preach the Truth, by Jesus taught!

O keep in Thy divine protection
The ministry, ordained by Thee.
Guard Thy pure doctrine from infection!
Stem worldly wisdom's tyranny!
O grant us love Thy Truth to cherish!
Let reason's vain conceptions perish!
Hold Thou us captive in Thy Word!
Preserve, we pray, that priceless treasure!
Thy pow'r alone, in boundless measure
The strength to battle can afford.

Protect Thy Church! Protect her altars!
Sustain her pastors by Thy might!
Our feeble Faith so often falters,
When clouds of earth obscure Thy Light.
O Triune God, cease not to bless us!
Let Thy paternal Love caress us! -
As through this world our way we take!
Of sin's vast guilt we make confession,
Forgive our every transgression,
Grant us Thy peace, - for Jesus' sake!

Awaken all who idly slumber
To serve Thee in Thy harvest-field.
Send toilers in abundant number
And let Thy vineyard fruitage yield.
O spread the Gospel of Salvation
O'er all the earth, till ev'ry nation
Hails Christ, Thy Son, its King and Lord!
Seek Thou the lost, - return the straying,
Strengthen the weak. O hear our praying,
As Thou hast promised in Thy Word.

Thy Holy Church, on Jesus founded,
Through endless ages shall endure.
On Scripture's Rock securely grounded,
She rests upon Thy promise sure.
Through her Redeemer's blood-bought merit,

A Crown of Life she shall inherit
On Canaan's eternal shore!
Dear Father, through Thy Spirit guide her!
In Thy pavilion hide her!
Till earthly storms shall rage no more!

Bless Thou, we pray, Thy faithful preachers,
Let Thy blest Spirit be their guide!
And grant them strength, as loyal teachers
To e'er exalt in the Crucified!
O keep them true in all oppression,
And steadfast in Thy Word's confession,
Let them not fear the world's complaints!
Illume their path, Thou Light Supernal,
Preserve, O Thou Divine Eternal,
The Faith delivered to the saints!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.^{xxvi}

Anna Hoppe, "Hymn on the Installation of a Pastor," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 13 (June 27, 1920): 193.

July 11, 1920
Trust

Lord Jesus Christ, Incarnate Word,
My Life, my Light, my King, my Lord,
My One, my All, my Savior;
In love Thou leavest Heav'n on high,
On Calv'ry's Cross to bleed and die,
That I might live forever.
That peace and pardon I might gain,
Thou Lamb of God for me wast slain,
And from Thy grave Thou didst arise,
That I might dwell in Paradise.
O Crucified! O Love Divine!
Thou hast redeemed me. I am Thine!

Salvation won, Thou didst ascend
To Heav'n again, Thou sinners' Friend,
To be my Mediator
Before the heav'nly Father's throne.
Through Thee, exalted Christ, alone

My God, my blest Creator,
Doth answer when in prayer I sigh,
And "Abba Father" I may cry.
Thy Holy Spirit Thou hast sent,
Who through Thy Word and Sacrament
Seals unto me Thy Truth so sweet
That my redemption is complete.

I merit not Thy Love's caress,
My carnal heart's unrighteousness,
My sin, - my ill behavior
Deserves naught but Thy righteous wrath.
My unbelief sought not the path
That leads to Thee, my Savior.
But Thou hast found Thy wand'ring sheep,
And Thou hast promised e'er to keep
Me in Thy fold. Thy Blood was spilt
To cleanse me from the stain of guilt.
O dearest Lord, let me till death
Bring forth abundant fruits of faith.

O strengthen Thou my faith, dear Lord,
And let me trust Thy Holy Word,
That priceless, heav'nly Treasure.
On Thy blest promise I rely,
My ev'ry need Thou canst supply
In never-ending measure.
O why should burdens, trials, - cares
Oppress me? Why should Satan's snares
Drive me to doubt Thy mighty pow'r?
Thou art my Refuge, Shield, and Tow'r.
In Thy blest Word I rest secure,
Forevermore it shall endure.

Let all my toil be blessed by Thee,
And through Thy blessing may I be
A blessing to my neighbor.
Without Thee all my work is vain,
Through Thee alone I can obtain
Strength to pursue my labor.
Let all my toil, O gracious Lord,
Be done according to Thy Word.
With grateful heart let me defend,

Thy Gospel Truth unto the end.
Grant Thou me grace, whate'er betide,
To own Thy Holy Word my Guide.

Upon Thy Word Thy Church still stands,
Upheld by Thy almighty hands,
Why should she fear and tremble,
When all the scoffing world without
Scorns her in unbelief and doubt? -
When Satan's hosts assemble?
In days of grief, in sore distress,
The pow'r is Thine to save and bless;
O grant her grace to trust in Thee,
Dear Lord, in all adversity.
Lead Thou Thine own, O Mighty Love,
In safety to Thy Home above.

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for
the Fifth Sunday after Trinity.^{xxvii}

Anna Hoppe, "Trust," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 14 (July 11, 1920): 209.

July 25, 1920
The Lord Will Provide

My Jesus, let me praise Thy Name
In humble adoration.
And let my tongue Thy love proclaim,
Thou Rock of my Salvation.
 For Thou hast died,
 O Crucified,
That I might be forgiven.
 That I might dwell,
 Immanuel,
Forever in Thy Heaven.

O how can tongue Thy Love define?
Thy gracious Holy Spirit
Seals unto me the Truth divine
That through Thy blood-bought merit
 My peace is won.
 Incarnate Son,

As child of God the Father,
I'll share Thy rest,
When all the blessed
In Heaven's Home shall gather.

Thou art the Lord of life and death,
Thou ris'n, ascended Jesus.
Exalted Christ of Nazareth,
Thy righteous reign ne'er ceases.
All pow'r is Thine,
Redeemer mine,
Forever and forever.
Thou canst indeed
Supply my need
Thou ever-present Savior.

The Bread of Life indeed Thou art.
The Holy Scripture's pages
Food to my hungry soul impart.
Their living stream assuages
My thirst, dear Lord.
Thy precious Word
Forevermore remaineth.
Thy food divine,
O Savior mine,
Thy ransomed own sustaineth.

My daily bread Thou canst provide
In measure over-flowing.
E'er with Thine Own Thou dost abide,
Thy gifts of love bestowing.
Thou grantest me
Abundantly
My earthly needs, dear Master.
When Thou art near,
Why should I fear
The storm-clouds of disaster?

Thy help is sure, and will not fail,
I trust Thy mighty power.
When troubles, grief, and fears assail,
Thou art my Shield and Tower.
I need but flee,

Dear Lord, to Thee,
In moments of affliction.
How sweet to hear,
O Savior dear,
Thy loving benediction!

O let me ever praise Thy name,
Thou Rock of my Salvation.
Let heart and tongue Thy love proclaim,
In deepest exaltation.
Unto my heart
Do Thou impart
A love that never ceases
Its praise to bring
To Thee, my King,
My God, my Lord, my Jesus!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the
Seventh Sunday after Trinity.^{xxviii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Lord Will Provide," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 15 (July 25, 1920): 225.

August 8, 1920
"Give An Account Of Thy Stewardship"

My Father, I adore Thee
With heart and tongue
O let me come before Thee
In prayer and song.
Since Thy dear Son, my Savior,
Has died for me,
Thou grantest me Thy favor
Eternally.

Thy precious Holy Spirit
Doth witness bear
That through my Savior's merit
I now may share
Redemption's boundless blessing
Forevermore.
Let me, Thy gifts possessing,
Thy Name adore.

Forgiveness, life, salvation,
And peace are mine.
O Lord of all Creation,
What love is Thine!
My cup is e'er o'erflowing
With gifts from Thee.
And still Thou art bestowing
Abundantly.

All that I have, my Father,
Is but Thine Own.
The blessings that I gather
Are from Thy throne.
Let all that Thou hast given
In trust to me,
O Lord of earth and heaven
Be blessed by Thee.

Bless Thou my toil and labor,
And let me be
A blessing to my neighbor,
Dear Lord, through Thee!
O make me ever willing
Thy Will to do.
Thy Law of Love fulfilling,
Let me be true.

Thy daily kindness tasting,
Dear Father mine,
O let me ne'er be wasting
These gifts of Thine.
I pray Thee, bounteous Sender, -
Of Love the Fount,
Grant Thou me grace to render
A blessed amount.

O grant me wisdom ever
And righteousness.
Let me in all endeavor
Thy Love confess.
Thy gifts of copious measure
Are but a trust.

As steward o'er Thy treasure,
Let me be just.

That others may confess Thee
And praise Thy Name.
My heart and tongue shall bless Thee
And e'er proclaim
In word, and deed, and spirit
Thy grace, dear Lord,
Till Heaven I inherit, -
Thy blessed reward.

In humble consecration
O let me bring
My every possession
To Thee, my King.
O let me come before Thee
And laud Thy grace,
Till in the realms of glory
I see Thy face!

On the Gospel Lesson for the
Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.^{xxix}

Anna Hoppe, "Give An Account Of Thy Stewardship," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 16 (August 8, 1920): 241.

August 22, 1920

"God Be Merciful To Me, A Sinner"

"But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness are as filthy rags." Isaiah 64, verse 6,"

Eternal, gracious God,
Before Thee I appear,
Burdened with sin's great load,
Permit me to draw near.
Thy love, Thy grace, Thy favor
Are mine in Christ my Savior.
Dear Father, harken to my plea;
"Be merciful to me!"

I am conceived in sin,

With stains untold, defiled.
Great is the guilt within,
O do not scorn Thy child!
Thou knowest my transgression,
Hear Thou Thy child's confession;
With contrite heart I come to Thee,
Be merciful to me!

My thoughts, my words, my deeds
Are but a spotted dress.
My heart Thy cleansing needs,
For carnal righteousness
Can nevermore avail me.
All earthly help doth fail me.
Hell's yawning, dark abyss I see.
Be merciful to me!

Naught, naught have I of good
To grace this mortal clay.
And only Jesus' Blood
Can wash my sins away.
The Law that I have broken
Its curse o'er me has spoken.
From Sinai in fear I flee.
Be merciful to me!

Do Thou Thy grace impart
To me for Jesus' sake.
And from my troubled heart
This heavy burden take.
Let Thy blest Holy Spirit
Seal unto me the merit
My Lord secured on Calvary.
Be merciful to me!

Thy holy, precious Word
Assures me to Thy love,
For Thy dear Son, my Lord,
Came down from Heav'n above
To purchase my salvation.
Since Thy just condemnation
He bore for me on Calv'ry's tree,
Be merciful to me!

Clothe me, O Father mine,
In Jesus' righteousness,
That spotless garb divine,
That robe of holiness.
I cannot give Thee payment
For this so precious raiment,
But Thou dost grant it graciously -
Be merciful to me!

Saved to the uttermost,
And justified by grace,
Until I join the host
Of Heav'n and see Thy face
In faith I'll praise Thee ever.
Dear Father, naught shall sever
The tie that binds Thy child to Thee.
Be merciful to me!

Thy pardon full and free,
Thy mercy, tender, mild,
Thy grace, so lovingly
Bestowed upon Thy child
Has filled my heart with gladness,
And hush all fear and sadness.
Till Eden's pearly gates I see,
Be merciful to me!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the
Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.^{xxx}

Anna Hoppe, "God Be Merciful To Me, A Sinner," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 17 (August 22, 1920): 257.

September 5, 1920
What Shall I Do To Inherit Eternal Life?

Precious Jesus, dearest Savior,
Bearer of the Father's favor,
Bread of life, for mortals broken,
Love, of Love divine the token,
Blest Messiah, long-expected,

King of kings, by God elected,
Wilt Thou hark to my appealing,
As before Thee I am kneeling?

Burdened down with countless errors,
Trembling at the law's dread terrors,
Filled with sin and ill behavior,
Thus I seek Thee, blessed Savior!
O, my own good deeds can never
Give me peace. My best endeavor
Still deserves but condemnation.
Only Thou canst grant salvation!

Dare I, naught but guilt revealing,
Come before Thee, humbly kneeling?
Sinai's dread judgment tasting,
Dare I seek life everlasting?
Faith reveals I'm lost without Thee?
How can reason dare to doubt Thee?
Pardon from Thy lips receiving,
Let me leave Thy throne, believing.

Thou hast died, O dearest Savior,
That Thine own might live forever.
Thou hast burst the grave's dark prison;
Mighty Victor, Thou hast risen!
Open now is Heaven's portal;
In that glorious realm immortal
Life eternal I inherit
Through Thy sacrificial merit.

Fill my heart, O dearest Jesus,
With a love that never ceases
To bestow good will and kindness.
Purge my heart from carnal blindness.
Grant Thou me the joy to labor
For the welfare of my neighbor
Thy blest law of love fulfilling,
To serve others make me willing.

Naught but death and hell deserving,
Oft from Thy blest pathway swerving,
Still Thy grace, O Love supernal,

Freely grants me life eternal!
Till I cross the banks of Jordan,
I'll extol Thy blood-bought pardon,
And in Salem's realms forever
Praise Thy boundless love, my Savior!

Anna Hoppe, "What Shall I Do To Inherit Eternal Life?," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 18
(September 5, 1920): 273.

September 19, 1920

"Seek Ye First The Kingdom of God, and His Righteousness, and All These Things Shall Be Added
Unto You."

Seek first the kingdom, ye saints of God,
As led by faith through earth's vale ye plod,
Though earthly treasure beckon and nod,
Hear what the Lord doth say: -
"All things shall be added unto you."
Ye saints of God, His blest Word is true!
Let naught your choice dismay!

Behold the lilies in beauty grow,
He Whose dear hand such charm can bestow,
Whose Word declares that He loves you so, -
Can all your wants supply.
Fear not what to-morrow's sun may bring,
To the winds your cares and troubles fling!
For all your needs, in faith trust your King
Who reigns in Heav'n on high!

The sparrows trust Him for all supplies,
He sendeth rain and dew from the skies,
In golden splendor His sun doth rise;
He is a God of Love!
O let faith ascend the mountain-peak,
Hear the Word your gracious Lord doth speak,
In Jesus' Name, O fear not to seek
His Mercy-Seat above!

His Son descended from Heav'n on high,
For a lost world to suffer and die,
Treasures no wealth of earth e'er could buy
Jesus doth freely give!

Grace, salvation, pardon, life and peace
Come from Him Whose love doth never cease;
His countless blessings ever increase,
Trust Him and ever live!

O spread the Gospel Truth far and wide,
Tell all the world a Savior has died!
Extol the Cross! Preach Christ Crucified!
His Holy Name adore!
Till ye see the Master face to face, -
O exalt Him! Praise His glorious grace!
Proclaim His love to a fallen race -
Till time shall be no more!

Seek first the Kingdom! O battle on
Till, saved by grace, a crown ye have won!
Till Jesus greets you with His "Well Done"
Before the Judgment throne!
Clothed in garbs of righteousness divine,
As the stars in glory ye shall shine;
Ever in Heaven's blest Kingdom dine, -
When Christ receives His Own!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

On the Gospel Lesson for
the 15th Sunday after Trinity.^{xxxii}

Anna Hoppe, "Seek Ye First The Kingdom of God, and His Righteousness, and All These Things Shall Be Added Unto You," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 19 (September 19, 1920): 289.

October 3, 1920
"Beware of the Leaven of the Pharisees"

O Virgin-born Immanuel,
O blest Messiah, Jesus;
Thou Victor over death and hell,
Thou healer of diseases,
Before Thy mercy seat we come,
O hear Thy pleading Christendom;
The power to save ne'er ceases.

Thou hast fulfilled the law of God,
O holy, sinless Saviour,

And Thou hast borne our sin's great load,
That Thy dear Father's favor
On fallen mankind might descend.
Thou deign'st to be the sinner's Friend
To heal our ill behavior.

Man cannot keep the holy law.
Conceived in sin, he faileth
To hold its claims in rev'rent awe
When Satan's dart assaileth.
All trust in empty form is vain,
For carnal strength can ne'er obtain
The peace for which he wailleth.

Melt Thou our coldness, dearest Lord,
With Thy warm love eternal.
Unto Thy Church the power afford
To crush the foe infernal.
Do Thou upon our darkness shine,
Fill earth's dark night with light divine;
Thou art the Light supernal!

Thy love has found us. We are Thine.
Thy precious Holy Spirit
Seals to our hearts the truth divine
That through Thy blood-bought merit
Our peace with God has been restored.
O grant us faith in Thy blest Word,
Till we Thy heav'n inherit.

Cleanse us from base self-righteousness,
From carnal works, unholy.
Let us our sinfulness confess
With contrite hearts, and lowly.
Shield us from vain hypocrisy,
Let us in true humility
Trust in Thy merits solely.

Fill us with unction from above,
Let it be our endeavor
To speak Thy Gospel truth in love.
O may we leave Thee never,
Until before Thy throne we stand,

Until we reach the Glory land,
And praise Thy grace forever.

Anna Hoppe, "Beware of the Leaven of the Pharisees," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 20 (October 3, 1920): 304.

October 17, 1920

The Deity of Jesus

("They shall call His name Immanuel, -God with us." Matt. 1:23.)

("For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Col. 2:9.)

Who art Thou, lowly Nazarene?
Whence comes Thy wondrous pow'r?
Who art Thou, at Whose hallowed mien
The foes defeated cow'r?

The pleading blind receive their sight.
The lips once dumb, now speak;
The lame can leap in pure delight,
And praise Thy love, so meek.

The sick are healed, and palsied men
Their erstwhile health regain,
The dead are raised to life again,
The weak new strength obtain.

But oh, how canst Thou pardon sin
Thou sinless Virgin-born?
Art Thou, who madest lepers clean,
Divine, - of glory shorn?

Can mortal answer? Dare I say
What eyes of faith can see?
THOU ART THE GODHEAD VEILED IN CLAY,
O Christ of Galilee!

Thou hast created earth and Heav'n,
And all that in them dwell,
All pow'r and might to thee is giv'n,
Thou doest all things well.

Thy mighty hand, Incarnate God,
Has formed my mortal clay;

The earth to Thy command must nod,
Sun, moon, and stars obey!

For thou hast full atonement made,
And Thou hast set me free.
Thy blood the ransom-price has paid
On cross-crowned Calvary!

Yea, Thou hast died my soul to save,
O Christ of Nazareth!
And Thou hast risen from the grave
That I might conquer death.

Why should I doubt Thy Godhead, Lord?
Let carnal mind rebel.
In faith I trust Thy flawless Word,
Divine Immanuel!

I pray Thee, pardon all my sin,
Thou gracious Nazarene!
Let Thy blest Spirit dwell within,
O make and keep me clean!

Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness,
My Lord, my God, my King;
Thy Name eternally I'll bless,
Thy praise forever sing.

THOU ART MY GOD! Let me repeat
The glorious Truth again!
O let me worship at Thy feet
Forevermore! AMEN!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for
the 19th Sunday after Trinity.^{xxxii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Deity of Jesus," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 21 (October 17, 1920): 321.

October 31, 1920
Christian Faith

O Thou at Whose almighty Word
The sick to health arise,
Thou art indeed the promised Lord
The day spring from the skies!

The mighty works Thy Hand hath wrought
The mystery convey,
Thou art what Thy blest lips have taught, –
The Godhead veiled in clay.

Beyond the sphere of mortal sense
Mere human strength doth fail
To trust Thy pow'r in confidence
When ills and fears assail.

But Thy blest Spirit can impart
A saving faith in Thee!
O send Him to each troubled heart,
Thou Christ of Galilee!

Grant us a firmer, stronger faith,
In Thee, O Crucified!
In joy, in pain, in life, in death
With Thy redeemed abide!

Thy pardon, full, - complete, - bestow,
Upon Thy ransomed own;
That all the Father's love may know
And trust Thy grace alone.

O grant us grace to trust in Thee,
Thou ris'n, ascended Lord!
Let us in all adversity
Cling to Thy precious Word!

What joy when faith is changed to sight,
And Paradise we see,
To laud Thy Name in mansions bright
Through all eternity!

Till then, O Thou Physician blest,
Our feeble faith increase,

And for such grace, in realms of rest
Our praise shall never cease!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for
the 21st Sunday after Trinity.^{xxxiii}

Anna Hoppe, "Christian Faith," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 22 (October 31, 1920): 337.

October 31, 1920
My Savior

I need His love and consolation
As my refreshment, for my soul
Is like a hungry, thirsty child!
A wand'ring sheep, lost from its goal,
I need the Faithful Shepherd mild,
The Christ, Who died for my salvation.

My soul is like a dove that's frightened
When by a cruel hawk pursued.
His wounds as refuge sweet I need,
And on the Cross, with power endued,
On which the Crucified did bleed,
I, feeble vine, my hold have tightened.

I need His righteousness to bless me,
For I'm a sinner, - naked, - bare!
His holiness I needs must have
To cover me. How would I fare
Without His solace, that sweet salve
When trouble and alarm oppress me?

I'm ignorant, and need His teaching.
I need His Spirit's aid sublime,
To guide me, as I'm simple too,
And foolish. Ah, there's ne'er a time
When without Jesus I could do,
Whose mighty aid I'm e'er beseeching.

I pray, but need His benediction; -
He intercedes, - my Advocate,

When at God's throne I am arraigned
By Satan, who with cruel hate
Would fain condemn me. Am I pained?
The Christ can help in all affliction.

Though all the world withdraws affection,
And persecutes, my Lord defends.
He my forsaken heart upholds,
And when life's weary journey ends,
Yea, when the grave my form enfolds
To mould, He is my Resurrection!

I'd rather part, O dearest Savior,
With all the world, than part with Thee!
Thou art not willing, Savior mine,
To do without poor wretched me!
Yea, Thou art rich, hast oil and wine,
While I have wounds, and need Thy favor!

In thirst and hunger I desire
Thy cordial sweet. I need, dear Lord,
Thy righteousness for all my guilt!
Let grace into my heart be poured
Until its empty vessel's filled!
Use me, Savior, where Thou mayst require.

My sinful soul needs Thy refreshing!
Tis troubled, - quicken it with love!
O dwell within this heart of mine,
And let my lips in love e'er move
To glorify the Name of Thine,
And e'er be found Thy Truth confessing.

Here is my love! In Thee it's rooted!
My powers Thee and Thine shall serve!
I need Thee, and Thou needest me,
O suffer not my faith to swerve!
And let my heart's confession be
That to each other we are suited!

ANNA HOPPE.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Anna Hoppe, "My Savior," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 22 (October 31, 1920): 348.

November 14, 1920
Christ, The Lord of Life And Death

Thou Lord of Life and Death,
Blest Son of God the Father
Jesus, in humble faith
Before Thy throne we gather.
Thy Spirit bids us come,
In fervent prayer to Thee.
O bless Thy Christendom
Now and eternally.

From Heav'n Thou didst descend,
Thou First-born of Creation,
To be the sinners' Friend,
To die for our salvation!
From Sinai's dread curse,
Thy death hath set us free;
The thunder-clouds disperse
When Calv'ry's Cross we see.

The wonders Thou hast done
Reveal Thy Godhead truly.
Grant us, Incarnate Son,
Grace to adore Thee duly.
At Thy Almighty Word
The dead to life arise!
The sick are healed, dear Lord;
Thy pow'r all ills defies!

Restore our sin-sick souls,
O Thou divine Physician.
Ere judgment thunder rolls,
Grant us sincere contrition.
Cleanse us from every stain,
Save us in all distress,
Till Heaven's Home we gain,
Clothed in Thy righteousness.

Thou speakest but a Word,
And lo, the dead awaken!
Hush Thou our sorrow, Lord,

When our belov'd are taken
From this drear vale of tears
To realms of bliss above.
O calm our griefs and fears,
Thou Fount of boundless Love!

When Judgment trumpets wake
All who in death are sleeping,
To Salem's mansions take
The saved in Thy love's keeping.
When at Thy blest "Arise"
We greet Thee, risen King,
The realms beyond the skies
With endless praise shall ring!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for
The 24th Sunday after Trinity.^{xxxiv}

Anna Hoppe, "Christ, The Lord of Life And Death," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 23 (November 14, 1920): 353.

November 28, 1920
Advent

Rise! Arise! Rise! Arise!
Zion, rise to greet Thy King.
Open wide the gates before Him!
Let the glad Hosannas ring!
Haste to worship and adore Him!
Hark, the watchman on the mountain cries: -
"Rise! Arise!"

Weep no more! Weep no more!
Zion, dry Thy bitter tears!
Cast aside all gloom and sadness,
For the Shiloh now appears,
Who shall turn thy grief to gladness.
Day has dawned! Arise, the night is o'er!
Weep no more!

O rejoice! O rejoice!

Christ has come, as long foretold!
The Messiah long-expected,
The Incarnate Word behold!
Though by earthly kings rejected,
Hail Him Lord of All with mighty voice.
O rejoice!

Crown Him King! Crown Him King!
His exalted Name confess!
From His heav'nly throne descending,
Jesus, Lord of Righteousness,
Bringeth joy and peace unending!
O let heart and tongue His praises sing!
Crown Him King!

Worship Him! Worship Him!
Zion, worship at His feet!
Hail the Son of God thy Saviour!
Haste, thy longed-for Bridegroom greet;
Come, receive His kingly favor.
Zion, haste thy lamp of faith to trim!
Worship Him!

Christ shall reign! Christ shall reign!
Lord of Lords, and King of Kings!
He, the first-born of Creation,
An eternal scepter swings!
Shout, ye Heav'ns, in jubilation!
Echo back, O earth, the joyous strain: -
"Christ shall reign!"

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for
Advent Sunday.^{xxxv}

Anna Hoppe, "Advent," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 24 (November 28, 1920): 369.

December 12, 1920

Testimony that Jesus is the Christ

("Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of His disciples, and said unto Him: Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them; Go, and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight,

and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.”) Matt. 11:2-6.

Thou Virgin-born Incarnate Word,
Begotten of the Father,
Blest Son of Mary, David’s Lord,
In Thy dear Name we gather.
As Thou hast promised be Thou nigh,
And hear us as we testify:
“Thou art the Christ, our Saviour.”

How godly prophets pined for Thee,
And longed for Thy appearing!
How Zion hoped Thy day to see,
The Prince of darkness fearing!
The weary watch of night is past,
The longed-for day has come at last, -
For Thou hast come, - Messiah!

The herald in the wilderness
Prepares the way before Thee!
With him let us Thy name confess;
With him let us adore Thee!
Grant that we hearken to his cry: -
“Repent, the Kingdom draweth nigh,”
And seek Thee, Christ, our Savior.

Thou art indeed God’s Holy Son,
Beloved of Him most dearly.
The mighty works that Thou hast done
Reveal Thy Godhead clearly!
The blind can see; the sick are healed;
The lips once dumb are now unsealed; -
All pow’r is Thine, dear Jesus!

The lame can walk; the deaf now hear;
And lepers, cleansed, adore Thee;
O Lord of Life, when Thou art near,
Death bows in dust before Thee!
Lo, at Thy Word the dead are raised.
Immanuel, Thy name be praised,
Thou art indeed Messiah!

The Scriptures are fulfilled in Thee,
O Son of Man, our brother.
In Thee the promised Christ we see,
Why should we seek another?
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
In Thee alone true peace we gain,
For Thou hast died to save us.

Thou art our Peace, our Righteousness,
The Rock of our Salvation.
Clothed in Thy garb of holiness, -
We fear no condemnation.
Thy Blood has cleansed away our sin;
Through Thee eternal life we win,
O crucified Redeemer.

Thou ris'n, exalted, glorious King,
Thou First-born of Creation,
Accept the songs of praise we bring
In fervent adoration.
Let us the sinful world defy,
And o'er its tumult louder cry: -
"Thou art the Christ, the Savior."

With Heaven's hosts we hail Thy birth,
Lord Jesus, promised Savior!
O spread Thy Gospel o'er the earth,
Lord Jesus, promised Savior!
To ransom all Thy Blood sufficed.
Thou art the Christ! Thou art the Christ!
Praise to Thy name forever!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson
for the Third Sunday in Advent.

Anna Hoppe, "Testimony that Jesus is the Christ," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 25 (December 12, 1920): 385.

December 26, 1920
Praise to the Christ-Child

Precious Child, so sweetly sleeping
In a virgin's fond embrace,
Heav'nly hosts their watch are keeping
Blest Messiah, newborn King,
Let my heart its tribute bring.

Anthems joyous now are ringing
In the skies of Bethlehem;
Angels their sweet song are singing,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
Precious Jesus, at Thy birth
Heaven's peace is brought to earth.

Sweetly rest, Thou promised Saviour,
By the prophets long foretold;
Brightly beams the Father's favor,
Now all men His love behold.
Virgin-born Immanuel,
Let my tongue Thy praises tell.

Promised Saviour, I adore Thee,
Son of David, Son of God!
What can mortals bring before Thee?
All is Thine on earthly sod.
Take my heart and let it be
Filled with love, dear child, to Thee.

Thou hast come to bring salvation
To this sin-cursed world below,
That Thy blood-redeemed creation
Thine abounding love might know.
Enter each believing heart;
Pardon, grace, and peace impart.

Naught on earth my love shall sever
From Thee, Thou Incarnate Word,
Let me worship Thee forever,
My Redeemer, and my Lord.
Blest Messiah, let me be
Thine alone eternally,

Take my humble adoration
While on earth below I dwell.

Let my songs in exultation
Of Thy boundless goodness tell,
Till in Heav'n above, my King,
Endless hymns of praise I sing.

Anna Hoppe, "Praise to the Christ-Child," *Northwestern Lutheran* VII, no. 26 (December 26, 1920):
401.

1921

January 9, 1921
Epiphany

Desire of ev'ry nation,
Light of the Gentiles, Thou!
In fervent adoration
Before Thy throne we bow;
Our hearts and tongues adore Thee,
Blest Dayspring from the Skies!
Like incense sweet before Thee
Permit our songs to rise!

Thou Herald of the morning,
Thy who in darkness dwell
Behold Thy brightness dawning
O'er realms of Israel.
With glorious beams unclouded
Thy all-transcendent Light
Dispels the gloom that shrouded
Earth's dark and dismal night.

Arise and shine in splendor,
Thou Bright and Morning Star!
The Gentiles come to render
Their gifts from realms afar!
The Word, by prophets spoken,
In truth is now fulfilled,
And yearning hearts, once broken,
With sweetest hope are filled.

Arise and bring salvation
To all who dwell below,
Let earth in jubilation

Reflect Thy radiant glow!
O long-expected Savior,
Thou hope of Israel,
Let Gentiles gain Thy favor,
And of Thy glory tell!

Our every transgression
Is cleaned away by Thee,
And from sin's vile oppression
Thy pow'r hath set us free.
Since Thou hast come, dear Savior,
The sting of death is lost;
Thine Own shall live forever
When Jordan's stream is crossed.

Our Life and Resurrection,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art!
O shed Thy Light's reflection
To earth's remotest part!
Let Gentile tongues confess Thee,
Rejoicing in Thy Light;
Thy ransomed thousands bless Thee,
Thou hast dispelled the night.

With Simeon and Anna
We hail Thee Lord and King!
Accept the glad Hosanna
Our hearts and tongues now bring!
Let us proclaim the story
Of Thy so boundless grace,
Till we behold, in glory,
The brightness of Thy face!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Epiphany, 1921.

Anna Hoppe, "Epiphany," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 1 (January 9, 1921): 1.

January 23, 1921
The Lord's Vineyard

O sweet contemplation, dear Savior, to know
That called by Thy love, to Thy service below,

Thy servants may toil in Thy vineyard for Thee!
O privilege blest, in Thy kingdom to be!
How glorious Thy service! How great Thy reward!
O make Thou us willing to serve Thee, dear Lord!

O grant us, dear Master, Thy strength from on high,
The toilers are few, and the harvest is nigh!
Arouse all who stand in Thy Zion at ease, -
Awake them to action, their ardor increase!
Thy servants have toiled through the heat of the day,
The sun now is setting; for helpers we pray!

O hasten, ye idlers, no longer delay!
Let not love of leisure your crown take away!
Come, list to the Master's entreating sweet voice,
And in the rewards of the toilers rejoice!
The Savior is loving, and faithful, and true;
Deny not your service! The Lord died for you!

Thou Triune Eternal, the vineyard is Thine, -
O grant to Thy toilers an unction divine.
Uphold us, we pray, by Thy might and Thy pow'r!
Be Thou still our Refuge, our Fortress, our Tow'r!
Thy Spirit's sweet counsel and guidance retain, -
Without Him our efforts to serve Thee are vain!

Lo, in the horizon the fast-setting sun,
Now bids us to hasten the labor begun!
Thou Crucified Savior, in Thee we confide, -
O save Thou the lost ones for whom Thou hast died!
The shadows are deep'ning, - Thy pardon afford,
And save Thou the brands from the burning, dear Lord.

O send, gracious Father, in Pentecost pow'r,
Thy blest Holy Spirit, for late is the hour!
Reward Thy dear Son for His anguish and toil,
And let not the foe Thy elect flock despoil!
O hasten their number, dear Lord, to complete, -
And gather the fruits of Thy Gospel, so sweet!

Look upward, ye toilers, - the harvest is nigh!
The shout of the reapers resounds through the sky!
O faint not! Toil on! Your reward now is near!

Soon, soon will the Lord of the harvest appear!
O glorious repose in His mansions so fair!
The Master's belov'd shall be satisfied there!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dedicated to Rev. J.F. G. Harders,
for many years missionary to the
Apache Indians in Arizona.^{xxxvi}

Anna Hoppe, "The Lord's Vineyard," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 2 (January 23, 1921): 17.

February 6, 1921

We Would See Jesus

Lord, that I might receive my sight. Luke 18:41.

Behold....all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished. Luke 18:31.

And he turned him unto his disciples, and said privately, Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see. Luke 10:23

Could I have walked with Thee, O precious Savior,
When Thou didst sojourn in this vale below!
Could I have dwelt with Thee, and won Thy favor,
What greater bliss could sinful mortal know?
Again it comes, that lovely meditation,
And plays upon the harpstrings of my heart: -
Could I have seen Thee, Lord of my salvation,
And known Thee, my Redeemer, as Thou art!

Could I have heard the heav'nly heralds singing
Their joyous "Peace on earth - Good Will to Men!"
Could I have knelt, my love's best tribute bringing,
At Thy poor manger-bed in Bethlehem!
Could I have stood with Simeon and Anna,
And clasped Thy sacred form against my breast!
Could I have joined the children's glad Hosanna
Of praise to Thee, my Peace, my Joy, my Rest!

Could I have heard, O Thou celestial preacher,
The words which from Thy hallowed lips did fall!
Could I have knelt, O precious gospel Teacher
At Thy blest feet, to learn Thy lessons all!
Could I have heard, O Thou belov'd Physician,
Thy sweet "Be healed" when mortals cried in pain!

Could I have heard Thee answer the petition
Of penitents who felt sin's awful stain!

Could I have seen the manna multiplying
At Thy blest touch, O Thou incarnate Lord!
Could I have seen the sick, the dead, the dying,
Arise in health at Thy almighty word!
Could I have walked with Thee, Thou Light Supernal,
Through gardens fair where Syrian lilies grew!
And heard Thee utter words, divine, eternal,
Where roses bloomed in fragrance, wet with dew!

Could I have seen, O Son of God, my Savior, -
The wondrous works Thy mighty hand performed! -
The sufferers healed, who sought Thy help and favor!
Could I have seen, when billows raged and stormed,
Thy "Peace! - Be Still!" hush waves and breakers' foaming,
Thy mild command bid surges cease their roar!
Could I have joined Thy Galilean roaming,
My longing heart would not have asked for more!

But oh, Thy awful anguish in the garden!
Could I have borne to see Thee suffer so
To cleanse my guilt? -to win a blood-bought pardon
For me, that I Thy boundless love might know?
Could I have borne to see, O precious Jesus,
Thy sacred body nailed to Cal'vary's tree,
That Gilead's balm might heal all my diseases,
That from sin's bonds I might delivered be?

Oh to have kissed, with heart all bruised and broken,
My precious Lord, Thy wounds of crimson hue,
When to the jeering crowd Thy words were spoken: -
"Father, forgive, - They know not what they do!"
Oh to have walked with Thee in Joseph's garden,
When Easter's Sun dispersed Good Friday's gloom,
When Thou didst rise to seal my purchased pardon,
Victoriously from out the rock-sealed tomb!

Could I have seen Thee, in celestial splendor,
Transfigured on the heights of Tabor's mount!
Could I have heard Thee speak, in accents tender, -
O Thou Belov'd of Love Divine the Fount!

Could I have seen Thee in the clouds ascending,
To yonder Heaven from whence Thou camest down,
Could I have seen, in benediction bending, -
The Head Divine, that bore the thorny crown!

But Thou dost bid me walk, O dearest Jesus,
With Thee in Thy blest Word and Sacrament!
'Tis but awhile all earthly pleasure pleases,
And soon, ah soon, - life's fleeting day is spent!
In Thee alone I find a lasting pleasure,
Thy hallowed presence bringeth bliss divine!
If I have thee, O Thou Eternal Treasure,
By Faith a taste of Heaven's joy is mine!

Then let me walk with Thee, O precious Savior,
Commune with Thee, in Sacrament and Word!
Grant me, through faith, this priceless boon and favor, -
Let me converse in prayer, O dearest Lord,
Until earth's weary pilgrimage has ended,
Till days of pain, and tears, and strife are o'er,
And I shall follow, where Thou has ascended,
To walk with Thee, Belov'd, forevermore!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Anna Hoppe, "We Would See Jesus," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 3 (February 6, 1921): 33.

February 20, 1921

Passion

O precious Christ, on Calv'ry crucified,
Blest Shepherd, Who for straying sheep hast died;
Since Thou hast sought and found me, let me be
Thine, Thine alone in all eternity!

O Thou hast suffered more than tongue can tell
To save my soul from the abyss of hell; -
The mockers' scorn, the cross, the scourge, the rod, -
What have I done for Thee, blest Lamb of God?

From Heav'n above to earth thou camest down;
Awhile, Thou lay'st aside Thy kingly crown;
Awhile Thou leavest Thy celestial throne

To tread the winepress of God's wrath, - alone!

Thou bleeding Lamb, for me thy Blood was shed,
My sin's vast guilt was heaped upon thy Head!
For me thou bearest pain, and grief, and woe.
O what am I that Thou shouldst love me so?

Thy Hands are bound, O dearest Lord, for me,
That from sin's bonds I might delivered be.
Thou bearest scorn in Pilate's Judgment-hall,
That righteous wrath might not upon me fall.

My King, Thou wearest in humility,
The scorner's purple dress, that I might be
Garbed in Thy spotless robe of righteousness,
And crowned with everlasting blessedness.

Thy agony in dark Gethsemane
My soul from torments of the lost doth free,
The pangs of burning thirst, Thou, Lord, didst know
That living streams of life for me might flow.

No earthly haven, precious Christ, was Thine,
That Heaven's Home eternal might be mine!
Thou writhest comfortless upon the tree,
That I might nevermore forsaken be.

O Crucified, my pardon Thou hast sealed,
And with Thy stripes, my Jesus, I am healed!
Thou diest on Mount Calv'ry's cross-crowned heights,
That I might live, and share Thy Heav'n's delights.

All this, my Jesus, Thou hast done for me,
But what have I, dear Savior, done for thee?
O take me, - claim me, seal me, - own me Thine,
My precious Lord, Thou art forever mine!

Accept, O bleeding Lamb, my contrite heart, -
And to my burdened soul Thy balm impart!
O let my heart and tongue Thy Mercy bless,
Thy Name adore, Thy boundless Love confess.

Until I see Thee, Savior, face to face,

Let me proclaim the wonders of Thy grace!
And praise the Love divine that bled for me
While I have breath, - and in eternity!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Anna Hoppe, "Passion," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 4 (February 20, 1921): 49.

March 6, 1921

Lenten Thoughts

"Meine Seele, ermuntre dich"

O my soul, awake thee now,
On the love of Jesus ponder!
Upward to Mount Calv'ry's brow,
Let thy meditations wander.
Know how boundless is His favor,
And adore thy faithful Savior!

Crowned with thorns, the Son of God
On the cross for thee is dying!
See His Body stained with blood!
Hear Him in deep anguish sighing!
O how deep His love's emotion!
Canst thou fathom His devotion!

Lost in sin, thy penalty
O my soul, is death eternal!
Hell's dominion yawns for thee
With its vast abyss infernal!
But thy Lord for thee doth suffer
Grace and life to thee to offer!

Now the wrath of God is stilled,
Jesus bore thy condemnation!
He the Law's demands fulfilled,
Cleansed thy sin, and brought salvation!
Death and hell from pow'r are shriven,
Thou art now an heir of Heaven!

Jesus, I can nevermore
Recompense Thy love and kindness!
My transgression grieves me sore!

Oft in loveless, carnal blindness
Have I wounded Thee, my Savior!
Pardon Thou my ill behavior!

Thy blest Will my will shall be,
And Thy Word shall ever guide me!
When Thy rod reproveth me
In Thy love's pavilion hide me!
Precious Truth, sealed by Thy Spirit, -
Heaven's home I shall inherit!

Henceforth, let me firmly own
Thee my choicest, dearest Treasure!
Jesus, in Thy love alone
Let me find my highest pleasure!
Thou, I know, wilt leave me never,
Let me be Thine Own forever!

O what joy and peace I find,
When in prayer's divine communion
I can leave life's cares behind, -
Seeking Thee in Faith's sweet union!
If on earth such bliss is given,
How can tongue describe Thy Heaven?

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German.)

Anna Hoppe, "Lenten Thoughts," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 5 (March 6, 1921): 65.

March 20, 1921
Palm Sunday

Hail Hosanna! David's Son
Enters Zion's festive portal!
O prepare an Honor-throne!
Come, adore the Lord immortal!
Strew with palms His hallowed way.
To His name sweet homage pay!

Hail Hosanna! Come, dear Lord!
Come, Thy Zion longs to meet Thee!
All prepared through Thy blest Word,

Thy redeemed with joy now greet Thee!
At Thy feet we long to bow,
Enter, welcome Savior, now!

Hail Hosanna! Prince of Peace!
Mighty Hero! King victorious!
Thou didst bid the battle cease,
Thou didst grant us laurels glorious!
Justice Thy blest reign secures,
And Thy Kingdom e'er endures.

Hail Hosanna! Precious Guest!
Thou hast chosen us forever
Members of Thy Kingdom blest!
Let it be our heart's endeavor
E'er to bow before Thy throne!
Reign in us, - and reign alone.

Hail Hosanna! Near and far!
Haste, O Blest One! Haste to enter!
See our welcome gates ajar!
In Thee all our hopes we center!
Hallelujah! Thou hast come!
Sing Hosanna, Christendom!^{xxxvii}

Anna Hoppe, "Palm Sunday," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 6 (March 20, 1921): 81.

April 3, 1921
Easter Joy

My Jesus lives!
He burst His rock-sealed tomb!
In vain the guarded door!
The morning dawns! All vanished is the gloom!
The dismal night is o'er!
At break of day He burst His prison!
The Lord of Life from death is risen!
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!
O death, where is thy sting?
Where, grave, thy victory?
In Salem's hall the triumph-anthems ring.

From Hell's dominion free, -
O ransomed earth, - rejoice in gladness,
Cast off thy prison garb of sadness!
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!
The Lamb on Calv'ry slain!
The Savior crucified!
Hell's brief rejoicing was indeed all vain!
The Son of God Who died
Has by His rising burst asunder
The chains of death. O mighty wonder!
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!
My pardon is complete!
For me He bled and died!
His thorn-crowned brow, His nail-pierced hands and feet,
His stripes, His wounded side, -
Have paid the price of my salvation!
I fear no more sin's condemnation!
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!
O all-transcendent gain!
The Law's dread curse He bore!
Behold, the Temple's curtain rent in twain!
The reign of death is o'er!
Now at the Mercy-Seat He pleadeth!
His Blood for sinners intercedeth!
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!
The Lord, my Righteousness,
Has risen from the grave!
His blood-bought robe is now my spotless dress!
To me He freely gave
Abundant entrance into His Heaven!
O precious seal of sins forgiven, -
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!
He crushed the serpent's head,

And vanquished death and hell!
Captivity He ever captive led! (Eph. 4:8)
The ris'n Immanuel
Comes forth a Conqueror from Edom,
Proclaiming everlasting freedom!
My Jesus lives!

My Jesus lives!
I, too, from death shall rise!
Saved by His glorious grace
His own shall win Redemption's glorious prize
And see Him face to face!
What joy to enter Eden's portal,
And reign with Him in realms immortal!
My Jesus lives!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Easter, 1921^{xxxviii}

Anna Hoppe, "Easter Joy," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 7 (April 3, 1921): 97.

April 17, 1921
Luther At The Diet At Worms
1521 April Eighteenth 1921

He stands alone before a vast ensemble
Of churchly potentates, and priests, and kings.
Nor doth the lordly concourse make him tremble,
For to the armor of the Lord he clings!
He stands alone, - the Saxon monk, the lowly,
Alone, yet not alone, for at his side
The guards invisible, majestic, holy, -
The hosts angelic steadfastly abide.

"RECAANT!" From out the august, princely diet
The word is hurled at him in thunder-tones!
A solemn pause, - a hush, - a moment's quiet
And lordly occupants of earthly thrones
Gaze at the one they deem so unprotected.
Their carnal eyes see not the aids divine!
Then lo, upon his visage is reflected
The light that in the sphere above doth shine!

“Except I be convinced from Scripture’s pages,
I’ll nevermore recant, is his reply!
What though Hell’s mighty host against him rages?
Armed with the WORD all foes he can defy!
“I’ll not retract a word that I have written,
Less assured from Scripture that I erred!”
Thus with a blow the Papacy was smitten,
Led by the monk who trusted God, - and dared!

He stands defiantly before the princes,
His conscience bound in God’s inspired Word!
Ne’er for a moment from the Truth he winces,
And like a clarion cry his voice is heard: -
“I can’t do otherwise! God help me, Amen!”
Now here I stand! His WORD will I defend!”
Thus spake the lowly one, in humble raiment, -
Like oak, whom neither wind nor storm could bend!

The years roll on. The Truth that he had spoken
Hangs in the balances on the battle-field.
O, nevermore will holy vows be broken!
O, nevermore will Heav’n-born courage yield!
The hallowed soil on which they fell is gory
With martyr’s blood. E’er faithful unto death
They won the victor’s prize, - the crown of glory,
And still sing on: - “THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH!”

Through war and tumult, strife and Inquisition,
The Church of Jesus meekly bore His cross.
Not wavering from Scripture’s Rock-position,
She patiently endured the pain, the loss!
Her garments free from Popery’s pollution,
She faced the martyrdom of stake and sword,
Proved amid proud Babylon’s confusion,
She followed in the footsteps of her Lord!

Thrice-blest heirs of Reformation glory,
Children of the Light, will ye not vow
To spread the Holy Gospel’s precious story
O’er all the earth, till ev’ry knee shall bow
And ev’ry tongue confess the risen Savior
The King of Kings, - the mighty Lord of Lords?
Sing praises to His holy Name forever,

Salvation, full and free, His grace affords!

O work while it is day, - ye heirs of Freedom!
The night doth come, when earthly toil must cease.
He Who has conquered on the fields of Edom,
Shall flood your hearts with sweet, celestial peace!
Till with the Church Triumphant ye adore Him,
And cast your golden crown before His throne,
In love and gratefulness bow down before Him,
The Crucified as Lord and Master own!

O keep us in Thy WORD, Thou precious Jesus!
The days are evil. Unbelief abounds!
As Judgment nears, the battle's heat increases,
We hear false doctrine's harsh, discordant sounds!
Keep Thou us loyal to the Truth forever,
Thy Holy WORD alone shall be our Guide!
O dearest Lord, we pray Thee, leave us never,
Till we have anchored safe on Canaan's side!

We pray Thee, blest Redeemer, Savior, Master,
Lead Thou Thy blood-bought Church forevermore!
Protect her from the storm-clouds of disaster,
And pilot her to yonder heav'nly shore!
O fill her with the unction of Thy Spirit!
In Word and Sacrament with her abide,
Till in the Father's House she doth inherit
The "many mansions" as Thy chosen Bride!

ANNA HOPPE,

Milwaukee, Wis.

(In commemoration of the Quadri-centennial of the Diet of Worms).

Anna Hoppe, "Luther At The Diet At Worms," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 8 (April 17, 1921): 113.

May 1, 1921

Looking Homeward

Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? Acts 1:11. I ascend unto my Father and to your Father; and to my God and to your God. John 20:17. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. John 16:23. I go to prepare a place for you....that where I am, there ye may be also. John 14:3.

O take me Home!

My God, I long for rest!
Earth has no haven where
A tranquil hush can calm my troubled breast!
Its desert lands, so bare,
Are filled with haunts where mortals languish,
In pain, and tears, and woe, and anguish.
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
No more in this drear vale
A blissful concord dwells!
The curse of sin its grewsome, dreadful tale
Of death and ruin tells!
For man has torn Love's bond asunder,
And fears the roar of Judgment-thunder!
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
Iniquity abounds
Where love, once war, waxed cold! (Matt. 24, 12)
Naught do I hear, but harsh, discordant sounds!
Naught do mine eyes behold
But war and tumult, strife and terrors, -
The penalty of mankind's errors.
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
I'm weary of the wrong
And wickedness untold!
The Prince of darkness, armed with weapons strong,
Still strives his fort to hold!
Proud unbelief, in guise of learning
The Gospel's precious Truth is spurning.
O take me Home!

O take me Home
Beyond the distant hills,
Thou gracious Father mine!
To that abode where Seraph's music thrills
My soul with joy divine!
How sweet a foretaste of Thy Heaven
Thy Holy Word to me has given!
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
What is the world to me?
Its pleasures bring no peace!
My poor heart longs for that tranquility
Which nevermore shall cease!
'Tis found alone in Salem's mansions, -
In Canaan's sublime expansions!
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
Lost Eden is regained
Through my Redeemer's Blood!
My carnal garb, which sin and guilt had stained,
He cleansed in Calv'ry's Flood!
His sacrifice my pardon pleadeth!
My High Priest ever intercedeth!
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
Saved by Thy glorious grace,
Dear Lord, I long to view
The Light celestial in Thy hallowed face,
And bid earth's fears adieu!
What joy to dwell with Thee forever,
Where sin and death can enter never!
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
To that Jerusalem,
Not built with hands, - above!
Where Thou, my King, dost wear the diadem,
Where oceans of Thy love
Flow forth in streams of Life immortal,
Where priceless pearl adorns the Portal!
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
To yonder blissful shore!
Thou knowest how I long
To leave earth's Egypt-land of strife and war
And sing Redemption's song
With all Thy blood-bought throng forever!

My Bridegroom, King, Redeemer, Savior,
O take me Home!

O take me Home!
Thou Triune God on high,
Thy Spirit witness bears
That in eternal calms beyond the sky
Thine own shall know no cares!
Faith changed to sight! O rapture glorious!
What bliss to join the saints victorious!
O TAKE ME HOME!^{xxxix}

Anna Hoppe, "Looking Homeward," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 9 (May 1, 1921): 129.

May 15, 1921
Pentecost

O come, Thou precious Holy Spirit,
Bless with Thy presence sweet my burdened heart.
With heav'nly solace do Thou cheer it;
Thy witness to the Word Divine impart.
Beloved, come with Pentecostal fire,
And let its warmth, I pray, my heart inspire.

My carnal mind is e'er demanding
A revelation other than Thine own,
By nature void of understanding
In Truths divine, my reason e'er is prone
To seek in human wisdom truth and light,
And finding neither, lose itself in night.

O come, Thou Spirit long desired,
My thirst and hunger for the Truth assuage!
Bless Thou the Word by Thee inspired,
The Word Divine on Scripture's hallowed page.
Through Thee alone, my Comforter, my Guide,
I find the Cross, - I find the Crucified!

Enlighten Thou my mind and spirit,
Blest Comforter, with wisdom from on high;
And through my risen Savior's merit
My carnal strivings purge and sanctify.
O dwell within my heart, Thou heav'nly Dove,

And fill the darkness with Thy light and love!

Reveal the God of all Creation;
My heav'nly Father's tender love disclose.
Point out the Way of my salvation;
Lead me to Christ, who suffered, died and rose, -
And Who ascended to the realms on high,
To intercede for sinners such as I.

Abide, Thou precious Holy Spirit!
My troubled heart Thy message sweet has heard.
Seal unto me my Savior's merit,
Hold Thou my reason captive in Thy Word!
Till life shall cease, - till Jordan's stream is crossed,
Grant me, Belov'd, the peace of Pentecost.

ANNA HOPPE, Milwaukee, Wis.

Anna Hoppe, "Pentecost," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 10 (May 15, 1921): 145.

May 29, 1921
True Wisdom

Boast, O world, of all thy learning,
Glory in its lofty heights,
All thy carnal knowledge spurning,
My heart still finds pure delights.
In my Savior's cross and pain,
I find wisdom's highest gain,
The blest faith His grace has given
Seals to me the bliss of Heaven.

Let the worldly-minded treasure
Carnal knowledge here below,
Finding not in Him their pleasure
Who true wisdom can bestow.
He Who died on Calv'ry's Cross
Grants me gain for earthly loss;
Higher than earth's wisdom reaches
Is the love His passion teaches.

When the world seeks exaltation,
Wealth, esteem, and honors great,
On my Lord's humiliation

I in faith will meditate.
What is earthly gain to me,
When in Christ my All I see?
Carnal vanities shall never
From His fellowship me sever.

Come, my Life, my Lord, my Savior,
Come and teach me as Thou wilt.
Take my heart as Thine forever,
Thou for me Thy Blood hast spilt.
Boundless wisdom, love divine,
Strength omnipotent is Thine;
Let all earth-born knowledge perish!
Thee alone my soul shall cherish!

Earth no lasting comfort knoweth,
When sin-burdened conscience speaks!
Earth no lasting peace bestoweth,
When my heart for solace seeks.
What availeth earthly weal,
When the Curse of Law I feel?
But Thy Blood to me has given
Pardon, peace, redemption, - Heaven!

Dearest Jesus, plant, I pray Thee,
Thine own wisdom in my heart!
Dwell in me, let naught delay Thee,
Come, and nevermore depart!
Thou hast suffered death for me
On the Cross of Calvary.
Love Divine, let Thy salvation
Be my sweetest meditation.

When in death all wisdom ceases,
When I leave this vale below,
Thou, alone, O dearest Jesus,
Peace and comfort canst bestow.
My redemption Thou hast wrought,
May my life's last conscious thought
Dwell upon Thy Cross, my Savior!
Let me sing Thy praise forever!

Anna Hoppe, "True Wisdom," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 11 (May 29, 1921): 161.

June 12, 1921

Jesus The Friend of Sinners

Love Divine, O precious Jesus,
Son of God, Redeemer blest,
Thou canst heal the world's diseases
Thou canst give the weary rest,
Faithful Shepherd, ever seeking
Wayward, lost, and erring sheep,
Let me hear when Thou art speaking,
Grant me grace Thy Word to keep.

Born in sin, and sinning ever,
Lost in deep depravity,
Man by mortal strength can never
Find the path that leads to Thee.
Vain is worldly wisdom's teaching,
Vain is carnal righteousness,
And too high for human reaching
Are the holy things that bless.

But Thy precious Holy Spirit
Bids me come, O Christ, to Thee.
He hath sealed Thy blood-bought merit
Through Thy glorious Word to me.
Pardon, peace, the Father's heaven,
Grace, salvation, all are mine.
Thou Thyself to me hast given;
How can tongue Thy love define?

Cleanse Thou me from all transgression
In the fountain of Thy blood.
Of my guilt I make confession;
Wash me in that cleansing flood.
Still in love Thou condescendest
Guilty sinners to receive;
Still the lost ones Thou befriendest,
Gently pleading, "Come! Believe."

I am sinful, helpless, lowly,
Still Thou deign'st to be my Friend.
Thou art spotless, mighty, holy,

Yet from heav'n Thou didst descend
Virgin-born, Incarnate Saviour,
To redeem my soul from death,
To grant me Thy Father's favor,
Precious Christ of Nazareth.

As the heav'nly host rejoices
When a sinner comes to Thee,
Let me, till I join their voices,
Point the lost to Calvary.
Let me praise Thy grace, Thy pardon,
And exalt Thy boundless love,
Till I cross the banks of Jordan,
And reach Canaan above.

Anna Hoppe, "Jesus The Friend of Sinners," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 12 (June 12, 1921): 177.

June 26, 1921
Pray Without Ceasing

When the clouds of trouble gather,
And afflictions grieve thee sore,
Child of God, pray to thy Father.
Prayer availeth evermore!
In His Scriptures thou canst trace
The abundance of His grace.
Bring thy faith-filled supplication,
And receive His consolation.

They shall never be forsaken,
Who trust Him in confidence.
When by earthly ills o'ertaken,
He remains their sure Defense.
Christ, though it oft appears,
That unmoved thy cry He hears,
Cling to Him, His Word obeying,
Let despair not hush thy praying.

Praying, knocking, calling, crying,
Is a Christian's noble art!
In true faith on God relying
Floods with peace the troubled heart!

Grace and help the faithful win
Who confide alone in Him!
They who trust His mercy, glorious
Leave the trial-field victorious!

Known how wondrous is God's manner
In the guidance of His own!
He lifts high faith's glorious banner
When all mortal strength has flown!
Though He seemeth silent now,
Still He lives! Pray on, and bow
To His will when griefs assail thee.
Never will Jehovah fail thee!

Let His Holy Word e'er guide thee,
Grant thee patience 'neath the cross.
Fear not, when earth's ills betide thee,
When in storms life's bark doth toss!
God's blest Truth thy Light remains!
His own solace thee sustains!
Place thy trust in Him securely,
Pray, and thou wilt conquer surely!

O my God, be praised forever!
Since my heart has known Thy grace
Vain is ev'ry foe's endeavor
Faith's blest vision to efface!
As at morn the heav'n-sent dew,
Thy sweet grace is ever new!
Grateful homage let me bring Thee,
Endless Hallelujahs sing thee!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "Pray Without Ceasing," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 13 (June 26, 1921): 193.

July 10, 1921
Come, And Let The Lord Now Teach Thee

(A Translation)

Come, and let the Lord now teach you;

Come, ye people, one and all!
Learn of Him. He doth beseech you!
Harken to His gracious call!
Learn with Christians to confess
Fervent faith in steadfastness.
Learn how blest their firm endeavor
To be true to Christ forever.

Blest are they, who, poor in spirit,
And with humble hearts and true,
Boast no gift or carnal merit,
But give God the homage due!
Praising Him upon the throne, -
Lo, the Kingdom is their own!
Heav'nly honors, glorious, holy,
Shall be granted to the lowly.

Blest are they, whose tears are flowing,
As they pray, in sorrow deep;
Mankind's lost condition knowing,
They o'er sin's corruption weep.
Graciously the Lord imparts
Peace to contrite, broken hearts, -
Comfort while on earth they wander, -
Everlasting solace yonder.

Blest are they, who in sweet mercy
Ever aid the poor in need.
Who for others in deep pity
With their God for succor plead.
They who deeds of mercy seek, -
Words of love and kindness speak,
Are thrice blest, for God in Heaven
Shall reward the comfort given.

Blest are they, who in deep fervor
Strive for purity of heart;
Who in word and spirit ever
Bid the world's vain lusts depart.
They who earnestly confess
Their desire for holiness, -
Shunning thus earth's carnal madness,
Shall behold the Lord in gladness.

Blest are they, who e'er are seeking
Sweet tranquility and peace;
Words of godly kindness speaking
To bid strife and malice cease.
Toiling thus for peace, they find
God a Father, tender, kind.
All their cares upon Him casting,
They obtain peace everlasting.

Father, let Thy Holy Spirit
Till my course on earth is run, -
Seal to me the blood-bought merit
Of Thy ris'n, exalted Son!
Let me bring forth fruits of faith,
And be loyal unto death!
Saved by grace, redeemed, forgiven,
Let me enter Thy blest Heaven.

Translation by ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Anna Hoppe, "Come, And Let The Lord Now Teach Thee," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 14 (July 10, 1921): 209.

July 24, 1921
The Value of the Immortal Soul

Thou dust and clay of earthly mold,
Boast not of carnal glory!
Thy misery is manifold,
Conceived in sin, before thee
A way of pain and woe extends.
Until in pain life's journey ends,
Affliction is thy portion.

Thy body frail thou dost adorn
Wherein corruption dwelleth.
Thy mind of true discernment shorn,
In self-indulgence swelleth.
Dost thou not know the day is near,
When death shall end thy brief career,
And worms destroy thy body?

O, rather beautify thy soul,
True penitence confessing!
The Living Bread of Heav'n extol,
The Food, so rich in blessing!
Redeemed thy deathless soul shall soar,
To dwell with God forevermore,
And all His holy angels.

The Triune God, the mighty Lord,
Each soul doth highly treasure.
As He revealeth in His Word,
He loves it without measure.
To save immortal souls, His Son
Upon the Cross Redemption won,
Dying in pain and anguish.

Dearer to Him than earth and Heav'n,
Are souls of His creation.
To them His boundless grace was giv'n,
He yearned for their salvation!
In love He gave the ransom-price,
His only Son, Whose sacrifice
Secured complete redemption.

O mortal man, since thy great God
Doth deem thy soul so precious,
Canst thou ignore it as the sod,
In base neglect, - ungracious?
Remember that His Holy Son
Descended from His heav'nly throne
From Death and Hell to save it.

O ponder on His sacrifice
In fervent meditation.
Thy precious soul no more despise,
Resist not God's salvation!
The balm of earth could nevermore,
Relieve thy soul's deep wounds, so sore,
But Jesus' Blood hath healed them.

While I have breath, O Christ, to Thee,
My thanks shall be ascending,
In lowly, true humility

On Thy sweet grace depending,
Let me henceforth from sin depart,
In Thy safe-keeping rest my heart,
And trust in Thy salvation.

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "The Value of the Immortal Soul," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 15 (July 24, 1921):
225.

August 7, 1921
The Faith That Saveth

Faith is a trustful confidence
In God's free grace reposing,
More than belief held by frail sense;
God as its Treasure choosing,
True Faith the heart and spirit fills,
Desireth only what God wills,
And trusts Him without doubting.

Who thus his heart with strength hath filled,
And trusts in God securely,
Who all His hopes on Christ doth build
Hath firm foundation surely.
Clothed in the Savior's righteousness,
Cleansed by His Blood, in fearlessness
A Christian journeys homeward.

This faith is not the work of man,
But they who seek, obtain it
Through prayer to God, Whose Spirit can
Create, increase, sustain it.
Works that are pleasing in His sight
Flow from the faith wrought by His might,
Without Him faith is worthless.

Lord, through Thy mercy let me be
An earnest Christian ever.
Purge me from vain hypocrisy,
Grant me the blest endeavor

To know and do Thy Will divine
Then will my Faith, a gift of Thine,
Illume my neighbor's pathway.

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "The Faith That Saveth," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 16 (August 7, 1921): 241.

August 21, 1921
Peace Through Christ

If Thy beloved Son, my God,
Had not to earth descended
And, clad in mortal flesh and blood,
Sin's death-chains had not rended,
My soul in untold misery
Would pine in hell eternally
Because of my transgression.

But now sweet peace and rest I find!
Despair no more reigns o'er me!
Sin's burden need not press the mind
For Christ hath borne it for me!
Upon the cross for me He died,
That, reconciled, I might abide
With Thee, my God, forever!

Therefore, in child-like faith, my heart
Builds all its hopes on Jesus!
Abiding peace He doth impart!
From burdens He releases!
His holy Blood for me was spilt,
To cleanse me from the stains of guilt, -
Whiter than snow He washed me!

Saved through my Savior's precious Blood
I am rejoicing ever!
Naught from Thy grace, O Lord, my God,
My ransomed soul can sever!
All that my blest Redeemer's death
Has won for me, is mine through faith,
And Satan cannot harm me.

Vain is the carnal righteousness
That seeketh exaltation
In works of Law, which cannot bless.
I trust in Christ's salvation!
His all-sufficient sacrifice
Paid the tremendous ransom-price,
And I am saved, - believing!

My Father, Thou hast laid my guilt
Upon Thy Son, Christ Jesus!
My Savior, Thou Thy Blood hast spilt,
Thy Love bore my diseases!
My Comforter, Thy strength alone
Sustains me till my course is run,
Let me till death be faithful!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Peace Through Christ," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 17 (August 21, 1921): 257.

September 4, 1921

My Savior Sinners Doth Receive

My Savior sinners doth receive,
Who under sin's dread burden groaning,
No man nor angel can relieve,
Who find no rest, their guilt bemoaning.
To whom the world seems far too small,
Who deeply feel the scorn of all,
O'er whom the rod of Law is broken,
And Hell its hopeless "lost" has spoken;
These still may flee to Christ and live!
My Savior sinners doth receive!

His all-transcending, boundless love,
His mercy, greater than a mother's,
Caused Him to leave His throne above
To bear the Curse of Law for others!
To save them from eternal loss,
He bore the anguish of the cross,
His life and ransom-price He offered,

In sinners' stead Hell's pangs He suffered,
To His redeemed God's grace to give!
My Savior sinners doth receive!

His Bosom is the haven blest
Where sinners, seeking consolation,
May flee for refuge, pardon, - rest,
He frees them from all condemnation,
And casts their sins' so awful load
Into the fountain of His Blood!
Cleansed from the stains of all transgression,
His Spirit's peace is their possession.
With joy the Mercy-Seat they leave,
My Savior sinners doth receive!

Within His blood-stained, loving arms.
He bears His own unto the Father,
Where, shielded from all earth's alarms,
As precious children they may gather.
All that He has becomes their own!
With joy they stand before His throne!
He opens wide the heav'nly portal,
And freely gives them Life immortal.
What bliss awaits them who believe!
My Savior sinners doth receive!

O couldst thou see His loving heart
In tenderness for lost ones yearning!
For those upon sin's wicked mart,
For those in whom remorse is burning!
In love the publican He saved,
And she, who His forgiveness craved,
Sad Magdalene, found sweet compassion!
He freely pardoned her transgression,
And filled her soul with sweet relief;
My Savior sinners doth receive!

How love-filled was His tender look
When Peter's deep-dyed sin He pondered!
Ah, not alone this course He took
When in this vale of tears He wandered!
Eternal Love is still the same,
"The Friend of sinners" is His Name!

As on the Cross His love was given,
Thus from His glorious throne in Heaven
His grace to sinners He doth give;
My Savior sinners doth receive!

O come, ye sinners, one and all!
Come unto Him, in deep contrition!
He casteth none away. His call
Hath healing balm for your condition!
Why will ye die eternally
When His salvation is so free?
Why cling to bonds of sin so galling,
When Christ to liberty is calling?
Forsake all sin! O come, believe!
My Savior sinners doth receive!

O come, thou heavy-laden one!
Bowed down, and burdened with transgression,
If thou dost have no strength to run,
Come creeping, - with thy heart's confession!
His loving heart is open wide!
O bid thy anxious fears subside!
With yearning love He long hath sought Thee,
And with His precious Blood He bought thee!
Come, lowly one, to Jesus cleave!
My Savior sinners doth receive!

Say not: "My sins are far too great,
His gifts of grace I scorned and slighted!"
Say not: "Repentance is too late,
I came not when His love invited!"
If thou dost long to change thy course,
In tears, and earnest, deep remorse,
Come now! Thou conscience still is chiding,
Accept His mercy, so abiding.
Come, burdened one, thy soul relieve!
My Savior sinners doth receive!

Say not: "Behold there is no haste,
I still can joy in carnal pleasure!
God closest not His door in haste,
His grace is ever without measure!"
Ah no, hear thou His call to-day!

And cast His offer not away!
They who put off His great salvation,
May suffer loss and condemnation!
Why wilt thou die? O come, and live!
My Savior sinners doth receive!

O draw us ever unto Thee,
Thou precious Friend of sinners, Jesus!
And may we ever, longingly
Seek Thee, Whose mercy never ceases!
When guilty conscience doth reprove,
Reveal to us Thy heart of love!
And when, our wretchedness beholding,
We see Thy glorious grace unfolding,
May each confess in fervency;
“My Savior, Christ, receiveth me!”

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, “My Savior Sinners Doth Receive,” *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 18 (September 4, 1921): 273.

September 18, 1921
When The Mists Have Cleared Away

O precious thought! Some day the mists shall vanish!
Some day the web of gloom shall be unspun!
A day shall break, whose beams the night shall banish,
For Christ, the Lamb, shall shine, - the glorious Sun!

O precious thought! No more will faith be anguished
By doubt's uncertainties, - my trembling fears!
The pangs that wound the heart shall all be vanquished,
And light shall flood the gloom of by gone years.

Some day each mystery shall find solution, -
Each troublous question an undimmed reply! -
The hidden deeps that now seem all confusion
My God will open up, and clarify!

O precious thought! With vision all unclouded,
The One Whom I believed I shall behold!
Now from my sight His hallowed form is shrouded,
Then He shall fill my soul with bliss untold!

Some day I'll see my ever-faithful Savior,
Who pardoned all my sin in boundless grace!
Here clouds of trial oft obscure His favor,
There I'll behold the brightness of His face!

O precious thought! The world shall not oppress me,
No more will friends forsake, and foes deride!
But perfect love and fellowship shall bless me,
Where peace and joy forevermore abide!

O precious thought! In Heaven's realm supernal
With angels' hosts the Lamb of God I'll praise!
And with the ransomed speak of life eternal,
And of my earthly life's long-vanished days!

It cannot be untrue, for God has spoken:
"They that are Christ's shall live forevermore!"
God cannot lie! His Word cannot be broken,
And He will lead me to that glory-shore!

The saints of God, all clad in spotless raiment
Before the Lamb shall wave the vict'ry palms!
For bliss eternal Christ has rendered payment,
Earth's tearful strains give way to joyous psalms!

I pray Thee, O my precious Savior, waken
These hallowed thoughts of Paradise in me,
And let them solace me till I am taken
To dwell in Salem, evermore with Thee!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

From the Swedish by
C.O. Rosenius.^{x1}

Anna Hoppe, "When The Mists Have Cleared Away," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 19 (September 12, 1921): 289.

October 2, 1921
Missionary Endeavor

Here am I! Lord, send me wherever Thou wilt!
Speak, Master! Thy servant Thee heareth!
Thy Blood on the Cross for all mankind was spilt, -
The dawn of the Judgment Day neareth,
But lost thousands perish without Thee!

Thou Lord of the harvest, Thy field is so white!
The sheaves for the reapers are waiting!
O send out Thy toilers while yet it is light,
To serve Thee with zeal unabating,
And gather the wheat in Thy storehouse!

I pray, touch my lips, and consume all the dross,
The gold in Thy furnace refining!
In faith let me kneel at the foot of Thy Cross,
My all in surrender resigning,
And fill me with ardor to serve Thee!

O'er mountain, and valley, and plain I will go,
And cross the expanse of the ocean,
To reap in the fields of Thy harvest below,
To serve Thee in fervent devotion!
Here am I! Lord, send me! Lord, send me!

The darkness of heathendom knows not Thy light!
The lost for a Gospel are yearning!
The day is fast waning, - soon cometh the night!
O save Thou the brands from the burning!
Here am I! Lord, send me! Lord, send me!

How shall they believe if they never have heard!
How hear Thee if they have no preacher?
It is Thy blest Will that Thy life-giving Word
Shall reach ev'ry mortal, lost creature!
Here am I! Lord, send me! Lord, send me!

Fill Thou me with love that I mind not the cost,
And let me not fail Thee nor falter!
In Spirit I hear the lament of the lost,
O place Thou my all on the Altar,
And lead me, my precious Lord, lead me!

Blest Lamb, Thou shalt see of Thy travail of soul,
And Thou shalt be satisfied, knowing (Isaiah 53:11)
That all whom the pow'r of Thy Blood hath made whole
Shall praise Thee, their hearts overflowing
With love and devotion, - in glory!

O let me proclaim Thy Evangel of love,

And tell of Thy blood-bought salvation,
Till saved by Thy grace, I reach Heaven above
To praise Thee in holy elation
With Thy ransomed myriads, - forever!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Anna Hoppe, "Missionary Endeavor," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 20 (October 2, 1921): 205.

October 16, 1921

"The Fields Are White To The Harvest"

O Master, my Master, Thy harvest is great,
But few are the husbandmen reaping!
The day is fast waning, O ere it's too late,
Awaken the idlers from sleeping!

O Master, my Master, the night is at hand!
In Thy free salvation I glory!
And cleansed from all stains in the Calvary flood,
I long to tell others the story!

O Master, my Master, the night is at hand!
Grant Thou me Thy blest Spirit's power!
I long to obey Thy so precious command,
And serve Thee till life's closing hour!

O Master, my Master, though weak are my hands,
Thy love is still willing to guide me!
The Word Thou hast spoken eternally stands,
And Thou wilt be ever beside me.

O Master, my Master, if never I bear
Rich sheaves of the wheat to Thy glory!
Though small be my gleaning, and humble my share,
In love let me bring it before The!

O Master, my Master, Thy mercy still saves,
Thy love is without limitation.
Still thousands are sinking unsaved to their graves,
Who know not Thy glorious salvation!

O Master, my Master, give strength to Thine Own,

And grant them Thy blest Holy Spirit,
That through Thy Evangel the lost may be won
To trust in Thy infinite merit!

O Master, my Master grant Thou me the grace
To serve Thee in earnest endeavor!
When harvest is past, may I see Thy blest face,
And rest with Thy reapers forever!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Anna Hoppe, "The Fields Are White To The Harvest," Northwestern Lutheran VIII, no. 21 (October 16, 1921): 321.

October 30, 1921

A Call To The Children Of Luther

Arise, ye heirs of Gospel truth and freedom!
Lift high the banner of your Lord and King!
And to the Hero, coming forth from Edom,
Anthems of praise, and royal tribute bring!
Arise, and crown the Conqueror victorious!
The King of Kings, - the mighty Lord of Lords!
For lo, He comes with laurels, priceless, glorious!
Eternal liberty His reign affords!

O fear no more Jehovah's condemnation!
And tremble not when Horeb's thunders roar!
Behold, the Crucified has brought salvation!
On Calv'ry's Cross the Law's dread curse He bore!
Forgiveness, mercy, grace, and Life immortal,
His love bestows. His precious Blood sufficed
To open wide the glorious heav'nly portal!
O hail with joy your blest Redeemer, - Christ!

Arise, ye children of the heav'nly Father!
Tell all the world of His so boundless love!
Fear not beneath the Cross of Christ to gather,
With heart and lips your fervent troth to prove!
Led by His Spirit, boldly make confession,
And hail the Son of God, the Lord of All!
Deny all earthly foes and hell's oppression!
Boldly sound forth the Gospel's trumpet-call!

Arise, ye ransomed hosts, in consecration - ,
And pay the Lord your vows in word and deed!
Harken in awe to Hist'ry's proclamation: -

“The blood of martyrs is the Church’s seed!”
They did not die in vain by sword and fire,
Who pledged their troth to Jesus unto death, -
Who praised His Name upon the fun’ral pyre,
And entered glory, - saved by grace, through faith!

No cross, no crown! The trumpet-call has sounded!
O Church of Jesus, keep His doctrine pure!
On Scripture’s Rock securely Thou art grounded!
His Holy Word forever shall endure!
What though the battlefields have oft been gory?
The lurid gates of hell shall not prevail!
Lift high the banner of the King of Glory, -
And fight the fight of Faith when foes assail!

Arise, ye pilgrims to the realms eternal!
The standard of the Crucified unfurl!
His Word illumines your path with Light supernal!
A crown awaits you at the Gates of Pearl!
Though hot the battle, sore the tribulation,
Heed not a godless, sneering world’s complaints!
Led by the Captain of your soul’s salvation,
Fight for the Faith delivered to the saints!

Arise, ye children of the Reformation!
Tell all the world “The Just shall live by faith!”
Proclaim the Gospel-truth to ev’ry nation!
Be loyal to your Master unto death!
In love He promised He will leave you never!
His Holy Word shall be your staff and rod!
Ye victors, give Him all the glory ever!
Indeed, - “A Mighty Fortress is our God!”

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.^{xli}

Anna Hoppe, “A Call To The Children Of Luther,” *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 22 (October 30, 1921): 337.

November 13, 1921
The Coming of the King

He is coming! I know He is coming!
My Jesus, my Savior, my Lord!
He is coming! I know He is coming!
He promised me this in His Word!
Let the world scoff and mock if it pleases,
Its taunts are all useless and vain!
He is coming, my crucified Jesus,

As the King of all Kings to reign.

He is coming! I know He is coming!
My glorious Redeemer, my King!
He is coming! I know He is coming, -
And to His blest promise I cling!
Not again as a babe in a manger,
Not again to Bethlehem's stall,
Not as Nazareth's lowliest stranger,
But as Conq'ror and Lord of All!

He is coming! I know He is coming, -
The Lamb Who for sinners was slain.
He is coming! I know He is coming, -
To rule o'er His blood-bought domain!
He Who writhed in Gethsemane's garden,
He Who died on Calvary's tree,
He Who rose to assure me of pardon,
Has a Home in the skies for me!

He is coming! I know He is coming!
My King in His beauty I'll see!
He is coming! I know He is coming, -
His own from earth's fetters to free!
All the doubtings of earth's wisest sages,
Fail to shake this faith in my Lord!
He has told me in Scripture's pure pages,
And I trust His unfailing Word!

He is coming! I know He is coming!
The Christ, Who has saved me by grace!
He is coming! I know He is coming!
I'll behold His radiant face!
Then all sorrow and weeping shall vanish,
Life's trials and burdens shall cease,
And my precious Redeemer shall banish
Pain and strife from His realm of peace!

He is coming! I know He is coming, -
My Jesus, in glory and power!
He is coming! I know He is coming!
Concealed is the day and the hour.
But I know that blest moment is nearing,

By prophets so clearly foretold,
And I'll watch for His glorious appearing,
Till the Portals of Pearl unfold!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for
the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.^{xlii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Coming of the King," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 23 (November 13, 1921):
353.

Anna Hoppe, "The Coming of the King," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 25 (December 11, 1927):

November 27, 1921
Advent

Lo, thy King doth come to thee!
Hear, my soul, the Word Immortal!
Answer gladly: - "Come to me!"
"Come, I open wide the portal!"
"Come in meekness, - build Thy throne,
"All Thou findest is Thine own!"

Come for Thou hast sealed me Thine,
In baptismal waters holy!
Thy pure Gospel, all divine,
Seals Thy grace to sinners lowly!
Thy blest Word prepares the way!
Come, my King, O come to stay!

Come! With all I gladly part
That dishonors Thee and grieves me!
Cleanse Thy house, - my sinful heart!
How Thy pardon's balm relieves me!
In Thy Blood, for sinners spilt,
Cleanse away the stains of guilt!

Come! Let me Thy Supper share,
For my soul's salvation given!
O what joy to meet Thee there!
Foretaste of the bliss of Heaven!
Come Lord Jesus, dwell in me!
Let me live my life in Thee!

Come, and bring Thy Spirit blest,
Who so gloriously revealeth
Thy just will. At His behest
Now in prayer my soul appealeth! –
“Come, Lord Jesus,” let me pray
Till mine eyes behold Thy Day!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, “Advent,” *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 24 (November 27, 1921): 369.

December 11, 1921

Advent

Come, O my Savior, delay Thee not longer!
Hush Thou the grief in my poor, troubled breast!
See how earth’s wickedness still waxeth stronger!
See how Thy loved ones with fear are oppressed!
O to recline on Thy Bosom, my Savior,
Bidding adieu to earth’s sorrows forever!
Take Thou the burdens from each troubled heart,
Let Thy blest Advent true solace impart!

Thou who beholdest earth’s anguish and suffering,
Knowest how great is the torment of sin!
Falsely the lips may be smiling and scoffing,
Laughter discloses no gladness within!
Sin’s silent wounds are still aching and burning!
Deeply each heart for Thy comfort is yearning!
Bring Thou the Balsam of Gilead, dear Lord,
Let Thy blest Advent our healing afford!

Conflicts and battles and struggles are raging!
Blood flows in torrents that swell and increase!
Hast Thou withdrawn all Thy love, so assuaging?
Will earth nevermore be blest with Thy peace?
War’s cruel sword o’er our loved ones is swinging! –
Terror, destruction and ruthlessness bringing!
Quench Thou the fires that so fearfully burn,
Haste Thy return, Savior! Haste Thy return!

O may the breath of Thy Spirit waft o'er us,
Till at Thy Cross all the nations shall kneel,
Let us, beholding the Judgment before us,
Heed Thy Eternal Word's ardent appeal!
As the Day dawns, from our lethargy wake us!
Saved from its flames, to Thy Paradise take us!
When Thou dividest the goats from the sheep,
In Thine own mansions forever us keep!

Pray on in silence, and worship, ye people,
Though sin and death on their ravage are bent!
When the sweet Advent-bells peal from the steeple,
Know that in Christ God the Savior hath sent!
Bring Him your homage, and worship the Stranger
As He descendeth to rest in a manger!
Then at the Cross your belov'd Savior greet,
For only THERE is His Advent complete!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Translated from the German
by Paul Hansen.

(The original, by Paul Hansen, appeared in a Christmas number of "Die Abendschule" during the war time.)

Anna Hoppe, "Advent," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 25 (December 11, 1921): 385.

December 25, 1921
The Light of the World is Jesus

This night a wondrous revelation
Makes known to me God's love and grace.
The Child to whom hosts give adoration
Brings light to our benighted race,
And though a thousand suns may shine,
Still brighter beams that Light divine.

The sun of grace for thee is beaming,
Rejoice, my soul, in Jesus' birth;
The light from yonder manger streaming
Sends forth its rays o'er all the earth.
It drives the night of sin away,
And turns our darkness into day.

This glorious light thy gloom can banish.
Salvation's truth it clarifies.
When sun, and moon, and stars shall vanish,
Its rays shall still illumine the skies,
And throughout all eternity
This light thy heav'nly joy shall be.

Till then, let love shine out in splendor,
And faith beam forth with luster bright;
True homage to thy Father render;
His sun shall flood thy path with light!
If this celestial lamp be thine,
Thou canst no more in darkness pine.

Thou precious Sun of Christmas, Jesus,
Shine o'er me with Thy love, I pray.
Thy light my Christmas joy increases;
Teach me this holy Christmas day
How I may walk in light, and be
A Christmas beam reflecting Thee!

Anna Hoppe, "The Light of the World is Jesus," *Northwestern Lutheran* VIII, no. 26 (December 25, 1921): 401.

1922

January 8, 1922

"Ich Bete An Die Macht Der Liebe"

O Might of Love, Christ's revelation!
Adoringly I praise Thee now!
O impulse pure, my consolation!
I yield to Thee, a worm, and bow!
Forgetting self, Love's ocean viewing,
I sound a depth of Heaven's wooing!

How gracious Thou! How condescending!
How yearns Thy heart for wretched me!
Love's drawing power to sinners bending,
Impels my all to yield to Thee!
Thou blessed Love, God's own Anointed,
Hast chosen one to death appointed.

I crave but Thee! Thy Love compelling
Draws me to Thee in raptured bliss!
If creature's praise my tongue were telling.
My resting-place, alas, I'd miss!
Rest is in Thee! In thee but pleasure!
Thy winning love no man can measure!

O Jesus, may Thy Name's impression
Adorn my soul, a jewel fair!
O may Thy priceless love's possession
Imprint itself, and banish care!
O Word, of work, of all endeavor,
Be Thou my source, my spring forever!

In praise be Jesus' name exalted!
Love's Fount from Him doth ever rise!
Love's healing brooks cannot be halted!
Saints drink of them beyond the skies!
Behold them bow without surceasing!
Behold their joy, - their pride increasing!

C.B. SCHUCHARD.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1768
Translated by Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Ich Bete An Die Macht Der Liebe," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 1 (January 8, 1922):
1.

January 22, 1922
The Efficacy of Prayer

Church of Prayer, let Christ thy Lord
Sanctify thee wholly!
O'er thy heart and soul be poured
Oil of Faith so holy.
 In His pow'r
 Ev'ry hour
May thy supplication
Rise in adoration.

When the prayers of faith ascend
God the Father heareth!
Jesus, the believers' Friend,

As their Priest appeareth!
At the throne
For His Own
Love Divine is pleading, -
Ever interceding!

Faith-filled prayer is ever heard
Holy Scripture sayeth!
How the heart of God is stirred
When a Christian prayeth!
Boundless gain
Prayers attain
When His saints' communion
Prays to Him in union!

To the Holy Trinity
Worship sweet is given,
When the saints unitedly
Pray in earth and Heaven.
Solemn strains!
Sweet refrains!
Joy divine aboundeth
Where prayer's music soundeth!

Lift up holy hands of prayer,
God's blest Word obeying!
O ye saints, be constant e'er,
In the Spirit praying!
Let prayer soar
Evermore
Till the clouds it rendeth
And to God ascendeth!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "The Efficacy of Prayer," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 2 (January 22, 1922): 17.

February 5, 1922

"In the Tents of Kedar"

("Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech; that I dwell in the tents of Kedar! My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace. I am for peace, but when I speak, they are for war." Psalm 120, verse 5)

I dwell in tents of Kedar,
A pilgrim here below,
For Adam's fall decreed it,
And sin ordained it so.
The mighty Prince of Darkness
Rules with an iron hand;
The blissful peace of Eden
Has fled from Kedar's land.

I sojourn on, a wand'rer,
By countless ills oppressed,
A thousand fears o'erwhelm me,
And sorrows mar my rest.
Foes hold me in derision,
Friends oft misunderstand,
A pilgrim and a stranger
I pine in Kedar's land.

Sharp arrows of the might
Pierce me in bitterness,
Deceitful tongues assail me,
And lying lips oppress.
The hate of Kedar burneth
Like coals of juniper, (verse 4)
And my poor spirit feareth
The darts of Lucifer.

The while I dwell in Kedar
The Curse of Law assails,
Before Jehovah's thunders
Awakened conscience quails!
My strength, so frail and feeble,
Doth fail me in the fight,
And world, and flesh, and Satan
Oft conquer in their might.

Here all is ceaseless tumult,
And clamor, turmoil, strife.
I long for peace and stillness.
But war is Kedar's life! (verse 7)
O Lord, my God, I pray Thee
Hear me in my distress, (verse 1)
Deliver me from Mesech,

From Kedar's wretchedness!

(Deliverance)

But One has come to rescue
My soul from Kedar's death,
My Savior, my Redeemer,
The Christ of Nazareth!
From Heaven's throne descending,
This sin-cursed earth He trod;
To purchase my salvation
He died, the Son of God!

Divine, untainted, sinless,
He hung upon the tree,
That from all condemnation
I might delivered be.
He fought the foe infernal,
He conquered death and hell,
The Shiloh long-expected,
The blest Immanuel!

All that I lost in Adam
The Crucified regained,
And from the Law's dread judgments
My ransom He obtained!
He justified me freely
Through His unbounded grace,
Saved by His Blood so precious
My homeward path I trace!

His Word and Spirit guide me
Through Kedar's vale of tears.
His Sacraments sustain me
Through all my wand'ring years.
He comforts me in sorrow,
He pardons all my sin.
Let Kedar roar in tumult,
I have His peace within!

I seek a better country,
Jerusalem above!
The realm of "many mansions"

The dwelling-place of love!
My Father's House awaits me!
When ends my weary roam
I'll fold the tents of Kedar
And enter Home, sweet Home!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Suggested by the Sylvester Sermon delivered at St. John's
Lutheran Church, Milwaukee, New Year's Eve, 1921.)

Anna Hoppe, "In the Tents of Kedar," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 3 (February 5, 1922): 33.

February 19, 1922

A Plea For The Sufferers In Europe

They are dying by the thousands
In a famine-stricken land,
Gaunt with hunger, destitute, and cold!
Helpless victims in the clutches
Of privations ruthless hand,
They are languishing in wretchedness untold!
Lacking shelter, warmth, and raiment,
How can tongue declare their woes?
Such is war's relentless payment!
Such the ruin strife bestows!

"Help us! Help us, or we perish!"
Sounds the anguished, plaintive cry
Of the famishing survivors o'er the sea.
Shall we leave the call unheeded?
Shall we let the sufferers die
Comfortless in want and misery?
Shall we stand, void of emotion,
Merciless, unmoved as stone,
When from lands across the ocean
Comes this bitter, mournful groan?

Not alone for food and raiment,
For the Bread of Life they plead,
For the boon of Sacrament and Word!
Can we bear the name of Christian,
And, indifferent, pay no heed,
When from brethren in the faith this wail is heard?

GOD FORBID! With hearts a-glowing
In true sympathy and love,
Let us help, our gifts bestowing,
Works of love faith's ardor prove!

Father, hear the fervent pleading
Of thy children o'er the sea!
Thou didst feed Thy pleading Israel.
When in desert lands they wandered,
Manna, life-sustaining, free,
From the Heavens in abundance fell!
Thou art still the same, and able,
To supply Thine Own with Bread,
By Thy Hand, Sarepta's table
In the famine-land was spread!

Anna Hoppe, "A Plea For The Sufferers In Europe," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 4 (February 19, 1922): 49.

March 5, 1922
The Way of the Cross
Gospel Lesson Hymn for Quinquagesima Sunday
Luke 18:31-43.

Thou goest to Jerusalem,
O Son of God, to suffer,
And for a world of sinful men
Thy spotless life to offer.
Thou bearest anguish, pain, and loss,
The mocker's scorn, the scourge, the cross,
To win for us salvation.

Before Thee is Gethsemane,
The scene of bitter anguish;
Thine eyes behold the Calvary
Where Thou in pain must languish! -
The bleeding wounds, the bitter gall,
The crown of thorns, - the judgment hall, -
Thy burdened soul's affliction.

Though cruel death before Thee lies,
Thy tender love for others,
Still hearkens to a beggar's cries,

As to a pleading brother's: -
"O Son of David, pass not by,
I pray Thee, hear my humble cry,
Restore my sight, dear Master."

Thy tender love in mercy speaks,
Thy heart with pity burneth,
And unto Him who vision seeks,
The gift of sight returneth.
In Thee the poor compassion find,
Thou givest sight unto the blind,
And light to those in darkness.

The world is still a Jericho,
A Babel of confusion;
Lost in the darkness, filled with woe,
And steeped in vain illusion.
Helpless and wretched, poor and blind,
In Thee we still compassion find,
For Thou hast died to save us.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
We pray Thee, Master, lead us
Away from earth's vain, restless strife,
With heav'nly manna feed us!
Thou Who hast died to save the lost,
Help us to weight the awful cost,
And follow Thee, dear Savior.

To the Jerusalem on high,
Lead us, Thou Light Eternal;
To mansions blest beyond the sky,
To realms of joy supernal.
There Thy redeemed like stars shall shine.
Clothed in Thy righteousness divine,
And praise Thy Love forever.^{xliii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Way of the Cross," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 5 (March 5, 1922): 65.

March 19, 1922
"O Welt Sieh Hier Dein Leben"

O World, see thy Life languish,

Upon the Cross in anguish!
Thy Savior yields His breath!
The might Prince of Glory
Hangs bowed in grief before thee,
And suffers scorn, and stripes, and death.

Draw near, in meekness lowly;
Upon His body, holy,
The crimson blood-stream see!
Unfathomed woe He knoweth!
His noble heart o'erfloweth
With sighs of untold agony!

O Savior mine, who dareth
To smite Thee thus? Who beareth
The guilt of Thy deep pain?
All we must make confession
Of sin, but no transgression
Hath ever left on Thee a stain.

I, whom deep guilt doth cumber,
Whose sins by far out-number
The sands upon the shore.
I caused Thy condemnation,
Thy deep humiliation,
And all the wounds that pain Thee sore.

I well deserve Thy anguish,
In justice I should languish
Bound, hand and foot, in hell!
The fetters to Thee offered,
The scourging Thou hast suffered,
My soul hath merited too well.

The burden Thee molesting,
The weight upon Thee resting,
The stony load is mine!
A curse on Thee is pressing,
That I might claim a blessing.
Thy pain must be my balm divine!

My place as surety filling,
Devotion made Thee willing

To suffer death for me!
A thorny crown doth flaunt Thee,
While heartless scorners taunt Thee,
Yet Thou dost bear it patiently!

Into death's jaws Thou leapest,
And from this monster keepest
My soul, its helpless prey.
Thou in the tomb doest tarry
My death for aye to bury!
They depth of love no tongue can say.

The bonds of love, my Savior,
Have sealed me Thine forever!
I am no longer mine!
Whate'er my powers can render,
Henceforth to Thee I tender,
Thy praise shall be my joy divine!

How small is my oblation
In this poor life's duration!
But one thing I can do!
Till soul and body sever
My heart shall cherish ever
Thy passion, death, and love so true.

Thy death and holy passion
Shall be before my vision
Wherever I may rove,
A glass divine, revealing
Pure innocence, and sealing
Sincerest truth and faultless love.

How stern is God's expression
Of wrath o'er man's transgression!
How loud His thunders roll!
How fearfully He smiteth,
How sorely He requiteth,
Thy death and passion teach my soul!

And I shall learn, my Savior,
With silent patience, ever
To beautify my heart!

When foes in malice chide me,
Thy lowliness shall guide me
Love's pure devotion to impart.

When evil tongues are stinging,
Shame and dishonor bringing,
My stubborn heart I'll still!
The unjust wrong I'll suffer,
Unto my neighbor offer
Forgiveness free for every ill.

And to Thy Cross I'll nail me,
When world and flesh assail me,
When base desires arise!
Whate'er Thine eyes disfavor,
That will I flee, my Savior,
With all the strength that in me lies.

Thy mournful supplications,
Thy tears, Thy lamentations,
The sighs that heaved Thy breast,
In death shall be beside me,
To Thy blest Bosom guide me,
And lead me to eternal rest!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "O Welt Sieh Hier Dein Leben," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 6 (March 19, 1922): 81.

April 2, 1922

Seele, Geh Nach Golgatha!

Go, my soul, to Calv'ry's brow!
Rest beneath the Cross of Jesus!
There in deep contrition bow!
He Who healeth thy diseases,
Doth for all thy guilt atone!
Canst thou be unmoved as stone?

See the martyred Son of God,
Between Heav'n and earth suspended!
See the streams of precious Blood!

Nails and thorns His flesh have rended!
See His stripes, His riven side!
O my soul, thy Lord has died!

Holy Lamb of God, so pure,
Thou didst die for my transgression!
For my guilt Thou didst endure
All the anguish of Thy passion!
That I might not suffer loss
Thou didst die upon the Cross!

One thing will I give to Thee,
Take my heart as Thine forever!
At Thy Cross it e'er shall be!
Naught from Thee my Love shall sever!
Precious Jesus, Thou art mine!
Living, dying, - I am Thine!

Crucify my flesh and blood,
Let me flee earth's sinful pleasure!
Thou divinest, highest Good
E'er shalt be my dearest Treasure!
Lead, and I will follow on,
Till, through cross, my crown is won!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "Seele, Geh Nach Golgatha!" *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 7 (April 2, 1922): 97.

April 16, 1922
An Easter Meditation

Jesus, Thou from death art risen,
Stone and seal retain Thee not.
Thou hast burst Thy gloomy prison,
Full redemption Thou hast wrought.
Open and unseal my heart,
Enter in, and ne'er depart!

Burst the rock of doubt asunder,
That no earthly strength can move;
When this all-transcendent wonder

Reason faileth to approve,
Grant me grace, O risen Lord,
To believe Thy Holy Word.

Let not unbelief beset me,
That, like Thomas, I should doubt!
Let no earthly trials fret me,
Cast all fear and sorrow out!
In all need, while here I plod,
O remain my Lord and God!

Death and Hell by Thee are conquered,
Let me share Thy victory!
And as Thou hast battled onward,
Savior, draw me unto Thee,
That released from Satan's might,
I may view my God in light!

I am dead in sin, my Savior,
Waken Thou my soul, I pray!
Bless me with Thy Spirit's favor,
That I walk in faith each day!
Grant me grace to conquer sin,
And a godly life begin.

When, dear Lord, at Thy appearing,
From the grave my flesh shall rise;
When, the might summons hearing,
I behold Thee in the skies,
Let me through eternity
Dwell in endless joy with Thee.

My poor body, frail and mortal,
By the mold of earth defiled,
Thou wilt bring to Heaven's portal,
O, then glorify Thy child!
Let me bear Thy image blest,
In my Father's realm of rest!

Then reveal the hands so holy,
And the feet that Thomas saw!
Let me kiss them, humbly, lowly,
Filled with hallowed, rev'rent awe!

From all sin forever free,
May I Thy companion be!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "An Easter Meditation," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 8 (April 16, 1922): 113.

April 30, 1922

The Messiah

He came, but His own received Him not, -
The Shiloh long-promised, - the Christ.
He came, but the world believed Him not,
Though marvelous wonders sufficed
His Holy Godhead to reveal,
His true divinity to seal.

He came, as the prophet long foretold,
To Bethlehem-Ephratah's sod. (Micah 5:2)
He came, as declared by seers of old, -
The Son of the infinite God.
And born of Virgin undefiled,
He dwelt with men, - the Holy Child.

His Hand healed the sick, and raised the dead,
And He fed the hungry in love.
Poor, sin-burdened souls were comforted
With pardon and peace from above.
His lips the sweet Evangel taught.
His boundless grace redemption brought.

He died on the Cross of Calvary;
He bore the dread Curse of the Law,
The lost and condemned from death to free
Who held its demands not in awe.
And with His holy, precious Blood
He reconciled the world to God!

He rose from the grave. The Lord of Life
Returned to His heavenly throne.
And now through this world of tears and strife
To Salem He leadeth His own.

On yonder blissful glory-shore
His saints shall bless His evermore.

He loved me, and gave Himself for me,
A debt I can never repay.
But O, throughout all eternity,
In realms of perpetual day,
With blood-washed throngs His praise I'll sing,
And to His feet my tributes bring.

My Jesus, my Lord, my Righteousness,
My Savior, Redeemer, and King,
My Bridegroom, Thy precious Name I'll bless,
To Thee evermore will I cling!
Forgiven, ransomed, cleansed by Thee,
Let me be Thine eternally!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Anna Hoppe, "The Messiah," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 9 (April 30, 1922): 129.

May 14, 1922
Be Faithful

Be thou ever true to Jesus,
Faithful even to the end,
Though the battle's heat increases,
Loyally His cause defend!
O the burdens thou dost bear
Here below, cannot compare
With the endless glory given
To the Lord's redeemed in Heaven.

Be thou true in faith! O never
Rest thy soul on doubtful sand!
Thy baptismal bond ne'er sever,
Let its cov'nant firmly stand.
O break not the solemn vow!
Ne'er to base denial bow!
He the loss of Heaven beareth,
Who this sacred vow forswearth.

Be thou true in love unending
To thy God who loves thee so!
Though thy brother be offending
Still let love's devotion glow.
Learn with Christ for foes to pray!
God has cleansed thy sin away;
Loving Him,- in love-filled labor
Seek to reconcile thy neighbor.

Be thou true in all affliction,
Let not sorrow, pain, or loss
Hide thy Savior's benediction,
Murmur not beneath the cross!
Can impatience balm obtain?
Doth it profit to complain?
He who patiently endureth
Comfort from on high secureth.

Be thou true in hope, believing
God will thy desires fulfill,
Though the manner of His giving
Oft appeal not to thy will.
Know how oft the knocked in vain,
When He sought thine ear to gain!
Know how oft, His love unheeding,
Thou didst leave unheard His pleading!

Be thou faithful in endurance,
Let God have His way with thee.
Rest in His so blest assurance;
Not in vain thy trust shall be.
When thou callest, He is nigh,
Love Divine shall heed thy cry!
Firmly trust His Word forever,
Godly hope can shame thee never!

Be thou true! O battle onward!
Cling to Christ in fervent faith!
Battle on till thou hast conquered
Satan, flesh, and sin and death!
Christ will grant thee strength divine,
And His vict'ry shall be thine!
Lo, the crown of life is given

To the conquerors in Heaven!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)^{xliv}

Anna Hoppe, "Be Faithful," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 10 (May 14, 1922): 145.

May 28, 1922

Ascension

("Auf Christi Himmelfahrt allein")

Since Christ has gone to Heav'n to reign,
His course I'll follow surely!
Faith conquers doubt, and fear, and pain;
In Him I rest securely.
For where the Living Head has gone,
His ransomed members, every one,
In His own time he'll gather.

As heavenward He journeyed on,
Eternal blessings gaining,
My heart seeks rest in Heav'n alone,
Elsewhere no peace obtaining.
In Heaven where my Treasure is,
My heart and spirit find true bliss;
For Him I'm ever yearning.

Dear Lord, to me the grace impart
That Thy ascension bringeth!
With faith divine adorn my heart,
As to this hope it clingeth!
May I, in Thy appointed time,
Leave earth with joy for realms sublime!
Lord, hear my fervent pleading!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German).

Anna Hoppe, "Ascension," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 11 (May 28, 1922): 161.

June 11, 1922

"All Her Und Lob Soll Gottes Sein"

Trinity

All glory be to Thee, O God!
Thou art indeed the Highest Good!
Grant us, we pray, Thy grace and peace,
And bid Thy wrath o'er sinners cease!
May all mankind, in gratefulness,
Confess Thy love and righteousness.

Creator, Father, heav'nly King,
Almighty One, Thy praise we sing!
Lord Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
Pure, spotless Lamb, Thy Blood has won
Redemption, full, complete, and free!
Incarnate God, all praise to Thee!

Thou Who the world's vast guilt didst bear,
Blest Son of God, hear Thou our prayer!
We plead for mercy, pardon, love, -
O bless us from Thy throne above!
One with the Father Thou dost reign,
All Heav'n and earth is Thy domain.

Thou art, O Christ, forevermore,
The Lord of Lords; let us adore
Thy holy Name with Heaven's host!
The Father and the Holy Ghost
Are one with Thee in majesty!
Blest One in Three, all praise to Thee!

O precious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
Enrich us with Thy gifts of love,
Dwell Thou in each believing heart!
And nevermore from us depart!
Keep Thou us loyal in the faith,
And steadfast even unto death!

Majestic Godhead, Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Thou great eternal Trinity,
Thy Christendom doth worship Thee!
With Seraphim we raise the strain: -
"All glory to Thy name. Amen."

ANNA HOPPE,

Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)
Luther – 1545^{xlv}

Anna Hoppe, "All Her Und Lob Soll Gottes Sein," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 12 (June 11, 1922):
177.

June 25, 1922
In Contrition

I will return unto the Lord
From pathways of transgression.
My God, to me Thy help afford.
Hear Thou my heart's confession.
Let Thy blest Spirit's strength divine,
Create anew this heart of mine;
Grant me, through grace, this blessing!

Man fails to see His wretched plight, -
So blind is his condition.
Without Thy Holy Spirit's light,
Sin leads him to perdition.
Corrupt in thought, and word, and deed,
Filled with distress, I come, and plead:
"O Father mine, relieve me!"

Knock at my door, and make me feel
My sinfulness and blindness.
The evil I have done reveal,
Win Thou my heart with kindness.
Then, as I comprehend my woe,
Dear Father, let my cheeks o'erflow
With tears of true contrition.

Thy grace in Christ hath rescued me,
From flames of hell I'm riven.
Naught have I lacked. Thy love so free
All good to me hath given.
That I might be forever Thine,
Thy faithfulness, O Father mine,
Spared not the rod to save me!

Lord Jesus, to Thy wounds I flee,

In thy blest shelter hide me!
Thy anguish was endured for me,
My guilt has crucified Thee!
On Thee was laid the world's vast load
Of sin, and Thou, blest Lamb of God,
Most willingly didst bear it.

Garbed in Thy robe of righteousness,
The Father will receive me.
In love's paternal tenderness
His counsel He will give me.
He knows the traps the world doth lay,
He knows that Satan day by day,
Doth labor to ensnare me.

Henceforth from evil will I flee,
And shun the world's temptation.
Let Thy blest Spirit dwell in me,
Revealing Thy salvation.
His strength can stem the pow'r of sin,
Whate'er displeaseth Thee within,
May I forever banish.

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "In Contrition," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 13 (June 25, 1922): 193.

July 9, 1922

Ebenezer

"Hitherto the Lord helped us." 1 Sam. 7, verse 12.)

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us
Brethren, let us praise His Name,
And in songs of holy gladness
His so glorious grace proclaim!
Hitherto His Hand hath led us
Where the Living Waters flow.
He with Bread of Life hath fed us
In this wilderness below.

How can tongue declare Thy mercies,
Thou eternal, triune God!

In paternal love and kindness
Thou hast showered us with Good!
Thou, our Refuge, Fortress, Tower,
Hast defended us from ill,
Shielded by Thy mighty power,
We can dwell in safety still.

Thanks to Thee, O Gracious Father,
For Thy faithful, tender care!
In the precious name of Jesus
Thou hast heard Thy children's prayer.
In abundant, copious measure
All our needs Thou hast supplied;
Thy blest Word, that heav'nly Treasure
Still remains our Staff and Guide.

Thanks to Thee, divine Redeemer,
For Thy holy, precious blood.
Through the power of Thy Passion
We are reconciled to God.
O preserve, Thou gracious Savior,
Thy pure Sacraments and Word,
Grant us still Thy glorious favor,
Pardon, grace, and peace afford!

Thanks to Thee, Thou precious Spirit,
For Thy fellowship divine!
O sustain us in pure doctrine!
Strength omnipotent is Thine!
In the bonds of peace unite us
Through the Word, inspired by Thee!
With Thy presence still delight us
Till our heav'nly Home we see!

Glory be to Thee forever,
Great Jehovah, Triune God!
Justified through faith in Jesus,
Holy One, Thy love we laud.
Worship, Honor, Power, Blessing
To Thy Name forevermore!
Thy unbounded grace confessing
At Thy altars we adore!

Help us still, Thou God of Zion,
In all ills Thy Church defend!
Thou in love didst lead our fathers,
O be with us to the end!
Lord of Hosts, do Thou protect us,
When the billows rage and roar!
Lead us, guide us, and direct us
Till we reach the glory-shore!

Keep us in the Spirit's union! (Eph. 4:3)
Keep us in the bond of peace,
Till we join the Church Triumphant,
Till all earthly strife shall cease!
Then with all the saints victorious
We shall praise and worship Thee,
And observe a blissful, glorious
Everlasting Jubilee!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Penned for the Golden Jubilee of the Synodical Conference, to be observed July 9, 1922.)^{xlvi}

Anna Hoppe, "Ebenezer," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 14 (July 9, 1922): 209.

July 23, 1922
Christ Is King

Christ the King and Savior reigneth;
All Creation He sustaineth!
At His feet the world must bow!
O ye mortal tongues confess Him,
As the Lord of Lords address Him!
Endless homage to Him vow!

Kingdoms worship and adore Him!
Mighty Pow'rs that bow before Him
Laud the glory of their Lord!
Heaven's bright angelic legions
Join His own in earthly regions
Loving service to afford!

His Redemption's gift so glorious
Grants us pow'r to be victorious!
Ransomed through His precious Blood

We inherit Life eternal!
He Who reigns in Light supernal
Is the Giver of all Good!

Naught from Him His Own can sever!
Saved by Grace, His Church forever
To her Head sweet homage gives!
Purchased with His Blood so precious,
Baptized in His Name so gracious
She believes in Him, and lives!

Come, ye sinners, in contrition!
Come, ye sick, to your Physicians!
Come, ye poor, tell Him your need!
He hath balm for all afflictions,
Wealth flows from His benedictions,
He bestoweth Life indeed!

Ye who fear death's condemnation,
Come, obtain His free salvation,
Pardon, grace, and righteousness.
Let no sin's dread guilt appall you,
Hear the Friend of sinners call you!
Come, your God and Lord will bless!

All His blood-bought throng doth never
Lack good gifts. Their blest endeavor
Is to praise the God of Love!
Precious Word, so full of glory!
May the wide world hear thy story,
Sweet Evangel from above!

From the depths, may Faith be crying,
To all mankind testifying,
Till my pilgrimage is o'er: -
"Christ the King and Savior reigneth,
All Creation He sustaineth.
Praise Him! Love Him evermore!"

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "Christ Is King," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 15 (July 23, 1922): 225.

August 6, 1922

The Bridegroom of My Soul

He came from realms eternal, -
The Bridegroom of my soul,
Where floods of joy supernal
Through endless ages roll,
Where Life's eternal river
In crystal beauty flows,
In whose sublime forever
Unknown are earthly woes.

He left this realm of splendor,
This land of pure delight,
Where saints His praises render,
And glory in His sight!
He left these fields Elysian,
Where hosts His Name extol, -
To share my sad condition, -
The Bridegroom of my soul!

He dwelt in joy supernal,
Where all was peace and light,
I feared the foe infernal,
And lived in darkest night!
He, - rich, exalted, - holy, -
A King's beloved child,
Found me, poor, wretched, lowly, -
With sin's vast guilt defiled!

I lay in darkness, groaning,
Defiled through Adam's fall.
My lost estate bemoaning,
In Satan's fast enthrall!
Eternal death, damnation, -
Destruction was my goal;
But oh, He brought SALVATION,
The Bridegroom of my soul!

He left the Land of Glory, -
Beyond the starry skies.
O when I hear the story,

The flood-gates of mine eyes
Burst in its contemplation,
And tears begin to flow.
O Jesus, my Salvation,
How couldst Thou love me so!

He came, in manhood lowly,
The spotless Son of God!
Divine, untainted, holy, -
This sin-cursed earth He trod!
He, of all life the fountain,
Came to this vale below,
To die on Calv'ry's mountain
That I His love might know!

He died in grief and anguish,
The Bridegroom of my soul;
In sin He saw me languish,
With death and hell my goal!
But O, He burst my prison!
He burst His grave's sealed door!
And since my Lord is risen,
My bondage-night is o'er!

He purchased my salvation, -
He paid the price for me!
O joyous contemplation!
I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!
And now He intercedeth
For me at Heaven's throne.
His Blood my pardon pleadeth.
I am His own! His own!

It fills my soul with pleasure
To know He'll come again!
His promise sweet I treasure,
Although I know not when!
Faith's Lamp is brightly burning,
At morn, at night, at noon!
His Word hath hushed my yearning: -
"Belov'd, I'm coming soon!"

What though my way be dreary?

He sure will come, I know.
Though oft the watch is weary.
Because I love Him so, -
All vanished is my sadness!
His Heaven is my goal!
And I await with gladness
The Bridegroom of my soul!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.^{xlvi}

Anna Hoppe, "The Bridegroom of My Soul," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 16 (August 6, 1922): 241.

August 20, 1922
The Bread of Life

Behold, the King of kings is standing
Within your midst, O Israel;
No earthly throne is He demanding,
Though angels of His glory tell;
The mighty Lord of all Creation,
Now treadeth Galilean sod.
Your King has come to bring salvation
O Israel, behold your God!

He is the Savior, long-expected,
Whom ye now in your midst behold,
Though by the kings of earth rejected,
He is Messiah, long foretold,
Who yet shall conquer every nation,
And Who in righteousness shall reign
As King of Kings, for all Creation
Is Shiloh's Kingdom, - His domain!

He, like a tender shepherd, feedeth
The flock entrusted to His care;
He, like a shepherd, gently leadeth
His sheep to verdant pastures, where
The stream of life in stillness floweth,
Where heav'nly manna doth abound.
O follow Him where'er He goeth,
In Whom Eternal Life is found.

'Tis not an earthly throne He seeketh,

who in your midst the throngs hath fed;
He Who in love and mercy speaketh,
Whose tender pity raised your dead;
He Who your every need supplieth,
He Who doth heal your every ill,
He Who your longings satisfieth,
Is Shiloh. Do ye doubt Him still?

Why are ye filled with cares distressing,
Ye Who have seen in Jesus' hands
The food, which at His hallowed blessing
Increased to meet such great demands?
Is He Who with so small a ration
Could satisfy a mighty throng,
Not worthy of your adoration,
O multitude, - five thousand strong?

O come to Him in all afflictions,
All ye, with mortal ills oppressed;
Beneath His hallowed benedictions
Body and soul are healed and blest!
O come to Him, ye sick, ye weary,
O come, ye burdened sinner all!
Ye famished, in earth's desert dreary,
Come, harken to your Savior's call!

O Israel, it is Messiah
Who thus hath multiplied your bread!
The God of Moses and Elijah,
He Who Sarepta's table spread,
He who with Heav'n's abundant manna
Your Fathers in the desert fed,
Stands in your midst. O sing Hosanna!
God hath His people visited!

O Israel, Believe! Believe Him!
And follow where He leadeth still;
As your Messiah now receive Him,
And follow on to Calv'ry's hill!
Though deep your Lord's humiliation,
His sacrificial death shall bring
Eternal Life, and free salvation,
O, hail your promised Shiloh King!

O Bread of Life, - we pray Thee, feed us,
With food divine, with manna still,
Incarnate Word, we pray Thee, lead us
Safely through earth's dark vale, until
We reach that fair celestial portal
Which leadeth to the mansions bright
Where death gives way to Life immortal,
Sorrow to joy, and faith to sight!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.^{xlvi}

Anna Hoppe, "The Bread of Life," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 17 (August 20, 1922): 257.

September 3, 1922

"I Am The Lord That Healeth Thee"

Dear Savior, Thou Physician Blest,
Who givest soul and body rest,
In prayer I come before Thee!
The power is Thine to banish pain,
O let my prayer acceptance gain,
And let my soul adore Thee.
At Thy
Feet My
Burden laying,
Hear my praying,
Blest Physician,
Grant, O grant my heart's petition!

As Thou didst heal in Galilee,
The sufferers all who came to Thee
In illness and affliction,
Thus do Thou still Thy balm afford
To all who seek in faith, dear Lord,
Thy promised benediction.
Do Thou
Endow
With Thy favor,
Dearest Savior,
All appealing
To Thy Love for balm and healing.

By nature deaf to things divine,
My ears hear not the Word of Thine,
The Gospel of Salvation.
By nature dumb to speak Thy praise,
My carnal tongue doth fail to raise
A song of adoration.
Heal Thou
Me now,
Blest Physician!
In contrition
I beseech Thee
Let my pleading prayer now reach Thee!

Conceived in sin, and sinning still,
I trembled at Thy Father's Will,
And feared His condemnation!
But Thou descendest from on high
To bear the Curse of Sinai
To win my soul's salvation.
From night
To Light
Thou hast brought me,
Thou hast bought me,
Dearest Savior,
That I might be Thine forever.

I thank Thee, dear Redeemer mine,
That Thou in love, in power divine
Thy "Ephphatha" hast spoken!
Thy Word indeed doth balm afford,
And Thy forgiveness, dearest Lord,
The power of sin has broken!
Thy Word,
Dear Lord,
Still endureth,
And assureth
Me, dear Savior,
Of Thy everlasting favor!

Indeed Thou doest all things well,
Incarnate God, - Immanuel
Thou promised Shiloh, - Jesus!
My ears can hear Thy Word Divine,

My lips can praise the power of Thine
That healeth all diseases.
Till I
Sing Thy
Praise in glory,
Let the story
Of Salvation
Be my theme of adoration.

O Lamb once slain on Calv'ry's heights,
In Thee my ransomed soul delights,
For Thou hast dearly bought me!
Since I thy loving call have heard,
I love Thy Sacrament and Word,
The Truth Thy Spirit taught me!
Precious
Jesus,
Blest forever!
Leave me never
I implore Thee;
Let me evermore adore Thee!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Gospel Lesson for the
Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.^{xlix}

Anna Hoppe, "I Am The Lord That Healeth Thee," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 18 (September 3, 1922): 273.

September 3, 1922
Israel's Rejection of Christ

Jerusalem, in haughty pride,
Love's counsel thou hast cast aside,
Despising Shiloh's Suff'ring!
O Israel, in godless mood,
Thou callest down His precious Blood
On thee and on thy offspring!
This holy Blood indeed shall come
On thee and thine in vengeful doom!
Thy proud and stately walls shall fall,
As through the years the foes enthrall
Thy scattered hosts.

Behold, and see!
Thy Lord was He
Whom Thou didst slay on Calvary!

Thou Who for my salvation's sake,
Upon Thyself the Cross didst take,
Dear Jesus, spotless, holy!
Grant that Thy sacrificial Blood
May reconcile my soul to God.
Grant me, though poor and lowly,
By virtue of Thy Blood the grace
In faith and hope my path to trace.
This holy Buckler of my Faith
Can solace me in life and death!
And when my course
On earth is o'er,
Then may I soar
To dwell with Thee forevermore!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the Swedish)

Anna Hoppe, "Israel's Rejection of Christ," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 18 (September 3, 1922): 285.

September 17, 1922

"Work Out Your Salvation With Fear And Trembling"

Sinners, work out your salvation,
Work, with trembling, full of fears,
Build not on a false foundation,
Things of earth pass with the years.
O look upward evermore,
Strive to reach the heav'nly shore,
While on earth below ye wander,
Seek to share the Kingdom yonder.

Ye have cause to make confession,
That ye are conceived in sin,
Fleshly lusts, guilt, and transgression
Stain the carnal heart within.
But the grace and power of God,
Can bestow eternal Good.

Without Him, the gracious Giver,
All your gain is loss forever.

Blest are they, whom faith leads onward,
Who, as victors, hold the field!
In whom sin's dread pow'r is conquered,
Who to earthly lusts ne'er yield!
'Neath the Savior's Cross of pain,
Strength to follow peace they gain,
Dead with Christ, through His blest merit
Life eternal they inherit.

If in battle ye are idle,
If, in slothful indolence,
Ye have ceased your lusts to bridle,
What avails your confidence?
No true conquest can be won,
Till a well-fought siege is done,
Only they who are victorious,
Win, through grace, the crown all-glorious.

Amen, till the battle ceases,
Seal, my God, Thy truth in me!
Let me, in the name of Jesus,
Gain, through faith, the victory.
Rule me, guide me, grant me pow'r
To watch, fight, and pray each hour,
Till from earthly conflicts riven,
I through grace, attain Thy Heaven.

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Work Out Your Salvation With Fear And Trembling," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 19 (September 17, 1922): 289.

October 1, 1922

"Wer Weiss Wie Nahe Mir Mein Ende"

Who knows when death may overtake me?
Time passeth on, the end draws near.
How swiftly can my breath forsake me!
How soon can life's last hour appear!

My God, for Jesus' sake I pray,
Bless with Thy grace my dying day.

At dawn of day I well may ponder
How changed may be the eventide.
For while on earth below I wander
Death ever lingers at my side.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray,
Bless with Thy grace my dying day.

Teach me in hours of meditation
The solemn truth that I must die!
Repentant, let me seek salvation
In Jesus' wounds, when death draws nigh.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray,
Bless with Thy grace my dying day.

Thus let me live, that when death calleth,
I'll for the summons ready be,
And answer Thee, whate'er befalleth: -
"Lord, as Thou wilt, do Thou with me!"
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray,
Bless with Thy grace my dying day.

Reveal the sweetness of Thy Heaven,
Earth's galling bitterness unfold!
When I by its din my heart is riven,
May I eternity behold.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray,
Bless with Thy grace my dying day!

O Father mine, with Jesus' merit
I pray Thee, cover all my sin!
Through Him Thy Heaven I inherit,
Through faith in Him Thy rest I win!
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray,
Bless with Thy grace my dying day.

I know the holy wounds of Jesus
Shall give me rest and sweet release.
His precious Blood my spirit eases,
He fills my dying hour with peace.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray,

Bless with Thy grace my dying day.

Nor life nor death my soul can sever
From Him, while heavenward I plod.
Faith's hand rests in His side forever,
And I confess Him Lord and God!
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray,
Bless with Thy grace my dying day.

And I've been clothed with Christ, my Savior,
When in the blest baptismal flood
Thy love sealed me Thy child forever,
By virtue of His precious Blood.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray,
Bless with Thy grace my dying day.

His holy flesh and blood I've taken
In His blest Supper, - Feast Divine!
O never will I be forsaken,
For I am His, and He is mine!
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray,
Bless with Thy grace my dying day.

Then death may come, to-day, to-morrow,
In Jesus, endless life is mine!
He gives me peace, dispels my sorrow,
Adorns me with His robe divine!
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray,
Bless with Thy grace my dying day.

At peace in God my Father living,
I die content, and fear not death.
His love to me is ever giving
The certain hope and joy of faith!
My God, Thou art in death my stay!
Thy grace will bless my dying day!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "Wer Weiss Wie Nahe Mir Mein Ende," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 20 (October 1, 1922): 305.

October 15, 1922
The Faithfulness of God
("Gott ist und bleibt getreu")

God ever true will be,
His heart with love o'erfloweth.
Though oft unto His own
Affliction He bestoweth;
Faith shines more bright and clear
When comes adversity.
Our patience thus He tries, -
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
Himself our cross He beareth.
The burdens He has placed
Upon our hearts, He shareth.
Though oft His rod we feel,
Sincere and kind is He!
Our Father loves us still, -
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be,
Our feeble frame He knoweth.
The burden can be borne
That His dear Hand bestoweth!
His pleading Israel
From bondage He doth free!
He helps in ev'ry need.
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
Though sad the night of weeping,
His stars of joy shall shine.
The loved ones in His keeping
Shall see the clouds disperse,
The storm of trial flee!
O be of cheer, my soul,
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be,
No blessing He denieth.
In the refiner's fire

Faith's precious gold He trieth,
Accept from His dear Hand
Thy trials willingly.
Await His cup of joy.
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be.
Soon shall the tempest vanish.
Thy sorrow, cross, and pain,
Forever He shall banish.
The Highest has prepared
Eternal bliss for thee.
How boundless is His love!
God ever true will be.

(Translated from the German)¹

Anna Hoppe, "The Faithfulness of God," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 21 (October 15, 1922): 321.

October 29, 1922
The Church Militant

Come again, ye mighty lions,
Heroes of the Church's youth!
Bid all martyrdom defiance,
Staunch defenders of the Truth!
Faith that knows no turning,
Keeps love's fire burning!
When such joy in death he sees,
Even Satan fears and flees!

In all dangers ever fearless,
By all earthly lusts unmoved,
They deemed carnal pleasures cheerless,
He, Whom they believed and loved,
Banished all their sadness,
Filled with holy gladness
They sought Heaven's bliss sublime,
Cared not for the joys of time.

They could smile, in lofty scorning,
At the thing the world esteems!
Honors, pleasures, vain adorning,

Wealth that for a season gleams!
Fear they harbored never!
Brave and joyous ever,
Their triumphant, mighty faith
Won the vict'ry over death!

O could I such courage gather,
And in faith thus firmly stand!
Grant me grace to trust, my Father,
In Thy mighty, helping Hand!
Keep me loyal ever
To my Lord and Savior!
Let me in Thy boundless might,
Unto death the battle fight!

Without Thee I am not able
To perform that which is good,
Mortal strength is so unstable,
All depends on Thee, my God!
Thy blest Word's assurance
Gives my hope endurance!
Let me e'er sustained by Thee,
Dwell in virtue, righteously.

Clad in armor of the Spirit,
E'er alert, in Jesus' power,
May I, trusting in His merit,
Fight the fight of faith each hour!
Let me battle onward,
Till the foe is conquered,
Earthly strife will not be vain,
If the heavenly crown I gain!

O fight on, ye Christian brothers!
Battle bravely, steadfastly!
Follow in the path of others,
Who bore witness fearlessly!
When ye here must suffer,
All to Jesus offer!
Though the flesh endureth ill,
He with joy the soul can fill!

Suffer on, in brave endeavor,

Never in the conflict yield!
For the blood of martyrs ever
Doth enrich the Church's field!
When in streams it floweth,
Nurture it bestoweth!
Glorious flowers the field doth bear,
Fruitage plentiful and rare!

O refresh with rain from Heaven
Thy poor, barren land, dear Lord!
Unto us Thy strength be given,
That we fear not fire and sword!
Let us in love's fervor
Cling to Thee, dear Savior!
May Thy Church, as in its youth
To the end defend the Truth!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "The Church Militant," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 22 (October 29, 1922): 337.

November 12, 1922
Without The Camp

"Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own Blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach." Hebrews 13:12-23.

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." John 15:18-19.

They cast Thee out, O Son of God, my Saviour,
They would not have Thee reign as King and Lord!
In carnal pride they spurned Thy love and favor,
And scorned the truth of Thy eternal Word!
They cast Thee out, they martyred, they decried Thee,
They crowned Thy head with thorns in base disdain.
Beyond the city's gates they crucified Thee
And viewed in hellish glee Thy bitter pain
Without the camp!

Yet Thou didst come in tender love and kindness

To bring salvation to Thine Israel.
Thy mercy bade Thee heal their carnal blindness,
Their pain, and tears, and woe Thou wouldst dispel.
Thou blest Messiah, how could mortal hate Thee?
How could they slay Thee, ever-faithful Friend?
O sinless One, how could vile man berate Thee
And Thy majestic, holy Name offend
Without the camp!

“Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered
Thy children, as a loving hen her brood
Beneath her wings! But ye would not be mothered
By tenderness that in devotion glowed!
Thus did Thy heart, in tearful lamentation
Pour forth the wail of unrequited love!
O Israel, Jehovah’s chosen nation,
It is Messiah, Whom they hatred drove
Without the camp!

Dear Savior, still the cruel world decries us.
The servant is not greater than his Lord! (John 15:20)
The children of the wicked one despise us,
And trample under foot Thy Holy Word!
How true is Thy prophetic Word, dear Master!
We are not of the world, and for this cause
Its burning hatred seeks our dire disaster!
O grant us grace to still exalt the Cross
Without the camp!

We hear the mocking taunts, and jeers, and scorning
Of those who wallow in the mire of sin!
We see self-righteous Pharisees adorning
The outward form to hide the mold within!
The mighty citadels of worldly learning
Reject the Faith delivered to the saints!
Earths’ wisdom still the Scripture’s Truth is spurning,
And laughs to scorn Thy Zion’s sad complaints
Without the camp!

The path without the camp, in isolation,
Appeals not to the flesh. Our carnal hearts
Oft wonder why the way of Thy salvation
Should lead away from earthly pleasure-marts.

The laughing scorners hold us in derision!
The world displays its tinsel, pomp, and show!
How Zion longs for Salem's realm Elysian
As she pursues her pilgrimage below
Without the camp!

But Thou art ever with us, precious Savior!
Thy Word illumines our path, - a radiant Lamp!
Thy Sacraments assure us of Thy favor
The while our tents are pitched "without the camp."
Thy Spirit on the Rock our Faith has grounded,
A gracious Father all our needs supplies.
The godless, wicked world stands all confounded,
For Zion offers it no compromise.
Without the camp!

"No compromise! No! Never! Never! Never!"
Is our reply to thee, O faithless world!
"Redeemed by Blood, we are the Lord's forever!
Seest thou the banner of the Cross unfurled?
In holy warfare we bid thee defiance!
Our weapon is the Word, the Spirit's Sword!
In God above we place our firm reliance,
His strength divine can victory afford
Without the camp!

O gracious Lord, Redeemer, King, and Savior,
The battle is Thine Own, - O still lead on!
Sustain us with Thy Gospel's priceless favor,
Until the fight is o'er, - the conflict won!
Thy grace hath made us heirs to Life Eternal,
Let us in safety reach the heav'nly shore,
And praise Thy Name in realms where joy supernal
Bids us forget the sorrow that we bore
Without the camp!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Anna Hoppe, "Without The Camp," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 23 (November 12, 1922): 353.

November 26, 1922
Longing.

Art Thou coming soon, my Jesus?

Art Thou coming soon, my King?
Will Thou hasten Thy appearing,
To my heart true joy to bring?
O how long, how long, my Savior,
Ere the Gates of Pearl unfold?
Ere from Heaven Thou descendest,
As the prophets long foretold?

How I longed for Thee in springtime
When the lilies were in bloom!
And throughout the glorious summer
When the roses breathed perfume!
Long I waited for Thy footsteps
Till the soft autumnal glow
Of the fallen leaves lay hidden,
Covered by December's snow.

All the flowers of spring have faded,
And the summer-time has gone;
Autumn's tinted leaves have drifted
By November breezes blown.
Then the snowclad fields of winter
Graced the Christmas atmosphere, -
But Thy Zion still is pleading: -
"When, Belov'd, wilt Thou appear?"

Will another springtime vanish?
Will the summer fade and die?
Will the bright autumnal sunsets
Pass, and wintry winds draw nigh,
Ere Thy nail-pierced feet, my Savior,
Stand upon the mountain brow? (Zech. 14:4)
Ere the watchman on Mount Zion
Cries, "The Lord is coming now"?

Wilt Thou come when Easter lilies
Breathe their hope o'er Calv'ry's gloom?
When the sweetest meditations
Cluster round Thy empty tomb?
Wilt Thou come when summer's roses
Fill with fragrance sweet the air?
Or when bright autumnal flowers
Show their glorious hues so rare?

Art Thou coming in the winter,
When the Christmas carols tell
Of Thy lowly birth, my Savior, -
When o'er hill, and vale, and dell
Sweetly sounds the angels' chorus: -
"Peace on earth, - Good Will to men"? -

When my faith, O blest Messiah,
Takes its flight to Bethlehem?

Wilt Thou come when day is dawning?
When the morning has begun?
Wilt Thou come, my Love, at noontide,
When the rays of mid-day's sun
Shed their warmth o'er hill and valley?
Com'st Thou in the afternoon
To fulfill Thy precious promise: -
"Watch, for I am coming soon?"

Wilt Thou come in evening stillness
When the toil of day is done?
Will it be in twilight moments
When I watch the sinking sun?
Wilt Thou come, dear Lord, at midnight?
Will it be when darkness reigns
That Thy presence in the Heavens
Sets me free from earthly chains?

Thou hast purchased my redemption
On the Cross of Calvary.
That my sins might be forgiven
Thou in love hast died for me!
O, dear Lord, through endless ages,
Thy great love I shall confess
When the pearly gates I enter,
In Thy robe of righteousness.

Should I pass through death's dark shadows,
Like the righteous let me die!
In Thy likeness I'll awaken
When Thy Light illumines the sky!
Should I, changed within a moment,
See Thee, and not taste of death,
I'll rejoice in Thy appearing,
Precious Christ of Nazareth!

O what joy 't will be, my Savior,
When Thy radiant face I see!
When in yonder realm of glory
I behold the Trinity!
When I see the many mansions,
When I walk the streets of gold,
When the dear, departed loved ones
Face to face I shall behold!

Art Thou coming soon, my Jesus?

Art Thou coming soon, my King?
Wilt Thou hasten Thy returning
To my heart true joy to bring?
As a thirsty hart is panting
For the crystal brooks at noon,
Thus I pine for Thee, my Savior,
Loved One, art Thou coming soon?

ANNA HOPPE,

Milwaukee, Wis.

(First printed in the Lutheran Companion and dedicated to Mrs. Edna Hult, Moline, Ill.)¹¹

Anna Hoppe, "Longing," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 24 (November 26, 1922): 369.

December 10, 1922

Call to Repentance

Wake! Wake! Ye sleeping Christians!
Jesus calls you! Rise! Arise!
Leave sin's dark pit! God's glorious light
Dispels the dismal gloom of night!
Salvation's beams illumine the skies!
From sleep of sin to life arise!
Waken! Waken! Waken!

Wake! Awake! Sin's night hath vanished!
Cast its wicked works away!
Ye dead in sin, arise with Christ!
Be not by Satan's lures enticed!
Awake from sleep! Behold the day!
The Saviour's pleading call obey: -
Waken! Waken! Waken!

Wake, Awake! Christ's Truth is shining!
Let your hearts reflect its light!
The flesh is weak; the Spirit's shield
Of faith now grasp. His Sword now wield!
Extol the Cross on Calvary's height!
Fill earth's dark night with glory bright!
Waken! Waken! Waken!

Wake! Wake! Through Christ be blameless!
Fleshly lusts fulfill no more.
Put on the Gospel's armor bright,
And walk, as sons of God, in light!

Ye Spirit-born, all sin abhor!
Ye ris'n with Christ, His Name adore!
Waken! Waken! Waken!

Wake! Awake! For judgment morning
Soon shall dawn, - the world's assize.
Prepare! Your glorious goal is near!
Be watchful! Christ shall soon appear!
On Zion's mount the watchman cries: -
"Ye sleeping Christians, - rise! Arise!"
Waken! Waken! Waken!"

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

On the Epistle Lesson
for Advent Sunday.

Anna Hoppe, "Call to Repentance," *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 25 (December 10, 1922): 389.

December 24, 1922

And The Angel Said Unto Them: "Fear Not, For
Behold, I Bring You Good Tidings of Great
Joy Which Shall Be To All People. For Unto
You Is Born This Day In The City Of David A
Savior, Which Is Christ The Lord!"

"Unto you is born a Savior!"
"Christ, the Promised King, is here!"
From the lips of heav'nly heralds
Comes the message, sweet and clear,
And believing shepherds hasten,
Thrilled with joy, to Bethlehem,
While resplendent skies re-echo: -
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

"Unto you is born a Savior!"
Lo, the wise behold His star!
And they bring their choicest treasures
From the Orient afar.
Kneeling in the lowly stable,
They adore the Holy Child,
Clasped in the embrace of Mary,
Virgin mother, undefiled.

“Unto you is born a Savior!”
O'er the realm of Israel
Sweetly sound the song celestial: -
“Christ is here, - Immanuel!”
Zion's watchman, filled with rapture,
Christ: - “The night indeed is o'er, -
See the Morning Star arising, -
Come to Bethlehem, - adore!”

“Unto you is born a Savior!”
Hoary heads are bowed in prayer!
Tears of holy joy are falling;
Weary watching, anxious care,
From each yearning heart is lifted,
As the joyous tidings ring; -
“He is here, the promised Shiloh” –
“Here at last, the longed-for King!”

“Unto you is born a Savior!”
Still today the message rings,
As His ransomed Zion hails Him
Lord of Lords and King of Kings!
Born to win the world's redemption
From the ruin of the fall,
He bestows His free salvation,
Pardon, grace, and peace to all!

“Unto you is born a Savior!”
Born to cleanse thee from all sin!
Sinner, hast thou heard the message?
Wilt thou crown Him Lord within?
O what joy His presence bringeth
To each sad and contrite heart!
Bid the King of Glory enter
Life eternal to impart!

“Unto you is born a Savior!”
Unto thee, O restless world!
Torn by strife, and greed, and envy,
Into sin's abysses hurled
By the foe who once in Eden
Robbed thee of thy heritage!
O look up! The blest Redeemer

Comes thy anguish to assuage!

“Unto you is born a Savior!”
Ye who bear His Name, rejoice!
In His glorious Word Eternal
Still today ye hear His voice: -
“Comfort, comfort ye my people!” -
“Be of cheer, - Jerusalem!” -
“Thy Messiah cometh, bringing
“Peace on earth, good-will to men!”

“Unto you is born a Savior!”
God the Father’s gift of love!
To redeem a lost creation
He descended from above.
Word Incarnate, Thy blest Spirit
Bids us at the manger kneel,
And in humble consecration
As Thy Own ourselves to seal!

“Unto you is born a Savior!”
Precious Child, we own Thee King!
“Glory, glory in the Highest,”
With the heav’nly choir we sing!
They who love Thee and adore Thee
Know the true, sweet Christmas joy, -
Theirs indeed is rest abiding,
Peace, good-will without alloy!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Christmas, 1922

Anna Hoppe, “And The Angel Said Unto Them: ‘Fear Not, For Behold, I Bring You Good Tidings of Great Joy Which Shall Be To All People. For Unto You Is Born This Day In The City Of David A Savior, Which Is Christ The Lord!’” *Northwestern Lutheran* IX, no. 26 (December 24, 1922): 401.

1923

January 14, 1923
Pilgrims
(Past)

My fellow trav’ler, on the desert way

That leads to Canaan, the Promised Land,
Why art thou filled with sorrow and dismay?
Do carnal longings yearn for Egypt's strand,
And for the erstwhile fleshpots thou hast left?
Do fond desires within thy bosom burn
For things of which Jehovah thee bereft?
Wouldst thou again to Pharaoh return?

Think how from early morn till eventide,
The lord of Egypt swung his tyrant-rod,
While thou didst toil in sweat of brow! No pride
Could save from bondage, but unto thy God
Thou criest. Ah, Jehovah heard, and then
Let thee and thine in safety through the sea
While the pursuers drowned! Wouldst thou again
Return, and be a slave instead of free?

Remember how the God of Jacob fed
His Israel with Manna from on high!
And water from the rock! Ye lacked not bread;
Your ev'ry need Jehovah could supply!
And His Shekinah glory floods with light
Thy desert path. Then why should thou despond?
O be of cheer! Son from the mountain height
Thou wilt behold the Canaan beyond!

In that blest land where milk and honey flows,
With thy loved kindred thou in peace wilt dwell!
Forgotten will be all thy present woes,
And of God's might wonders thou wilt tell!
Jehovah's holy Temple will resound
With songs of joy, and harp and psalter then
Will bring Him praise, Whose mercy doth abound,
And Who delights to show His love to men!

(Present)

My fellow wand'rer in this vale of tears
That leads to yonder Canaan above,
Why art thou sorrowful? Why filled with fears?
Thou sure dost know thy gracious God is Love!
Dost thou regret that thou hast left the world
With all its pleasures, pomp, and show behind?
That thou aside its vanities hast hurled,

In Christ alone thy One and All to find?

What can earth offer thee to satisfy
Thy soul's deep longings? For a little while
The foe may bribe thee to believe his lie,
And with his arts thy carnal flesh beguile;
But soon, alas, the thund'rous Law shall roar
From Sinai, demanding death for thee!
Wouldst thou return unto the chains once more
From which thy blest Redeemer set thee free?

Think how thy Saviour left His Home on high,
To dwell with men in poverty below!
How boundless love led Him to bleed and die
To save lost sinners from eternal woe!
And how He rose again, victoriously
Ascending to the throne from whence He came
To plead thy cause! A faithful Friend is He;
How couldst thou bring reproach upon His Name!

Be comforted! Thy Father loves thee still!
His Holy Spirit dwells within thy heart!
Bear thou the cross, obedient to His will;
Thy gracious Lord can strength divine impart.
Soon in celestial realms beyond the sky
The victor's crown of glory thou wilt wear!
O rest thy hope in that sweet bye and bye, -
Eternal joy shall satisfy thee there!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Anna Hoppe, "Pilgrims," *Northwestern Lutheran* X, no. 1 (January 14, 1923): 1.

January 28, 1923

Light at Eventide

("But it shall come to pass that at evening-time it shall be light")

Zech. 14:7

O precious message, sent from Heaven
To Israel in days of old;
Blest word of comfort, Spirit-given,
And by the godly prophet told,

Who mourned in sorrow's dismal night: -
"At eventide it shall be light!"

How beamed the light, when midnight shrouded
The pathway to the Promised Land!
Shekinah glory, bright, unclouded,
Shed radiance o'er the desert sand!
Jehovah slumbers not, nor sleeps,
When o'er His children watch He keeps.

He came, the Shiloh long-expected,
And lo the night was bright as day,
When, in a virgin's arms protected,
At Bethlehem a babe He lay!
Above His manger beamed the star
That led the wise from lands afar!

And shepherds saw the shades nocturnal
Give way to beams of glory bright,
When herald from the realms supernal
Brought tidings of divine delight.
Blest hope, revived in hearts forlorn: -
"A Savior unto you is born!"

Down through the years the Gospel story
Shed its effulgence near and far,
And Gentile lands beheld the glory
Of Christ, the Bright and Morning Star!
Salvation's beams dispelled the night,
And lo, the eventide was light!

Earth groans beneath sin's condemnation,
Strife, blood-shed, poverty, and woe,
Famine and death bring desolation
Upon humanity below,
But faith clings to the promise bright: -
"At eventide it shall be light!"

When rocks and hills shall burst asunder,
And fire consumes this world of sin,
When rolls the might Judgment-thunder,
And a new earth is ushered in, (Isaiah 65:17)
God's Truth shall shine with luster bright: -

“At eventide it shall be light!”

My times are in Thy hands, dear Father,
O keep me closely at Thy side!
Abide with me, when shadows gather,
Illume for me life’s eventide;
Redeemed by Christ, cleansed by His Blood,
Lead Thou me safely Home, my God!

Grant to Thy Church Thy Holy Spirit,
That she may preach Thy Word in power,
And through the risen Savior’s merit,
Sustain her in the evil hour!
Unto Thy Truth may Zion cling,
Till eventide the light shall bring!

O precious hope, with jubilations,
Faith sees Jerusalem on high,
The city fair that hath foundations,
The Glory-land beyond the sky;
There shine the Lamb;
Unknown is night,
And evermore it shall be light!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Suggested by Prof. W. Henkel’s Sylvester sermon, delivered at St. John’s
Church, New Year’s Eve, 1922)

Anna Hoppe, “Light at Eventide,” *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 2 (January 28, 1923): 17.

February 11, 1923
Lenten Meditations

“Behold, we go up to Jerusalem,”
O precious words, uttered by lips divine!
Within my heart, dear Lord, I cherish them;
Dear Master, take my trembling hand in Thine,
And let me follow Thee, be Thou my guide,
Bless with Thy presence sweet this Lenten-tide.

Thou Friend of Sinners, let me walk with Thee,
And tread with thee Judea’s hallowed sod;

Let me in faith Thy holy passion see,
And follow in the path Thy feet have trod.
Thou who didst come to seek and save the lost
Help me to understand how great the cost!

Thou art clothed by mockers in purple dress,
Thy sacred brow with cruel thorns is crowned,
That I might gain the crown of righteousness,
That in the garb of saints I might be gowned;
Thou criest "I thirst!" in Thy pain and woe,
That for the Water of Life might flow.

Thou art bound, dear Master, that I might be
Free from sin's bonds, from Satan's cruel chain,
Thou art bruised and wounded, dear Lord, for me,
That with Thy stripes I might healing obtain;
Thou bearest the scorn of the judgment hill
That no condemnation on me might fall.

Thou art scorned, and mockingly entreated,
That with heav'nly honor I might be crowned;
That in Heaven's Home I might be greeted,
No haven for Thee, dear Master, was found.
That I might Life in its fullness obtain,
Thou on the hill-top for sinners wast slain.

O Master! My Master! I never knew
Sin's awful guilt until I heard Thy prayer!
Till at Thy Cross I near Thy passion drew
And saw Thee pleading, suffering, dying there!
How couldst Thou leave Thy Father's throne on high
To give Thy life for sinners such as I?

I am Thine! Dear Master, - Thine forever,
Thy Blood has bought me, - Savior, take Thine own!
Thy Love so boundless will leave me never
Till I behold Thee on the Judgment throne.
O joy divine! at Thy right hand to stand
And sing Thy praises in the glory-land!

"Behold, we go up to Jerusalem," -
City beloved, within Thy vast domain,
The King of Kings now wears the diadem,

He rules, who once on Calvary was slain.
O let me dwell with Thee, Thou Perfect Love
In the Jerusalem that is above!

ANNA HOPPE.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Anna Hoppe, "Lenten Meditations," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 3 (February 11, 1923): 33.

February 25, 1923

White As Snow

On Calv'ry's mountain crucified,
My blest Redeemer bled and died,
And with His holy, precious Blood
He reconciled me unto God.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Cleansed me from sin's dark, crimson stain,
The Curse of Law for me He bore,
Declared me righteous evermore.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

Saved, ransomed, pardoned, justified,
By grace, in Him I shall abide,
And while I dwell on earth proclaim
The glory of His precious Name.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

His Word forevermore remains,
His Spirit's pow'r my faith sustains;
In His dear Father's grace I rest,
By boundless love and kindness blest.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

He conquered death, and grave, and hell,
The risen Christ, - Immanuel!
And now before His Father's throne
He intercedeth for His Own.

Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

His love divine removes all fears,
He dries my penitential tears,
Bids me in His pavilion hide,
When sorrows, griefs, and ills betide.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

When Jordan's billows o'er me roll,
My Pilot will receive my soul,
And guide me safe to Salem's shore,
Where ransomed throngs His Name adore.
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

His blood-bought robe of righteousness
Shall be my spotless, glorious dress,
And with triumphant hosts I'll sing
Endless Hosannas to my King!
Eternal life is mine, I know,
Since Jesus washed me white as snow.

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Tune: "My Hope Is Built On
Nothing Less."

Anna Hoppe, "White As Snow," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 4 (February 25, 1923): 49.

March 11, 1923
Holy Communion

"The cup of blessing which we bless, - is it not the Communion of the Blood of Christ? The Bread, which we break, is it not the Communion of the Body of Christ?" 1 Cor. 10:16.

"Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this Bread, and drink this Cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord." 1 Cor. 11:27.

O precious Jesus, dearest Lord,
I come before Thee, kneeling.
As Thou hast promised in Thy Word,
Hark Thou to my appealing!
O Love Divine, Messiah blest,
Who givest weary sinners rest,

Grant me Thy consolation.

A Banquet Thou hast spread for me,
Thy Flesh and Blood containing.
Great is my heart's iniquity,
And sin my soul is staining!
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Let me Thy blood-bought pardon gain!
Absolve me, my Redeemer!

Remove my sin-stained, carnal dress
Ere I approach Thy table.
Grant me Thy Robe of Righteousness!
Dear Lord, make Thou me able
To eat this Manna worthily,
To drink the Blood once shed for me,
In deep, sincere contrition!

Clothed in Thy raiment, let me dine
With Thee, O loving Savior!
This precious Sacrament divine
Seals unto me Thy favor!
Forgiveness, mercy, grace, and peace,
And Life, which nevermore shall cease,
Thy heav'nly Feast bestoweth!

With consecrated Bread and Wine,
O Christ, I am receiving
Thy Body and Thy Blood divine!
Thy Holy Word believing,
I bow before this mystery!
Thou hast ordained this Feast to be
My surety of salvation!

Thy Body, O Thou Living Bread, -
The Food Divine from Heaven,
And Thy blest Blood, for sinners shed,
Thy love to me has given!
O purge me from all earthly dross!
Grant that I glory in Thy Cross
And own Thee mine forever!

Let me with Thee united be

In Sacramental union!
Until I rise to dwell with Thee,
Grant me this sweet Communion!
My Mediator, Savior, Priest,
How shall I praise Thy bounteous Feast?
How laud Thy loving kindness?

I thirsted! Thou didst give me drink!
I hungered! Thou didst feed me!
Thy Hand Divine o'er Jordan's brink
To Canaan will lead me!
O grant me grace, Thou Lord of All,
To feast with Thee in Salem's Hall
Through everlasting ages!

ANNA HOPPE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Tune: "Out of the depths
I cry to Thee"ⁱⁱⁱ

Anna Hoppe, "Holy Communion," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 5 (March 11, 1923): 65.

March 25, 1923
They Sang a Hymn

They gathered in the upper room,
When twilight glimmer dim
Gave way to shades of even's gloom,
And sang the Paschal Hymn.

The sweetly solemn strains came forth
From hearts by sorrow wrung,
As they proclaimed faith's matchless worth,
And to God's promise clung.

The Paschal Lamb, prepared with care,
Upon the table lay;
He blest the Bread; He breathed a prayer –
The Godhead veiled in clay.

And then the Testamental Cup
He gave unto His Own.
O precious privilege to sup
With God's Incarnate Son!

Take, my beloved, eat and drink,
My Body and My Blood.”
He stands at bitter Mara’s brink,
The spotless Lamb of God!

O hallowed hour, the type is past,
Fulfillment draweth nigh.
The Promised One is here at last,
The Dayspring from on high!

Before Him looms Gethsemane,
Deep sorrow’s dismal night,
The cup of untold agony
On Calv’ry’s cross-crowned height.

His trustful prayer of fervent praise
Ascended to the throne: -
“My God, I leave to Thee my ways,”
“Thy will, not mine, be done!”

They sang a hymn! Had song the power
To comfort, strengthen, bless?
To sweeten in that mournful hour
The cup of bitterness?

O ye, who bear His Name, sing on,
Though dark may be the night!
Soon shall a sunlit morning dawn,
When faith gives way to sight!

Sing on! And let your heart-born song
Adore the God of Love,
Until ye join the ransomed throng
In Salem’s realm above!

O blood-bought Church of Christ, sing on,
And praise the Lamb once slain!
Celestial choirs around His throne
Respond: “Amen! Amen!”

Anna Hoppe,
Milwaukee, Wis.^{liii}

Anna Hoppe, "They Sang a Hymn," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 6 (March 25, 1923): 81.

April 8, 1923

The Shining Light of the Gospel

Shine out again in all Thy pristine splendor,
Thou glorious Gospel of the Crucified!
Reveal a Savior's love, so warm and tender,
Who for a world of guilty sinners died.
Shine out! Flood heathen realms with heav'nly glory;
O'er land and sea, o'er valley, plain, and hill.
That all mankind may know Salvation's story,
The darkness with thy light immortal fill.

Shine into hearts, beneath sin's burden groaning,
Who fear the thund'rous roar of Sinai,
And sadly grieve, their wretchedness bemoaning,
Bid them on wings of faith to Calv'ry fly.
There flows the Blood that grants them balm and healing,
There hangs the Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
With outstretched arms His boundless love revealing,
No mortal e'er appealed to Him in vain!

Shine into hearts bowed down by grief and sorrow
O'er loved ones sleeping in the silent tomb!
Bid them with eyes of faith behold the morrow,
When Resurrection light shall banish gloom!
O precious Gospel, cheer the sick, the weary,
With tidings of the blest Physician's love!
Console the wand'rers in earth's desert dreary
With sweetest hope for endless rest above!

Strengthen the weak, when comes their hour of trial,
With power divine, with unction from on high,
Lest Satan's arts beguile them to denial
Of Jesus, Who alone can satisfy!
And to His own, who for His dear sake suffer
The persecutions of a godless world,
Patience divine, and blest endurance offer
As they behold His banner high unfurled!

O fill the timid hearts with holy boldness!
Apply to speechless lips Thy holy flame!

And let Thy glowing warmth dispel the coldness
Of those who know, but love not Jesus' Name!
Shine in resplendent glory, ever brighter,
Till dawns the light of endless, perfect day,
And make the hearts of Christ's redeemed beat lighter,
As heavenward they wend their pilgrim-way.

Shine on, O glorious Gospel, shine and strengthen
The tie that binds God's own in Christian love!
Shine on, until earth's evening shadows lengthen,
And Zion soars to Salem's realm above!
Shine on, prepare the way for Christ's returning,
Illumine the path to the celestial Home,
And keep believers' lamps in radiance burning,
Till sounds the bridal call "The Lord hath come!"

Anna Hoppe.^{liv}

Anna Hoppe, "The Shining Light of the Gospel," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 7 (April 8, 1923): 97.

April 22, 1923

Perfect Peace

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in Thee."
Isaiah 26:3.

O blest security,
My God, to rest
From earthborn burdens free,
Upon Thy breast!
Thou hast created me
That I might joy in Thee,
And dwell eternally
With all the Blest.

Christ, Thy Incarnate Son,
Sinless, divine,
Hath my redemption won,
Hath sealed me Thine!
On cross-crowned Calvary
My Savior died for me!
From sin's dominion free,
Thy peace is mine.

Thy Holy Spirit's power

My faith sustains;
When comes the trial hour
My Guide remains
To counsel, strengthen, bless.
In sorrow, in distress,
His comfort's tenderness
Soothes griefs and pains.

Thy Word removes all fear
While here I dwell.
Thy Arm is ever near,
Immanuel!
Though earth be steeped in woe,
And strife abound below,
With Thy redeemed I know
All shall be well.

My every need supplied
For Jesus' sake;
Saved, pardoned, justified,
Father, I take
Thy gifts of boundless grace
In childlike faith's embrace,
All to Thy love I trace,
So deep and wide.

My heart is fixed on Thee,
Thou Triune God!
In fervent loyalty
While here I plod,
Let me Thy grace confess,
Exalt Thy righteousness,
Thy loving-kindness bless,
Thy mercy laud.

Rest undisturbed I find,
Trusting in Thee,
Untroubled peace of mind,
Serenity!
And when my life shall end,
With Thee, my dearest Friend,
In untold bliss I'll spend
Eternity!

Anna Hoppe.^{lv}

Anna Hoppe, "Perfect Peace," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 8 (April 22, 1923): 113.

May 6, 1923

"Unto You Who Believe He Is Precious"

1 Peter 2, verse 7

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
Incarnate Son of God,
From Heaven Thou descendest
To shed Thy holy Blood
On Calv'ry's cross-crowned mountain,
That I, conceived in sin,
Might as the cleansing fountain
Be purged from every stain.

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
How couldst Thou love me so,
To purchase my redemption,
To wash me white as snow?
To clothe me in Thy raiment
Of righteousness divine?
How can I grant Thee payment
For this deep love of Thine?

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
Redeemer, Love Divine,
More precious than the jewels
Found in earth's richest mine!
Thou art my highest Treasure,
My noblest, purest Joy!
In Thee I find true pleasure
And bliss without alloy!

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
While here below I dwell,
Of all Thy loving-kindness
And mercy I shall tell!
In love's complete surrender
My talents, silver, gold,
My All to Thee I tender,
O let me naught withhold!

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
My ever-faithful Friend,
When clouds of trouble gather,
Thy solace Thou dost send!
In sorrow, in affliction,
Or when oppressed by fears,
Thy comfort's benediction
Doth wipe away all tears!

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
Death has no terrors now,
Since Thou its power hast broken,
My blest Deliv'rer Thou!
When soul and body sever
My spirit shall arise,
To share, O risen Savior,
Thy blood-bought Paradise.

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
Loved Bridegroom of my soul,
My Life and Resurrection,
Thy name I shall extol!
Accept while here I wander
My feeble hymns of praise,
Until in glory yonder
The triumph-song I raise!

O Jesus, precious Jesus,
In Salem's realm afar,
Thy Father's house awaits me,
Where many mansions are!
Here to believers precious,
What bliss, what ecstasy,
Shall fill Thy loved ones, Jesus,
When evermore with Thee!

Anna Hoppe.^{lvi}

Anna Hoppe, "Unto You Who Believe He Is Precious," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 9 (May 6, 1923): 129.

May 20, 1923
Tidings of Salvation

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion: “Thy God reigneth.” Isaiah 52, verse 7. Romans 10, verse 15.

How beautiful upon the mountains
The feet of heralds are who tell of peace!
Who publish tidings of salvation,
And offer captive souls divine release
From Satan’s pow’r, from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ, the Virgin-born Immanuel!

Conceived in sin, dead in transgression,
Man cannot keep Jehovah’s Holy Law.
All vain his earthborn, carnal strivings
To hold his Maker’s perfect claims in awe.
Self-righteous works for sin cannot atone,
Nor hide from eyes divine the evil one.

But God sent His dear Son from Heaven,
Christ Jesus, holy, sinless, undefiled!
A perfect righteousness He rendered,
That sinful mortals might be reconciled.
The spotless Lamb His Blood as ransom gave,
A lost, condemned, rebellious world to save!

His all-sufficient, perfect merit
As ransom-price for all the world sufficed!
Forgiveness, cleansing, life eternal
Are God’s free gifts of grace through Jesus Christ!
All who believe are justified by faith,
Free from the Law! Free from the pow’r of death!

His Holy Spirit witness beareth
Through His blest Word that His redeemed are heirs
And children of a gracious Father.
Eternal life in Salem’s realm is theirs!
His Word and Sacraments console and bless
The while they journey in earth’s wilderness.

The ris’n, ascended, mighty Savior
Now prays in glory for His ransomed Own!
Their Advocate, their Burden-Bearer,
He pleads their cause before the Father’s throne!

On earth they need His blest, divine command
To bring His Gospel truth to every land!

“O comfort, comfort ye my people!”
The tidings of the sweet Evangel ring!
“Break forth, Jerusalem, in gladness!”
“Thou faithful Zion, praise Thy Lord and sing!”
O’er all the earth the message sweet proclaim: -
“Salvation full and free, in Jesus’ Name!”

How beautiful upon the mountains
The feet of heralds are who tell of peace!
Dear Savior, bless Thy tidings-bearers!
Sustain them in Thy Truth; - their faith increase,
Till, saved by grace, Thy blood-bought Church shall rise
To share with Thee the bliss of Paradise!

Anna Hoppe.

Tune: Jehovah, let me now adore Thee.

Anna Hoppe, “Tidings of Salvation,” *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 10 (May 20, 1923): 145.

June 3, 1923
Rest in Christ

My soul, O Christ, is restless,
Until at rest in Thee!
Tossed by the stormy billows
Of life’s tempestuous sea,
I find no sure foundation,
No anchor, no repose,
Until, O Rock of Ages,
Thy bulwarks me enclose.

Earth’s vain, deceitful pleasures,
And cunning nets and snares
Like treach’rous shoals surround me,
To trap me unawares.
O Captain of Salvation,
Life’s feeble vessel guide,
For I am frail and helpless
When winds and waves betide.

I hear the distant rumble

Of thund'rous Sinai!
God's holy law condemns me.
Conceived in sin am I,
And burdened with transgression.
Whate'er of good I've done,
All incomplete, imperfect,
For sin cannot atone!

But O, on Calv'ry's mountain,
A crimson, holy flow,
A stream divine o'erwhelmed me,
And washed me white as snow!
Through Thy complete atonement,
O Lamb for sinners slain,
Forgiveness, mercy, cleansing,
And righteousness I gain!

Clad in Thy blood-bought raiment,
O spotless Son of God,
An heir to life eternal,
My pilgrim-way I plod.
Thy Father's love beams o'er me,
Thy Spirit in Thy Word
Grants me the blest assurance
That Heav'n is mine, dear Lord!

My highest, noblest Treasure,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art!
My Peace, my Joy Supernal,
The Comfort of my heart!
When earthborn fears o'ertake me,
When cares and sorrows press,
Thy love's compassion sweetens
The cup of bitterness.

Until I reach the haven
Of endless rest above,
Let me repose, my Saviour,
In Thy redeeming love!
Be Thou my Rock, my Fortress,
My Shield, my Hiding-Place,
Till with the saints in glory
I magnify Thy grace!

Anna Hoppe.^{lvii}

Anna Hoppe, "Rest in Christ," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 11 (June 3, 1923): 161.

June 17, 1923

I Believe in God the Father

Article 1

In God Almighty I believe,
Who made the earth and Heaven; -
By Whose sustaining power I love,
Who hath my being given.
Created in His image blest,
In His paternal love I rest, -
He is my gracious Father.

His mercy grants me daily bread,
Health, shelter, comfort, raiment.
His angels' wings o'er me are spread.
Ne'er could I grant Him payment
For all the gifts His grace bestows.
He soothes away my earthborn woes,
And guards me from all evil.

I merit not His love's caress,
His mercy and compassion.
For I am all unworthiness,
And laden with transgression.
But He forgives when I implore,
Remembers sin and guilt no more,
And showers me with blessing.

For all the kindness shown to me,
O Lord of all creation,
I owe Thee fervent loyalty,
Obedience, adoration.
Dear Father, let my heart and tongue
Give thanks to Thee in prayer and song;
Fill me with love to serve Thee!^{lviii}

Anna Hoppe, "I Believe in God the Father," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 12 (June 17, 1923): 177.

July 1, 1923

I Believe in God the Son
Article 2

My heart in Jesus Christ believes,
And owns Him Lord and Savior.
True God and perfect man, He is
Enthroned on high forever.
The Virgin-born Immanuel,
The Promised Hope of Israel,
Is my divine Redeemer.

He left the realms of endless day
To purchase my salvation.
Lost in the mire of sin I lay
In bonds of condemnation.
He paid the price and set me free,
From death and hell He ransomed me,
But not with gold and silver.

His holy precious blood He shed,
Unfathomed woe He suffered.
In anguish for my sins He bled,
His spotless life He offered
Upon the Cross of Calvary,
That I His Own might ever be
And serve Him in His Kingdom.

He rose triumphant o'er the tomb,
Ascended into Heaven,
From whence in glory He shall come.
All power to Him is given
To judge the living and the dead,
As His eternal Word hath said.
Dear Lord, haste Thy appearing!

Anna Hoppe.^{lix}

Anna Hoppe, "I Believe in God the Son," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 13 (July 1, 1923): 193.

July 15, 1923
I Believe in God the Holy Spirit
Article 3

In God's blest Spirit I believe,

Who led me to the Savior.
My earthborn strength could not receive
The dear Redeemer's favor.
Conceived in sin, my carnal mind
Salvation's pathway failed to find –
All vain my best endeavor.

He came, the precious heav'nly Dove,
The gracious Holy Spirit,
My carnal blindness to remove
That I might life inherit.
He led me on, my Light, my Guide,
To Christ, my Savior crucified,
And kindled faith within me.

Kept by His sanctifying might,
My heart in faith abideth.
With the Evangel's glorious light
The Church of Christ He guideth.
Saved, ransomed, pardoned, justified,
Sustained in faith, and sanctified, -
How blest the saints' communion!

The dead in Christ shall rise again,
To enter life eternal,
And join the angels' triumph-strain
In Salem's realm supernal.
Faith's goal attained! O joy divine!
Blest Comforter, what grace is Thine!
To God be all the glory!

Anna Hoppe.^{lx}

Anna Hoppe, "I Believe in God the Holy Spirit," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 14 (July 15, 1923):
209.

July 29, 1923
Jesus Only

I open wide the portals of my heart,
And bid Thee enter, precious Savior mine!
O enter in Thy riches to impart,
Blest Son of God, Redeemer, Love Divine!

And reign without a rival, dearest Lord!
If Thou art mine, O bliss beyond compare, -
I feast upon the honey in Thy Word,
And taste the sweetness of Thy love in prayer!

It fills me with divinest joy to know
Thy boundless grace is greater than my sin!
Thy precious blood can wash me white as snow,
Thy power divine can keep me pure within!

If I have Thee, Lord Jesus, I have all, -
Comfort in sorrow, courage when I fear,
Strength when I faint, and pardon when I fall,
Rest when I'm weary, - hope when death is near.

Thou art my Light, when shades encompass me,
My Health in sickness, and my Peace in strife,
My Fount of Joy, my Wealth in poverty,
My Righteousness, and my eternal Life!

Immanuel, within my heart abide
Till I am called to leave this mortal clay,
Then guide me safely over Jordan's tide
Into the Canaan of endless day.

What bliss to see the beauty of Thy face!
The joys of Salem tongue cannot declare!
O let me rest in Thy redeeming grace,
Till, justified by faith, I enter There!

Anna Hoppe

Tune: "Abide with me"^{lxi}

Anna Hoppe, "Jesus Only," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 15 (July 29, 1923): 225.

August 12, 1923

Vespers

"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the Living God!" Psalm 84, verses 1 and 2.

O precious privilege, to come again
Into Thy hallowed courts, O Lord my God,
And raise with kindred souls the choral strain
Where Thou dost love to make Thy blest abode!

The Vesper bells peal forth invitingly,
To bid Thy children at the close of day,
Again to come, - to be refreshed by Thee,
And gain supplies of manna for the way.

How blest the solemn hush of fervent prayer
Ascending to Thy throne in sweet accord!
Like incense wafted on the balmy air
The anthems rise that laud Thy Name, dear Lord!
And from Thy servant's lips the precepts fall
That grace Thy Holy Word's inspired page!
O hallowed place, where Thou art One and All, -
Where Thou the soul's deep yearnings dost assuage!

Whenever by Thy Holy Spirit led,
I enter this, Thy lovely dwelling-place,
My famished soul by Thee, my God, is fed,
To Thy dear Hand my every boon I trace!
Thy springs of Living Water quench my thirst,
I feast upon Thy heav'nly Bread of Life!
Thy power divine the bonds of sin can burst,
And grant me strength victorious for the strife!

The precious hour of Sabbath eventide
Within Thy House, a holy calm imparts!
A rest divine, - a peace that doth abide
When paths of duty lead through busy marts.
I know that Thou my daily toil wilt bless,
That Thou wilt all my earthly needs supply;
I know Thy love's paternal tenderness
Will guard my walk with ever-watchful eye!

For Jesus' sake, Whose Blood for me was spilt,
Thy justice, O my God, can cancel sin!
Thy holy righteousness can pardon guilt,
Since Thy dear Son hath died, my soul to win!
In Him, my Savior, Mediator, Priest,
My prayers find favor at the Mercy Seat,
And from the penalty of sin released,
I bow in adoration at Thy feet!

O let me in these sacred courts find rest,
Where Thy pure Word brings comfort to my soul,

Till in celestial mansion of the Blest
With heav'nly choirs Thy Name I shall extol!
And may I at Thy Sacramental Feast
Find strengthening in faith, and growth in grace,
Until for me life's fleeting breath hath ceased,
And I behold the glory of Thy face!

Anna Hoppe.^{lxii}

Anna Hoppe, "Vespers," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 16 (August 12, 1923): 241.

August 26, 1923

Jesus the Conqueror

"Thou hast conquered, O Galilean"

Julian the Apostate

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!
Thy vanquished foes must own defeat!
Sin, death, and hell from power are riven!
The victory is Thine, complete!
Blest Son of God, in glory reign!
The universe is Thy domain!

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
In vain the guard, the rock, the seal!
The empty tomb in Joseph's garden
Thy Holy Godhead doth reveal!
Ascended King, Immanuel,
Angelic hosts Thy triumph tell!

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
In vain the pride of Pharisee!
Majestic power has put to silence
The carnal host of Sadducee!
Ungodly lips are sealed in shame;
All knees must bow to Thy blest Name!

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!
Thy glorious cause stands justified!
The sword is sheathed that flamed o'er Eden!
God's Paradise is open wide!
Thy death upon the Cross has won
Life Everlasting for Thy own.

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
Salvation full, complete, and free,
Forgiveness, cleansing, life eternal
Thy blest redemption won for me!
Saved, ransomed, pardoned, reconciled,
Thy Father owns me His dear child!

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!
The warmth of Thy unbounded love
The coldness of Thy heart has melted!
Grant that I true and loyal prove
To Thee, my ever-faithful Friend,
Until I reach my journey's end!

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!
All Heaven hails Thee King of Kings!
Lord Jesus, to Thy Name Eternal
Thy Church on earth her tribute brings!
Thy blest Evangel message sweet
Can bring the mighty to Thy feet!

O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,
Eternal laurels shall be Thine,
When in the Father's House in glory
Thy blood-bought saints like stars shall shine!
Exalted Savior, haste, I pray,
That glorious Coronation Day!^{lxiii}

Anna Hoppe, "Jesus the Conqueror," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 17 (August 26, 1923): 257.

September 23, 1923

Supplication

Father, hear our supplication
As in fervent prayer we kneel.
Resting in Thy Word's assurance,
To Thy mercy we appeal.
Thou hast promised e'er to hear us
When in Jesus' Name we pray,
Let us, through Thy Holy Spirit,
Say what Thou wouldst have us say.

Thou hast sheltered, clothed, and fed us,

And Thy boundless Father-love
Daily guides us, and protects us.
From Thy throne in Heav'n above
Thou dost shower us with blessings;
Thy blest Word, Eternal God,
Sheds its light upon our pathway
While as pilgrims here we plod.

Thou hast sent Thy Son from Heaven,
Christ, the Savior crucified.
Through His all-sufficient merit
We are ransomed, - justified!
Thou hast cleansed us from transgression
In the blest Redeemer's Blood.
Saved by grace, through faith in Jesus
We are Thine, O Triune God.

Thou hast brought us out of darkness
Into Thy so glorious Light!
Let us bring Thy saving Gospel
Unto those who dwell in night!
Make us shining lights, dear Father,
That the godless world may see
The blest path of Thy salvation
That leads unto Heav'n and Thee.

For the sick, the sad, the weary,
For the straying. Lord, we pray,
For the lost in heathen darkness
Who know not salvation's way.
Bless the message of redemption
In this world of sin and strife.
O reveal to every nation
Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life!

And we plead, O blest Jehovah,
For Thy wand'ring Israel!
Thou canst lift the veil that blinds them
Through Thy Word, Immanuel!
May Thy Holy Spirit guide them
To the Cross of Calvary,
That in Christ their blest Messiah,
Their Redeemer they may see.

Pardon Thou our many failures.
Grant us grace to love Thee more, -
Thankful hearts that in devotion
Thy so glorious Name adore.
Let us while on earth we serve Thee
On Thy Spirit's strength rely,
Till our pilgrimage has ended,
And we reach our Home on high!^{lxiv}

Anna Hoppe, "Supplication," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 19 (September 23, 1923): 289.

October 7, 1923
The Lord's Supper

O Love, Whose boundless ocean
No mortal strength can sound,
To Thee in pure devotion
Thy ransomed own are bound!
Invited by Thy grace divine,
We come, O Friend of sinners,
At Thy blest Board to dine!

Thou givest us, dear Savior,
Thy Body and Thy Blood!
How glorious is Thy favor!
How heavenly this food!
O Bread of Life! O Living Vine!
We merit not the mercy
That bids Thee own us Thine!

Thy sweet compassion sought us,
Who strayed from Thy dear fold!
The love that found us, bought us
With ransom-price untold.
O spotless Lamb of Calvary,
Thy precious Blood redeemed us!
Forever Thine are we!

The Law that we have broken
Condemns us evermore!
Its wrathful curse is spoken!
Its thunders o'er us roar!

But Thou hast borne our sin's great load,
And cleansed us from transgression,
Most Holy Son of God!

Thy mercy, so appealing,
Hath called us to this feast.
Before Thine altar kneeling,
Redeemer, Savior, Priest,
We take Thy Body and Thy Blood,
And praise Thy loving kindness,
Thou Giver of all Good!

Blest pledge of sins forgiven,
Sweet balm for troubled hearts!
A foretaste of Thy Heaven,
Dear Lord, this Feast imparts!
O grant us grace to reach that shore,
And be, with saints perfected,
Thy guests forevermore!

Anna Hoppe.^{lxv}

Anna Hoppe, "The Lord's Supper," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 20 (October 7, 1923): 305.

October 21, 1923
"Be Not Afraid, It Is I"
Matthew 14:27

He walks upon the waters,
Secure, as on solid land.
The works of His creation
Obey His divine command!
The seamen, fearsome, trembling,
His Form in the darkness spy;
His voice dispels their terror: -
"Be not afraid. It is I!"

Blest Jesus, God Incarnate,
On turbulent, surging sea
My ship of life is sailing.
Do Thou my Deliv'rer be!
O Captain of Salvation,
When breakers and waves beat high,
Calm Thou my troubled spirit: -

“Be not afraid. It is I!”

Anna Hoppe, “Be Not Afraid, It Is I,” *Northwestern Lutheran* X, no. 21 (October 21, 1923): 321.

November 4, 1923

The Triumphant Word

The Word of God shall triumph!
O Church of Christ, fight on!
Though dark the night of conflict,
Soon shall the morning dawn!
The armor of the Spirit
In battle shall prevail;
Ye struggling saints, despair not,
Though gates of hell assail!

The Word of God shall triumph!
Though unbelief abounds,
Though worldly wisdom’s error
O’er all the earth resounds,
Though vain, deceitful pleasures
In carnal hearts hold sway,
And godless, taunting scorners
Deride the narrow way.

The Word of God shall triumph!
Though blind self-righteousness
Arises in rebellion,
Too haughty to confess
The need of a Redeemer,
Whose precious Blood alone
Can gain divine forgiveness –
Can for all sin atone.

The Word of God shall triumph!
Though sorrows, trials, cares
Becloud Thy path, O Christian,
Though steadfast, earnest prayers
Appear unheard, - unanswered,
Bow to His holy Will.
His Truth abides forever:
He loves His children still.

The Word of God shall triumph!
Ye saints, do not despond!
With eyes of faith look upward
To Canaan beyond!
Built on the Rock of Ages,
Your hope doth rest secure.
In God's true love abiding,
Trust in His promise sure.

The Word of God shall triumph!
When judgement trumpets call,
Sun, moon, and stars shall vanish, -
The earth in ruins fall!
But through eternal ages
His Truth divine shall stand,
The theme of songs victorious
In Salem's Glory-land.

The Word of God shall triumph;
O blood-bought Church, rejoice!
Led by His holy Spirit,
Lift up in song thy voice.
Soon shall thy vile oppressors
Be conquered, overthrown,
And thine shall be the Kingdom,
The glory, and the crown!

Anna Hoppe.^{lxvi}

Anna Hoppe, "The Triumphant Word," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 22 (November 4, 1923): 337.

November 18, 1923
When He Comes

Christ, my Savior, bids me meet Him
When He comes,
And with holy rapture greet Him
When He comes.
He my ris'n, ascended King
Everlasting bliss shall bring,
In pure ecstasy I'll sing
When He comes.

I shall join the saints in glory

When He comes,
And proclaim redemption's story
When He comes.
He, the Lamb on Calv'ry slain,
Cleansed me from sin's crimson stain.
Saved by grace, life's crown I'll gain,
When He comes!

All my earthborn fears he'll banish
When He comes,
And my sorrows all shall vanish
When He comes.
Nevermore shall cares annoy.
Salem's pure, celestial joy
Shall be mine without alloy
When He comes.

I shall hail Him Lord and Savior
When He comes,
In His Father's House forever,
When He comes.
All my yearnings shall be stilled,
All my fondest hopes fulfilled,
And my soul with rapture thrilled,
When He comes.

His believers shall adore Him
When He comes,
And all glorious stand before Him
When He comes.
All who died in faith shall rise
To soar upward to the skies,
Endless life shall be their prize
When He comes.

He has promised me His Spirit
Till He comes,
I shall trust His blood-bought merit
Till He comes.
His blest robe of righteousness
Is my spotless, glorious dress.
His sure Word I shall confess
Till He comes.

Hope shall fill me with elation
Till He comes,
And in holy expectation,
Till He comes.
Faith's bright, burning lamp I'll trim,
That its lustrous beams might gleam,
Shining radiantly for Him
Till He comes.^{lxvii}

Anna Hoppe, "When He Comes," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 23 (November 18, 1923): 353.

December 2, 1923
God Liveth Still

God liveth still!
Poor heart, do not despond,
Though veiled from earthly view
In radiant light His glory shines beyond.
His tender love so true
With His dear children still abideth;
Though oft His smiling face He hideth;
God liveth still!

God liveth still!
Let earth in ruins fall,
By war and tumult rent.
He yet remains the mighty Lord of all;
His power shall not be spent.
Let wicked men their phantoms follow,
Pursuing pleasures vain and hollow.
God liveth still!

God liveth still!
Though Zion often weeps
In sadness here below.
O'er His belov'd a tender watch He keeps
That she no harm may know;
His holy Word her guide remaineth.
His Spirit's power her faith sustaineth.
God liveth still!

God liveth still!

Take courage, then, poor heart,
In hope and patience wait.
For He hath balm to heal the painful smart
And bids Thy grief abate.
Redeemed by grace, thy sins forgiven,
Thou art in Christ an heir of heaven.
God liveth still!

God liveth still!
Then fear not pain or loss,
Though cares and trials press,
But let thy faith mount upward to His cross,
Whose blood and righteousness
Secured for thee a free salvation.
Learn them to say in blest elation:
"God liveth still!"

Anna Hoppe, "God Liveth Still," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 24 (December 2, 1923): 369.

December 16, 1923
Stewards of God's Mysteries

Bishop of souls, Lord Jesus Christ,
Protect Thy flock, we pray,
Lest into Satan's nets enticed,
We perish by the way.

Unto Thy blood-bought Church bestow
A godly ministry,
Intent Thy holy will to know,
Obedient unto Thee.

As stewards of Thy mysteries
May they ever faithful be
To teach Thy Word's divine decrees
In pristine purity.

Grant unto them Thy Spirit's power
The unction from on high.
Console them in the trial hour,
Assure them Thou art nigh.

The treasures Thy pure Word imparts

All to Thy love we trace.
Let us accept with grateful hearts
The riches of Thy grace.

Grant to Thy flock humility
And fervent love, dear Lord.
May we find joy in serving Thee
According to Thy Word.

Let us not judge before the time,
But leave all unto Thee.
Soon Thou wilt come in power sublime
Our righteous Judge to be.

Then wilt Thou bring, O Lord of lords,
The hidden things to light.
Then shall Thy servants reap rewards
In Salem's realm so bright.

Anna Hoppe, "Stewards of God's Mysteries," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 25 (December 16, 1923):
385.

December 30, 1923
Sonship Under God

How blest to call Thee "Abba Father,"
Creator of the universe,
And to be known as Thy dear children
Who countless blessings dost disperse!
Made heirs through Thy eternal love,
We journey to our Home above.

All that we lost in erring Adam
Thy grace, O Triune God, restored.
To death for our transgressions given,
Christ, Thy Incarnate Son, our Lord,
A full, complete atonement wrought.
His precious blood our ransom bought.

Thy Holy Law for us fulfilling,
The Sinless One our burden bore,
Redeemed us from the yoke of bondage,
Declared us free forevermore.

For us He conquered death and hell,
The ris'n, divine Immanuel.

Cleansed by the holy Blood of Jesus,
Garbed in His robe of righteousness,
Thy children by divine adoption,
Dear Father, Thy loved name we bless.
Thy Spirit in us witness bears
That of Thy Kingdom we are heirs.

Our daily needs Thy love supplieth,
And manna for our hungry souls
Thy Word abundantly bestoweth.
Thou guardest us from danger's shoals.
Thou healest our infirmities,
Dost pardon our iniquities.

Our Cov'nant God, we glorify Thee!
Reborn through Thy Baptismal grace,
And comforted by power supernal
In Jesus' Name our path we trace
To yonder realm, prepared above
By Thy unbounded Father-love.

Until we reach that land immortal
Where Thou wilt wipe all tears away,
Let us, renewed by Thy blest Spirit,
Increase in faith from day to day.
O may we Abba Father cry
Till we behold Thy face on high!

Anna Hoppe, "Sonship Under God," *Northwestern Lutheran X*, no. 26 (December 30, 1923): 401.

1924

January 13, 1924
"Present Your Bodies A Living
Sacrifice"
"Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, ALL for Thee!"

Frances Ridley Havergal.

Thou Who to me hast given

My body, soul, and mind;
Lord of the earth and Heaven,
My Father, gracious, kind;
Accept in love's surrender,
The life Thou gavest me,
Permit my heart to render
True homage unto Thee.

Thou Who for me didst suffer
The pangs of Calvary;
Thou who Thy life didst offer
My soul from death to free;
Lord Jesus, my Salvation,
Accept my heart, I pray,
My all, in consecration,
At Thy blest feet I lay.

Thou Who in love didst win me,
Blest Comforter divine;
Abide, I pray, within me,
And make my heart Thy shrine.
O sanctify, I pray Thee,
Each thought, and word, and deed;
In love let me obey Thee
And Thy blest counsel heed.

Grant me the blest endeavor,
Thou Triune God above,
To serve Thee with the fervor
Of warm and faithful love.
Keep Thou me pure and lowly,
My faith-born zeal inspire;
To seek Thy glory solely
Shall be my heart's desire.

Saved, justified, forgiven,
Sustained by Love Divine;
By grace an heir to Heaven,
Forever I am Thine!
All that my powers can render,
My talents, silver, gold,
In love to Thee I tender;
No gift let me withhold.

O place upon Thy altar
My life as sacrifice.
Dear Lord, let me not falter, -
Let not the world entice
With snares of carnal pleasure
My love away from Thee.
My heart's divinest Treasure
Forever Thou shalt be!

Anna Hoppe.

On the Epistle Lesson for the
First Sunday after Epiphany.

Anna Hoppe, "Present Your Bodies A Living Sacrifice," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 1 (January 13, 1924): 1.

Anna Hoppe, "Present Your Bodies a Living Sacrifice," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV, no. 2 (January 9, 1926): 28.

January 27, 1924

"Be Not Overcome Of Evil, But
Overcome Evil With Good"
Romans 12:21

Dear Father, Who in Christ, my Savior,
Hast owned me Thy beloved child;
Grant unto me Thy Spirit's favor,
That Christian love, pure, undefiled,
Might from my thoughts and words proceed,
And permeate each kindly deed.

For Jesus' sake, Thou hast forgiven
My every sin, O Father mine!
From Satan's vile dominion riven,
Forevermore I now am Thine!
The Blood that flowed on Calvary
Has reconciled me unto Thee.

Slay Thou in me the carnal nature,
Each day more fully may I grow
Into my loving Savior's stature.
Thy grace divine to me bestow
That from all evil I may flee

And live a life that pleaseth Thee.

Let me not seek, in vengeful spirit
Evil for evil to bestow,
But grant me, through my Savior's merit
The grace to love and bless a foe.
A merciful, forgiving heart,
My gracious God, to me impart.

The Word declares, in accents holy, -
Vengeance is Thine, Thou wilt repay.
In love's submission, humbly, lowly,
May I Thy righteous will obey.
Grant Thou me strength, while here I plod,
To overcome all ill with good.

Till, saved by grace, I enter Heaven,
Let me, O gracious Father mine,
Forgive, as I have been forgiven,
And glorify Thy love divine!
In yonder mansions evermore
Thy glorious Name I shall adore!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Third Sunday after Epiphany.^{lxviii}

Anna Hoppe, "Be Not Overcome Of Evil, But Overcome Evil With Good," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI,
no. 2 (January 27, 1924): 17.

Anna Hoppe, "Be Not Overcome of Evil, but Overcome Evil with Good," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV,
no. 3 (January 23, 1926): 76.

February 10, 1924

Christian Kindliness

"Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of kind, meekness, longsuffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another if any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness." Col. 3: 12-15.

"The King's daughter is all glorious within. Her clothing is of wrought gold." Psalm 45:13.

O ye elect of God,
His chosen in Christ Jesus, -
Put on, while here ye plod,

The royal garb that pleases
The King Whose Name ye bear.
Remove sin's carnal dress.
Your Savior bids you wear
His robe of holiness.

In humbleness of mind,
In love-born, lowly meekness,
Be merciful and kind.
When brethren err in weakness
Let charity forgive
And tenderness forbear.
Thus would He have you live
Whose Kingdom blest ye share.

Let peace rule in your hearts,
The peace divine from Heaven,
Which His free grace imparts,
Who hath your sins forgiven.
O praise Him for His grace,
And thank Him for His love!
With joy your pathway trace
To Salem's realm above!

In His blest Word abide,
Obedient to His Spirit.
Ye blood-bought saints, confide
In your Redeemer's merit.
Let faith-born works proclaim
The glory of your Lord.
Exalt His precious Name!
Praise Him in sweet accord!

Your God shall comfort you
In days of grief and sadness.
His mercy, ever new,
Shall fill you hearts with gladness!
From strength to strength proceed,
Kept by His Spirit's might.
His holy counsel heed,
Ye children of the Light.

O ye elect of God,

Adorned in princely raiment,
For which a Monarch's Blood
Has tendered precious payment.
Cleansed, pardoned, sanctified,
Your Savior's garment wear!
Perfected,- glorified,
His Heaven ye shall share!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.^{lxix}

Anna Hoppe, "Christian Kindliness," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 3 (February 10, 1924): 33.

February 24, 1924

"My Grace is Sufficient for Thee"
(2 Corinthians 12:9)

O Father mine, if I should fear
When griefs encompass me,
Sustain me with Thy Word of cheer: -
"My grace sufficeth thee."

If on the pilgrim-way I faint,
And fail Thy Hand to see,
With this sweet cordial me acquaint: -
"My grace sufficeth thee."

Should Satan, world, and flesh assail,
To Thee my soul can flee,
Thy blest assurance shall not fail: -
"My grace sufficeth thee."

Cleansed by my Savior's precious blood,
From bonds of sin set free,
Thy love o'erwhelms me like a flood: -
"My grace sufficeth thee."

I can be strong, though frail and weak,
When comes adversity,
If Thou, my Strength, wilt gently speak: -
"My grace sufficeth thee."

O, may Thy Spirit in me dwell,

My faithful Guide to be!
Then shall I heed Thy message well: -
"My grace sufficeth thee."

I shall not fear the call of death,
When Jordan's brink I see,
But cling to Thy blest Word in faith: -
"My grace sufficeth thee."

When with the blood-washed, ransomed throng
Thy radiant face I see,
This theme shall be my endless song: -
"My grace sufficeth thee."

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn
for Sexagesima Sunday.^{lxx}

Anna Hoppe, "My Grace is Sufficient for Thee," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 4 (February 24, 1924):
49.

March 9, 1924
The Ministry of Reconciliation

"O be ye reconciled to God,"
The Gospel herald cries!
"Redeemed with Jesus' precious blood,
Accept redemption's prize!"

Behold, salvation's day is here!
O Church of Christ, proclaim
The joyous tidings far and near,
Exalt Jehovah's Name!

The time accepted now is come,
Declare Messiah's reign!
God's grace abounds, O Christendom,
Receive it not in vain!

Thou royal priesthood, chosen, called,
Make know the path of peace!
Tell all the world, by sin enthralled,
Of Christ's divine release!

With patience, kindness, pureness, love,
His grace can fill each heart;
The wisdom coming from above
His Spirit can impart!

Should sore affliction be thy lot,
Should sorrow, pain, distress
Assail thee, He will leave thee not,
His Word abides to bless.

He is thy Wealth in poverty,
Thy Help in days of fear,
Thy Health when ills encompass thee,
Thy Life when death draws near.

He comforts thee when griefs assail,
He ever knows His own!
The foes that now in fury rail
Shall all be overthrown!

Cleansed by His Blood, and sanctified,
Eternal life is thine.
In realms above, all glorified,
Thou as the stars wilt shine!

Preach on, O Church of Christ, declare
His saving grace to men!
Proclaim His message everywhere
Until He comes again!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
First Sunday in Lent, or Invocavit. 2 Cor. 6:1-10.^{lxxi}

Anna Hoppe, "The Ministry of Reconciliation," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 5 (March 9, 1924): 65.

March 23, 1924
"Be Ye Therefore Followers of God, As
Dear Children, and Walk In Love,
As Christ Also Hath
Loved Us"

Ephesians 5:1-2

Precious Jesus, Love Divine,
Our Redeemer, Lord and Savior,
Bid Thy light upon us shine.
Thou who dwell'st in light forever,
Flood with light our pilgrim-way,
Turn the darkness into day.

Holy, pure, and undefiled,
Thou Thyself to God didst offer;
That we might be reconciled,
Thou the pangs of death didst suffer.
O accept the love-filled praise
Thy redeemed in Zion raise!

Fill us with Thy holy love,
In Thy footsteps may we follow.
Grant us wisdom from above
To flee carnal pleasures hollow.
Cleanse us from impurity,
Envy, lust, idolatry.

Hallowed by Thy Spirit's might,
May our walk and conversation,
As the children of the light,
Praise Thee, Lord, of our salvation.
May The Word of our hearts confess
Bring forth fruits of righteousness.

Ransomed, pardoned, justified,
Through Thy holy Blood and merit,
In Thy love may we abide;
Sanctify us by Thy Spirit.
Let our love's devotion glow,
That the world Thy love might know.

Till we join the saints at rest
In the Father's mansions yonder,
May we grace Thy kingdom blest
While as pilgrims here we wander,
That the world in us may see
Godliness reflecting Thee!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the

Third Sunday in Lent, - Oculi.^{lxxii}

Anna Hoppe, "Be Ye Therefore Followers of God, As Dear Children, and Walk In Love, As Christ Also Hath Loved Us," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 6 (March 23, 1924): 81.

April 6, 1924

Christ, Our Atoning High Priest

Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own Blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." Hebrews 9:12.

The blood of beasts that crimsoned
The Temple's Mercy Seat,
Could nevermore the payment
Of sin's vast debt complete!
The offerings of contrition,
The altar's sacrifice,
Could not redeem lost sinners,
Nor pay the ransom-price.

These were but types and shadows
Of Christ, the Coming One, -
Messiah, the Redeemer,
God's own incarnate Son,
The Lamb without a blemish,
Pure, holy, undefiled,
Through Whose complete atonement
Man would be reconciled.

He came, the promised Shiloh,
The blest Immanuel,
He came, and ransomed mortals,
From sin, and death, and hell.
The sinless High Priest Jesus
Shed His own precious blood!
The price of man's redemption
Is Calv'ry's holy flood!

He bore the Law's dread burden;
Our Substitute was He;
Removed the curse forever,
And set the captives free!
The cov'nant saints beheld Him,
In Spirit-kindled faith,

And joyed in His salvation
Till came the sleep of death! (Luke 2:29, 32)

He sealed our blood-bought pardon,
Arising from the grave.
The blest ascended Savior
Lives evermore to save!
Our Mediator standeth
Before the Father's throne,
In mercy interceding
For all His ransomed own!

Our carnal works avail not,
To give the conscience peace,
Thy blood alone, dear Savior,
Can grant us sweet release!
Cleanse us from all transgression
In that most holy flow;
Wash us, divine Redeemer,
And make us white as snow.

O may our love-filled service,
Free, grateful, Spirit-born,
The fruit of Thy free pardon,
Our pilgrim life adorn.
Till, saved by grace, we enter
The goal of faith above,
And sing eternal praises
To Thy redeeming love!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Fifth Sunday in Lent, or Judica.^{lxxiii}

Anna Hoppe, "Christ, Our Atoning High Priest," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 7 (April 6, 1924): 97.

April 20, 1924

"Christ Our Passover Is Sacrificed for Us"

"Therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." 1 Cor. 5:7-8.

Precious Jesus, Savior glorious,
Thou hast risen from the grave.
Over death and hell victorious,

Thou art mighty still to save!
Let me rise with Thee, I pray,
On this glorious Easter day,
Thou, my Life and Resurrection,
Fill my heart with Thy affection.

Paschal Lamb, I yearn to love Thee
In sincerity and truth.
May Thy love's compassion move me
To flee wickedness uncouth.
With Thy Blood upon my heart,
From sin's Egypt I depart!
By the virtue of Thy passion
Cleanse me, Lord, from all transgression.

Purge away the leaven ever
That with sin's desire is rife.
O implant in me, dear Savior,
Pure and holy Easter-life!
Love Divine, Redeemer, Priest,
Let me keep this glorious feast,
Trusting in Thy blood-bought pardon,
Till I cross the banks of Jordan.

Precious surety of salvation,
Thy most holy Blood sufficed
To remove all condemnation
From my soul, O risen Christ!
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Peace divine in Thee I gain;
In Thy holy wounds I rest me,
Thou hast loved me, saved me, blest me!

Glory, riches, honor, blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive!
Cherubim, Thy power confessing,
To Thy Name sweet homage give!
Spotless Lamb, eternally
Thy redeemed shall worship Thee,
And in fadeless Easter glory
Tell redemption's wondrous story.

May I, guided by Thy Spirit.

Keep the staff of faith in hand,
Till, rejoicing in Thy merit,
I behold the Promised Land!
There with all the blood-washed throng,
I shall sing the triumph song,
And adore thee, risen Savior,
With the angels' host forever!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for Easter Sunday.^{lxxiv}

Anna Hoppe, "Christ Our Passover Is Sacrificed for Us," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 8 (April 20, 1924): 113.

May 4, 1924

In His Steps

"For even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow in His steps." 1 Peter 2:21.

"Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me." Mark 8:34.

Thou bidst us follow Thee, O precious Jesus,
The while we sojourn in this vale below,
And Thou hast promised evermore to lead us
Where crystal streams of Living Waters flow.
We heard Thy call. O grant us grace to follow
Thy footsteps till our pilgrimage is o'er.
The passing joys of earth are carnal, hollow, -
In Thee we find true bliss forevermore!

O let us follow Thee, Thou heav'nly Preacher,
And keep Thy Holy Word and Doctrine pure!
Let us proclaim Thy Truth to ev'ry creature,
The Truth that through all ages shall endure!
O let us follow Thee, belov'd Physician,
And bring Thy solace to the sick in need.
Let us relieve the sufferer's condition;
For grace to do Thy Holy Will, we plead.

O let us follow Thee, Thou loving Master,
And bring to sin-sick souls Thy healing balm!
The earth o'erflows with suff'ring and disaster.
Thy power alone the burdened hearts can calm!
Thou still canst heal our every affliction,
Thou still canst bid all pain and anguish cease.

O spread Thy loving arms in benediction,
And grant the stricken ones Thy sweet release!

Thy Blood has bought us. We are Thine forever,
Saved by Thy boundless grace, so full and free.
Faith bids us look upon Thy Cross, dear Savior,
Our hope of life eternal rests in Thee!
Thy Spirit in Thy Word the witness beareth,
That our Creator is a Father blest,
Who all our burdens, cares, and trials shareth,
In Whose paternal bosom we may rest!

O let us follow Thy divine commission,
And consecrate our lives, dear Lord, to Thee.
Bishop of souls, our Savior, our Physician,
We would be Thine in all eternity!
Then take our talents, powers, and earthly treasure,
Our silver and our gold, our tender love!
O Precious One, grant us the holy pleasure
To follow Thee to Paradise above!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for
Misericordias Domini Sunday.^{lxxv}

Anna Hoppe, "In His Steps," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 9 (May 4, 1924): 129.

May 18, 1924

The Giver of Perfect Gifts

"Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of light, with Whom is no variableness or shadow of turning." James 1:17.

Father of Lights, the Heav'ns proclaim
The power of Thy majestic Name!
Sun, moon, and stars in splendor shine
To glorify Thy might divine.

And earth of Thy great wonders tells.
The fields and gardens, hills and dells,
And streams and plains show forth Thy might,
To fill Thy children with delight.

Unto Thy creatures here below
Thy perfect gifts Thou dost bestow,

So limitless, so rich, so free,
For time and for eternity.

Created in Thy image blest,
In Thy paternal love I rest,
Clothed, sheltered, fed by Thy dear hand,
And guarded by Thy power, I stand.

Thy perfect gift, Christ, Thy dear Son,
On Calvary my ransom won,
My sinless Savior died for me
From bonds of sin to set me free.

Perfect salvation, perfect peace,
Perfect forgiveness, sweet release
Thou gavest me, O Perfect Love, -
Security that naught can move!

O may Thy loving kindness move
My heart to serve and bless and love;
Let thoughts, and words, and deeds proclaim
The glory of Thy precious Name.

Thy perfect love abideth true.
Thy perfect grace, as morning dew,
Descends Thy ransomed own to bless
With perfect peace and happiness.

Thy Spirit in Thy perfect Word
Assures me Heav'n is mine, dear Lord.
My heart with gratitude o'erflows
For all the gifts Thy love bestows.

Thy light illumines my pilgrim-way,
And leads to realms of perfect day;
With saints perfected I shall praise
Thy grace through everlasting days.

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for
Cantate Sunday.^{lxxvi}

Anna Hoppe, "The Giver of Perfect Gifts," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 10 (May 18, 1924): 145.

June 1, 1924

Blest Are The Dead Which Die In The Lord!

Rev. 14, verse 13.

How sweet they rest, untouched by pain or sorrow,
The silent sleepers in terrestrial beds,
Awaiting Resurrection's glorious morrow,
As Mother Earth her blanket o'er them spreads!
O peaceful sleep, by earth-born din unbroken,
How weary hearts in anguish long for thee!
The blasted hopes, the bitter griefs unspoken,
Declare the hidden yearnings plaintively.

And yet, 'tis but the mortal clay that's sleeping
Like precious seed in expectation sown!
O'er which celestial hosts their watch are keeping!
The soul to realms beyond the stars has flown!
Exploring Salem's valleys, plains, and mountains,
And soaring in delight from place to place,
Reposing by the side of crystal fountains,
Beholding its Creator face to face!

O ye, who yearn in pain for dissolution,
And weep in silence at the loved one's tomb, -
O ye, who seek release from earth's confusion,
Be comforted! God's hour is not yet come!
The pain and grief shall not endure forever,
The bitterness shall end, - the deep remorse.-
His loving-kindness leaves His people never,
His grace abides till life has run its course.

As children of a gracious heav'nly Father,
Who in His Son has chosen you His Own,
Fear not when earthborn clouds of trial gather, -
Ye do not walk the shadow-land alone!
He Who in Christ your failings has forgiven,
Whose Holy Spirit dwells within your hearts,
Shall guide you through this vale of tears to heaven.
Ne'er from His Own His shelt'ring Arm departs!

When heav'nly trumpets sound, in jubilation,
The dead in Christ shall rise, all glorified!
The body then shall share the exultation

That thrilled the soul across the Great Divide!
O blissful day, when this corrupted mortal
Shall put on holy immortality,
When Christ's redeemed shall enter Eden's portal,
And death is swallowed up in victory!

O be of cheer! A holy rest remaineth
For the loved people of a gracious God!
His Holy Word your fainting hearts sustaineth,
The while as pilgrims here below ye plod!
Await in patient hope, the blest transition,
When with the loved ones who have gone before
Ye shall find rest in yonder realms Elysian,
And dwell with saints perfected, - evermore!

Anna Hoppe.^{lxxvii}

Anna Hoppe, "Blest Are The Dead Which Die In The Lord!," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 11 (June 1, 1924): 161.

June 15, 1924
"Mein Schoepfer, Steh Mir Bei"
(Confirmation)

My Maker, pilot me,
Be Thou my life's blest Light,
And guide me with Thine eye,
Till death ends mortal sight.
My heart in consecration
I give Thee as oblation.
All that my powers can render
To Thee and Thine I tender.
Thou wilt that I Thine own should be;
My Maker, pilot me.

My Savior, wash Thou me
In Thy so precious blood,
That cleanseth every stain,
And worketh boundless good.
My soul in peace abideth
When in Thy wounds it hideth;
From sin and condemnation
Thy grace grants free salvation.
Defiled, I know no Fount but Thee,

My Savior, wash Thou me.

My Comforter, grant power
To stem temptation's tide.
Rule Thou my heart's desires
When toward the world they glide.
Teach me to know my Savior,
And own Him Lord forever.
Let me, His Word receiving,
Walk in His paths, believing.
I need Thy strength each passing hour.
My Comforter, grant power.

Thou Triune God on high,
My One and All Thou art.
Implant Thine image blest
Deep in my mind and heart.
O may my soul be ever
A Temple of Thy favor.
Reveal in me, poor, lowly,
Thy love's compassion holy.
To own Thee mine, how blest am I,
Thou Triune God on high.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.^{lxxviii}

Anna Hoppe, "Mein Schoepfer, Steh Mir Bei," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 12 (June 15, 1924): 177.

June 29, 1924

"Love One Another"

"My little children, let us love not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." 1 John 3, verse 18

Jesus, Thy unbounded love
Fills my soul with awe and wonder!
Thou descendest from above
To burst Satan's cords asunder,
That from bondage I might be
Ever free.

Thou hast shed Thy precious Blood
To secure my soul's salvation.

Thou hast sealed my peace with God, -
Freed me from sin's condemnation;
In Thy holy wounds I hide,
Justified.

Thou the curse of Law hast borne,
That from Death's dominion riven,
I might greet the Judgment morn
Ransomed, saved, restored, forgiven, -
Cleansed in Calv'ry's holy flood, -
Son of God.

Savior, may Thy love for me, -
Thy soul's anguish, grief, and labor
Fill my heart with love to Thee,
And compassion toward my neighbor;
May I love to brethren show
Here below.

Let me love in deed and truth,
Though the world in hate revile me.
May its wickedness uncouth
Not distract me, nor defile me.
Keep Thou me in steadfast faith
Unto death.

Fill me with Thy love, dear Lord.
May Thy gracious Holy Spirit
Through Thy Sacrament and Word
Seal in me Thy blood-bought merit,
Till I, saved alone by grace,
See Thy face!

In Thy Father's House above
I shall laud Thy Name, dear Savior,
And extol Thy deathless love
With the angels' host forever.
O what bliss shall then be mine,
Love Divine!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Second Sunday after Trinity.^{lxxix}

Anna Hoppe, "Love One Another," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 13 (June 29, 1924): 193.

July 13, 1924
The Coming Glory
Romans 8:18

Some day my trials will be over;
Some day I'll reach my heav'nly goal,
Some day I shall behold my Lover, -
The precious Bridegroom of my soul!
No earthborn pain, or grief, or care
With coming glory can compare.

While as a pilgrim here I wander,
Beset by sorrows, woes and fears,
Faith sees the glorious Homeland yonder
Where God shall wipe away all tears!
Wide open are the pearly gates
Where for His Own my Jesus waits!

How years my heart for liberation
From sin and death, - from Satan's darts!
My Savior's blood-bought, free salvation
The hope of sure release imparts!
He Who on Calv'ry died for me
From every ill shall set me free!

A groaning, burdened pained creature
For freedom from its bondage cries,
In earnest, hopeful expectation
The creature for redemption sighs.
Some day the curse will be removed,
When Christ returns, my heart's Belov'd!

Some day when soul and body sever
To Him my spirit shall arise.
His word of cheer consoles me ever: -
"To-day - with Me - in Paradise!"
Death's gloomy shadows flee away
If I but hear His blest "To-day."

I know that my Redeemer liveth!
He from the grave my flesh shall call.

My heart this glorious Truth believeth.
In Salem's festive Banquet-hall
Mine eyes the Bridegroom shall behold.
O joy divine! O bliss untold!

I praise Thee, Savior, for Thy Spirit
Who through Thy Sacrament and Word
Hath sealed in me Thy perfect merit.
Divinest joy He doth afford!
Sweet foretaste of the realms afar
Where my dear Father's mansions are!

What though my pilgrim feet be weary?
Eternal rest shall soon be mine.
What though I walk through deserts dreary?
Thy lovely oases divine
Refresh and cheer my fainting heart.
O Savior mine, how kind Thou art!

Some day the clouds shall all be rifted
By Thy bright beams, blest Morning Sun!
Some day the curtain shall be lifted,
And I shall see Thee, Precious One!
O how can mortal tongue declare
The glory that awaits me -THERE!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Fourth Sunday after Trinity.^{lxxx}

Anna Hoppe, "The Coming Glory," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 14 (July 13, 1924): 209.

July 27, 1924
"Baptized into Christ Jesus"
Romans 6:3-11.

Baptized, O Christ, into Thy death,
Entombed with Thee, my Savior;
Dead unto sin, in fervent faith
I grasp Thy blood-bought favor.
Reborn in Thy baptismal flood,
And ris'n with Thee, blest Son of God
In Thy new life I glory!

Death hath no more dominion now!
I fear no condemnation
Since by Thy resurrection Thou
Hast sealed my soul's salvation.
A gracious Father's love is mine.
Thy Spirit, in Thy Word divine,
Declares me free forever!

From Satan's hellish cords released,
I now am heir of Heaven.
Thy sacrifice, O blest High Priest,
Sin from its power has riven!
The carnal flesh is crucified;
In strength divine, by Thee supplied,
I overcome temptation.

Grant me a pure and contrite heart
By virtue of Thy merit.
Thy sanctifying power impart
Through Thy in-dwelling Spirit!
A pilgrim in this world of strife,
O may Thy resurrection-life
My faith increase and quicken.

Thy blest baptismal cov'nant, Lord,
Abounds in consolation.
Faith rests securely in Thy Word,
Blest surety of salvation!
Redeemed, forgiven, justified,
O let me in Thy grace abide
And flee all sinful pleasure.

Free from sin's bondage evermore
In faith with Thee united,
I journey to the Glory-shore
By love divine invited!
And while my upward path I trace
I'll glory in baptismal grace
Each day my vows renewing.

O may Thy life in holiness
Be in my life reflected,
Till in Thy robe of righteousness,

Saved, glorified, perfected,
In Thy pure likeness I shall dwell,
And praise Thee, blest Immanuel,
Forever and forever!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Sixth Sunday after Trinity.^{lxxxii}

Anna Hoppe, "Baptized into Christ Jesus," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 15 (July 27, 1924): 225.

August 10, 1924
Victory in Christ
Romans 8:12-17.

Free from bonds of sin forever,
From the claims of flesh set free,
Jesus, my victorious Savior,
I sing praises unto Thee.
From the Law's dread condemnation,
From the cords of hell unbound,
I rejoice in Thy salvation,
In Whom blest release I found.

Thou didst die on Calv'ry's mountain,
Blest Messiah, Son of God.
Thou didst wash me in the fountain
Of Thy holy, precious Blood,
That from death's dominion riven,
Life eternal I might gain,
That redeemed, restored, forgiven,
I with Thee might ever reign.

Let me laud Thy blood-bought favor,
While in mortal clay I dwell,
Ris'n ascended, glorious Savior,
Virgin-born Immanuel!
Now the foes cannot enthrall me,
Though in bitterness they rail,
And when earth-born ills befall me
Thy sweet comfort will not fail.

Thy blest Spirit tells me clearly
In the pages of Thy Word

That the Father loves me dearly!
Sweetest message ever heard!
Yea, Thy ever-present Spirit
To my heart doth witness bear
That by virtue of Thy merit
I am God's dear child and heir.

Nevermore can I repay Thee
The tremendous debt I owe!
Grant me ardor to obey Thee,
Joy to serve Thee here below,
Fervent love that will not falter,
Though the hell-bound world entice;
O accept upon Thy altar
My poor life as sacrifice!

Through humility to glory,
From the cross unto the crown,
Thou didst blaze the path before me,
Thou the heav'nward way hast shown.
Sighs shall change to jubilation,
Toil to rest, and death to life,
When, O Lord of my Salvation,
I shall leave this world of strife.

Till in Salem's blest expansions
Hope shall end in pure delight;
Till within the Father's mansions
Faith gives way to glorious sight,
Grant me unction to confess Thee,
Through the godless foes deride,
With the saints redeemed I'll bless Thee, -
Saved, perfected, glorified!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Eighth Sunday after Trinity.^{lxxxii}

Anna Hoppe, "Victory in Christ," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 16 (August 10, 1924): 241.

August 24, 1924
God's Gift of Grace
1 Cor. 12:1-11.

O Father mine, to Thee I raise
My heart-born song in grateful praise, -
For mercy, kindness, goodness, love,
For blessings showered from above,
For faith that by Thy grace is mine.
For Thy blest Spirit, - gift divine!

Thy Son descended from on high
On Calv'ry's Cross to bleed and die
That I might live forevermore
On yonder blissful Glory-shore!
From bonds of Law, from sin set free,
Saved by Thy grace, I joy in Thee!

Thy Holy Spirit in Thy Word
Bids me rejoice in Christ, my Lord.
His light illumines my pilgrim way,
And turns the darkness into day.
I praise Thee for the faithful Guide
Through Whom my heart is sanctified!

All that I have is Thine, my God;
Grant Thou me grace, while here I plod,
To consecrate all I possess
To Thee in love and gratefulness.
Take Thou my talents, silver, gold,
No gift or boon let me withhold.

Take Thou the strength of mind and hand,
The power Thy Truth to understand;
Whate'er of wisdom be my lot
Is Thine, and I withhold it not!
O let me give myself to Thee
In time and in eternity!

Set Thou my heart with zeal aglow
To build Thy Zion here below,
May Thy blest Spirit make me meet
To render love-filled service sweet.
And when Thy temple shall be done,
May I be found a living stone!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.^{lxxxiii}

Anna Hoppe, "God's Gift of Grace," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 17 (August 24, 1924): 257.

September 7, 1924

The New Covenant

2 Cor. 3:4-11

The blinding rays of Sinai
In splendor bright portrayed
The glory of the Lord Most High
In garbs of light arrayed.

The beams divine that Moses saw
Upon the flaming hill
Reflected Him Whose perfect Law
Reveals His holy will.

But yonder cov'nant passed away
When Christ, the Crucified, -
The Godhead veiled in mortal clay, -
For fallen mankind died.

He kept the Law we could not keep,
Its dreadful curse He bore.
The Shepherd died for straying sheep
The wand'ers to restore.

A cov'nant, everlasting, sure,
His glorious Gospel brings, -
Salvation free, complete, secure,
A hope for better things.

Divine Redeemer, Son of God,
Let us in Thee abide; -
Washed in the Fountain of Thy Blood,
Saved, pardoned, justified.

From sin, and death, and hell released,
Free from the Law's demands,
Thy sacrifice, O blest High Priest,
Now as our surety stands.

In Thee we find sufficiency,
Life, wisdom, solace, peace;
Thy cov'nant grants us joy in Thee, -
Bids fears and sorrows cease.

More glorious far that Sinai
The gleams of Calv'ry shine,
To guide us to the realms on high
Where beams the Light divine.

Blest Savior by Thy Spirit's might
Keep us in cov'nant grace.
And lead us in the paths of light
Till we behold Thy face.

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.^{lxxxiv}

Anna Hoppe, "The New Covenant," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 18 (September 7, 1924): 273.

September 21, 1924
Walking in the Spirit
Galatians 3:15-24.

Walk ever in the Spirit,
Ye ransomed saints of God,
And trust in Jesus' merit
While here below ye plod.
Free from sin's condemnation,
Free from the Law's demands,
Rejoice in His salvation
Whose Word forever stands.

Arrayed in Gospel armor,
The hell-bound world defy;
The earth-born, lustful clamor
Of carnal flesh decry;
Its vile desires fulfill not,
The Spirit's weapons take,
Fight in His Name Who will not
His battling saints forsake.

Washed in the Blood of Jesus,

Saved, pardoned, justified,
Select the path that pleases
Your faithful heav'nly Guide.
Flee from the world's transgression,
Walk in the narrow way.
Yield not to fleshly passion,
Nor Satan's wiles obey.

Strength to o'ercome temptation
His Holy Word imparts;
Ye saints, in consecration
Yield Him your minds and hearts!
Then love, joy, peace, long-suff'ring,
Shall flow from heav'n-born faith.
O pledge your life an off'ring
To Jesus unto death!

Walk ever in the Spirit,
Ye ransomed saints of God,
Until ye shall inherit
Your Father's blest abode.
Made perfect in your weakness
His strength divine shall be;
O follow Him in meekness
Till dawns eternity!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
14th Sunday after Trinity.^{lxxxv}

Anna Hoppe, "Walking in the Spirit," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 19 (September 21, 1924): 289.

October 5, 1924
The Blessed Privilege of Prayer
Ephesians 3:13-21.

Dear Father of my Savior Jesus Christ,
How blest to bow the knee in prayer to Thee,
And plead His Name, whose precious Blood sufficed
From bonds of sin and death to set me free!

The breast on which my Savior could recline,
The words of love, - the fond, paternal care, -
The open ear, the outstretched arms of mine,

All that Thy Name implies, in Him I share!

Forgiveness, mercy, solace, peace and joy, -
Blessings for time and eternity,
Thy boundless love doth grant without alloy, -
The love divine, revealed on Calvary!

Grant Thou me grace, in Thy blest Spirit's strength,
With all the saints Thy love to comprehend, -
Love deep and high, of untold breadth and length,
That to poor sinners deigned to condescend.

My every need Thy bounty can supply,
And Thou hast balm for every mortal pain;
Thou hearest when in penitence I cry,
In days of grief Thy comfort sweet I gain.

When fears, and cares, and trials give alarm,
When sore temptations fill me with distress.
I need but seek the shelter of Thine Arm,
For Thou wilt comfort, strengthen, save, and bless.

Filled with Thy fullness while I dwell below,
What holy joy, O Father dear, is mine,
The all-embracing love of Christ to know,
To hear Thy Spirit whisper, I am Thine!

Thy Church shall laud Thee while the ages roll.
On earth below, till time shall be no more;
In Heav'n above, her Home, her glorious goal,
To Thee eternally her song shall soar!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
16th Sunday after Trinity.^{lxxxvi}

Anna Hoppe, "The Blessed Privilege of Prayer," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 20 (October 5, 1924):
305.

October 19, 1924
Riches in Christ
1 Cor. 1:4-9.

My God, I praise Thee for Thy grace

In Christ, Thy holy Son,
To whom Thy pardon's boon I trace,
Who hath my ransom won.

Conceived in sin, with sin defiled,
I wandered far from Thee,
But now, redeemed and reconciled,
Thy bosom welcomes me.

Thy Spirit in Thy Word divine
Assures me Thou art nigh,
Bids me to Thee my cares resign
And "Abba Father" cry,

The riches that are mine in Christ
No mortal tongue can name!
His holy, precious Blood sufficed
Lost sinners to reclaim.

When, burdened with the guilt of sin,
My heart for cleansing pleads,
All that I seek, and more, I win,
For Jesus intercedes.

Forgiveness, rest, and joy, and peace,
And wisdom from on high
Thou grantest me without surcease
My soul to satisfy.

And Thy blest Word bids me behold
The Glory-land afar,
The gates of pearl, the streets of gold,
Where many mansions are.

O keep, and sanctify Thou me
Until my dying breath;
Establish, strengthen, settle me
In overcoming faith.

My faithful God, may I be found
Blameless unto the end,
When Christ, my Lord, in glory crowned,
From Heaven shall descend.

Garbed in His robe of righteousness,
And sinless in Thy sight,
Thy grace forevermore I'll bless
In Salem's realm of light.

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
18th Sunday after Trinity.^{lxxxvii}

Anna Hoppe, "Riches in Christ," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 21 (October 19, 1924): 321.

November 2, 1924

"O Come, Let Us Sing Unto The Lord"

1524 - - - 1924

"But be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things unto God, and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." Ephesians 5:18-20.

O Triune God of Glory,
Unnumbered legions sing Thy praise,
And bow in awe before Thee,
To laud Thy Name, Ancient of Days!
The hosts by thee created,
The bright angelic choirs,
With holy joy elated,
Tune their celestial lyres,
And sing Thee songs eternal,
While sweet-strained harps of gold
Flood Salem's realm supernal
With melodies untold.

Beyond the pearly portals
Cherub and Seraph raise the strain,
With glorified immortals.
How could earth mute and still remain?
Ah no, since dawned creation,
Thy creatures here below
Have sung of Thy salvation
Who lovest mankind so!
With cymbal, harp, and psalter
Thy chosen Israel
Drew near Thy Temple's altar,
O blest Immanuel!

Glad Miriam glorified Thee (Ex. 15:20)
In hymns of sweet, melodious flow.
There is no God beside Thee!
All vain the boast of Pharaoh!
And Zion's loyal daughters
Joined in the triumph-strain.
Beneath Egyptian waters
The scattered foes lay slain!
Thy Moses would adore Thee (Ex. 15)
In praise-filled anthem strong;
Deborah gave Thee glory (Judges 5)
In sweetest choral-song.

In holy fervor singing,
Hannah of grace divine could tell! (1 Sam 2.)
With praise her heart was ringing
For Thy love's gift, her Samuel!
Down through the generations
Sweet hymns of praise and prayer,
And holy jubilations
Soared to the regions where
Thy wondrous glory dwelleth!
O gracious God of Love,
The tidings Zion telleth
Thy boundless mercy prove.

And David, king anointed,
The psalmist after Thine Own heart,
In moments, Heav'n-appointed,
The sweetest solace could impart.
In song Thy grace confessing
Toward man with sin defiled;
In psalms Thy kindness blessing,
Thy love's compassion mild.
His harp to Thee would render
The sweetest harmonies,
And to Thy glory tender
Divinest melodies!

Down through the by-gone ages
Resounds the Song of Solomon,
And Scripture's hallowed pages

Reveal in song what Thou hast done
Thy people to deliver
From sin, and hell, and death,
Through Thy dear Son, our Savior,
The Christ of Nazareth!
Thy Simeon and Anna
Praised Thee in sweet accord,
The children's glad Hosanna
Thy glorious Name adored!

The song of Virgin Mother (Luke 1:46-55)
Thy boundless love and mercy praised.
No earth-born din could smother
The voice glad Zacharias raised (Luke 1:68-79)
To Thee in adoration!
How sweet the strains came forth,
When Jesus, our Salvation,
In song proclaimed the worth
Of faith in Thee, dear Father,
With His beloved Own! (Mark 14:26)
When saints in worship gather
Sweet anthems reach Thy throne.

When Nero's hosts decried Thee
With persecution's hell-born wrongs,
Thy Zion glorified Thee
In psalms, and hymns, and sacred songs! (Col. 3:16)
Upon Thy Word relying,
Thy Church braved fire and sword,
Triumphant martyrs, dying,
Sang praise to Thee, dear Lord!
And magnified the Savior
Who bought them with His Blood!
Now, crowned with life, forever
Thy glorious grace they laud!

The songs of Luther blended
With Seraphim's celestial strain,
And Gerhard's hymns ascended
Like incense sweet to Thy domain!
Sweet anthems, Spirit-given,
Still reach Thy throne to-day,
As on the path to Heaven

Thy Zion wends her way.
Saved by Thy grace in Jesus,
Clothed in His righteousness,
Cleansed by His Blood so precious
Thy mercy she doth bless.

Accept while here we wander,
O God of Love, our hymns of praise,
Till in the Homeland yonder
The song of victory we raise.
O glorious consummation,
Perfected, glorified,
Our hymns of adoration
Shall laud the Lamb Who died,
The risen, mighty Savior,
Our glorious Lord and King!
Forever and forever
The Heav'ns with song shall ring!

Anna Hoppe.

(Penned in commemoration of the Quadricentennial of the first congregational Hymnal in Christendom, published at Wittenberg, Germany in 1524.)

Anna Hoppe, "O Come, Let Us Sing Unto The Lord," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 22 (November 2, 1924): 337.

November 16, 1924

"He Who Began a Good Work in You Will Perform It Unto The Day of Jesus Christ"
Phil. 1, verse 6

Father dear, in Christ our Savior
Thou hast chosen us Thine Own
Grant us Thy blest Spirit's favor
That all evil we may shun.

All our sins are purged, forgiven,
Since Messiah shed His Blood;
Thou hast sealed us heirs of heaven
In Thy blest baptismal flood.

The good work begun within us
Thou wilt well perform we know.
Love that thus could woo and win us
Nevermore will let us go.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
May the faith that we confess,
In Thy Word and doctrine grounded,
Bring forth fruits of righteousness.

Keep Thy Zion blameless, lowly,
Till the day of Christ, her Lord.
Guide her Homeward by Thy holy,
Everlasting, perfect Word.

Grant unto Thy saints' communion
Wisdom, solace, joy, and peace;
Keep us in Thy Spirit's union,
Faith, and hope, and love increase.

Let us, by Thy Word directed,
Grow in grace unceasingly,
Till, all glorified, perfected,
Like our Savior we shall be.

O what holy joys await us
At the bridal of the Lamb!
Endless glories shall elate us
As we laud His precious name!

Anna Hoppe.^{lxxxviii}

Anna Hoppe, "He Who Began a Good Work in You Will Perform It Unto The Day of Jesus Christ,"
Northwestern Lutheran XI, no. 23 (November 16, 1924): 353.

November 30, 1924

"In Him Shall the Gentiles Trust"

"Praise the Lord, all ye Gentiles, and laud Him, all ye people."

Rom. 15:11

Rejoice, ye Gentile nations,
With chosen Israel!
Let heart-born jubilations
Adore Immanuel!
The shadows all have vanished,
Fulfillment now has come!
God's glorious Light has banished,
The night of dismal gloom.

The bars are rent asunder,
Naught shall henceforth divide!
O all-transcendent wonder!
The door is open wide!
Hark to the proclamation,
Jehovah's love so true
Hath wrought a free salvation
For Gentile and for Jew!

O Love past understanding,
How deep and wide art thou!
In magnitude expanding,
That Gentile knees might bow
In holy awe before Thee,
Thou Hope of Israel,
And give Thee praise and glory,
Who doest all things well.

O long-expected Savior,
Sweet Root of Jesse Thou!
With love's unbounded favor
Thy Church Thou dost endow!
Saved, ransomed, cleansed, forgiven,
Through Thy atoning Blood,
With all the host of Heaven
Thy glorious grace we laud!

Thy Holy Word remaineth
A faithful witness true.
Its truth our hearts sustaineth
With comfort ever new.
O grant us through Thy Spirit
Hope, patience, faith, and love,
Till through Thy blood-bought merit
We reach our Home above!

Anna Hoppe.

On the Epistle Lesson for the
Second Sunday in Advent.^{lxxxix}

Anna Hoppe, "In Him Shall the Gentiles Trust," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 24 (November 30, 1924): 369.

December 14, 1924

"Rejoice in the Lord Alway"

Rejoice in Christ, your Lord,
Ye Christians, sing with gladness!
His Spirit, in His Word
Bids you dispel your sadness!
The Triune God above
Declares you all His Own.
His boundless Father-love
In Jesus He made known.

Ye who have come in tears,
Your sinfulness confessing,
Were freed from burdens, fears,
And gained His pardon's blessing.
For Jesus' precious Blood
Hath purged away your sin;
The spotless Lamb of God
Hath died your souls to win.

Saved by the grace of God,
And free from condemnation,
Ye ransomed Christians, laud
The Lord of your salvation!
O lift in choral song,
In psalms and hymns your voice!
With all the heav'nly throng
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!

O let not anxious care
Or troublous burdens press you!
Make known to God in prayer
The trials that distress you!
Your fears He can remove,
Your hearts' desires fulfill.
O thank Him for His love,
And bow to His blest will!

Unto all men below
Make know your lowly meekness;
To erring brethren show
Compassion in their weakness.

And let not earthly dross
Obscure your vision bright,
The pathway of the Cross
Leads to the realms of Light.

The peace your God imparts
That passeth understanding,
Shall fill your minds and hearts,
All earth-born fears disbanding,
Till your ascended Lord
Returns to earth again.
O trust His glorious Word!
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice! Amen.

Anna Hoppe.

On the Epistle Lesson for the
Fourth Sunday in Advent.^{xc}

Anna Hoppe, "Rejoice in the Lord Always," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 25 (December 14, 1924):
389.

December 28, 1924

Free Salvation

"But after that the kindness and love of God, our Savior, toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Spirit, which He shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ, our Savior, that being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life." - Titus 3:4-7

Wonderful tidings of free salvation
By grace through faith in Jesus Christ,
Offering freedom from condemnation
Through Him Whose precious Blood sufficed
To purge away sin's every stain!
Praise God, my soul, in joyous strain!
Hallelujah!

He sent His well-belov'd Son from Heaven
A lost Creation to redeem.
From the dominion of darkness riven,
All who believe have life in Him, -
Forgiveness, mercy, cleansing, peace, -
From bonds of sin divine release, -
Hallelujah!

To sinful mortals His true compassion,
And loving kindness He made known!
Unbounded pardon for all transgression
Through the atonement of His Son
The blest Evangel doth impart!
Accept His grace! Rejoice, my heart!
Hallelujah!

Naught have I done, O my God, to merit
Salvation's priceless gift from Thee!
Only the power of Thy Holy Spirit
Can kindle saving faith in me!
My Savior's robe of righteousness
Is now my spotless, glorious dress!
Hallelujah!

Precious assurance of life eternal!
Reborn through Thy baptismal flood,
Heaven is mine with its joys supernal,
Thy Spirit in Thy Word, my God,
Declares me Thy beloved child,
Saved, ransomed, pardoned, reconciled!
Hallelujah!

Heavenly Father, be praised forever
For Thy so boundless love and grace!
Praise to Thy Name, Thou exalted Savior,
Who hast by death redeemed our race!
To Thee, blest Spirit, evermore
Anthems of grateful praise shall soar.
Hallelujah!

Anna Hoppe.

Tune: "Lobe den Herren, O meine Seele."
On the Epistle Lesson for
the Second Christmas Day.^{xci}

Anna Hoppe, "Free Salvation," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 26 (December 28, 1924): 401.

1925

January 11, 1925
Arise and Shine!

Isaiah 60:1-6.

Arise and shine! The Light is come!
O faithful Zion, rise!
Passed is the night of grief and gloom, -
The day breaks in the skies!

The Glory of the Lord appears,
His radiant beams behold!
Thy Savior comes to dry thy tears;
He bringeth joy untold!

Deliv'rance from the power of sin,
Salvation full and free,
Eternal life in Heav'n's domain
His mercy offers thee!

Arise! Reflect the heav'nly glow
Of His Evangel's light!
That heathen realms His Truth might know,
Shine forth in splendor bright!

Thou chosen seed of Abraham,
Let earth thy glory see!
Send forth the Light of Bethlehem,
The beams of Calvary.

O Church of Christ, arise and shine,
Thou City on the Hill!
Send forth the Gospel's rays divine,
The earth with radiance fill!

Till Jesus, Thy ascended Lord,
Returns to earth again,
O ransomed Church, proclaim His Word,
Arise and shine! Amen!

Anna Hoppe.

On the Epistle Lesson for
Epiphany Sunday.^{xcii}

Anna Hoppe, "Arise and Shine!," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 1 (January 11, 1925): 1.

January 25, 1925

“Rejoice in Hope, Be Patient in Tribulation, Continue Instant in Prayer”
Romans 12:12

Rejoice in hope, ye Christians,
While pilgrims here below.
Your gracious heav'nly Father,
Who loves His children so,
Shall all your needs supply;
Shall guide, console, defend you, -
Eternal blessings send you;
No boon He shall deny.

Be patient, O ye Christians,
To follow Christ, your Lord.
His Spirit dwelling in you
Shall, through His mighty Word,
Endow you with the strength
To flee from all temptation, -
To joy in tribulation, -
To overcome at length.

Be instant, O ye Christians,
In earnest, steadfast prayer.
Unto your loving Father
Your hearts' desires lay bare.
In faithful confidence
Trust in His promise ever;
Await His gracious favor.
He is your sure Defense.

Though earthborn clouds may darken
Your pathway threat'ningly,
His bright Shekinah glory
Can bid the shadows flee!
He harkens when you plead,
Look up, beyond the present.
To Salem's mansions pleasant
His people He shall lead.

Saved by His grace, in Jesus,
Cleansed, pardoned, justified,
In loyal faith continue,
In fervent love abide,

While here your path ye trace,
Till by His power supernal
Ye enter life eternal,
And see Him face to face!

Anna Hoppe.

For the Second Sunday after Epiphany.

Anna Hoppe, "Rejoice in Hope, Be Patient in Tribulation, Continue Instant in Prayer," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 2 (January 25, 1925): 17.

February 8, 1925

"Love Is The Fulfillment Of The Law"

O Lord my God, Thy Holy Law
My sinfulness reveals.
A mirror clear, without a flaw,
No blemish it conceals.

In thought, in word, and deed, my God,
Thy will I oft transgress,
Well I deserve Thy smiting rod,
Well couldst Thou claim redress.

But Jesus, Thy Incarnate Son
Hath borne my penalty.
His precious Blood my pardon won
On cross-crowned Calvary.

In His dear Name, my contrite heart
For Thy compassion pleads.
Unbounded grace Thou dost impart
When Jesus intercedes.

Forgiven, grant that I forgive,
And love as Thou dost love,
In love's obedience may I live,
From Thy blest path ne'er rove.

The Christian love that works no ill,
Wrought by Thy Spirit's might,
Thy sacred precepts doth fulfill
With holy, pure delight.

Grant me this love, in Jesus Name,
While here below I dwell;
Then shall my life Thy grace proclaim,
My tongue Thy mercies tell.

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.^{xciii}

Anna Hoppe, "Love Is The Fulfillment Of The Law," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 3 (February 8, 1925): 33.

February 22, 1925

"And Now Abideth Faith, Hope, And
Charity, These Three; But The
Greatest of These Is Charity"
1st Corinthians 13, verse 13

Blest Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Thou gracious heav'nly Treasure,
Whose gifts at Pentecost
O'erflowed in boundless measure,
To Thee we humbly pray,
Divine, celestial Dove,
Grant to Thy Church to-day
The perfect gift of love!

Love, holy, undefiled,
Abounding in compassion,
Love, patient, lowly, mild,
Grant us as our possession.
Pure love that thinks no wrong,
Upon Thy Church bestow,
Than death itself more strong
May its devotion glow!

The shades of prophecy
Fade when in golden splendor
Fulfillment's dawn we see;
But love, pure, deathless, tender,
Abides forevermore
In realms of light above!
In meekness we implore,
Blest Spirit, give us love!

The mists that now portend
The beams of Heav'n shall banish.
Hope in delight shall end, -
Faith into sight shall vanish!
But love, warm, Spirit-born,
Shall shed serener light
Where dawns eternal morn
In Paradise, so bright!

Saved, pardoned, justified
Through Jesus' Blood and merit,
Let faith and hope abide
Till Heaven we inherit.
O lovely Paraclete,
May fervent prayer Thee move!
Grant us Thy gift so sweet, -
Eternal, holy love!

Anne Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for
Quinquagesima Sunday.^{xciv}

Anna Hoppe, "And Now Abideth Faith, Hope, And Charity, These Three; But The Greatest of These Is Charity," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 4 (February 22, 1925): 49.

March 8, 1925

"For This Is the Will of God,
Even Your Sanctification"
1 Thess. 4, verse 3

Dear Father mine in Heaven,
Thy tender mercy mild
Unbounded good hath given
To Thy unworthy child.
My life and every blessing
In love Thou dost impart;
Thy grace divine confessing,
Grant me a grateful heart!

Oft have my sins offended
Thy holiness, my God.
But Christ, Thy Son, descended
To cleanse me with His Blood!

The curse of law He suffered
My pardon to obtain.
His spotless life He offered
Thy Heav'n for me to gain.

Thy gracious Holy Spirit, -
In Sacrament and Word,
Hath sealed to me the merit
Of Thy dear Son, my Lord.
His witness sweet assures me
Of Thy paternal love;
His fellowship secures me
In Faith that naught can move.

For all Thy loving-kindness
I thank Thee, Father mine.
Forbid that carnal blindness
Should veil Thy gifts divine!
O sanctify me wholly
In body, soul, and mind,
And grant that in Thee solely,
My purest joy I find!

Remove from me the meanness
That seeks another's ill,
Purge me from all uncleanness;
Thy will in me fulfill.
Let earth-born, vain attractions
Not wean my heart from Thee!
O consecrate my actions,
And thoughts and words to Thee!

Dear Father, be Thou near me
To strengthen, heal, and bless.
In mercy do Thou cheer me
When griefs and fears oppress.
My faith increase and strengthen
Till life's last hour is come,
And when the shadows lengthen,
Bear Thou me safely Home!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the Second
Sunday in Lent, - Reminiscere.^{xcv}

Anna Hoppe, "For This Is the Will of God, Even Your Sanctification," *Northwestern Lutheran* XI, no. 5 (March 8, 1925): 65.

March 22, 1925

Freedom from the Law

"So then, brethren, we are not children of the bond-woman,
but of the free." Galatians 4, verse 31

Once crushed beneath sin's fearsome load,
But now unburdened, - free,
My merciful and gracious God,
I render thanks to Thee!

Once fettered by transgression's chain,
But now released, - unbound,
To Thee, my God, in sweet refrain,
My praises shall resound.

I trembled at the curse of Law,
And fear encompassed me,
Till with the eyes of faith I saw
The Lamb of Calvary.

My precious Savior bled and died
To purchase my release.
Redeemed, forgiven, justified,
I glory in Thy peace!

O liberty, sweet liberty!
Blest gift of love divine!
Thy child and heir eternally,
Can greater bliss be mine?

Henceforth my highest joy shall be
To know and do Thy will,
Love's cords shall bind me fast to Thee,
Until my heart stands still!

Thy Holy Spirit witness bears
In Sacrament and Word,
That I shall join Thy Kingdom-heirs
In Salem's realm, dear Lord.

Then with the blood-washed, ransomed throng,
O Triune God, I'll praise
Thy boundless love in ceaseless song
Through everlasting days!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the Fourth
Sunday in Lent, or Laetare.

Anna Hoppe, "Freedom from the Law," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 6 (March 22, 1925): 81.

Anna Hoppe, "Freedom from the Law," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV, no. 11 (March 13, 1926): 244.

April 5, 1925

The Humility of Christ

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

"Wherefore God hath also highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Philippians 2, verses 5 to 11.

Lord Jesus Christ, our Savior kind,
We pray Thee, grant to us the mind
That was Thine Own, when Thou didst take
Our flesh and blood, for love's dear sake.

From Heav'n above Thou camest down,
A while Thou laidst aside Thy crown,
To dwell in poverty below
And save us from eternal woe.

Though very God of very God,
With mortal creatures Thou didst plod.
Love bade Thee leave Thy throne on high,
For sinful man to bleed and die.

Thou didst not shun to suffer loss, -
The crown of thorns, the scourge, the cross,
Hunger and thirst, and wretchedness,
Sorrow, and grief, and sore distress.

Arisen from the gloomy grave,
Thou livest evermore to save,
And now before the Father's throne,
Thou intercedest for Thine own.

Today the cruel nail-prints tell
Of Thy great Love, Immanuel,
The love that bade Thee condescend
To be the sinner's faithful Friend!

O may we meek and lowly be,
As Thou, O Lamb of Calvary;
Saved, ransomed, pardoned, justified,
May we in Thy great love abide.

As Thou in sweet humility
Didst serve Thine own, O thus may we
Unto the brethren here below
Compassion, love, and kindness show.

Grant us the strength to bear the cross,
To count all earthborn treasure dross,
Till, saved by grace, through faith in Thee,
The open pearly gates we see.

Before Thee every knee shall bow,
Redeemer, Lord, and Savior Thou!
Incarnate God, through endless days
Thy blood-bought Church shall sing Thy praise!

O lead us on, Thou Perfect Love,
To the Jerusalem above,
There shall we laud and worship Thee,
And crown Thee King eternally!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for Palm Sunday.^{xvii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Humility of Christ," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 7 (April 5, 1925): 97.

Anna Hoppe, "The Humility of Christ," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV, no. 13 (March 27, 1926): 295.

April 19, 1925

“The Faith That Overcometh”

“Whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.”

1st John, verse 4

In the Name of Christ we gather,
To adore and worship Thee,
Mighty God, Eternal Father,
Great Jehovah, One in Three.
Thy blest Spirit witness beareth
That we are Thy children dear;
Thy unfailing Word declareth
Thou in love our prayer wilt hear.

Grant us through Thy Holy Spirit
Strong and overcoming faith;
Faith that rests in Jesus' merit,
Firm, unwav'ring unto death!
Heav'n-born faith, that falters never,
Though world, flesh, and hell assail, -
Faith securely grounded ever
On the Word that shall prevail.

In Thy Son, our risen Savior,
Who by blood and water came, (verse 6)
Faith can safely anchor ever, -
Glory to His precious Name!
Word Incarnate, sinless, holy,
Baptized in the Jordan flood, -
Our Messiah, humble, lowly,
He redeemed us with His blood!

Father, by Thy revelation
Thou didst own Him Thy dear Son.
On the Cross our full salvation,
Pardon, peace, and life He won!
Faith Thy Word of truth embraces,
Holy God of Israel. -
Faith to Christ its author traces
Blessings more than tongue can tell.

May we, while on earth we wander
Find in Thee our hearts' delight,

Till in Salem's mansions yonder,
Faith gives way to glorious sight!
Then with overcoming legions
We shall bear the vict'ry palms,
And in Christ-illuminated regions (Rev. 21, verse 23)
Laud Thy grace in endless psalms!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the first
Sunday after Easter, - Quasimodogeniti.

Anna Hoppe, "The Faith That Overcometh," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 8 (April 19, 1925): 113.

Anna Hoppe, "The Faith That Overcometh," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV, no. 15 (April 10, 1926): 340.

May 3, 1925
On Pilgrimage

Dear Father, in Thy Spirit's might,
Led by Thy holy Word,
May we, as children of the light,
E'er follow Christ, our Lord.

As strangers in this world's domain,
Bound for our heav'nly goal,
From fleshly lusts may we abstain
Which war against the soul.

In righteousness, in love unfeigned,
May we as Christians plod,
Obedient to the powers ordained
By Thee, our sovereign God.

O may our holy walk proclaim
The riches of Thy grace,
As in our risen Savior's name
Our pilgrim path we trace.

And should we suffer for Thy sake
May we endure the wrong;
Thy power, O mighty God, can make
Thy feeble Christians strong,

Redeemed with Jesus' precious Blood,

Cleansed in that holy flow,
O may we love the brotherhood
And serve Thee here below.

Pilgrims and strangers may we be,
Unspotted from the world,
As with the eyes of faith we see
Christ's banner high unfurled.

In Salem's Home we shall abide,
And there behold Thy face;
Saved, ransomed, pardoned, justified,
And glorified by grace.

Lead us, O Triune God of love,
And keep us by Thy might,
Until we reach our goal above
To dwell with Thee in light.

On yonder blissful glory shore
In robes of righteousness,
Through endless ages, evermore
Thy boundless love we'll bless.

Anna Hoppe

Epistle Lesson Hymn for
Jubilate Sunday.^{xcvii}

Anna Hoppe, "On Pilgrimage," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 9 (May 3, 1925): 129.

Anna Hoppe, "On Pilgrimage," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV, no. 16 (April 24, 1926): 388.

May 17, 1925

"Be Ye Doers of the Word And
Not Hearers Only"

James 1:22

"Hearing and doing are inseparably bound together. Hearing without doing is characteristic of the hypocrite, and doing without hearing is the earmark of the self-righteous. Only by faithfully abiding in our Lord and Savior may we learn both to hear and to do." - Rev. F. Hammarsten.

Eternal God, our Father,
In Jesus' Name we gather
To praise and worship Thee.

Let hymns of adoration
And prayers of supplication
Like incense sweet arise to Thee.

Thy grace in Christ confessing,
We come to seek the blessing
Thy Holy Word imparts.
Grant us through Thy blest Spirit
A fervent love to hear it,
And keep it in believing hearts.

Thy Law's just accusation
Reveals our condemnation,
Defiled with sin are we.
Contrite, we make confession,
O cleanse us from transgression,
For Jesus' sake, hear Thou our plea.

Thy Son, our risen Savior,
Hath gained for us Thy favor.
The Curse of Law He bore.
In Shepherd-love He sought us,
With His own Blood He bought us,
To grant us life forevermore.

Thy Gospel may we treasure,
And find our highest pleasure
In humbly serving Thee.
Grant us the blest endeavor
To keep with love-filled fervor
Thy perfect law of liberty.

Heirs of Thy free salvation,
May we bring consolation
To those in need and pain.
True to our Lord and Savior,
May we as Christians ever
Unspotted from the world remain.

Thy Word our hearts sustaineth:
Its shining light remaineth
Our guide to realms above.
There we shall praise and bless Thee,

With angel hosts confess Thee,
And evermore extol Thy love.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for Rogation Sunday. Anna Hoppe.^{xcviii}

Anna Hoppe, "Be Ye Doers of the Word And Not Hearers Only," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 10 (May 17, 1925): 145.

Anna Hoppe, "Be Ye Doers of the Word, and Not Hearers Only," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV no. 19 (May 8, 1926): 436.

May 31, 1925

"Absent from the Body, and Present
With The Lord"

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God Who gave it." - Eccl. 12:6-7.

"We are confident, I say, and willing, rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." - 2 Cor. 5:8.

There's a day of gladness coming
That shall know no eventide,
In whose radiant glory I shall see
My ascended Lord and Savior,
Who on Calv'ry's mountain died,
My poor soul from endless death to free!
Joy beyond all comprehension
Shall be mine, declares His Word,
When I'm absent from the body,
And present with the Lord.

O to leave the flesh, and journey
To the realms beyond the stars!
Precious moment, when wilt thou appear?
O what bliss to be unshackled
Evermore from earthly bars,
And behold the One to me so dear!
Floods of purest joys Elysian
O'er my spirit shall be poured,
When I'm absent from the body,
And present with the Lord.

Basking in the glorious sunshine

Of His all-excelling love,
I'll behold the beauty of His face!
And with all the ransomed thousands
In Jerusalem above,
Praise His Name Who saved me by His grace!
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
All earth's burdens shall reward,
When I'm absent from the body,
And present with the Lord.

Neither pain, nor grief, nor anguish,
Neither cares, nor anxious fears,
Neither sin nor strife can enter there!
Free from every earthly sorrow,
Free from trials, burdens, fears,
All the bliss of angels I shall share!
And I'll join the songs triumphant
Sung by saints in sweet accord,
When I'm absent from the body,
And present with the Lord.

Glorious hour, when the summons
Comes to leave the prison-cell
That has held my captive soul confined!
When the "golden bowl" is broken (Eccl. 12:6)
She shall cast aside the shell,
Loose the cord that held her fast entwined!
And behold her blest Creator
By unnumbered hosts adored,
When I'm absent from the body,
And present with the Lord.

Till my gracious Father calls me
To that glorious Home on high,
I shall pilgrim on, sustained by faith,
And upon the blood-bought merit
Of the risen Christ rely,
Faithful to His Gospel unto death!
Ah, I know His Holy Spirit
Will sustain me through His Word,
Till I'm absent from the body,
And present with the Lord!

Anna Hoppe.^{xcix}

Anna Hoppe, "Absent from the Body, and Present With The Lord," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 11 (May 31, 1925): 161.

June 14, 1925

"God Is Love"

"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we might have boldness in the day of judgment." 1st John 4:16-17.

God is love! Blest truth eternal,
My Creator loveth me!
God is love! O joy supernal!
Great Jehovah, One in Three,
Thy deep love's unfathomed ocean
And sublime, unbounded height
Kindles in my heart devotion,
Wonder, love, and pure delight!

Thou has sheltered, clothed, and fed me
In paternal love divine,
And Thy loving Hand hath led me,
Dear, devoted Father mine,
Thy blest Word assures me ever
Of Thy faithful, deathless love.
O let me forsake Thee never,
Nor from Thy blest pathway rove.

Thou hast sent Thy Son from Heaven
To redeem my soul from death.
Ransomed, saved, restored, forgiven,
May I cling to Him in faith.
On the cross my Jesus suffered
That from sin I might be free;
His pure, holy life He offered
To reveal Thy love to me.

Thy blest Spirit Thou hast given
As my Comforter and Guide.
When doubts, fears, and sorrows rend me,
In His strength I can confide.
He the flame of faith sustaineth
By Thy Word's unbounded power;
He my faithful Friend remaineth

In the darksome trial hour.

In Thy Word securely grounded,
May my love, O Triune God,
E'er reflect Thy love unbounded,
While a pilgrim here I plod.
Grant me fervent love to others,
Christian love, warm, Heaven-born,
That forgives the erring brothers,
And brings cheer to hearts forlorn.

Melt away all carnal coldness;
Let Thy love in me hold sway;
Then, with love-born, holy boldness
I shall face the Judgment Day.
Perfect Love, let me confess Thee,
Till my pilgrim-days are o'er.
With the angels' host I'll bless Thee
In Thy mansion evermore.

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
First Sunday after Trinity.^c

Anna Hoppe, "God Is Love," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 12 (June 14, 1925): 177.

Anna Hoppe, "God is Love," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV, no. 23 (June 12, 1926): 556.

June 28, 1925

"Casting All Your Care Upon Him"

"But the God of all grace, Who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." 1 Peter 5:10-11.

My God, on Thee I cast my care.
Thou carest tenderly for me.
In humble, fervent, child-like prayer
I can make known my wants to Thee.
Thy love paternal, pure, divine,
Breathes courage to this heart of mine.

In true contrition I confess
The burden of my sins to Thee.

Cleanse me from all unrighteousness,
For Jesus' sake, Who died for me.
His holy Blood, on Calv'ry spilt
Can purge away the stains of guilt.

My humble heart in fervor pleads
For strength and guidance from above.
Let hallowed thoughts, and words, and deeds
Show forth the praises of Thy love.
Grant me the faith that can prevail
When Satan, world, and flesh assail.

Extend Thy comfort in distress,
Allay my cares, and woes, and fears.
Sweeten the cup of bitterness,
Heal Thou my wounds, and dry my tears.
When shadow-clouds encompass me,
In Thy pavilion hide Thou me.

Grant Thou me through Thy Spirit's power
The grace to trust Thy saving Word.
Uphold me in the trial hour,
Thy never-failing help afford;
Sustained by Thy almighty Hand,
I journey to the Promised Land.

Earth's night of sorrow shall give way
To fadeless, bright, eternal morn.
In Salem's realm of endless day
A crown of glory shall adorn
Thy saints redeemed who here below
The thorny path of suffering know.

God of all grace, for Jesus' sake
Establish, strengthen, settle me,
Until it is Thy will to take
My ransomed soul to dwell with Thee.
Glory, dominion, power, and praise
Be Thine through everlasting days.

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson for the
Third Sunday after Trinity.^{ci}

Anna Hoppe, "Casting All Your Care Upon Him," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 13 (June 28, 1925): 193.

July 12, 1925

"Ye Are Thereunto Called, That Ye
Should Inherit A Blessing"

Epistle Lesson Hymn for Fifth Sunday after Trinity

1 Peter 3, verse 9

Called, dear Father, by Thy love,
Endless blessing to inherit
In the Home prepared above,
Grant us grace, through Thy blest Spirit,
Love and blessing to bestow
While we journey here below.

We are Thine since Christ, Thy Son,
With His holy Blood hath bought us.
He our perfect pardon won;
Into Thy dear fold He brought us
Cleansed from sin, Thy sweet release
Fills our troubled hearts with peace.

Lest the Foe our thoughts defile,
Shield us from his vile temptation.
Keep our lips from speaking guile;
Sanctify our conversation.
Rich in deeds, wrought by Thy might,
May we walk in paths of light.

Make us merciful and kind,
Filled with love and true compassion,
Grant us lowliness of mind.
Should a brother's sore transgression
Wound us, may we willingly
Tender pardon, full and free.

Thou dost guide us with Thine eye,
Help unfailing Thou dost offer.
Thou dost heed our pleading cry.
When for Thy dear sake we suffer,
Thy paternal love imparts
Joy and courage to our hearts.

May we in all fearlessness
Give to every man a reason
Of the hope that dwells in us.
Let us in and out of season
Preach Thy Word in purity,
Leading weary souls to Thee.

Grant us boldness to confess
Christian faith while here we wander.
Clad in robes of righteousness,
In the realm of glory yonder,
We shall render praise to Thee
Throughout all eternity.

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
1 Peter 3:8-15.^{cii}

Anna Hoppe, "Ye Are Thereunto Called, That Ye Should Inherit A Blessing," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 14 (July 12, 1925): 209.

Anna Hoppe, "Ye Are Thereunto Called, That Ye Should Inherit a Blessing," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV no. 27 (July 3, 1926): 628.

July 26, 1925

"The Wages of Sin Is Death, But The
Gift of God Is Eternal Life Through
Jesus Christ Our Lord"

My God, how fearful are the wages
Sin pays to mortals here below!
How mightily its terror rages!
A vast eternity of woe
In awfulness untold doth loom
For all the lost, - beyond the tomb!

E'en here its vile dominion bringeth
Suff'ring and sorrow in its wake!
Its poison like the adder stingeth!
Its ravage makes the bravest quake!
How cruel has been its ruthless sway
From Adam's fall until to-day!

I could not burst its cords asunder,
So firmly fast by Satan bound;
I could not hush the Law's dread thunder
That in my conscience would resound.
Self-righteous works availed me not
To purge away the crimson spot.

Thou, only Thou, my God, couldst save me,
And Thou didst save, in boundless love.
Thy all-transcending mercy gave me
Thy only Son, from Heav'n above.
My blest Redeemer Jesus died
That I might live, saved, - justified!

Nailed to the Cross on Calv'ry's mountain,
He bore the Curse of Law for me.
His Blood is now the holy fountain
That washes, cleanses, purges me.
And O, my ris'n Immanuel
Has freed me from the chains of hell!

Now I can call Thee "Abba, Father,"
Forgiven by Thy grace divine!
When clouds of grief and trial gather
Upon Thy bosom I recline!
Thy Spirit witness sweet doth bear
That I am Thy child and heir!

Thy Holy Word, the Light supernal,
Sheds o'er my path its radiant beam;
Thy gracious gift of Life eternal
Bids Hope's bright star in splendor gleam
As with the eyes of Faith I see
The Gates of Pearl ajar for me!

In peace I can commend my spirit
Into Thy Hands dear Father mine!
At rest in Jesus' blood-bought merit
With joy this mortal I resign!
For death the oarsman has become
O'er Jordan's stream to row me Home!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Seventh Sunday after Trinity.^{ciii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Wages of Sin Is Death, But The Gift of God Is Eternal Life Through Jesus Christ Our Lord," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 15 (July 26, 1925): 225.

Anna Hoppe, "The Wages of Sin is Death, but the Gift of God is Eternal Life Through Jesus Christ Our Lord," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV, no. 29 (July 17, 1926): 676.

August 9, 1925
On The Way To Canaan
1 Cor. 10:6-13

From the bondage-land of Egypt
Through the dreary desert vast,
Thou didst lead Thy chosen nation
Into Canaan at last.
O omnipotent Jehovah,
Thy divine, almighty hand
Turned the Red Sea's surging waters
Into dry and solid land.

Mercy, patience, grace unbounded
Thy paternal love displayed.
Still Thy people, unbelieving,
Oft Thy counsel disobeyed,
Grieved Thee with ungrateful murmurs,
Wounded Thee in stubborn pride,
While the manna from Thy Heaven
Bounteously their wants supplied.

By Thy fiery, cloudy pillar
Thou didst guide them day and night.
Kept by Thy divine compassion
They beheld each morning-light.
Thou didst grant them streams refreshing,
Joy and peace abundantly.
Faithful God, how could Thy creatures
Loveless, faithless, thankless be?

Thou hast led the Church, Thy Zion,
From the bondage-land of sin,
Hast prepared a habitation
For Thy own to enter in,

The Jerusalem up yonder,
Bought for us with Jesus' Blood.
Thou dost guide, while onward, upward,
Through earth's wilderness we plod.

Thy sure Word, our glorious pillar,
Floods with light our pilgrim-road.
Heav'nly manna, streams celestial
Thou suppliest, gracious God.
Grant us through Thy Holy Spirit
Grateful hearts Thy love to bless,
Grace to laud Thy tender mercy,
Thy compassion to confess.

Quench in us the earth-born yearning
For the flesh-pots left behind.
Purge the heart, keep clean the conscience
And illumine the carnal mind.
In temptation's hour of trial
Grant us overcoming faith.
We are frail, but Thou art mighty.
Keep us loyal unto death.

O remain our Rock and Fortress
In the days of storm and stress.
Shelter us in Thy pavilion
When hell, world, and flesh oppress,
Till we join the Church Triumphant,
In the Canaan above,
And in everlasting praises
Glorify Thy boundless love.

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Ninth Sunday after Trinity.^{civ}

Anna Hoppe, "On The Way To Canaan," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 16 (August 9, 1925): 241.

Anna Hoppe, "On the Way to Canaan," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV, no. 31 (July 31, 1926): 726-727.

August 23, 1925
The Gospel of Salvation
1 Cor. 15:1-10

Great God, Thy Word eternal
Illumes my pilgrim way.
Its glorious rays supernal
Turn darkness into day.
With never-failing beams
It guides me to the portal
Of yonder realm immortal
Where Light celestial gleams.

By Thy blest Spirit given
To holy men of old,
It points the way to Heaven,
Thy Truth it doth unfold.
The pure prophetic page
Messiah's banner raises,
That through earth's dismal mazes
Shines on from age to age.

He came, Thy Son, my Savior,
Christ Jesus, veiled in clay,
The cords of hell to sever,
Death's sting to take away.
The Curse of Law He bore,
That ransomed, saved, forgiven,
From sin's dominion riven,
I might live evermore.

He bore the world's transgression
On Calv'ry's cross-crowned hill;
His death and holy passion
The Scripture did fulfill.
My blest Redeemer died,
That through His perfect merit
His own might life inherit,
Perfected, glorified.

He rose, my Savior glorious,
In triumph from the grave.
O'er death and hell victorious,
He lives to bless and save.
Before Thy heav'nly throne
My High Priest intercedeth;
In love divine He pleadeth

For all His blood-bought own.

Upon Thy Word eternal,
My faithful God, I stand.
No hell-born power infernal
Can wrest me from Thy hand.
Saved by Thy grace divine
Through faith in Christ, my Savior,
I glory in Thy favor,
O gracious Father mine.

Until with saints in glory
I see Thee face to face,
Let me proclaim the story
Of Thy unbounded grace.
Thy sweet Evangel blest
Shall be my consolation,
Till, heir to Thy salvation,
I enter into rest.

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson for the
Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.^{cv}

Anna Hoppe, "The Gospel of Salvation," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 17 (August 23, 1925): 257.

Anna Hoppe, "The Gospel of Salvation," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV, no. 33 (August 14, 1926): 775.

September 6, 1925
Precious Promises
Gal. 3:15-22

Trusting in Thy promise sure,
Gracious God, my Father.
I can ever rest secure,
Though the storm-clouds gather.
Thou art mine,
I am Thine;
Naught from Thee shall sever
My saved soul forever.

Christ, Thy Holy Son, came down
From His throne in glory;
Laid aside His royal crown

To win Heaven for me.
Dying, He
Ransomed me!
In pure love He sought me;
With His Blood He bought me.

Thy blest Spirit witness bears
In Thy Word eternal
That Thou hearest all my prayers!
Thy deep love paternal
Calms my fears, -
Dries my tears, -
All my wants supplieth, -
No true boon denieth.

Free from Sinai's demand,
Free from condemnation,
On Thy promises I stand, -
Surety of salvation.
Saved, forgiv'n,
Heir of Heav'n,
Satan cannot harm me.
Why should death alarm me?

Let me saving faith maintain
Through Thy Holy Spirit,
Till eternal life I gain
Through my Savior's merit.
Justified,
Sanctified,
Let me praise and bless Thee;
In true love confess Thee.

Thy sure promises I know
Will endure forever.
Let me while I dwell below
Glory in Thy favor.
Thy blest Word,
Dearest Lord,
Guides me to the portal
Of the realm immortal.

There, by joy celestial thrilled,

Sweetest songs I'll sing Thee,
And, for promises fulfilled,
Endless homage bring Thee!
Salem's shore
Evermore
Shall resound with praises
Thy loved Zion raises!

Anna Hoppe

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
13th Sunday after Trinity.^{cvi}

Anna Hoppe, "Precious Promises," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 18 (September 6, 1925): 273.

Anna Hoppe, "Precious Promises," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV, no. 35 (August 28, 1926): 823.

September 20, 1926
Living in the Spirit
Galatians 5:25-26--6:1-10.

Thou Triune God, our Father dear,
Whose blessings, never ceasing
Are poured upon Thy children here,
Our heav'n-born joy increasing, -
We pray Thee, fill us with Thy love,
That we may ever grateful prove.

Saved by Thy grace in Jesus Christ,
Our ris'n, ascended Savior,
Whose holy Blood alone sufficed
To win Thy pardon's favor;
Grant Thou us strength to conquer sin,
And o'er the flesh the vict'ry win.

Endow us with Thy Spirit's power
O God of our salvation!
Grant us, when comes the trial hour,
Thy holy consolation.
Redeemed, forgiven, justified,
In Thy pure Word may we abide.

Receiving boundless love from Thee,
O may our love to others
Pure, self-less, loyal, fervent be!

To weak and erring brothers
May we in humbleness of heart
Forgiveness, counsel, hope impart.

Another's burden's may we bear
In meekness, ever willing;
Another's cup of sorrow share,
Christ's law of love fulfilling.
Shield us from base self-righteousness,
Vain-glory, envy, bitterness.

O let us never weary prove
In doing well, dear Father,
Till in the glorious Home above,
Saved by Thy grace, we gather.
What joy to reap what we have sown,
And bring the sheaves before Thy throne!

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.^{c.vii}

Anna Hoppe, "Living in the Spirit," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 19 (September 20, 1925): 289.

Anna Hoppe, "Living in the Spirit," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV, no. 37 (September 11, 1926): 871.

October 4, 1925
Walking Worthy of Our Calling In Christ
Eph. 4:1-16

Called before the world's foundation,
Gracious God, to be Thine Own,
Chosen heirs of Thy salvation
In Christ Jesus, Thy dear Son,
Grant that, worthy of our calling,
We may walk the pilgrim road;
Keep our trembling feet from falling
While we plod to Thine abode.

With all lowliness and meekness,
With long-suffering, patience, love,
Let us bear another's weakness,
True and faithful may we prove
To retain the Spirit's union

In the holy bond of peace.
Grant unto Thy saints' communion
Joy in Thee without surcease.

Thou hast sealed us Thine forever
In the blest baptismal flood,
Since Thy Son, our Lord and Savior,
Bought us with His precious Blood.
Grant us through Thy Holy Spirit
Oneness in the saving faith,
Faith that trusts in Jesus' merit,
Firm and steadfast unto death.

Father Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou Eternal One in Three,
Till Thy Heaven we inherit
Grant us peace and unity;
Peace, - though all the world around us
Rage in tumult, strife, and war.
In Thy Word and doctrine ground us, -
O forsake us nevermore.

Ransomed, saved, redeemed, forgiven,
Justified, and cleansed from sin,
From hell's vile dominion riven,
Blest with unity within,
Thy loved Zion shall confess Thee
While she plods her pilgrim-way,
And with hosts celestial bless Thee
In the realms of endless day.

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.^{cviii}

Anna Hoppe, "Walking Worthy of Our Calling In Christ," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 19 (October 4, 1925): 305.

October 18, 1925

"Putting On The New Man."

Eph. 4:22-28

Made in Thy holy image, Lord my God,
I pray Thee, grant me grace while here I dwell,

To magnify Thy glorious Fatherhood;
Of Thy paternal mercies let me tell.

All that I lost in Adam, I regained
When Christ, Thy Son, my Savior, died for me;
From sin and hell my ransom He obtained,
From bonds of Law His death delivered me.

Baptized in Thy dear Name, and born again.
Thy Spirit in Thy Word doth testify
That as Thy child and heir, I shall obtain
Eternal life with Thee in realms on high.

Renew me in the spirit of my mind
That I put off the carnal man within;
In Thee alone the strength divine I find
To conquer flesh and stem the power of sin.

Forbid that heartless words my tongue defile;
Let not the sun go down on loveless wrath!
Shield Thou my heart from hatred, envy, guile, -
From strife's remorseful, bitter aftermath.

O may I e'er the brethren's welfare seek!
Stir me with holy zeal to do Thy will!
Let not the flame of faith grow dim and weak,
But with Thy Spirit's oil the vessel fill.

True to the precepts my Redeemer taught,
With love-born service may my life o'erflow,
And let the holiness Thy Spirit wrought
In hallowed thoughts, and words, and actions glow!

Saved, justified, and sanctified by Thee,
Grant me a grateful heart Thy grace to praise;
Till, glorified, Thy radiant face I see
And laud Thy love divine through endless days.

Anna Hoppe.

Epistle Lesson Hymn for the
19th Sunday after Trinity.^{cix}

Anna Hoppe, "Putting On The New Man," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 21 (October 18, 1925):
321.

November 29, 1925

Jesus Only

I open wide the portals of my heart,
And bid Thee welcome, precious Savior mine!
O enter in Thy riches to impart,
Blest Son of God, Redeemer, Love Divine!

And reign without a rival, dearest Lord!
If I have Thee, O bliss beyond compare, -
I feast upon the honey in Thy Word,
And taste the sweetness of Thy love in prayer!

It fills me with divinest joy to know
Thy boundless grace is greater than my sin!
Thy precious Blood can wash me white as snow;
Thy power divine can keep me pure within!

If I have Thee, my Jesus, I have all, -
Solace in sorrow, - courage when I fear, -
Strength when I faint, and pardon when I fall, -
Rest when I'm weary, - hope when death draws near!

Thou art my Light, when shades encompass me;
My Health in sickness, and my Peace in strife, -
My Fount of Joy, my Wealth in poverty,
My Righteousness, and my eternal Life!

Immanuel, within my heart abide,
Till I am called to leave this mortal clay,
Then guide me safely over Jordan's tide,
Into the Canaan of endless day! -

What bliss to see the beauty of Thy face!
The joys of Salem tongue cannot declare!
O let me rest in Thy redeeming grace,
Till, justified by faith, I enter there!

- Anna Hoppe.^{cx}

Anna Hoppe, "Jesus Only," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 24 (November 29, 1925): 369.

December 13, 1925

Jesus Our Glorious King

“All Thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made Thee glad.”

Psalm 45, verse 8.

From palaces of ivory
Into this vale of woe,
My Jesus came to ransom me,
Because He loved me so.

He left the realm where streets of gold
Lead to the crystal sea,
Where gates of priceless pearl unfold,
To set earth's captives free.

He shed His holy, precious Blood
To pay the ransom price;
He died, and rendered unto God
A perfect sacrifice.

He rose, my blest Immanuel,
In triumph from the grave,
He conquered sin, and death, and hell,
And now He lives to save.

Again upon the streets of gold
His holy feet now tread,
And Heaven's hosts my King behold,
The Church's glorious Head!

He is so beautiful, so fair,
My righteous King divine!
The scent of myrrh His garments bear.
In splendor bright they shine!

The fragrance of the aloes breath
Clings to His royal dress,
For my Belov'd has vanquished death
With all its bitterness!

And perfume sweet of cassia leaves
Wafts from His raiment pure,
Ah, when my wounded spirit grieves,

His healing balm can cure!

In robes of glory He shall come,
My blest, anointed King,
To Salem's fair, celestial Home
His ransomed own to bring.

Then shall the Church, His Bride, possess
The Kingdom evermore,
And in the iv'ry palaces
Her heart's Belov'd adore!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Jesus Our Glorious King," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 25 (December 13, 1925):
385.

December 27, 1925
The Bible Stands!

The Bible stands, -
The holy Word of God
By inspiration giv'n;
A shining light upon our pilgrim road,
To guide our souls to Heav'n.
Although the rocks and hill may tumble;
Although the earth my shake and crumble,
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands!
Though billows rage and roar,
And foaming waves beat high.
Though hellish foes relentlessly wage war, -
All darts it can defy!
Vain are the threats of faithless sages
To blot and mar its sacred pages.
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands, -
A Bulwark all divine;
A Fortress that shall stay
When sun, and moon, and stars shall cease to shine,
When earth shall pass away.
Unmoved, unchanging, pure, eternal,

It floods the world with light supernal.
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands!
Ye saints, be unafraid!
The sure foundation stone
By prophets and apostles firmly laid,
Cannot be overthrown.
All vain the battling foes' endeavor!
The Word of God abides forever!
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands!
Ye servants of the Lord,
Fear not what man may do!
Securely rest on His unfailing Word
Whose Spirit's witness true
Shall grant you courage, consolation,
And strength to conquer in temptation.
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands!
O blood-bought Church of Christ,
Lift high the Savior's Cross!
Be not into the sceptic's nets enticed;
Count earthly laurels dross!
Till Thou shalt enter Salem's portal,
Tell all the world this truth immortal: -
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands!
Its Author shall return,
His cause to vindicate.
In quenchless fire the godless foes shall burn
Who now His teachings hate.
Amid the peal of Judgment thunder,
His saints shall shout in rapture's wonder:
"The Bible stands!"

Anna Hoppe.^{cxi}

Anna Hoppe, "The Bible Stands!," *Northwestern Lutheran* XII, no. 26 (December 27, 1925): 401.

1926

January 10, 1926
In The Hour of Trial

Think it not strange, ye saints of God,
When cares and sorrows come,
To cast their shadows o'er the road
That leads to Heaven's Home.

In the refiner's sev'n-fold fire
Faith's precious gold He tries, -
The hope divine that doth aspire
To mansions in the skies.

O envy not the godless throng, -
On earthborn pleasures bent.
Flee from the paths of sin and wrong, -
The Tempter's wiles resent.

If ye the victor's crown would wear
In realms of light on high,
Shun not on earth the cross to bear;
Fear not with Christ to die.

In God's eternal Word abide,
Kept by His Spirit's power.
The needed strength He can provide
When comes the trial hour.

Cleansed by your Savior's precious blood,
Saved by His glorious grace,
With joy to Salem's blest abode
Your pilgrim-pathway trace.

There, clad in robes of righteousness,
His saints like stars shall shine,
And through eternal ages bless
The power of Love divine!

Anna Hoppe.

On the Epistle Lesson for the
Sunday after New Year's Day.^{cxii}

Anna Hoppe, "In The Hour of Trial," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 1 (January 10, 1926): 1.

Anna Hoppe, "In The Hour of Trial," *Lutheran Companion* XXIV no. 1 (January 1, 1926): 4.

January 24, 1926

The Master At Capernaum

Behold, a mighty throng is swelling
The entrance to Capernaum;
From palace-hall and humble dwelling
The e'er-increasing numbers come,
To hear the doctrine Jesus taught,
And marvel at the wonders wrought.

Hark! Hark! An anguished leper crieth: -
"Lord Jesus, Thou canst make me clean,"
"Lord, if Thou wilt" in pain he sigheth,
Prostrate before the Nazarene.
A pause, - the pleading voice is still,
And Jesus answers him: - "I will."

"Be clean"; each word with pity burneth,
As tenderly the Master speaks;
And lo, the bloom of health returneth
To pallid features, - withered cheeks.
How mighty is Thy power, dear Lord!
How great, O Faith, is thy reward!

Behold, a great centurion speaketh,
Throngs harken to his ev'ry word;
The Master's mighty aid he seeketh: -
"Heal Thou my palsied servant, Lord;
Though great authority is mine,
Still I implore Thy help divine!"

"Though servants hark to my commanding,
Though men of war my call obey,
Still in Thy presence I am standing,
In humble faith for aid to pray;
Come not 'neath my unworthy roof,
Speak, Lord! A word will be enough!"

The Master speaks His word of power: -
"Since Thou so firmly hast believed,

Go Thou Thy Way, - this very hour
Thy servant's illness is relieved."
O word divine, and all is well!
O faith, who can thy wonders tell?

O mighty Savior, precious Jesus,
Physician of Capernaum,
Thou still canst heal all our diseases,
In faith before Thy throne we come.
Thou who hast pow'r to banish pain,
Restore the sick to health again.

Thou knowest, Lord, our sad condition,
Naught but corruption dwells within;
Be Thou, we pray, our soul's physician,
Heal Thou the leprosy of sin;
Dear Lord, our wounded conscience heal,
To whom but Thee can we appeal?

We humbly pray, increase and strengthen
Our faith in Thee, physician blest;
Until life's ev'ning shadows lengthen,
And we are called to endless rest;
Until we reach the mansions bright,
Where faith is changed to glorious sight.

Anna Hoppe.

On the Gospel Lesson for the
Third Sunday after Epiphany.^{cxiii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Master At Capernaum," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 2 (January 24, 1926): 17.

February 7, 1926
Evening Prayer

'Tis twilight hour. In crimson Western skies
The sinking sun hath bid the day farewell.
Dear Father, let my fervent prayer arise,
My weary heart to Thee its thoughts would tell.
The labors of the busy day have ceased;
Its troublous toils, and irksome burdens o'er,
I come, from earthly cares awhile released,
Thy grace and loving-kindness to adore.

I thank Thee for Thy love's paternal care,
And for the grace that kept me free from harm.
Thou hast defended me from Satan's snare
By Thy almighty, omnipresent arm!
Thy love provided raiment, shelter, bread, -
The treasured fellowship of faithful friends,
And well I know, Thy angel's wings shall spread
O'er me and mine when even's shade descends.

For Jesus sake, I pray Thee, Father mine,
Blot out my sin, remember not my guilt.
In Him, Thy Father-love hath sealed me Thine,
To save my soul His precious Blood was spilt.
And grant me grace, through Thy blest Spirit's power
The sinful world and fleshly lusts to flee;
Be Thou my Rock, my Refuge, Fortress, Tower,
When Satan's wicked snares encompass me.

Have I this day, dear Father, grown in grace,
And in the knowledge of Thy Holy Word?
Canst Thou in me that Christ-like stature trace
Which Thou dost seek in all who hail Him Lord?
Have I desired, in thought, and word, and deed,
To glorify the One Whose Name I bear!
Have I been kind to troubled hearts in need?
Have I brought hope to mortals in despair?

If I have failed, my gracious God, forgive!
From Thy blest presence cast me not away!
Let Thy blest Spirit still within me live,
To lead and guide me in Thy heav'nward way.
Saved by Thy grace, and justified through faith,
Make me a fruitful branch in Christ, the Vine,
And while it is Thy will to grant me breath,
May all my life proclaim that I am Thine!

The shadows fall! O precious thought! The day
Has brought me nearer, Father mine, to Thee!
Each passing hour upon my pilgrim-way
Doth draw me closer to eternity!
By faith I see the Promised Land afar,
Where dwells the blood-washed throng, forever blest,
That glorious realm, where many mansions are,

Where weary wand'ers find eternal rest!

I pray Thee, as my eyes in slumber close,
Do Thou, dear Lord, Thy healing balm impart
To all the sick, and grant Thy sweet repose
Unto the weary; calm each troubled heart!
Bless Thou the dying with Thy heav'nly peace,
Let mournful hearts Thy consolation know,
Grant sin-bound captives Thy divine release,
For Jesus' sake, Thy pard'ning grace bestow!

Endow Thy Church with wisdom from on high,
To keep Thy Holy Word and doctrine pure!
And let Thy precious Sacraments supply
The strength divine to faithfully endure,
Until earth's final eventide appears,
When from all cares and strife forever free,
Thy children leave behind this vale of tears,
And enter Paradise to rest with Thee!

Anna Hoppe.^{cxiv}

Anna Hoppe, "Evening Prayer," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 3 (February 7, 1926): 33.

February 21, 1926

Dying with Jesus

Let us also go, that we may die with Him. John 11:16.

Jesus' death, the death of death,
Opens wide the heav'nly portal!
He has given me through faith
Pardon, solace - life immortal!
Glorious Light His death hath brought,
Should my death with fear be fraught.

When mine eyes in death shall close,
Christ, my Lord, will not forsake me!
He whose solace calmed my woes,
To His Heav'n above will take me!
I fear not the grave's dark night,
Since my Jesus is my Light.

He knows when my course is run
Who inscribed my name in Heaven;

He my endless love has won,
Ne'er from Him will I be driven!
Though this life I shall depart,
Naught can tear Him from my heart!

Faith doth triumph even now,
When I think of Thee, my Savior!
With what bliss wilt Thou endow
All who view Thy face forever!
Free from pain, from sorrow free,
Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

Take me to that realm divine!
Come whene'er Thou wilt, my Jesus!
Grant this fond desire of mine
By Thy love, which never ceases!
Prince of Life, let Thy dear Hand
Lead me to the Father-land!

Anna Hoppe.

(Translated from the German)^{cxv}

Anna Hoppe, "Dying with Jesus," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 4 (February 21, 1926): 49.

March 7, 1926

"Whom, Having Not Seen, I Love"
Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord.
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

He came from the realms of endless day, -
Christ Jesus, the Son of God,
A world of lost sinners to redeem
He offered His precious Blood.
On Calvary's hill He paid the price,
And now in the Land above
He ever liveth to intercede, -
Whom, having not seen, I love.

The tomb could not hold His form divine;
In triumph He left the grave,
Ascended to Heav'n from whence He came,
And sinners He now can save.
Wherever my pilgrim-path may wind,
Wherever my feet may rove,

I know He will guide me safely Home,
Whom, having not seen, I love.

His Father in love adopted me
To be His dear child and heir.
My every need His grace supplies,
He promised to answer prayer.
His Spirit sustains me in the faith, -
He sent the celestial Dove,
That I might ever abide in Him
Whom, having not seen, I love.

I know I am saved alone by grace,
Through faith in the Crucified.
I know I shall have a dwelling-place
Where all the redeemed abide.
Arrayed in His robe of righteousness,
I'll dwell in the Home above,
And bask in the sunshine of His smile,
Whom, having not seen, I love.

He loved me and gave Himself for me.
His love I can ne'er forget.
To Him Who thus loved me unto death
I owe an eternal debt.
Forgiven, redeemed, and justified,
His wondrous grace doth move
My heart and tongue to sing His praise
Whom, having not seen, I love.

Anna Hoppe, "Whom, Having Not Seen, I Love," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 5 (March 7, 1926):
65.

March 21, 1926
He Did Not Die In Vain

He did not die in vain, -
My Savior and my Lord, -
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
The blest Incarnate Word.

Each drop of Blood He spilt
Can healing balm bestow,

And sinners lose the stains of guilt
In that most holy Flow.

He is the Truth, the Way;
Christ Jesus is His Name.
The saints of old found Him their Stay,
The saints to-day the same.

What though His foes still rave?
He crushed the serpent's head.
He conquered death, and hell, and grave,
Arising from the dead.

Cleansed in His precious Blood,
And justified by grace,
Forgiven by a righteous God
Our Home-ward way we trace.

Within His Father's House
Where many mansions be
His blood-bought Church, His glorious Spouse,
Shall reign eternally.

Then every knee shall bow
And own Him Lord of Lords.
His ransomed Own He shall endow
With Heaven's blest rewards.

He did not die in vain!
While endless ages roll
The fruits of all His grief and pain
Shall satisfy His soul.

His blood-washed throngs shall sing,
"Praise to the Lamb once slain,"
And evermore crown Him their King!
He did not die in vain.

Anna Hoppe.^{cxvi}

Anna Hoppe, "He Did Not Die In Vain," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 6 (March 21, 1926): 81.

April 4, 1926
He Is Risen

(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 201)

Praise the Lord in anthems glorious!
All ye ransomed, raise the strain!
Christ is ris'n, the Lord victorious, -
He Who for our sins was slain.
Now the task He planned is done.
Our redemption He has won!
He left Heaven's pearly portals
To abide with sinful mortals.

Sin, I fear not thy oppression,
Nor the terror of thy wrath!
All the guilt of my transgression
Christ has paid for with His death!
From its curse He set me free!
By His rising He has blest me, -
In His righteousness He dressed me.

Hell, I fear no more thy prison!
All thy cords are rent in twain!
 Since my Jesus is arisen
I am free from every chain!
And since His descent to thee
Was performed victoriously,
I, by virtue of His merit,
Heaven's Kingdom shall inherit.

Cease, O hellish Foe, to spite me!
Naught from thee have I to dread!
Christ, the woman's Seed, did smite thee,
And crushed down thy serpent-head!
He Whose death thy vileness sought
All Thy power to end hath brought!
Since in Christ I am victorious
Thou must own defeat inglorious!

Death, why shouldst thou make me waver?
Grave, why should I fear thy claim?
Buried with my Lord and Savior
I shall rise again with Him!
Dying now is gain for me;
I can pass on joyously,

For this truth sweet comfort giveth,
Jesus, my Redeemer, liveth.

Jesus, my Redeemer, liveth!
This most certainly I know!
Grateful praises He receiveth
From His ransomed Church below.
Hallelujah! Victory!
Join, ye lands, the Jubilee!
Praise the Lord in anthems glorious,
Christ is ris'n, the Lord victorious.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "He Is Risen," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 7 (April 4, 1926): 97.

April 18, 1926
The Faithful Shepherd
(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 260)

A faithful Shepherd is my Lord;
In pastures green He leads me.
A wand'rer to His fold restored,
With His pure Word He feeds me.
He gently takes me by His Hand,
And sanctifies His loyal band
Of pastors, shepherds, teachers.

God gave to holy men of old
The Word of inspiration.
The prophets' speech and pen foretold
The way of our salvation.
They testified of His dear Son,
Christ Jesus, the Anointed One,
The Savior and Redeemer.

He came to seek and save the lost;
He purchased our salvation;
And now He sends His chosen host
To every land and nation
His blest Evangel to proclaim, -
To cry aloud in His dear Name: -
"Be reconciled, ye people."

He sends His chosen shepherds still
To seek the lost and straying.
Their glorious mission they fulfill,
His holy will obeying.
They feed His flock unceasingly,
And teach His Word in purity,
Revealed in Scripture's pages.

A teacher is a power true;
God's Word as seed he soweth;
A watchman, and a father too,
Who loving care bestoweth;
A soldier of the Lord is he, -
A steward guarding faithfully
The treasure of his Master.

Preserve Thy doctrine pure, dear Lord;
Send Thou us loyal preachers.
Sustain us in Thy Holy Word;
Bless us with faithful teachers,
Who laud the glory that is Thine.
O guard Thy Church, Thy House divine,
And grant them grace to build it.

Grant that Thy servants evermore
In life and in their preaching
As Christians Thy blest Home adore.
Thus may their deeds be teaching
The power Thy Gospel doth afford,
That Thy life-giving Word, dear Lord,
Be not defamed, dishonored.

O may Thy messengers, dear Lord,
Awaken us from sleeping.
Let us be doers of Thy Word,
As sheep Thy precepts keeping.
May faithful teachers Thee obey,
That they and all who hear them may
Eternal life inherit.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "The Faithful Shepherd," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 8 (April 18, 1926): 113.

May 2, 1926

The Christian Life

(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 423)

My God, my heart's Belov'd,
Enthroned on high in Heaven, -
Life, body, soul, and mind
Thy grace to me has given.
Rule Thou my heart, I pray,
Through Thy blest Spirit's might,
That in His strength I may
Perform all things aright.

Grant that I shun and flee
The lusts of fleshly passion,
And to Thy Spirit yield
With zeal and meek submission.
O may I in the strife
A conqueror be found,
That evermore my hope
May rest on solid ground.

I bear the name of Christ;
Let me be Christ-like ever,
And give attention to
The teachings of my Savior.
Keep Thou me in the faith,
And grant me strength, dear Lord;
Let not the godless world
Withdraw me from Thy Word.

Kindle within my heart
The flame of love, dear Savior,
That I may fervently
Love Thee and love my neighbor.
May I, when sorrows come,
Endure them patiently,
And in the days of joy
Grant me humility.

To seek Thy Kingdom first

Grant me the blest endeavor,
And may Thy blessing rest
Upon my labors ever.
They who in fervor seek
Eternal things sublime,
Shall ever be supplied
With passing needs of time.

Let not hypocrisy,
Hate, self-will, falsehood stain me.
While here below I dwell
May I from these refrain me.
All malice, avarice,
All lovelessness and strife
Remove from me, my God
Throughout my earthly life.

Guide me with Thy right Hand
As I pursue my calling.
Protect me day and night,
And keep my feet from falling.
Do Thou my Fortress be,
My Shield and my Defense,
In sorrow comfort me,
Thou gracious Providence.

At last from cross and pain
Grant me release forever,
And when I leave this world,
At rest in Christ, my Savior,
Then take away all fear,
And by Thy gracious Hand
Lead Thou me upward till
I reach my Fatherland.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "The Christian Life," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 9 (May 2, 1926): 129.

May 16, 1926
The Lord's Day
(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 337)

God of ages everlasting,
Thy Hand rules the world so wide.
Of Thy love I'm ever tasting, -
Thou since youth hast been my Guide.
As the Sabbath morning breaks,
My heart to devotion wakes.

How I love these hours so holy,
Feast of my arisen Lord!
He gives comfort to the lowly, -
Sweetest rest He doth afford.
His blest Spirit leads the way
Unto life, and realms of day.

Not the ease that idlers treasure,
Not the hollow pride of dress
Can afford Thee joy and pleasure, -
Ann this wanes to nothingness.
Lord, I bring myself alone;
Only take me as Thine Own.

O be praised for this glad morning,
That bestoweth boundless good.
Hallowed thoughts, my mind adorning
Soar on wings of prayer, my God,
And my heart delights to sing
Songs that o'er the clouds will ring.

What is nobler than to serve Thee?
What is sweeter than Thy Word?
Like the bees, let nothing swerve me
To obtain the honey, Lord!
Blest are they who day and night
Strive for Heav'n in pure delight.

Speak Thy Amen, God our Father,
For Thy very own are me.
To adore Thy Name we gather, -
To exalt Thy majesty.
Let our anthems worship Thee
Till in Heav'n Thy face we see.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "The Lord's Day," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 10 (May 16, 1926): 145.

May 30, 1926

A Song of Praise

(Wisconsin Synod Hymnal 11)

O glorify and praise the Lord
In holy jubilation.
To our majestic God afford
Thanksgiving, - adoration.
O laud His grace, His goodness bless,
Who saves His people in distress,
And praise His Name forever.

Praise God. With holy awe behold
The wonders of Creation,
His wisdom and His power unfold
In nature's revelation.
The world is governed by His might. -
Preserved by Him Who dwells in light.
Praise to His Name forever.

Praise God, Who has created us,
Soul, body, life, and spirit.
Whose Father-love elated us
With gifts of priceless merit.
His angels guard us on our way,
His grace supplies our wants each day.
Praise to His Name forever.

Praise God, Who gave His only Son
To die for our salvation.
Eternal life for us He won
By virtue of His passion.
He conquered hell, removed sin's load,
And reconciled us unto God.
Praise to His Name forever.

Praise God Who shall complete at length
The work of His good pleasure;
He Who gave faith, will give us strength
To gain the heav'nly treasure,

Prepared for His believers all
In Salem's glorious Banquet-hall.
Praise to His Name forever.

Praise God, ye mighty Seraphim,
In song His glory telling.
Praise Him in anthem, psalm, and hymns
Ye who on earth are dwelling.
All that has breath His mercy laud,
Adore and glorify your God
And praise His Name forever.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "A Song of Praise," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 11 (May 30, 1926): 161.

June 13, 1926
If Thou Art Mine
(A Love Song of the Church)

If Thou art mine, I do not care, not I,
How worldlings may oppress, or crush me down!
Thy light suffices me to travel by;
Thy smile, Beloved, is my sufficient crown.

If Thou art mine, I do not covet gold,
Save as a gift to lay upon Thy shrine!
Enough for me to own Thy love untold,
If Thou art mine, O Christ, if Thou art mine!

If Thou art mine, I only covet art, -
A Spirit-guided pen, wherewith to trace
The thoughts that play on harp-strings of my heart,
And hymn the wonders of Thy glorious grace!

Thou Chief among Ten Thousand! Love Divine!
Thou Lily fair! Thou Bright and Morning Star!
Bought with a price, I am forever Thine,
While here I dwell, and when I cross the bar!

Oft on the wings of faith my spirit soars
To yonder realm beyond the starry sky.
How wonderful are those celestial shores!

How beautiful the mansions, towering high!

No night is There! Thou art the Light thereof!
Than sun more bright Thy countenance doth shine!
What ecstasy to bask in bridal love,
And own Thee mine, my Love, and own Thee mine!

Some day with nuptial hopes all realized, -
In the eternal June of Gloryland,
I'll see unveiled all that I here have prized,
And clasp Thy Hand, my King, and clasp Thy Hand!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "If Thou Art Mine," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 12 (June 13, 1926): 177.

June 27, 1926

A Song of Trust

(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 522)

(Gott lebt, wie kann ich traurig sein)

God lives. Why should I troubled me
As though unknown His dwelling?
He knows the sorrow pressing me, -
The grief within me swelling.

He knows the pain

My heart doth strain,

And He all things can alter,
Why should my courage falter?

God hears, when no one else will hear.
Why should the foe distress me,
As though my cries reached not His ear,
As though He would not bless me?

Whene'er I cry

He hears my sigh;

His help divine descendeth
And sorrow's clouds it rendeth.

God sees! Why should my heart complain
In bitter lamentation?
To Him my deepest hidden pain
Is open revelation.

Why should I fear?

No single tear
Escapes His registration.
He calms my lamentation.

God leads. I trust His faithful care
And go my way undaunted.
Although the world its treach'rous snare
Across my path has flaunted.
 He pilots me
 So wondrously
That ill might no befall me,
Nor terror's might appall me.

God gives. However poor I be,
He can supply my ration.
Of what avail is grief to me?
Why should I fear starvation?
 He still has Bread,
 And I'll be fed,
Although in deserts cheerless
He leads me, I'll be fearless.

God loves, and though I fail to see
His love when He is chiding.
He proved His love on Calvary
With His dear Son abiding.
 I am His child.
 My Father mild
Shall never cease to love me,
Although the cross doth prove me.

God loves. Henceforth this truth I'll note.
God hears. He still is reigning.
God sees my tears, although remote;
God leads. I'll cease complaining.
 God ever lives.
 God ever gives.
His Father love supernal
Shall grant me life eternal.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "A Song of Trust," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 13 (June 27, 1926): 193.

July 11, 1926

Holy Communion

(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 311)

(Ach Gnad ueber alle Gnaden)

Grace beyond all contemplation,
Streaming down from Heav'n above!

Jesus gives us invitation

To the Banquet of His love.

He bids us His guest to be,

That from every care set free,

And from care and sorrow riven

We might know the joys of Heaven.

Jesus Christ desires to feed us, -

He Himself the Food will be!

To His Table He doth lead us

Tenderly and lovingly.

Dearest Savior, Love Divine,

What unbounded grace is Thine!

How can sinful mortal ever

Comprehend so great a favor?

Thou Thyself for us didst offer

On the Cross of Calvary

Pangs we well deserved to suffer

Thou didst bear to set us free!

And the power of Thy great love

Thy devoted heart doth move

To bestow Thy Body holy

And Thy Blood to sinners lowly.

O how great Thy condescension!

Thy great love doth Thee compel

To be our divine Physician

And our healing balm as well!

Thus Thy kindness is revealed.

That our wounds might all be healed

Thou from Heaven's throne descendest

And our sin-sick souls befriendest.

I am coming, dearest Savior,

Since Thy love hath welcomed me,

To partake of Thy blest favor
At the Feast prepared for me.
Faith accepts Thy grace divine.
Hungry, I have come to dine;
Thirsty, to receive refreshing
From Thy holy Cup of Blessing.

Feed me, O my gracious Savior,
With Thy precious Bread of Life.
Let Thy consolation ever
Grant me strength to bear the strife.
In Thy life-bestowing Flow
Wash me, make me white as snow!
Thy unbounded grace I cherish;
Save me, Jesus, or I perish!

Henceforth take as my oblation
This my weary, burdened heart,
Cheer it with Thy consolation,
And Thy healing Balm impart!
Blest Physician, none but Thee
From my sin can set me free;
By the merits of Thy Passion
Heal the wounds of my transgression.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.
Anna Sophia – Landgraefin
von Hessen Darmstadt 1638-1683

Anna Hoppe, "Holy Communion," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 14 (July 11, 1926): 209.

July 25, 1926
Church Dedication
(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 262:
Gott Vater aller Dinge Grund)

Thou Whom as Lord of all we own,
Within these hallowed courts make known
Thy Father-name immortal.
How blest and holy is this place!
Our hearts Thy Holy Word embrace;
Thy House is Heaven's portal!
Dwell thus with us,

Pardon sinners,
Make us winners
Of salvation,
Ever Thine in consecration.

Thou Lord of Glory, Son of God,
This House of Prayer is Thine abode.
O may it bring Thee pleasure!
Thy Living Word shall here resound,
And blessings manifold abound,
Peace, joy in endless measure.
Oneness, cleanness
Grant us ever,
Gracious Savior,
Do Thou bless us.
Let not pain and fear distress us.

O Holy Spirit, precious Light,
Reveal Thy glorious visage bright,
Illume us with its splendor!
Descend on us in fire divine,
That we on earth as lights may shine,
And faithful service render.
Hear us! Cheer us!
Guide our teachers;
Lead our preachers,
Gracious Spirit,
Till Christ's Kingdom we inherit.

O Triune God, we sing Thy praise!
Here young and old their hymns shall raise
To glorify and bless Thee!
We thank Thee for this gift of Thine!
To Thee we dedicate this shrine,
Hearts, hands, and tongues confess Thee!
May we sing Thee
Songs victorious, -
Anthems glorious
While we wander,
Till we reach Thy temple yonder.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.^{cxvii}

Anna Hoppe, "Church Dedication," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 15 (July 25, 1926): 225.

August 18, 1926

The Church of God

(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 330:

Zions Burg ist meine Freude)

Zion's Fortress is my Treasure, -

Glorious City of my God!

Here my soul finds endless pleasure,

Pastures green adorn its sod!

When I view its splendor bright,

And behold God's power and might,

My heart thrills with pure elation

At the wonders of salvation.

Sweetest praises to Thee bringing,

Zion lauds Thee, O Most High!

Teaching, hearing, praying, singing

Thy blest Courts do sanctify.

To and from Thy House I go;

If such joy I here may know,

With what bliss shall I adore Thee

When in Heav'n I stand before Thee?

Anna Hoppe

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "The Church of God," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 16 (August 18, 1926): 241.

September 5, 1926

Confessing The Faith

("Gott Der Du wahrhaftig bist"

Wisconsin Synod Hymnal 482)

Holy God, Thou righteous One,

From Whose heart and mouth there floweth

Mercy, grace, and truth alone, -

Who my inmost being knoweth,

Grant me strength to trust in Thee,

Rock of my security.

Clearly doth Thy Word maintain: -

They who boast of faith's possession,

Bear the Christian name in vain
If they fail to make confession.
Christ from them shall hide His face
At the heav'nly throne of grace.

'Neath the banner of His cross
I have sworn to leave Him never.
Should faith fail or suffer loss
I shall lose my crown forever.
Boldly may my tongue proclaim
My Redeemer's precious Name.

Should my flesh and blood complain;
Should once firm convictions tremble;
Should the world my tongue restrain;
Should dark clouds of doubt assemble, -
Tossed by trials to and fro
Bid me Thy sure solace know.

Should I be compelled to say
Where I rest my hope's foundation,
Open Thou my mouth, I pray,
For Thy truth's pure proclamation,
That I may the faith confess
Grant me strength and fearlessness.

David would his faith proclaim
By his words of conversation.
Christians now should do the same,
Free from all dissimulation.
Shield me from hypocrisy,
Lest Thy wrath descend on me.

Every day my strength renew
That I live, believing, ever.
This shall be my witness true
I'll abide in Christ, my Savior.
He, my Shepherd, knows His sheep,
And His Own will ever keep.

Let me till my dying breath
E'er confess the faith most holy.
Loving Jesus unto death,

As His Body's member lowly,
My saved soul to Him shall go.
This most certainly I know.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Confessing The Faith," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 18 (September 5, 1926): 273.

September 19, 1926
In Times of Tribulation
(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 543:
Herr, der du vormals hast)

Thy grace looked down in ages past
Upon a captive nation,
And Thou didst send release at last
In mercy and compassion.
O Lord, Thy boundless Father-love
The guilt of sinners could remove,
And grant them free forgiveness.

Oft we perceived Thy zealous wrath
Pass on, that well would rend us,
And in the calm, sweet aftermath
Thy kindness would befriend us.
O Heart of Love, our Help art Thou!
Haste to remove the burden now
That grieves us, and oppresses.

Into the fountain of Thy grace
Let fall Thy indignation.
Restore our joy, our guilt erase,
Grant us Thy consolation.
Wilt Thou be wrathful evermore?
And shall Thy floods of anger pour
Upon us without ceasing?

Dear Father, wilt Thou not again
Give us the balm we treasure?
And shall Thy Light no more remain
To give us holy pleasure?
O grant us grace from Heav'n above!
Pour down the blessings of Thy love

Upon our habitations.

O that we could but hear again
The Word of comfort swelling; -
That peace o'er all the earth should reign
Where Christians make their dwelling!
Remove, we pray, the scourge of war;
Let cruel weapons slay no more,
And end our tribulation.

If but these evil times would end
And better days delight us!
Great is the grief our hearts doth rend,
Fain would despair affright us!
But still Thy help is nigh at hand;
Thy grace doth ever firmly stand
For all who love and fear Thee.

With pious hearts we plead release;
We know that Thou wilt hear us.
Thou canst bid war and tumult cease.
If Thou abides near us
Our land Thine honor shall declare,
Make known Thy glory everywhere
And evermore adore Thee.

Then love and faithfulness shall meet
Saluting one another,
And righteousness and peace shall greet
And fondly kiss each other.
True loyalty shall bloom with joy,
And holiness without alloy
Shall shed its beams from Heaven.

Abundant riches Thou wilt give;
The land its fruits shall render,
And they who of its bounty live
Shall praise Thee, gracious Sender.
Thy righteousness shall stand secure,
Its fulness function and endure
To praise Thy Name immortal.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "In Times of Tribulation," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 19 (September 19, 1926): 289.

October 3, 1926

The Word of God

(Wisconsin Synod Hymnal 276:

Herr, dein Wort, die edle Gabe)

Thy Word is my choicest Treasure;
O preserve this gift, dear Lord!
Earth with all its wealth and pleasure
Such pure joy cannot afford.
If Thy Word no more would bless us,
Where would faith's foundation rest?
Than a thousand worlds more precious
Is Thy Holy Word, so blest!

Hallelujah! Grant me ever
For Thy Name's dear sake, my Lord,
The sublime and firm endeavor
To be grounded in Thy Word.
Let me heed Thy love's appealing;
Serving Thee shall be my meat.
Evermore may I be kneeling
Mary-like, at Thy feet.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "The Word of God," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 20 (October 3, 1926): 305.

October 17, 1926

Evensong

(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 619:

Gott Lob, der Tag ist nun dahin)

My God, I thank Thee that this day
So pleasantly has passed away,
That I my path could safely trace
And reach the evening by Thy grace.

Be patient with me, gracious Lord;
Thy pardon for my sins afford.

May Thy dear angels guard my bed,
And ward off danger, fear, and dread.

Grant Thou me grace in health to rise,
Let me behold the morning-skies,
And may I laud and worship Thee
On earth and in eternity.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Evensong," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 21 (October 17, 1926); 321.

Anna Hoppe, "Evening," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 4 (February 20, 1927): 49.

October 31, 1926

The Uncertainty of Life

(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 632:

Ich sterbe taeglich, und mein Leben)

I daily die. Life hasten ever
As toward the grace its course is run,
And mortals can assure me never
That I shall see tomorrow's sun.
Time speeds away. Death beckons me!
O to be ready constantly!

Man. Burdened down with sins unnumbered,
Is ever ready for the pall.
An apple, by a worm, encumbered,
Unknowingly to earth doth fall.
None are excluded who have breath;
My body is a house of death!

Death does not always caution mortals.
Oft he arrives all unaware
To summon us into his portals.
Blest they, who heart and house prepare!
For everlasting weal or woe
Depends on watchfulness below.

O mighty Lord of earth and heaven,
My life and death are known to Thee.
The time that Thou to me hast given

On earth will be unknown to me.
O may I contemplate each day
The fact that I must pass away.

In morning hours I well may ponder
How changed the eventide may be!
Where'er on earth my feet may wander
Death's peril hovers over me.
Yea, but a step and I shall rest
Where worms upon my body feast.

A stroke may mean life's termination;
A fall may cause my instant death.
I'll bear Thy Father-love's correction,
And trust in Christ in fervent faith,
Then, though my body suffer loss,
My soul can cling to Calv'ry's Cross.

My power may wane to give expression,
And eye and ear their functions end'
Therefore while health is my possession
To Thee my spirit I commend!
When I no more can speak or sigh
My Savior's Blood for me shall cry!

If I no more can give a blessing
To dear ones, bless them, Lord, for me.
When tears flow forth from grief distressing,
Console and cheer them graciously.
Unto their cry incline Thine ear,
And Thy sweet comfort may they hear.

When in the throes of death I languish,
Unlock the Door of Heav'n for me!
O shorten Thou my pain and anguish,
And draw me upward unto Thee.
Then shall the parting-pangs not smart
Although in haste I shall depart.

Anna Hoppe

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "The Uncertainty of Life," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 22 (October 31, 1926): 337.

November 14, 1926
The Church Militant

The great Jehovah is Thy God,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.
His love bestoweth boundless Good,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ,

He sent His Son to earthly sod;
Thy Savior shed His precious Blood
That heaven might be thy abode,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.

Bought with a price, thou art His Own,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.
O cleave in faith to Him alone,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.
The crown of life for Thee He won,
And Thou wilt share His royal throne,
When pilgrim-days on earth are done,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.

The martyrs feared not fire and sword,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.
They fled not when the lions roared,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.
Clad in the armor of the Lord,
Their mighty shield His Holy Word,
They bravely faced Rome's cruel horde,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.

Be ever faithful to thy trust, -
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.
The Spirit's Sword can never rust,
Church of Christ, blest Church of Christ.
Remember Luther's mighty thrust,
And never cower in the dust!
Fight bravely on, - thy cause is just,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.

Thy foes seek thy destruction still,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.
The world e'er strives to work thee ill,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.

But He Who died on Calv'ry's hill
Shall His sweet troth to thee fulfill.
O meekly bow unto His will,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.

Though Satan, world and flesh oppress,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.
The Gospel's precious truth confess,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.
Clothed in thy Bridegroom's spotless dress,
His blood-bought robe of righteousness,
Cease not His holy Name to bless,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.

Soon all thy conflicts shall be o'er,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.
To Salem's mansions thou wilt soar,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.
On yonder blissful Glory-shore,
In endless rapture evermore
The Lamb once slain thou wilt adore,
Church of Christ, - blest Church of Christ.

Anna Hoppe.^{cxviii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Church Militant," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 23 (November 14, 1926): 353.

November 28, 1926

Table Prayer

(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 595:
Geseg'n uns, Herr, die Gaben dein)

Bless, Lord, the gifts that Thou hast sent,
Let this food be our nourishment,
That it may serve our body well,
While here on earth in flesh we dwell.

The life that still we claim our own
Is not sustained by bread alone.
Thy Holy Word our souls must feed
And well supplies our deepest need.

O give us both abundantly.
Our Helper in all trials be,
Then shall our songs of praise ascend
On earth, and yonder without end.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Table Prayer," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 24 (November 28, 1926): 369.

December 12, 1926

Advent

(Wisconsin Synod Hymnal 102:
Gott Lob, ein neues Kirchenjahr)

Another Church Year has begun,
God's grace anew revealing.
Unbounded wonders He hath done
His faithful promise sealing.
The ancient cov'nant still remains;
His Spirit's teaching still sustains
The Church on faith's foundation.

O Zion, laud Thy God and raise
A song of adoration!
Thou royal Priesthood, grant Him praise
And thanks as Thy oblation.
Bless Him Who through His Word doth come
To sanctify His Christendom

And consecrate His Temple.

We merit not Thy grace to win,
Thou God of our salvation.
Bowed down by guilt, and stained with sin,
Worthy of condemnation,
Our flesh hath naught whereof to boast,
As it reveals a countless host
Of oft-renewed transgressions.

Renew in us the spirit, Lord,
And by Thy loving-kindness
A contrite heart to us afford.
Unveil our carnal blindness.
Grant us desire Thy will to do,
Put off the old, put on the new,
That our whole life may please Thee.

Preserve Thy Sacraments divine!
May Thy blest Word eternal
Upon this vale of darkness shine.
Grant us Thy joy supernal.
O bless Thy Church and schools we pray
And let Thy cov'nants point the way
That leads to life immortal.

Unto Thy shepherds strength afford
And unction in their preaching.
That we may feast upon Thy Word,
Grant purity in teaching.
O may all hearers doers be,
Shield us from vain hypocrisy,
From doubt and from denial.

O may this dawning Church Year be
A bearer of salvation.
In faith and trust we leave to Thee
Its end and consummation.
On earth Thy Church must battle on,
But when eternity shall dawn
Forever she shall triumph!

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Advent," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 25 (December 12, 1926): 385.

December 26, 1926

Incarnation

"Herr Jesu Christ, Dein Krippelein ist
Mein Paradies, da meine Seele weidet."

- Gerhard

O Lord of All,
Thy manger small
Delights my soul with beams of Eden's portals.
The Word doth grace
This lowly place,
The mighty God lies garbed in flesh of mortals.

To wind and wave
Commands He gave,
Who now assumes a servant's lowly meekness.
To earthly sod
The Son of God
Descends to share our poverty and weakness.

Thou Highest Good
Dost lift our blood
High to Thy throne in lofty exaltation.
Eternal Might,
Thou dost unite
With mortal men in brotherhood's equation.

What can he do
Who would pursue
And wound our souls with fiendish venom galling?
Though Adam's fall
He doth recall
And taunt us with our guilt and sin appalling?

Be silent, Foe!
My Friend, I know,
My flesh and blood now dwells in Heaven glorious.
What thou hast slain
He raised again –
The Son of Jacob, Conqueror victorious!

His grace and light
Make all things bright.
What is my loss compared to wealth supernal?
My Fount of Joy
Doth hell destroy;
Immanuel hath crushed the Foe infernal.

Then, Christian true,
Take courage new,
And let no earth-born woe or sorrow move thee.
Since reconciled
Through God's dear Child
Most tenderly His Father-heart doth love thee.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Incarnation," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIII, no. 26 (December 26, 1926): 401.

1927

January 9, 1927
At The Close of The Year
(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 580:
Gott Lob, ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit)

A step into eternity
The vanished year has taken.
O God, my heart doth yearn for Thee
As solemn thoughts awaken.
Thou Fount from whom my being flows,
What streams of grace Thy love bestows,
Each day my soul refreshing!

I count each hour, and day, and year,
In weary calculation.
When, O my life, wilt Thou appear
Perfecting my salvation?
I long, from mortal fetters free,
To put on immortality,
And bask in Thy communion.

Thy holy love's warm, glowing fire
My heart's love hath requited.

My spirit yearns with fond desire
To be with Thee united.
O let me wholly dwell in Thee;
Unto Thy Bosom draw Thou me
Nearer, and ever nearer.

Could I but see Thee as Thou art!
I wait for Thee in anguish!
Come, O come quickly, ere my heart
In death's cold grasp doth languish.
Come, in Thy beauty, glorified;
Behold Thy faithful, waiting Bride
Adorned for Thy appearing.

I leave in fervent trust to Thee
The time of Thy returning.
But well I know it pleaseth Thee
To know that I am yearning
For that all-glorious Day to dawn
When I shall see Thee, Precious One,
And haste with joy to greet Thee.

It fills my heart with bliss to know
Thy love will leave me never.
O Bridegroom mine, I love Thee so,
And shall confess Thee ever!
Thou Prince of Life, with joy I may
Await the coming Bridal Day,
Thy riches to inherit.

I praise and thank Thee fervently.
The year that now has ended
Hath drawn me nearer unto Thee;
My steps are upward wended.
By grace let me continue them,
Until I reach Jerusalem
And see the pearly portal.

Should my frail knees in weakness fail,
And mortal strength forsake me,
Give me a faith that will not quail,
Stretch forth Thy Hand to take me!
Grant to my heart Thy strength sublime,

That I may ever higher climb
Until I reach Thy Heaven.

Proceed, my soul, upon Thy way
In fearless faith enduring.
Let not the world cause thee to stray
With pleasures vain, alluring.
And when the weary way doth bore,
Then, as an eagle, upward soar
On wings of pure devotion.

Dear Jesus, unto Thee in flight
My soul hath now ascended.
Drawn by Thy love, in pure delight
My upward path I wended.
O what is time and space to me!
I sojourn in eternity
Living in Thee, my Jesus!

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "At The Close of The Year," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 1 (January 9, 1927): 1.

January 23, 1927
The Christian Life
(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 423:
Herzallerliebster Gott)

My God, my heart's Belov'd,
Enthroned on high in Heaven, -
Life, body, soul, and mind
Thy grace to me has given.
Rule Thou my heart, I pray,
Through Thy blest Spirit's might,
That in His strength I may
Perform all things aright.

Grant that I shun and flee
The lusts of fleshly passion,
And to Thy Spirit yield
With zeal and meek submission.
O may I in the strife

A conqueror be found,
That evermore my hope
May rest on solid ground.

I bear the name of Christ;
Let me be Christ-like ever,
And give attention to
The teachings of my Savior.
Keep Thou me in the faith,
And grant me strength, dear Lord;
Let not the godless world
Withdraw me from Thy Word.

Kindle within my heart
The flame of love, dear Savior,
That I may fervently
Love Thee and love my neighbor.
May I, when sorrows come,
Endure them patiently,
And in the days of joy
Grant me humility.

To seek Thy Kingdom first
Grant me the blest endeavor,
And may Thy blessing rest
Upon my labors ever.
They who in fervor seek
Eternal things sublime,
Shall ever be supplied
With passing needs of time.

Let not hypocrisy,
Hate, self-will, falsehood stain me.
While here below I dwell
May I from these refrain me.
All malice, avarice,
All lovelessness and strife
Remove from me, my God
Throughout my earthly life.

Guide me with Thy right Hand
As I pursue my calling.
Protect me day and night,

And keep my feet from falling.
Do Thou my Fortress be
My Shield and my Defense,
In sorrow comfort me,
Thou gracious Providence.

At last from cross and pain
Grant me release forever,
And when I leave this world,
At rest in Christ, my Savior,
Then take away all fear,
And by Thy gracious Hand
Lead Thou me upward till
I reach my Fatherland.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "The Christian Life," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 2 (January 23, 1927): 17.

February 6, 1927
Morning Prayer

My God, I praise Thee for Thy gracious care
Vouchsafed to me throughout the darksome night.
Thy Hand has guarded me from every snare;
Again Thou bidst me see the morning light.

For calm repose, for health, for strength regained,
I thank Thee, Father, with a grateful heart.
From Thee alone each blessing is obtained;
Thy love paternal doth each boon impart.

As I commence the duties of the day,
I pray Thee, bless each task I strive to do.
Remain my Help, my sure Defense, my Stay;
Each cherished plan Thy grace can carry through.

Forgive my every sin for Jesus' sake,
And cleanse me in the fountain of His Blood;
Complete control may Thy blest Spirit take,
That thought, and words, and deeds Thy love may laud.

Protect from harm Thy frail and helpless child.

In Jesus' Name, Thy guidance I implore.
Reveal to me Thy love's compassion mild,
And grant me grace to love Thee more and more.

Should this new day, dear Father, be my last,
With joy may I the pilgrim staff lay down, -
In Salem's harbor safely anchor cast,
And, saved by grace, receive the promised crown.

I praise and bless Thee, Holy Trinity.
O'er all my being may Thy Word hold sway,
Till life shall cease, - till faith's clear eye can see
The dawning light of everlasting day.

Anna Hoppe.^{cxix}

Anna Hoppe, "Morning Prayer," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 3 (February 6, 1927): 33.

March 6, 1927
"Peace Through the Blood of His Cross"
Col. 1:20

God's holy Word brings the comfort divine.
Mid strife and tumult His peace can be mine,
Letters of gold the sweet message emboss:
"Christ hath made peace through the blood of His cross."

Coming from Heaven, the blest Son of God
Poured out His life-blood on Calvary's sod, -
Cleansed me from sin, purged away all the dross,
Granting me peace through the blood of His cross.

His Holy Spirit, abiding within,
Tells me the Father has pardoned my sin.
Though is dark storms life's frail bark oft must toss,
Sweet is my peace through the blood of His cross.

If through the valley of death I must go,
Jordan's cold waters shall not overflow.
Earth may recede, but I suffer no loss, -
Jesus made peace through the blood of His cross.

Some day I'll see my dear Lord face to face,
Saved and redeemed by His fathomless grace,
Joys everlasting shall bless me, because
Christ hath made peace through the blood of His cross.

Anna Hoppe, "Peace Through the Blood of His Cross," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 5 (March 6, 1927): 65.

Anna Hoppe, "Peace Through the Blood of His Cross," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 6 (March 15, 1931): 81.

March 20, 1927

The Precious Blood

(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 161: Herr Jesu Christ,
dein teures Blut)

Lord Jesus Christ, Thy precious Blood
Is my soul's highest, noblest Good.
Life, strength, and balm it can impart,
From all transgression cleanse my heart.

Thy holy Blood and Righteousness
Is my unspotted, glorious dress.
Thus garbed before my God I'll stand
And enter Heaven's Glory-land.
Blest Son of God, to Thee I trace
Salvation, comfort, pardon, grace.
Thy precious Blood, the sap of life,
Renews my strength to bear the strife.

Lord, when my life's last hour draws near,
When Satan, death, and hell I fear,
Then let this truth my solace be,
Thy Blood from sin can set me free.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "The Precious Blood," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 6 (March 20, 1927): 81.

April 3, 1927

The Crucified Savior

Isaiah 53

Divine Messiah, bleeding, dying,
In agony on Calv'ry's tree,
In bitter grief and anguish sighing,
We trust our sin-sick souls to Thee!
For our transgressions Thou wast wounded,
Thy holy brow with thorns surrounded,
While cruel nails pierced hands and feet,
Blest Lamb of God, thus didst Thou suffer,
Thy blood for our redemption offer,
To pay the ransom-price complete.

All we like wand'ring sheep were straying,

O faithful Shepherd, from Thy way.
The call of deathless love obeying
Thou camest down from realms of day, -
Where angels laud Thee and adore Thee, -
Where saints cast golden crowns before Thee,
To save Thy flock from endless death;
Upon Thee fell the world's transgression,
The Law's dread curse, hell's vile oppression,
Thou sinless Christ of Nazareth!

By godless men despised, rejected,
Our griefs and sorrow Thou didst bear;
Most sorely stricken and afflicted,
Still didst Thou cling to God in prayer,
For vile transgressors interceding,
To gain our peace, in fervor pleading,
That with Thy stripes we might be healed.
Till in the tomb in Joseph's garden,
As surety of our purchased pardon
Thy holy eyes in death were sealed.

Cleansed by Thy blood, redeemed, forgiven,
And justified through faith in Thee,
Saved by Thy grace, heirs of Thy heaven,
Incarnate God, eternally
Thy ransomed Church shall praise and bless Thee,
With hosts in Salem's realm confess Thee,
Clad in Thy righteousness - a Bride!
Then shall the story of salvation
Resound in songs of jubilation!
Then shall Thy soul be satisfied!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "The Crucified Savior," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 7 (April 3, 1927): 97.

Anna Hoppe, "The Crucified Savior," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 7 (March 29, 1931): 97.

April 17, 1927

The Rose of Sharon

("I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley")

Sol. Songs 2, verse 1

It blossomed forth in loveliness
At Bethlehem one day,
When clasped in virgin's fond caress,
The infant Jesus lay,
And blooming on in beauty rare,
It shed its fragrant breath,

Transplanted to a garden fair
In lowly Nazareth.

The raindrops fell, the sunbeams shone,
God sent refreshing dew,
And Sharon's lovely rose, full-blown,
The smile of Heaven knew!
It filled the hills of Galilee
With fragrance from the skies;
Judea could its beauty see
And marvel in surprise.

Jerusalem beheld it now;
The children loved it well;
In rapture hoary saints would bow
Of Sharon's Rose to tell.
It bloomed through spring and summer-time,
In glory unsurpassed, -
So pure, so lovely, so sublime,
Till came the wintry blast.

How oft the trees of Olivet
Would shed their loving shade
As Sharon's Rose, with dew-drops wet
Basked in the verdant glade!
But now in dark Gethsemane
The rustling leaves are still,
And blighting winds blow ruthlessly
O'er Calv'ry's cross-crowned hill.

Within another garden fair,
Beneath a rock-sealed tomb
The mourners laid the blossom rare,
Their hearts all wrapped in gloom!
The teardrops fell as morning-dew
Upon the shel'tring stone,
As Sharon's Rose of pallored hue,
Lay in death's grasp, alone!

All cold and still the sweet Rose lay,
By death of glory shorn,
Till angels rolled the stone away,
On Easter's glorious morn!

The sunbeams kissed the petals pale,
Restored life's crimson glow,
And lo, again in Eden's vale,
God's lovely Rose doth grow!

Sweet Rose of Sharon, blooming now
In realms of light above,
With Thine own fragrance me endow
To waft Thy boundless love!
My heart Thy garden fair would be
Kept by Thy loving Hand,
To bring forth blossoms bright for Thee
Here in this pilgrim-land.

And when the blast of death shall come,
When life's short day is o'er,
Transplant me to Thy Garden Home,
To bloom forevermore!
There I shall see Thee as Thou art,
Thou Rose of Sharon sweet,
And from the garden of my heart
Bring blossoms to Thy feet!

What joy to picture Eden's bowers
On Resurrection morn!
The beauty of unnumbered flowers
God's garden shall adorn!
When saints from golden stairs shall see
The jasper garden-wall,
Eternal praise shall rise to Thee,
Thou fairest Rose of all!

Anna Hoppe.^{cxx}

Anna Hoppe, "The Rose of Sharon," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 8 (April 17, 1927): 113.

May 1, 1927

I Can Trust The Man Who Died For Me

When in storms of life the sky is clouded,
When the hidden sun I fail to see,
When in mystery my path is shrouded,
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

When the pilgrim-way is sad and dreary,

When from earth-born cares I would be free, -
When my soul is all perplexed and weary, -
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

Sins of word and deed, sins of omission,
Sins of thought oft through the memory;
When the teardrops fall in deep contrition,
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

World and flesh still strive against the spirit,
And the Foe oft claims the victory,
But in faith I plead my Savior's merit, -
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

Once He left His glorious throne in Heaven;
Once He shed His Blood on Calv'ry's tree;
Saved by grace, redeemed, restored, forgiven,
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

He can turn my every grief to gladness;
He can grant my heart tranquility.
His sweet "Peace, be still!" dispels my sadness.
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

Friends may faithless prove, and foes deride me,
He abides in all sincerity,
Ever faithful, - always close beside me.
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

He knows well my heart's inmost recesses, -
Knows the burdens borne all silently;
Sweet the cross when my Lord Jesus blesses!
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

He will pilot me o'er Death's cold river
To the mansions by the crystal sea.
Glory to His Holy Name forever!
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

Love Divine, in love's complete surrender
All I am and have I yield to Thee!
All my heart's love unto Thee I tender;
I can trust Thee! Thou hast died for me!

Anna Hoppe, "I Can Trust The Man Who Died For Me," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 5
(May 1, 1927): 129.

May 15, 1927
Thoughts of Eternity
(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 695:

Amen, Gott Vatr und Sohne)

Amen, our hearts adore Thee,
Who art enthroned in Glory,
Blest Father, Son, and Spirit;
Let us Thy Heav'n inherit.

Amen, the day is nearing,
We shall see Christ appearing,
The Son of God, our Savior,
Shall take us Home forever.

Amen, what joy and favor
Shall be our portion ever!
The faithful from all nations
Shall join in jubilation.

Amen, though death should take us,
Our Jesus will awake us:
Once dead, He lives forever,
Our risen Lord and Savior.

Amen, - God, we adore Thee,
Thy Spirit bids us glory
In Christ, the Light Supernal,
Who grants us life eternal.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.
L. Helmbold 1521-1598.

Anna Hoppe, "Thoughts of Eternity," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 19 (May 15, 1927):
145.

May 29, 1927

Why Call It Death?

"And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." John 11:26.

Why call it death?
A tiny seed we leave
All hidden in the earth.
Why should we mourn? Why should we sadly grieve
While it awaits new birth?
It fears not darkness, nor decaying,
It hides while winter's cold is staying.
Why call it death?

Why call it death?
When balmy spring-time comes

To kiss the frozen ground,
The kernel sown sprouts forth in lovely blooms,
The sunbeams dance around,
And summer with its fruits and flowers
Rewards the sower's waiting hours.

Why call it death?

Why call it death?
Hid in a velvet case
A gem its charm conceals
But bring it to the sunlight's warm embrace,
What beauty it reveals!
When Christ shall burst our grave's grim portal,
We shall reflect His Light immortal.

Why call it death?

Why call it death?
The dormant worm that hides
Within its prison bed
The glorious morn of resurrection bides.
Then with bright wings outspread
It bursts the chrysalis asunder,
And soars aloft in joy and wonder.

Why call it death?

Why call it death?
In chrysalis of clay
The soul awhile is pent,
Till dawns the joyous, long-awaited day
When from its tenement
It soars to yonder realm eternal
To glory in the light supernal.

Why call it death?

Why call it death?
The body, glorified
In likeness to its Lord,
Shall house the soul across the Great Divide.
In Salem's harbor moored,
Where sin and sorrow enter never
We shall behold His face forever!

Why call it death?

Why call it death?
O dry those bitter tears!
Naught can the destroy!
The risen Christ bids us allay our fears,
And sing with hope and joy!
His "many mansions" now await us,
And life eternal shall elate us!
Why call it death?

Anna Hoppe,
Milwaukee, Wis.^{cxxi}

Anna Hoppe, "Why Call It Death?," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 11 (May 29, 1927): 161.

June 12, 1927
Trinity

Gospel Lesson
The Mystery of Redemption
"Ye Must Be Born Again"

O Triune God, my Maker,
Eternal Three in One,
With rev'rent awe I ponder
The wonders Thou hast done;
The glories of creation
With rapture I behold.
O how can creature measure
Thy boundless might untold!

More wonderful, more glorious
Is Thy stupendous plan
Conceived for the redemption
Of lost and fallen man.
Thy Word of revelation
Declares Thy love and grace;
In Holy Scripture's pages
Thy mysteries I trace.

Ah, once before Thy Presence
Man's visage did not pale,
When fearless, pure, and sinless,
He dwelt in Eden's vale;
But sin's infernal power,

The Tempter's cruel wrath
Brought to Thy fallen creatures
The penalty of death.

Conceived in sin, and sinning,
By Adam's guilt defiled,
Can I, a fallen mortal,
Again become Thy child?
All hidden is the mystery
From eyes of carnal men,
But Christ, my Lord, has spoken:
"Ye must be born again!"

O blest regeneration,
Wrought by the Spirit's might!
O blest new birth, which brought me
Back to Thy Kingdom bright!
I now can call Thee "Father";
Thy pure, baptismal flood
Has sealed the pardon purchased
With my Redeemer's Blood.

To Thee be all the glory,
Thou Triune God above!
On earth I'll sing the praises
Of Thy surpassing love,
And when by grace I anchor
On Heaven's blissful shore,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
I'll laud Thee evermore!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Ye Must Be Born Again," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 12 (June 12, 1927):
177.

June 12, 1927
Epistle Lesson
The Mystery of the Godhead
Romans 11:33-36.

O Depth of boundless riches,
How can I fathom Thee?
How can I grasp Thy wisdom,

Eternal Trinity?
Unsearchable Thy judgments,
Thy ways past finding out,
My reason at Thy greatness
Doth tremble, fear, and doubt!

No mortal e'er advised Thee,
Almighty God and Lord,
And naught hath man Thee granted
To merit a reward.
Can erring human reason,
Thou mighty One in Three,
E'er comprehend Thy knowledge,
Or sound eternity?

The planets in their orbits
Roll on through trackless space.
O, when my understanding
Thy footprints seek to trace
In wonders of Creation,
In earth and sky and sea,
I stand amazed in wonder
At Thy Infinity!

I know Thy Hand has made me
From dust of earthly sod.
I know Thou hast redeemed me,
Eternal, Triune God!
I know that Calv'ry's Fountain
Has cleansed my soul from sin;
I know the Spirit kindled
A joyous faith within.

Although I cannot fathom
With carnal reason's might
The wonders of Thy Being,
Faith fills me with delight.
With joy to Thy blest dwelling
My pilgrim-path I trace;
I know I shall behold Thee
Forever face to face!

O Depth of boundless riches,

I cannot fathom Thee!
I cannot grasp Thy wisdom,
Eternal Trinity!
But Thy blest Word immortal
Is faith's bright, guiding star,
And I shall know Thee better
When I have crossed the bar!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "The Mystery of the Godhead," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 12 (June 12, 1927): 177.

June 26, 1927

Foregleams of Heaven

Since I've been granted
Gleams of Thy throne so fair,
My heart has panted,
Dear Lord, to journey There!
Gladly would I, O blest Creator,
Resign my life to be with Thee ever.

Thy beauty glorious
In spirit I could see!
Savior victorious,
Great is Thy majesty!
Fain would I dwell in Light supernal, -
Journey to-day to that Home eternal!

Guilt's condemnation
Still doth my earth-life stain!
By revelation
Thy Spirit made it plain.
While here I dwell with sin I'm blighted, -
Not yet completely with Thee united.

Sin cannot harm me
Since Thou, O Christ, hast died!
Naught can alarm me
Since Thou wast crucified!
Thy righteousness is now my raiment;
Thy Blood, O Lamb, has made perfect payment!

O blest elation!
Naught has my heart to fear!
I have salvation!
Thy Word has made it clear!
For Thy sake will I gladly suffer;
To Thee sincerest devotion offer.

Sweet satisfaction!
Since I have Salem seen,
No vain distraction
My heart away can wean!
Each day the streets of gold draw nearer!
Each day the throne-light beams brighter, clearer!
Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.
(Fourth stanza inserted by translator.)

Anna Hoppe, "Foregleams of Heaven," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 13 (June 26, 1927):
193.

July 10, 1927
Law and Gospel
(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 272:
"Gesetz und Evangelium")

The Law and the Evangel clear,
God's gifts of revelation,
Are needful to His Christians here, -
Partakers of salvation.
But still the wide diversity
Enlightened eyes alone can see,
That have His Spirit's unction.

The Law to us God's will imparts,
That we should love Him ever;
His Word, engraven in our hearts
Bids us to love our neighbor.
But that His Son He could bestow,
And love this world of sinners so
The blest Evangel telleth.

The Law most earnestly makes known
Our solemn obligation.

The Gospel tells of grace alone, -
God's grace that wrought salvation.
One tells us what to do or shun,
The other what our God has done.
One asks, - the other giveth.

The Law's reward we fail to gain
Unless toward God and neighbor
Complete perfection we attain
In duty, service, labor.
But all who will in Christ believe
His grace and mercy shall receive
Free, without toil or payment.

Whene'er the Law a sinner finds
It strikes him down and smites him.
His wounds the blest Evangel binds,
To feasts of grace invites him.
The Law in wrath all sin doth curse;
The Gospel blessings can disperse
To us through Jesus' merit.

The Law reveals our misery;
The Gospel speaks compassion.
The Law can strike relentlessly, -
The Gospel heals transgression.
The Law doth threaten death indeed;
The Gospel helps in every need
And brings us life eternal.

But when the Law its cause has won,
Hushed is its condemnation.
All they who flee to God's dear Son
By grace obtain salvation.
The Law can drive us to the Cross;
He Who for our sakes suffered loss
Doth comfort His believers.

My God, to me this contrast show,
When fear of sin doth press me,
When tears of true contrition flow,
With peace and comfort bless me.
When in the Law my sin I view

Grant Thou me grace to hasten to
The Arms of my Redeemer.

O may Thy Gospel me endue
With strength to love Thee ever;
As Thy dear child, each day anew
Grant me the blest endeavor
To live according to Thy will,
With holy zeal my tasks fulfill, -
In fervent faith abiding.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Law and Gospel," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 14 (July 10, 1927): 209.

July 21, 1927

Church Dedication

(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 262:
"Gott Vater aller Dinge Grund")

Thou Whom as Lord of all we own,
Within these hallowed courts make known
Thy Father-name immortal.
How blest and holy is this place!
Our hearts Thy Holy Word embrace;
Thy House is Heaven's portal!
 Dwell thus with us,
 Pardon sinners,
 Make us winners
 Of salvation,
Ever Thine in consecration.

Thou Lord of Glory, Son of God,
This House of Prayer is Thine abode.
O may it bring Thee pleasure!
Thy Living Word shall here resound,
And blessings manifold abound,
Peace, joy in endless measure.
 Oneness, cleanness
 Grant us ever,
 Gracious Savior,
 Do Thou bless us,
Let not pain and fear distress us.

O Holy Spirit, precious Light,
Reveal Thy glorious visage bright.
Illume us with its splendor!
Descend on us in fire divine,
That we on earth as lights may shine,
And faithful service render.

Hear us! Cheer us!
Guide our teachers;
Lead our preachers,
Gracious Spirit,
Till Christ's Kingdom we inherit.

O Triune God, we sing Thy praise!
Here young and old their hymns shall raise
To glorify and bless Thee!
We thank Thee for this gift of Thine!
To Thee we dedicate this shrine,
Hearts, hands, and tongues confess Thee!

May we sing Thee
Songs victorious,
Anthems glorious,
While we wander
Till we reach Thy temple yonder.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.^{cxxii}

Anna Hoppe, "Church Dedication," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 15 (July 21, 1927): 225.

August 7, 1927

"Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?"

Luke 2, Verse 49

I must be about my Father's business!
Filial duty calls to faithful toil.
Well He merits all my heart's devotion.
Should proud self-will cause me to recoil?
Nevermore! In childlike, true obedience
Willing hands I place upon the plow.
His paternal love shall e'er constrain me
To His sovereign, holy will to bow.

I must be about my Father's business!
He has made me in His image blest,

And He sent His holy Son from Heaven
To obtain for me eternal rest.
My Redeemer died on Calv'ry's mountain
To secure salvation full and free.
O how blest to know my sins forgiven,
And to know His Spirit dwells in me!

I must be about my Father's business!
Of His grace my willing tongue must tell!
And my feet must go to bring the straying
Back to Him Who loves His flock so well.
I must give the Living Bread from heaven
To the hungry hearts who pine below!
I must lead the thirsty to the Fountain
Where the streams of Living Waters flow!

I must be about my Father's business,
Harvest fields are white and toilers few!
Soon the shades of eventide will gather;
What His Word commands me I must do!
Not until His wheat is in the garner
Will the earth-embracing task be done!
Not until He calls me Home to glory
Will the crown He promised me be won!

I must be about my Father's business!
Earthly pleasures, power and wealth and pride
Are not mine to strive for, or to covet,
Since for me my Savior bled and died.
O, I'll be about my Father's business
Till this mortal clay lies cold in death!
Sweet will be my rest in mansions yonder
With the risen Christ of Nazareth!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 16 (August 7, 1927): 241.

August 21, 1927
Child Training
(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 554:
"Hilf, Gott, dass ja die Kinderzucht")

Grant God that faithful discipline

Our children's lasting good may win;
That their young voices they may raise
And here on earth show forth Thy praise.

May they to parents loyal be,
Submissive to authority;
All through their life shun restiveness,
Self-will and slothful idleness.

Grant that they may not lack, dear Lord,
Sound, wholesome teaching in Thy Word,
And may their faith be ever found
Firm and secure, on solid ground.

Grant them assurance in their faith,
Keep them from anger, shame, and wrath,
And may they shun to congregate
With godless throngs of evil trait.

In kindness, wisdom, power, and might
Shield Thou their feet from evil's blight.
In righteous paths be Thou their Guide;
If Thou dost lead, they will not glide.

May they keep Thee before their eyes;
Grant them true wisdom from the skies, -
A zeal for truth and honesty, -
For virtue and integrity.

May they Thy blessing ever win
In going out and coming in.
All through their life, from year to year,
Grant that they dwell as Christians here.

And when their course on earth doth end,
To Thee, dear Lord, may they ascend,
With us Thy glorious praise proclaim
And in Thy Kingdom laud Thy Name.

God Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
What floods of grace from Thee we boast!
With our dear children we adore
And praise and thank Thee evermore.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Child Training," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 17 (August 21, 1927): 257.

September 4, 1927
The Harvest Call

Lift up your eyes; The fields behold,
Unto the harvest white!
The full-blown ripened sheaves unfold
As dawns the morning light.
In Jesus' Name your task begin,
O haste to thrust the sickle in,
And gather His grain in the garner!

In holy expectation sown,
God's seed to life has sprung.
His rain-drops fell, His sun-beams shone
On fruitful lands, far-flung.
Ye faithful saints, who love His Word,
Extol the kindness of your Lord
And gather His grain in the garner!

Toil on, with love-filled zeal aglow;
Obey your Lord's behest.
A rich reward will He bestow
When comes the eve of rest.
Toil on, while beams the Gospel-light,
'Ere sunlit day gives way to night,
And gather His grain in the garner!

Toil in the Homeland; toil abroad
For Christ, the Crucified!
And own Him Lord and King and God
Who on Mount Calv'ry died.
Redemption's price His Blood has paid;
The fruits are His; toil undismayed,
And gather His grain in the garner!

In prayer beseech the Harvest-Lord
To bless His gleaners true.
His Spirit's power He will afford,
And grant you courage new.
Toil on, until the Lord shall come,
Till safe within His harvest home
He finds all His grain in the garner!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "The Harvest Call," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 18 (September 4, 1927):
273,

September 18, 1927

"O That I Knew Where I Might Find Him!"
("Wo ist Jesus, mein Verlangen?"
Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal No. 396)

Where is He, for Whom I'm longing,
Jesus, my Belov'd, my Friend?
Whither has He gone a-wand'ring?
Where, to find Him, should I wend?
My poor soul in sorrow roveeth,
Burdened down with sin's dark blight.
Where is Jesus, Whom she loveth.
Pining for Him day and night?

O, I grieve in fear and anguish;
Whither has my Jesus gone?
My poor restless heart will languish
Till it finds the Precious One.
Could I on a dove's fleet pinions
Over hills and mountains soar,
Seeking in afar dominions
My Lord Jesus evermore!

Pain and fear His might o'erthroweth;
He bids sin and death depart;
He to all His help bestoweth;
He has balsam for each heart.
Therefore through the streets and by-ways
I will run unceasingly,
Seeking in the fields and high-ways
Where my loving Lord may be.

Let me find Thee, dearest Savior!
Hear my soul cry plaintively.
Look upon her with Thy favor;
Bid her haste to come to Thee!
Grant me Thy divine compassion;
O reveal Thy grace to me!
Take my soul as Thy possession
Evermore to dwell with Thee.

Joy! I found my choicest Treasure,
Christ, Who saved me by His grace!
What to me is worldly pleasure?
Jesus is my Hiding-place!
Henceforth sorrows will not grieve me

That have grieved me in the past.
My Belov'd will never leave me
Whom my soul has found at last.

Jesus purest Joy Supernal,
Precious to my soul Thou art!
I desire Thee, Love Eternal,
Verdant pasture of my heart!
In surrender, O my Savior,
All my life I yield to Thee!
O permit me not to waver!
Thou art mine eternally!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "O That I Knew Where I Might Find Him!," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 19
(September 18, 1927): 289.

October 16, 1927
A Hallowed Hour With Jesus

When the toilsome day is ended
With its burdens, trials, cares,
And the softly falling shadows
Summon me to evening prayers,
Like a hallowed benediction
Comes the whisper, gentle, sweet: -
"Come apart awhile with Jesus;
Kneel in reverence at His feet."

O how blest the sweet communion
With my Savior and my Lord!
Floods of holy peace supernal
O'er my weary heart are poured.
Tenderly He lifts the burdens
That my troubled spirit press.
O, a hallowed hour with Jesus
Overflows with blessedness!

I can tell Him all the sorrows
That cause bitter tears to flow.
And reveal to Him the trials
That perplex and grieve me so.
Well He knows the deep contrition,
The remorse for errors past.
O, a hallowed hour with Jesus
All my fears away can cast.

I can bring to Him the burden
Over loved ones gone astray.
I can plead for erring wand'ers

Who have left the narrow way,
And disclose to Him the anguish
In His faithful Zion's heart.
O, a hallowed hour with Jesus
Sweetest solace can impart.

At the Mercy Seat in glory
For His ransomed own He pleads.
His dear Father grants me pardon
When my High Priest intercedes.
He hath sent His Holy Spirit
To console me through His Word.
O, a hallowed hour with Jesus
Untold riches can afford!

Once He died on Calv'ry's mountain
My poor souls from death to free.
Still to-day the nail-prints witness
Of His tender love for me!
How through everlasting ages
I am His, and He is mine!
O, a hallowed hour with Jesus
Fills my soul with joy divine.

When in Salem's mansions yonder
I shall see Him face to face,
And with blood-washed throngs forever
Praise Him for His glorious grace.
Then the songs of saints perfected
With the angels strain shall blend,
And my hallowed hours with Jesus
Never, nevermore shall end!

October 30, 1927
The Gospel Stream

A stream, in crystal splendor
Doth wend its tranquil course.
In God's own heart so tender
It found its depth and source.
Through Abram's habitations
It flowed in silent peace;
Still through the realms of nations
It glides without surcease.

From fear and pain and anguish
It frees the trouble breast,
And thirst hearts that languish
With cooling balm are blest.
No famished mortal ever

Partakes of it in vain;
God's pure, life-giving river
Flows on through man's domain.

Its fullness never ceases;
All heavenly, divine, -
The holy wounds of Jesus
With floods of glory shine!
Death's sting and condemnation
Sink down beneath His stream;
He giveth free salvation
To all who trust in Him.

O stream of grace, so glorious, -
All light and love thy sheen!
Thy waves once streaming o'er us,
Have bathed us, - washed us clean.
From Heaven thou descendest
To draw us toward thy flow;
To Heav'n thy course thou wendest
That thither we might go!

Flow on, thou sacred River,
Till hearts, unitedly,
Rejoicing in the Savior,
Sing praises unto thee!
Till souls, thy power possessing,
A living fountain prove,
In fullness pouring blessing,
Life, spirit, light, and love!

From Hymnal of German Reformed
Church of Switzerland – No. 156
“Es ist ein Strom erflossen.”

Translated by Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, “The Gospel Stream,” *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 22 (October 30, 1927):
337.

November 13, 1927
Hope Jubilant

O tell me not that heaven is uncertain,
Since mortals fail to pierce the veil between;
That all is dark behind the close-drawn curtain,
That vague and doubtful are the things unseen.
O tell me not the Great Beyond is only
A bourne from which no traveler returns, -

That consolation but deceives the lonely,
That all is sham for which my spirit yearns.

O tell me not that faith and hope are senseless,
That all my struggles end in dire defeat,
That cruel fate can prove me all defenseless,
That all the oracles are dumb, or cheat.
O tell me not the firmament above me
Has neither truth nor wisdom to express;
That childish is the thought that God could love me,
That all is vanity and nothingness.

The One Whose hand has laid the earth's foundation,
Who gives to sun, and moon, and stars their course,
Has given me His Word of revelation;
Of life, and truth and love He is the Source!
In His blest image He has deigned to make me,
And kindled in my soul His life divine.
Why should I fear that He will now forsake me,
And leave me in the darkness to repine?

Well do I merit endless condemnation,
For I have stained his image with my sin;
But He conceived a plan for my salvation, -
The Paradise I lost again to win.
O boundless love! He sent His Son from heaven
On Calv'ry's mount to suffer, bleed, and die,
That through His Blood saved, ransomed, cleansed, forgiven,
I might forever dwell with Him on high.

And He has given me His Holy Spirit,
Within my heart His witness sweet to bear,
That by the virtue of my Savior's merit
I now am evermore His child and heir.
His Holy Word gives hope divine assurance;
Baptismal flood and sacramental feast
Vouchsafe to me His Fatherhood's endurance,
Since Christ abides my interceding Priest.

The hope I have is no forlorn conclusion;
It rests securely on "Thus saith the Lord!"
My Spirit-kindled faith is no illusion,
'Tis firmly built on God's eternal Word.

I know that my divine Redeemer liveth,
And to His many mansions I shall go.
What holy joy this precious knowledge giveth!
No room for doubt! I know! I know! I know!

O tell me not, when I have crossed death's portal,
That I shall be as though I had not been.
My soul shall rise to yonder realm immortal
Above all earthly turmoil, strife, and din!
When dawns the radiant morn of resurrection
This mortal clay shall rise, all glorified,
And with my soul bask in His love's perfection
With Whom through endless ages I'll abide.

O tell me not that every aspiration
Shall perish in the silence of the tomb!
For I have heard a loving invitation,
The Spirit and the Bride entreat me "Come!" (Rev. 22:17)
O tell me not that toil, and care, and sorrow
Are vainly borne, - that useless is the strife.
Celestial joys await me on the morrow, -
My Shepherd gives His sheep eternal life!

Anna Hoppe.^{cxiii}

Anna Hoppe, "Hope Jubilant," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 23 (November 13, 1927):
353.

November 27, 1927
The Saints' Inheritance
Col. 1:9-14

Dear Father in Heaven, we praise Thee and bless Thee
For all that is ours in Christ Jesus, Thy Son!
Thy Spirit of Truth bids us laud and confess Thee;
Our songs of thanksgiving ascend to Thy throne.

Our choicest, divinest, and holiest Treasure,
Our Alpha and our blest Omega Thou art, -
The Source of abiding, true, undefiled pleasure!
A foretaste of Heaven Thy smile doth impart.

How sweet is the nectar that streams from the pages
Of Thy everlasting, most excellent Word!
Our pilgrimage sorrows and fears it assuages,
And strength from on high the blest Fount doth afford.

Redeemed by the Blood of Christ Jesus, our Savior,
And cleansed from all sin in that wonderful flow,
O may we rejoice in Thy pardon's free favor,
And bear fruits of faith as we journey below.

Released from the thralldom of hell's domination,
Called out from the darkness of sin's dismal night,
What joy to partake of Christ's blood-bought salvation,
And enter with saints His blest Kingdom of Light!

O grant us true wisdom, - divine understanding!
With love, joy, and patience our hearts do Thou fill,
Then faith will behold earth's dark storm-clouds disbanding,
And see the bright sun of Thy grace beaming still!

Lead, guide, and direct us by Thy Holy Spirit,
And ne'er from the path of Thy Truth may we rove,
Till saved by Thy grace Salem's Home we inherit
And dwell evermore in the mansions above.

O Triune Eternal, Thy Zion shall bless Thee!
The Heavens with sweet Hallelujahs shall ring!
Our anthems of triumph shall laud and confess Thee
Forever and ever our God and our King!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "The Saints' Inheritance," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 24 (November 27, 1927): 369.

December 25, 1927
His Birthday

To think that Thou didst have a natal day,
Thou blest, eternal, holy Son of God,
Enshrouding Thy pure Self in mortal clay,
And making earth awhile Thy poor abode;
On Virgin's bosom finding calm repose,
While mother-love crooned sweetest lullaby!
Thus did in sleep Thy tender eye-lids close,
As angels' voices echoed through the sky.

What holy peace blest that first Christmas Day,
When shepherds, by the heav'nly herald led,
And monarchs, guided by the Star's bright ray,
Knelt in devotion at Thy manger bed!
Treasures of incense, myrrh and precious gold,
Adoring praise Thy people loved to bring,
The scroll of prophecy, by time unrolled,
Revealed to Zion her Messiah-King!

Thy earth-life o'er, the world's redemption won,
Thy precious blood for our salvation shed,
Thou art again upon Thy Father's throne,
The world's Redeemer, risen from the dead!
Blest Star of David, Thou dost lead the way
From cross to crown, from earth to realms on high.
O strengthen Thou our faith and love, we pray,
Until we see Thee yonder, bye and bye!

From year to year, till Thou wilt come again,
The tidings that proclaims Thy lowly birth, -
The Gospel message: "Peace, Good-will to Men"
Shall circle round, and echo o'er the earth,
While saints about Thy glory-circled throne
Join in the songs that rise from earth below.
On this Thy birthday, all Thy ransomed Own
Heart-born devotion, fervent love would show.

'Tis Christmas Day! What memories hast Thou
Of burdens borne, privation, pain, and tears!
In unbelief men crowned with thorns Thy brow,
Five wounds reveal the tale of earth-bound years!
What can we give Thee on this hallowed Day,
Thy boundless love, Thy mercy to reward?
Naught can we do, but give ourselves away,
We are Thine Own, accept our hearts, dear Lord!

Some day in Gloryland, O Savior King,
When Paradise shall be again restored,
What royal tributes Thy redeemed shall bring,
While harp-strings blend in strains of sweet accord!
Till then, accept we pray, our humble praise,
The faith-born prayer rise like incense sweet.
On this blest Christmas Day we upward gaze
And peace our gifts of love at Thy dear feet.

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "His Birthday," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIV, no. 26 (December 25, 1927): 401.

1928

January 8, 1928
Justification By Faith
Galatians 3:23-29

O Truth divine by Scripture taught, -
Not by my toil or merit
Can pardon for my sins be bought!
Nor can I life inherit

Clad in the sin-stained, carnal dress
Of earth-born, fleshly righteousness!

God's Holy Law, my tutor stern
Revealeth my transgression,
Held captive, for release I yearn,
For freedom from oppression.
One Door alone is open wide, -
Christ, my Redeemer crucified!

Though crimson-dyed may be the stain,
By faith in Him confiding,
Forgiveness, cleansing, peace I gain;
In His true love abiding,
The curse of Law can harm me not;
His Blood can purge sin's every spot!

My gracious God His Spirit sent,
From bonds of sin to win me.
Through His blest Word and Sacrament
He wrought His work within me!
How blest His Gospel to receive,
And to confess: "Lord, I believe!"

Free from the Law, O joy divine!
Free from all condemnation,
I now rejoice, O Savior mine,
In Thy complete salvation.
O blest relief, from death to flee,
And find eternal life in Thee!

Baptized, O Christ, in Thy dear Name,
I am God's child forever;
Joint-heir with seed of Abraham!
Thy Spirit, precious Savior,
Shall give me strength in faith to stand
Until I reach the Promised Land!

O glorious faith that justifies,
Built on the Rock of Ages!
Earth's every tempest it defies!
All sorrow it assuages!
Soon on its pinions I shall rise

To greet my Lord, - in Paradise!

Anna Hoppe.

On the Epistle Lesson
for the New Year's Day.^{cxxiv}

Anna Hoppe, "Justification By Faith," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 1 (January 8, 1928): 1.

January 22, 1928
Christian Love
Romans 12:7-16

Father mine, Whose love so tender
Watches o'er me night and day,
Grant me grace true love to render
To the pilgrims on the way
That leads to the realm above,
Where Thy boundless Father-love
Hath prepared a habitation
For the children of salvation.

And toward those who do not know Thee,
May my love's devotion glow.
Through Thy Holy Spirit show me,
How true love I may bestow
To the throng outside Thy fold,
That Thy love they might behold,
Love that in Thy children dwelleth, -
Love that of Thy mercy telleth.

Thy deep love's unbounded ocean
Showers blessings over me.
Grant that I in pure devotion
Render hospitality.
Freely from Thee I receive,
Freely, gladly, let me give,
And in giving, praise and bless Thee,
With a grateful heart confess Thee.

Unto those who weep in sadness
May I solace true impart.
And rejoice in holy gladness
With each joyous, happy heart.
Let me overcome, my God,
Evil words and deeds with good,
And in love-filled Christian labor
Seek to win an erring neighbor.

Thou didst send Thy Son from Heaven,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified,

That my sin might be forgiven,
He, my sinless Savior, died.
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled,
Thou dost own me Thy dear child.
Perfect love, let me adore Thee,
And in love bow down before Thee!

Grant me, in the Name of Jesus,
Fervent, loyal, Christian love,
Tender, pure, unfeigned, that pleases
Thee, my gracious God above!
Warm my heart that it may be
Filled with ardent love to Thee,
Love that like a fountain floweth,
Unto all good-will bestoweth.

Grant me fervency in spirit,
Ardor in my daily toil, -
Grace to love Thy Word and hear it.
Let not self-sought gain despoil
Kindness, truth, and charity,
Lowliness, sincerity.
Fill me with the blest endeavor
To abhor all evil ever.

Let my love while here I wander
Of Thy loving-kindness tell,
Till in Salem's mansions yonder,
Love Divine, with Thee I dwell!
Then, and endless ages roll,
Thy great love I shall extol!
Naught from Thee my love shall sever,
Glory to Thy Name forever!

Anna Hoppe.

A meditation on the Epistle Lesson
for the Second Sunday after Epiphany.

Anna Hoppe, "Christian Love," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 2 (January 22, 1928): 17.

February 5, 1928
"So Run That Ye May Obtain"
1 Cor. 9:24

So run that ye obtain the prize,
Ye blood-bought saints of God!
Your laurels wait beyond the skies,
In Salem's bright abode.

Then lay each earthly weight aside;

Put off besetting sin,
And run, with Jesus as your Guide,
A fadeless crown to win.

Though long and weary be the race,
Trust in His strength alone;
He shall sustain you by His grace
Until the goal is won.

Let not earth's fetters hold you fast,
Untie each cord and chain,
All carnal strivings from you cast,
A blest reward to gain.

Constrained by love of Christ, your Lord,
From sin's dominion free,
Cling to the Word, the Spirit's Sword,
To keep the mastery.

In faith-born courage watch and pray,
Lest fiendish traps and snares
By Satan laid across your way
Shall fell you unawares.

So certain is the promised crown, -
So sure the blest reward,
Lay every earth-born burden down,
Obedient to your Lord.

Ye saints of God, run bravely on,
Until the race is o'er,
Till, conflicts past and battles won,
Ye reach the Glory-shore!

Anna Hoppe.

Septuagesima Sunday.^{cxxv}

Anna Hoppe, "So Run That Ye May Obtain," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 3 (February 5, 1928): 33.

February 19, 1928
"Let the Word of Christ Dwell In You Richly"

Lord Jesus, blest Immanuel,
Grant that Thy Word may richly dwell

In each believing, contrite heart,
Eternal blessings to impart.

Permit the rays of Truth divine
Upon Thy faithful own to shine.
Light of the World, then shall we be
Unfailing lights reflecting Thee!

Thy Word forever shall remain
To comfort, strengthen, bless, sustain,
A light open our pilgrim way
That leads us to the realms of day.

When Satan, world, and flesh assail,
Thy Word, our armor, shall prevail.
Upon this shield we can rely
And all the hosts of hell defy.

Saved by Thy grace, and justified,
Let us by faith in Thee abide,
Then shall Thy praise fill hearts and tongues
With psalms, and hymns, and sacred songs.

Grant us, Thou Fount of boundless Love,
The wisdom coming from above, -
And holy boldness to confess
Thy glorious Gospel's blessedness.

Kept by Thy Holy Spirit's might,
Let us, dear Savior, walk in light,
Till in the Father's house on high
Thy precious Name we glorify.

Anna Hoppe.^{cxxvi}

Anna Hoppe, "Let The Word of Christ Dwell In You Richly," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 4
(February 19, 1928): 49.

March 4, 1928
Jesus Our Physician

O Thou who once in Galilee
Didst bid the deaf to hear,
The mute to speak, the blind to see,
Blest Son of God, be near.

And hark unto the faith-born prayer
Of Thy afflicted own;
Bid them on Thee to cast their care,
Thy grace to them make known.

The speechless tongue, the lifeless ear
Will vibrate at Thy Word.
Thy "Ephphatha," O Savior dear,
Can still new life afford.

But if it be the Father's will,
May they endure the cross;
Grant Thou them grace, with patience still
To suffer earthly loss.

Far darker than the sightless eye
Is sin's abysmal gloom;
More real the soul's infirmity
Than lifeless senses numb.

Unto the deaf the list'ning ear
Of Heav'n-born faith impart;
Though sealed the lips, Thy love can hear
The praises of the heart!

Unto the blind the inward light
Of Thy blest Word bestow,
The lamp that shines away the night
With beams of heav'nly glow.

Redeemed with Thy most precious Blood,
Saved, pardoned, justified,
Until they reach Thy blest abode,
May they in Thee confide.

Grant them to hear Thy Shepherd voice,
With ears of faith, dear Lord;
Then they shall know Thee and rejoice
In Thy Eternal Word.

Some day, when in the Glory-land
A fadeless crown they gain,

Earth's passing loss they'll understand,
For Thou wilt make it plain!

Anna Hoppe.^{cxxvii}

Anna Hoppe, "Jesus Our Physician," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 5 (March 4, 1928): 65.

March 18, 1928

My Jesus

O dearest Jesus, pure and holy,
Blest bearer of the Father's grace,
At rest within a stable lowly,
In Virgin Mother's fond embrace!
I love Thee; I love Thee; I love Thee,
Thou long-promised Shiloh, my King!
Before Thy poor manger bed kneeling,
My heart as a tribute I bring.

Blest Nazarene, Thou gentle Savior,
Incarnate Son of God above;
Thou bringest earth Thy heav'nly favor,
Thy lips o'erflow with words of love.
I love Thee; I love Thee; I love Thee,
My glorious Redeemer, - my Lord.
Thy message. O blest Galilean,
Doth life and salvation afford.

O precious Jesus, loved Physician,
The pow'r is Thine to make me whole.
Thou know'st my helpless, lost condition,
And Thou canst heal my sinsick soul.
I love Thee; I love Thee; I love Thee,
Thou bearer of Gilead's balm!
Thy pardon, Thy peace, Thy forgiveness
My sin-troubled conscience doth calm.

O bleeding Lamb, for sinners dying,
In agony on Calv'ry's hill,
Hell's mighty hosts Thou art defying, -
Obedient to the Father's Will.
I love Thee; I love Thee; I love Thee.
The Curse of the Law Thou didst bear,
That I, free from all condemnation,

Thy Life Everlasting might share.

O mighty Victor, risen Jesus,
Thy sacrifice redeemed my soul.
Messiah, till my life-breath ceases,
Thy pow'r to save let me extol!
I love Thee; I love Thee; I love Thee,
Immanuel, - Savior divine!
O let me forever and ever
Exalted Redeemer, be Thine!

Ascended King, for me Thou pleadest,
Before the Father's throne on high,
E'er for Thine Own Thou intercedest, -
My ev'ry need Thou canst supply.
I love Thee; I love Thee; I love Thee,
My High Priest and Vicar Thou art;
My Righteousness, and my Redemption, -
Come, build Thee a shrine in my heart!

My life, in humble consecration,
I dedicate, dear Lord, to Thee!
From bonds of sin and condemnation,
From Judgment Thou hast set me free.
I love Thee; I love Thee; I love Thee,
In Thee I find purest delights!
Thy Blood, O my precious Redeemer,
Has bought me on Calvary's heights.

O coming Judge of all the nations,
Thou Lord of Lords, and King of Kings;
To Thee, in joyous jubilations
Creation her best tribute brings!
I love Thee; I love Thee; I love Thee,
Whom angelic legions adore!
All Honor, and Power, and Blessing
Be Thine! Thine forevermore!

O heavn'ly Bridegroom, haste Thy coming,
Thy waiting Zion pines for Thee!
O haste to end her earthly roaming
That Thy blest count'nance she may see!
I love Thee; I love Thee; I love Thee,

Thou Lord of the Church, - Love Divine!
Forever and ever and ever,
O dearly loved Jesus, be mine!

I'll love Thee while on earth I wander,
Thou precious Bridegroom of my soul!
And when I reach Thy mansions yonder,
Thy Love forever I'll extol!
I love Thee; I love Thee; I love Thee,
My Lord, and my God, and my King;
Eternal Love, now and forever,
Myself as a tribute I'll bring.

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "My Jesus," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 6 (March 18, 1928): 81.

August 5, 1928
Marriage

Thou Who in Eden at dawn of creation
Breathed Thy blessing on husband and wife,
Bless this pair, kneeling in holy elation;
Bless their espousal, Thou giver of life .

In bonds of purity do Thou unite them;
Grant them the sweet benediction they seek.
With Thine Own Love, gracious Father, delight them,
As in Thy Presence their vows they now speak.

Grant them Thy grace to perform every duty
For Thine Own glory, Thou Fount of all love,
Then will their home bloom in Edenic beauty,
Showered with blessings that come from above.

Precious Lord Jesus. In hallowed communion,
With these, Thy wedded believers, abide.
Bid them rejoice in the heavenly union
Joining Thee ever to Zion, Thy Bride.

Blest Holy Spirit, O grant them Thy favor.
Hallow their bonds through Thy Heaven-born Word.
Keep Thou them loyal to Jesus, their Savior,
Faith, love, and concord Thy Truth can afford.

O Triune God, bless their gladness, their sorrow,
Help them to bear every burden to come,
Till dawns the morn of that bright, fadeless morrow,

Till, saved by grace, they reach Heaven, their Home.
Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Marriage," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 16 (August 5, 1928): 241.

August 19, 1928
The Institution of the Lord's Supper
(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 298)

The night our Savior was betrayed,
And bore humiliation,
Our sins' vast load upon Him weighed,
He yearned for our salvation.

With upward gaze He took the Bread
In holy Hands to break it:
Praised God in fervent prayer and said
To His disciples: - "Take it."

"This is my body. Eat in faith
The flesh for sinners given."
"Remember me in life and death,
Till we shall meet in Heaven."

Likewise He took the cup of wine,
And said in accents tender: -
"Drink all of it, ye brethren mine,
Praise to your Father render."

"This is my precious Blood" He said,
"A holy, cleansing Fountain.
Which for all sinners I shall shed
On Calv'ry's cross-crowned mountain."

"My Blood from sin can set you free,
And heal the pain forever.
This do, and keep in memory
The death of Christ, your Savior."

Lord Jesus, endless praise be Thine
For Thy atoning merit.
O may this food and drink be mine
Till I shall life inherit.

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "The Institution of the Lord's Supper," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 17
(August 19, 1928): 257.

September 2, 1928

Evangelize!

On Olive's brown the Lord victorious stands,
The battle won, the mighty conflict o'er;
In blessing He extends His nail-scarred hands,
Then soars on high to yonder Glory shore.
One last fond look, one last entreating word,
To those who loved the sound of His dear Name;
From holy lips the blest command they heard:
"Go into all the world, my Truth proclaim."

Endowed with unction by the Holy Ghost,
Who came in fiery tongues of cloven flame,
And crowned with joy that glorious Pentecost,
The Lord's ambassadors extolled His Name.
And multitudes, who came from near and far
To magnify the wonders God had done,
Believed in Him, the Bright and Morning Star,
God's own incarnate, ris'n, ascending Son.

O'er hill and plain the blest Evangel spread,
And caused the desert wilderness to bloom;
Unto the hungry came the Living Bread,
Light from above dispelled the heathen gloom.
The thirsty could from Living Waters drink,
The weary heard "Come unto Me, and rest,"
And burdened souls, who bowed at Mara's brink,
With consolation's balm were healed and blest.

The holy blood upon the hill-top shed,
Purged stains of guilt, although of scarlet dye,
And sinners, reconciled, were comforted,
With pardon from their Advocate on high.
O what was wealth and pleasure, pomp and pride,
But nothingness, but vanity and dross,
Compared with treasures that the Christ supplied.
Who paid the ransom-price on Calv'ry's Cross!

O Church of Christ, Thy Lord's command still stands:
"Go into all the world - Evangelize!"
In blessing still He spreads His loving hands,
The hands that bled to win redemption's prize.
By love constrained, the blest entreaty heed,
Make known His glorious Gospel far and wide.
Beside all waters sow His precious seed,
While yet 'tis day, soon comes the eventide.

Thy Lord is still the Way, the Truth, the Life,
His Word eternal still redeems and saves.
A godless world for Judgment Day is rife,

Behold the lost sink down in Christless graves!
Thou royal priesthood, sanctified by grace,
Armed with His Truth, in love-born zeal arise,
In strength divine for holy warfare brace.
Evangelize! Go forth! Evangelize!

Some day before Him every knee shall bow,
And every tongue declare Him God and Lord.
For love's dear sake, win trophies for Him now,
He merits well His anguished soul's reward (Isaiah 53:11).
Send out His Light to all the wide, wide world,
Until His blest return illumines the skies.
And keep the banner of His Cross unfurled.
Evangelize! Go forth! Evangelize!

Anna Hoppe, "Evangelize!," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 18 (September 2, 1928): 273.

September 30, 1928
"How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings"

O what delight to enter
God's Temple-courts of prayer,
Where pious souls, like lilies,
Receive His tender care!
The fragrant, budding blossoms
Are lovely to behold;
Refreshed by dew from Heaven
Their petals they unfold.

In unity of Spirit,
In faith' divine accord,
They offer pure devotion
As incense to the Lord.
When hymns of adoration
Arise in sweet refrain
From courts where peace abideth.
Who would without remain?

"Come, enter! Taste His goodness
Whose love these flowers reflect!
Come, watch, and pray, and worship!
Come, join the Lord's elect!
The world's vain, empty pleasures
Can nevermore compare
With joys divine and holy
That grace God's House of Prayer!"

I would not dwell in darkness
And turn away from day;
The Lord my Sun remaineth;

His Light illumines my way.
I'll seek His House with gladness;
From Him I'll ne'er depart,
His hallowed Presence bringeth
Sweet peace into my heart!

Anna Hoppe.

From the Swedish by I. Dannstrom.

Anna Hoppe, "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 20
(September 30, 1928): 305.

October 14, 1928
The Wonderful Book

How blest to bleed in holy meditation
O'er Thy eternal Word, O Thou Most High,
Enraptured by Thy Spirit's revelation
Of things invisible to mortal eye!

Away from all earth's clamor and confusion,
Shut in with Christ, how sweet this trysting place!
How privileged the secret, calm, seclusion
Within the veil, where I may seek His face!

My soul can soar to glorious heights Elysian,
And enter in the Holiest of all,
Delighting in the beauty of Thy vision,
And in the stillness hear the Spirit's call.

Beside still waters I can stroll beside Thee,
'Midst fragrant fields and blooming gardens fair;
Thou Fairest One, with Thy dear Hand to guide me.
What earthly joys can with such bliss compare?

More sweet than honey are Thy words, my Savior,
More precious far than gems of purest gold!
The lowliest can know Thy royal favor,
And burdened hearts can taste Thy love untold.

How blest to hearken in the hallowed stillness
'Mid the soft rustle of angelic wings,
Forgetting burdens, griefs, and pain, and illness,
Enthralled by sweet, celestial carolings!

Speak on, Belov'd, and grant me grace to listen,
As heavenward my pilgrim-way I plod.
In faith I see the jeweled portals glisten,
One day I'll reach the City of my God!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "The Wonderful Book," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 21 (October 14, 1928): 321.

October 28, 1928
Send Out Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!
Without its beams we pine
In dismal night.
Earth's wisdom cannot give
Bread that our souls might live.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!
Illume the Word of Truth
With glory bright.
Let each inspired page
Shine on from age of age.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!
Sunbeams of Genesis
Bid doubt take flight.
Knowing from whence we came,
May we extol Thy Name.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!
Thunders of Horeb roll;
Storm-clouds affright.
On Thy sure promise blest
May we, like Abram, rest.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!

Let carnal unbelief
Our faith not blight.
Earthborn philosophies
Teem with uncertainties.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send our Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!
Dark are the heathen realms;
Sad is their plight.
But Thou, Immanuel,
Hast burst the chains of hell.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!
Let Thy blest Spirit guide
Our steps aright.
Saved by Thy glorious grace
Our pilgrim-path we trace.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!
Scripture's prophetic page
Dispels the night.
Shine on, bright Morning-Star!
Scatter all shades afar.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!
Let earth behold the Cross
On Calv'ry's height.
Thy precious Blood was spilt
To purge away our guilt.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!
Victorious King of Kings,
Return in might!
Ere Judgment thunder rolls
Receive our ransomed souls.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!
Let earth behold the Cross
On Calv'ry's height.
Thy precious Blood was spilt
To purge away our guilt.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!

Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy Light!
Until the Father's House
Shall greet our sight.
Until on Salem's shore
We Thy blest Name adore.
Send out Thy Light, dear Lord,
Send out Thy light!

Anna Hoppe.^{cxxviii}

Anna Hoppe, "Send Out Thy Light!," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 22 (October 28, 1928):
337.

November 11, 1928
Prayer Changes Things

Prayer changes things!
Friend, do the storm-clouds lower?
And does the way seem drear?
Dost thou await the threat'ning thunder shower
With trembling and with fear?
Hush thee, - be still! Thy Father knoweth.
Comfort and strength His grace bestoweth.
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Do erstwhile friends forsake?
Are fond ambitions foiled?
Art thou in doubt as to the course to take?
Is earthly wealth despoiled?
Has death laid low thy dearest treasure?
Has illness crushed what gave thee pleasure?
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Does sin thy heart oppress?
Have hopes that once seemed bright
Vanished like vapor into nothingness?
Does darkness veil the light?
Or does remorse o'er by-gone errors
Rob thee of rest, - fill thee with terrors?
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Is hard-won prestige lost?
Fame and position gone?
And does life's bark seem ever tempest-tossed.
Does morning fail to dawn?
Hark to the promptings of the Spirit;
List to God's Word, in fervor hear it.
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Does all thy toil seem vain
For restless, wayward youth?
And do the worldlings in their proud disdain
Scorn God's eternal Truth?
Has love grown cold? Does courage falter?
Almighty God all things can alter:
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Bow to the Father's will!
Since Christ, the Savior died,
And paid redemption's price on Calv'ry's hill,
No boon will be denied
To His redeemed, for whom He pleadeth,
For whom His mercy intercedeth:

Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Forgiveness, peace of mind,
Strength, solace, joy anew
In fervent prayer thy pleading heart will find;
Ask, and thy Lord will do!
To Him thy every burden voicing,
Pray, and go forth thy way rejoicing!
PRAYER CHANGES THINGS!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Prayer Changes Things," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 23 (November 11, 1928): 353.

November 25, 1928
"Giving Thanks Always For All Things"
Ephesians 5:20

Give thanks for spring-time flowers,
For hills and dales and streams,
For trees and woodland bowers,
For moon and starlight beams,
For summer's verdant splendor,
For autumn's sheaves of grain,
For winter's snow-flakes tender,
For sunshine and for fain,
Give thanks!

Give thanks to God the Father
For health and home and friends,
For blessings thou canst gather,
For daily bread He sends;
For trials sent to purge thee
From earthly stain and dross,
For chastenings that urge thee
To kneel at Cal'vry's cross.
Give thanks!

Give thanks to Christ, the Savior,
Incarnate Son of God,
Enthroned on high forever,
Who bought thee with His Blood.

Forgiveness, peace salvation,
Joy, life forevermore
Flow from His death and passion.
O praise Him, and adore!
Give thanks!

Give thanks unto the Spirit,
The Comforter divine,
Who seals the Savior's merit,
And makes His glory thine,
Who worketh abiding
Through God's eternal Word;
Thy need to Him confiding
Can holy rest afford.
Give thanks!

Give thanks for every blessing
Sent down from yonder throne,
God's boundless grace confessing,
And make His praises known.
Give, as thy God hath given,
Thy gratefulness to prove,
And laud the Lord of Heaven,
Whose precious Name is Love!
Give thanks!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Giving Thanks Always For All Things," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 24
(November 25, 1928): 369.

December 9, 1928
Advent

Rise! Arise! Rise! Arise!
Zion, rise to greet thy King!
Open wide the gates before Him;
Let the glad Hosannas ring!
Haste to worship and adore Him!
Hark, the watchman on the mountain cries: -
Rise! Arise!

Weep no more! Weep no more!
Zion, dry thy bitter tears!

Cast aside all gloom and sadness,
For the Shiloh now appears
Who shall turn thy grief to gladness.
Day has dawned; Arise! The night is o'er!
Weep no more!

O rejoice! O rejoice!
Christ has come, as long foretold!
The Messiah long expected,
The Incarnate Word behold!
Though by earthly kings rejected,
Hail Him Lord of all with mighty voice!
O rejoice!

Crown Him King! Crown Him King!
His exalted Name confess!
From His heav'nly throne descending,
Jesus, Lord of Righteousness,
Bringeth joy and peace unending,
O let heart and tongue His praises sing!
Crown Him King!

Worship Him! Worship Him!
Zion, worship at His feet!
Hail the Son of God thy Savior!
Haste, thy longed-for Bridegroom greet;
Come, receive His kingly favor!
Zion, haste thy lamp of faith to trim!
Worship Him!

Christ shall reign! Christ shall reign!
Lord of Lords, and King of kings!
He, the first-born of Creation,
An eternal scepter swings!
Shout ye Heav'ns in jubilation!
Echo back, O earth, the joyous strain: -
Christ shall reign!

Anna Hoppe.^{cxxix}

Anna Hoppe, "Advent," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 25 (December 9, 1928): 385.

December 23, 1928
The Incarnation

“Lo I come, in the Volume of the Book it is written of Me, to do Thy will, O my God.” Psalm 40: 7-8.

Fond desire of ancient sages,
Day-star through the gloom,
One and All in Scripture’s pages,
Christ has come.

Son of Mary, Virgin Mother,
Son of God above,
He descends to be our brother.
O what love!

Shiloh comes, the long-awaited
Day-spring from on high.
Songs of angels, joy-elated,
Flood the sky.

Cradled in a manger lowly,
Sheltered in a stall.
Yet He is the mighty, holy
Lord of all.

Peace, forgiveness, joy, salvation,
Endless life He brings.
O accept our heart’s oblation,
King of Kings.

Gifts of love we bring before Thee.
All we have is Thine.
With the shepherds we adore Thee,
Love divine!

Precious, precious Christmas story,
God comes down to men!
Take the throne, O King of Glory,
Savior, reign!

Fill us with Thy love supernal,
Dwell in us, we pray;
Then will life be one eternal
Christmas Day.

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "The Incarnation," *Northwestern Lutheran* XV, no. 26 (December 23, 1928): 401.

1929

January 6, 1929
The Lord Our Shepherd

The New Year dawns. Through all the vanished years,
Lord Jesus, I have known Thy shepherd-care.
Should things uncertain fill my heart with fears?
And should the future cause me to despair?
Ah, no, the memories of pastures green
And sparkling streams breathe courage to my heart.
Shekinah still beams on in glorious sheen.
I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

And should my path lead through the wilderness,
Through desert regions, where no bread I see;
Should sore temptation fill me with distress,
Still, my Redeemer, I will trust in Thee!
Thou still hast ways and means Thy flock to feed,
Though all the world no pasture should impart;
Thou still canst well supply my every need;
I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

Why should I fear then, if my toil should fail?
The cattle on a thousand hills are Thine!
Should anxious cares cause my poor heart to quail
When Thou hast wealth in every treasure mine?
Should illness come, and bring through ling'ring days
Sheer helplessness, and poignant pains that smart,
Physician blest, I leave to Thee my ways:
I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

Should foes oppress, should bitter sorrows come, -
Should death lay low a loved one I hold dear,
And should the pilgrim-path that leads me Home
Be strewn with cruel thorns this coming year,
Should tear-drops fall, still will I hold Thy Hand,
O nevermore from Thee let me depart!
On Thy sure promise I can firmly stand;
I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

Thou, too, hast wept. Thou, too, hast suffered loss.
Hast hungered, borne temptation's subtle blow.
Thy holy hands were nailed to Calv'ry's cross,
Earth's every pain and grief Thou well didst know.

Thus Thou art able well to comfort me,
Should I be wounded by the arrow's dart;
Let come affliction and adversity,
I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

Redeeming love caused Thee to die for me,
Thy precious blood washed all my sins away;
Thy Father's arms embrace me tenderly, -
Thy Spirit bids me fear not, come what may.
Thy death has won eternal life for me,
My journey Heavenward Thou well canst chart.
O savior mine, till Eden's gates I see
I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "The Lord Our Shepherd," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 1 (January 6, 1929):
1.

Anna Hoppe, "I Shall Not Want," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXVI, no. 27 (December 31, 1939):
425.

January 20, 1929
Jesus, The Messiah

Jesus, Son of God the Father,
Blest Redeemer, Lord and King,
In Thy House of Prayer we gather
Homage to Thy Name to bring.
All our praise to Thee belongs,
Sanctify our hearts and tongues.
Precious First-born of Creation,
O accept our adoration.

Let us bring our hearts' Hosanna
To Thy throne, O Lord of All,
As did Simeon and Anna
In the hallowed Temple-Hall!
Let us glorify Thy Name,
And Thy boundless love proclaim!
Glorious King, by God elected,
Thou art Shiloh, long expected!

Grace, forgiveness, life, salvation,
Thou dost grant abundantly.
Hear the prayers of supplication
Thy redeemed now bring to Thee!

O divine Immanuel,
Savior of Thine Israel,
Grant us grace Thy Name to cherish,
Lest in unbelief we perish.

Though the sinful world decries Thee
With its blasphemies uncouth,
Though proud unbelief denies Thee,
Thou art very God in truth!
Word Incarnate, veiled in clay,
As the children of the day
Let us flee earth's sinful pleasure;
Own Thee as our highest Treasure.

Let the tidings of redemption
Spread o'er all the earth below.
Thou alone canst grant exemption
From sin's penalty of woe.
Thou alone canst save from sin,
Thou alone our peace canst win.
Only through Thy blood-bought merit
Life eternal we inherit.

Let us praise Thee and adore Thee
While on earth below we dwell;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
O thrice-blest Immanuel,
Let us tell a fallen race
Of Thy boundless, saving grace!
Ris'n, exalted, mighty Savior,
Glory to Thy Name forever!

Anna Hoppe.^{cxxx}

Anna Hoppe, "Jesus, The Messiah," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 2 (January 20, 1929):

February 3, 1929
Jesus, The Light of the World

How beautiful on Tabor's mountain
Thy glory, precious Jesus, shone!
Eternal Light, of light the fountain,
Thy all-transcendent beams alone
Earth's heavy darkness can illumine,
And shine away the dismal gloom.

Thou art indeed the promised Savior,
O Virgin-born Immanuel!
Blest Son of God, Thy Father's favor
With Thee abundantly doth dwell.
Thou Day-spring of Eternity,
Immortal legions worship Thee!

We are redeemed, O Savior glorious,
With Thy most holy, precious Blood.
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,
Thou hast returned Incarnate God,
To Salem's fair, celestial shoe,
To reign in glory evermore.

Bright Morning Star, Thou hast arisen!
Thy blest Evangel's glorious Light
Has shined into our gloomy prison,
And there dispelled the shades of night.
From bonds of Law, from sin set free,
Light of the World, we joy in Thee!

We praise Thee for the Light immortal
That beams upon our pilgrim-way,
And guides us to the pearly portal
That opens to the realms of day.
Thy Word, our sure, unfailing Light,
Shall lead us to the mansions bright.

O grant us through Thy Holy Spirit
Grace to believe this God-breathed Word,
Till life eternal we inherit
And reach Thy Father's House, dear Lord.
Saved by Thy grace, through endless days
Thy blood-bought Church shall sing Thy praise.
Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Jesus, The Light of the World," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 3 (February 3, 1929): 33.

February 17, 1929

Redemption

"My Beloved is mine, and I am His. He feedeth among the lilies." Solomon's Song 2:16

Among the lilies my Redeemer strolled,
Himself the fairest, purest of them all;
About Him wave on wave of music rolled
From angel-choirs in Salem's palace-hall.
In songs of love they praised the Lovely One,
Whom they adored, Jehovah's holy Son.
All thrilled with joy, as yet they could not see

Calvary! O Calvary!

Beside Him flowed the crystal Stream of Life;
He reached the Gates of Pearl, and saw below
A world of sin and shame, and cruel strife,
A land of death and sorrow, pain and woe,
And on the lilies that He loved so well
Like morning-dew His holy tear-drops fell, -
Tears of a love unfathomed as the sea, -
Calvary! O Calvary!

Ah, did they see His tears? The choirs are still, -
A holy hush pervades the realm divine!
"Yea, I will save them, Father mine, I will,
Cost what it may, these jewels shall be mine!" (Mal. 3:17)
One last fond look into the Father's face,
One last fond kiss, one last farewell embrace, -
Unrolled the scroll of all eternity, -
Calvary! O Calvary!

O earth! O earth! The King of Kings came down,
How didst thou for the heav'nly Guest prepare?
He left His throne, and laid aside His crown,
Thou gavest Him a stall, a manger bare!
He fashioned thee, - His are thy treasures all, (John 1:3, 10, 11)
But thou hast naught for Him but bitter gall! (Psalm 69, 21; Matt. 27:34)
Behold, He writhes in untold agony, -
Calvary! O Calvary!

He dies! He dies! The world's Redeemer dies,
And sheds His Blood upon the mountain brow.
His cry of "It is Finished" rends the skies,
And sin and death and hell are vanquished now!
The sun that once from Him obtained its light
Departs to leave the loveless world in night,
As Heaven's hosts in awe behold and see
Calvary! O Calvary!

O blest Lord Jesus, risen from the tomb,
Restored again unto the Father's heart,
Earth gave Thee naught but nail-prints to take Home,
An open side, pierced by the swordsman's dart!
The diadem that now Thy brow adorns
Will never hide the wounds of cruel thorns!
Thus will Thy Bride in holy love-light see
Calvary! O Calvary!

When Thou returnest from that Land sublime
To take Thy Bride to yonder blissful shore,
May some sweet signal bid the Church-bells chime,

While ocean-waves a royal welcome roar!
Earth will not dare to offer Thee a stall,
King of all Kings, eternal Lord of All!
Olive will cleave, in triumph Thou wilt see (Zech. 14:4)
Calvary! O Calvary!

Anna Hoppe, "Redemption," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 4 (February 17, 1929): 49.

February 23, 1929
Thou Camest Down from Heaven on High
ANNA HOPPE

Thou camest down from heaven on high
O Son of God the Father,
For this lost world to bleed and die,
Thy striving sheep to gather,
The works of Satan to destroy,
To turn our sorrow into joy.

In Thee the blind receive their sight,
The lame with joy are leaping,
The sorrowful find pure delight,
The weary peaceful sleeping;
Thou givest speech unto the dumb,
And vibrant life to senses dumb.

Thou who hast broken Satan's power,
Be Thou our Strength, dear Jesus!
Uphold us in the evil hour,
And from his might release us!
His kingdom is a stronghold still,
And legions hearken to his will.

But, O before Thy Word, dear Lord,
The prince of darkness trembles!
He quails before that two-edged Sword
When Thine armed host assembles!
O mighty Word, how great thy power!
Thou art our refuge, shield, and tower.

- The Hymnal, 87.

Anna Hoppe, "Thou Camest Down From Heaven On High," *Lutheran Companion* XXXVII, no. 8 (February 23, 1929): 229.

March 3, 1929
Passiontide

Again the holy Passiontide has come...

Anna Hoppe, "Passiontide," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 5 (March 3, 1929): 65.

March 17, 1929

Via Dolorosa

"Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." Luke 23:28.

Thou wouldst not have us weep for Thee,
Most holy One.
Yet how could we such anguish see
With hearts of stone?
Thy noble brow by cruel thorns is torn.
Thy weary feet, for us so travel-worn,
Now plod their dreary way to Calv'ry's hill,
Where pain unspeakable awaits Thee still.
Gethsemane, stained with Thy precious blood,
Reveals Thy suff'ring, spotless Lamb of God,
Pleading in sorrow while we are asleep.
Should we not weep?

Yet for ourselves 'tis well we shed
Tears of remorse.
Our sin of all Thy anguish dread
Has been the source.
Yet in Thy royal, heav'nly majesty
Requirest Thou no earthly sympathy.
A word of Thine could Thy tormentors slay, -
A finger's movement take their breath away.
Creatures of clay, once by Thy power made,
Dare to deride Thee, by hell's legions swayed!
A righteous God on Thee our guilt must heap.
Well may we weep!

As tears of true repentance flow,
Forgive our guilt.
Thy blood can wash us white as snow;
For sinners spilt,
O bleeding Lamb, one precious drop alone
Can for the sin of all the world atone.
We hear the thunders roar on Sinai, -
Condemned to hell, O whither shall we fly?
We sought Thee not; Thy Shepherd-love untold
Sought us, and found us, straying from Thy fold.
Take to Thy heart again Thy crying sheep.
Behold, we weep!

We follow Thee to cross and tomb
With weeping eyes.
Faith shines triumphant through the gloom.
Soon Thou wilt rise!
In yonder Heaven, whence Thou camest down,
Thine will be kingdom, glory, throne, and crown!

When blood-washed thousands laud Thee, Crucified,
Thy soul, now anguished, will be satisfied!
O Love Divine, on yonder glory-shore,
Fruits of Thy Passion we shall weep no more,
For Thou wilt wipe, as dawns eternal day,
All tears away!

Anna Hoppe, "Via Dolorosa," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 6 (March 17, 1929): 81.

March 31, 1929

He Is Risen

Glory! Glory! Glory!
Jesus lives again, -
Son of God incarnate
On the hill-top slain!
Sin and death are vanquished, -
Conquered hell's domain.
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Jesus lives again!

Glory! Glory! Glory!
Victor in the strife,
From the field of battle
Comes the Prince of Life,
Bringing fadeless laurels
To the sons of men.
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Jesus lives again!

Glory! Glory! Glory!
Zion, weep no more.
Greet thy risen Savior;
At His feet adore.
In His blood He washed thee
Free from every stain.
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Jesus lives again!

Glory! Glory! Glory!
Winter's night of sin
Passes when the Spring beams
Of His grace shine in.
Easter's pardon-tidings
Ring o'er hill and plain.
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Jesus lives again!

Glory! Glory! Glory!
Seal of sins forgiv'n.

Sinai is silenced.
Reconciled is Heav'n.
He has freed the captives,
Broken every chain.
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Jesus lives again!

Glory! Glory! Glory!
Laud the Lamb of God,
Heirs of life eternal
Purchased with His blood.
Laud the love that led Him
Every drop to drain.
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Jesus lives again!

Glory! Glory! Glory!
See the open tomb!
Resurrection gladness
Follows grief and gloom.
Heaven's hosts rejoicing
Join earth's glad refrain:
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Jesus lives again!

Glory! Glory! Glory!
Since the Lord arose,
Death to His believers
Is a sweet repose.
Waking in His likeness
They with Him shall reign.
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Jesus lives again!

Glory! Glory! Glory!
Thy Redeemer greet.
Zion, leave thy sorrow
At the Mercy Seat.
Come, thy risen Savior
Rent the veil in twain.
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Jesus lives again!

Glory! Glory! Glory!
From His Father's throne,
He'll return in glory,
For His ransomed own.

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "He Is Risen," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 7 (March 31, 1929): 97.

April 14, 1929

"He Gave Himself For Our Sins"

Galatians 1:4

I do not know how it could be
That Christ, the Son of God,
Begotten from eternity,
Could come to earthly sod,
And born of Virgin Mother mild
Become a poor and helpless child,
My sinful soul from death to free.
I only know He loved me,
And gave Himself for me.

I do not know why He, by Whom
The universe was made,
Should in a lowly stall find room,
In manger-bed be laid, -
Why homeless He on earth should tread,
And find no place to lay His head,
I only know He loved me,
And gave Himself for me.

I do not know why He should keep
Nocturnal watch for me,
And pray, while all the world asleep
Knew not His agony, -
Why floods of His most precious blood
Poured down upon the garden sod.
I only know He loved me,
And gave Himself for me.

I do not know why He should die
In anguish on the tree,
For guilty sinners such as I,
To save and rescue me, -
Why He, to pay the ransom-price,
Made this tremendous sacrifice.
I only know He loved me,
And gave Himself for me.

I do not know why Joseph's tomb
Should give Him Sabbath-peace,
And why, arising from the gloom,
He bids my sorrows cease,
Why He prepared a dwelling-place
Where I might life, saved by His grace.
I only know He loved me,

And gave Himself for me.

I do not know why God on high
Thus formed redemption's plan,
And sent His holy Son to die
For lost, rebellious man, -
Why there could be no other way
Is not for me to know, or say.
I only know He loved me,
And gave Himself for me.

He dearly loved me, - this I know,
But why, I cannot tell.
Streams of His love unbounded flow
From an unfathomed well.
What could He see in sinful me
Worth all the pangs of Calvary?
I only know He loved me,
And gave Himself for me.

His precious Word the knowledge brings
That He'll be satisfied,
When, Lord of Lords, and King of Kings
He weds His blood-bought Bride.
Ah, then with all His ransomed throng
This theme shall be my glory-song:
"I only know He loved me,
And gave Himself for me."

Anna Hoppe, "He Gave Himself For Our Sins," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 8 (April 14, 1929): 113.

April 28, 1929
Four Hundred Years Ago

The sun beamed down on German sod
Four hundred years ago;
And rain and dew, blest gifts of God,
Caused golden grain to grow.
The flowers bloomed in beauty rare,
And shed their fragrance sweet,
When Martin Lutheran knelt in prayer
Before God's Mercy-Seat.

The burden on his noble breast
Too heavy seemed to bear.
He came to God with heart oppressed,
And left his burden there.
Then rising, filled with hope renewed,
And unction from on high,

He trusted in His God, and viewed
The wonders in the sky.

“The sunlight beams so brightly, Lord,
Yet all is dark below;
The Light of Thy eternal Word
The people do not know.
The flowers bright, the golden grain
Spring forth from fertile sod,
Yet parched and fruitless hearts in vain
Yearn for Thy Truth, my God.”

“They who should bear the Gospel light
Have hid its glorious beams
‘neath superstition’s fearful blight,
And vain tradition’s dreams.
The Faith delivered to the saints
For which the martyrs bled,
Is crushed by reason’s hard restraint,
By tyrant threats, so dread.”

“Fill thou my heart with zeal divine
Thy Gospel to proclaim,
That they who now in darkness pine
May glorify Thy Name!
Grant me a Spirit-guided pen
To write the message down, -
To make the pilgrim-pathway plain
That leads from cross to crown.”

He feasted on the heav’nly Bread, -
Drank from the Fountain pure.
“How glorious is God’s Word,” he said,
“It ever shall endure.”
Its precious milk to babes I’ll bring,
Its meat to men full-grown;
All falsehood to the winds I’ll fling,
And trust the Word alone.”

And thus it was that Luther penned
The book we hold so dear,
Which every child can comprehend,
So simple, pure, and clear.
At church, at school, at mother’s knee
We learn its truths sublime,
God grant that it a light may be
Until the end of time.

We know that we are saved by grace
Through faith in Jesus Christ.

His blood can all our sin erase;
His death alone sufficed
To reconcile us unto God
Whose Law we could not keep,
And now, while heavenward we plod,
Our Shepherd leads His sheep.

We praise Thee, Father, for Thy love,
For sunshine, dew, and rain,
For moon and stars in skies above,
For sheaves of golden grain.
But most of all for Gospel light
With thanks our hearts o'erflow,
Since Luther's book dispelled the night
Four hundred years ago.

In commemoration of the 400th
Anniversary of the publication of
Luther's Catechism, 1529-1929.

Anna Hoppe.

May 12, 1929

Ask!

"All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. 21:22.

Ask, and it shall be given you!
O why will ye not ask?
God's Word is sure, His promise true.
He glories in the task.

Has faith a flick'ring flax become?
Has love, once warm, grown cold?
Do hours of prayer seem burdensome,
Not precious as of old?

Does reading His inspired Word
No holy joy impart?
And do His courts no more afford
Peace to the troubled heart?

O stand ye in the ways and see! (Jer. 6:16)
Seek the old paths again.
His Spirit broods so tenderly,
Let Him not plead in vain.

The years the locusts have destroyed (Joel 2:25)
Your Father can restore.
His grace in Christ, pure unalloyed,
Forgives, if ye implore.

More blessings than ye can contain
Will pour from Heaven's throne,
When all the tithes are gathered in, (Mal. 3:10)
Entrusted to His own,

Shall He, Who gave you His own Son
Not freely give you all? (Romans 8:32)
Through Christ, the interceding One,
His grace awaits your call.

Wound Him no more with earthborn doubt,
But prove His Word, and ask!
No blessing need ye be without
When in His love ye bask!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Ask!," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 10 (May 12, 1929):

June 9, 1929
A Confirmation Prayer

Our word Thou didst hear as we vowed to be Thine;
Our hearts Thou didst see as we knelt at Thy shrine.
Father, whatever the course we pursue,
Come joy or pain, Lord, we pray keep us true!

The world seeks to tempt us, the foe lays his snares,
And sin's vile allurements come on unawares.
Help us to fight, as the wrong we eschew,
Grant us the vict'ry, dear Lord, keep us true!

And when in contrition, remorse rends the heart,
Thy own healing balm of forgiveness impart;
Save us, and grant us Thy favor anew,
Watching and praying, dear Lord, keep us true!

Lead Thou us, dear Father, and guide us aright,
O precious Lord Jesus, remain Thou our Light!
Spirit divine, with Thy strength us endue,
Till we reach Heaven, our God, keep us true!

Translated from the German.

June 23, 1929
Come Unto Me
Matt. 11:28

Come, heavy-laden, weary one,
Come unto Christ for rest.

Come, lay thy every burden down,
And nestle on His breast!

Have trials left thee battle-scarred?
Have sorrow crushed thee sore?
Have clouds of sin thy vision marred?
See'st thou the sun no more?

Do loved ones lie on beds of pain?
Have dear ones gone astray?
Does faithful toil seem all in vain?
Does God seem far away?

Have friends, thought true, forsaken thee?
Or does the world without
In unbelief's frivolity
Cause thee to fear and doubt?

Has death laid low a precious one,
Torn from thy loving heart?
Does eventide, when day is done,
No peaceful rest impart?

Do cares for shelter, raiment, bread,
Bring furrows to thy brow?
And is the future filled with dread?
O come to Jesus now!

If sorrow be too deep for prayer,
Say not a word! He knows!
Kneel at His feet, and kneeling there,
Find holy, sweet repose.

And if too feeble is thy faith
To bid thee stir and move.
Permit Him then to draw thee with
The magnet of His love!

Come, let the sunshine of His love
Dispel thy heart's deep gloom.
The sureness of His promise prove,
Come unto Jesus! Come!

And when His living waters flow,
And deserts spring to bloom,
Tell others, that they, too, may know
And unto Jesus come.

July 7, 1929
Our God-Given Place

The place thou hast, God gave to thee,
This very place for thee He planned.
Here He thy Shield and Staff would be,
Here fill with fruit thy toiling hand.
If He would bless thee, He will not
Search for thee o'er earth's wide domain,
But only on the very spot
Where He desired thee to remain.

Abide where God has stationed thee;
Let faithfulness and hope endure,
And if a cross thy lot shall be
Shun not the fires that make thee pure!
If small and humble be thy sphere,
Do not with longing elsewhere gaze,
This is thy place; God wants thee here,
Here through thy toil would He win praise.

Should carelessly thy task be done,
Although no mortal eye is near,
A blessing may be lost to one
Who to God's loving heart is dear.
Remember this God-given work,
Which only Thou alone canst do;
He's not indifferent, shouldst thou shirk;
He needs thee. Wilt thou not be true?

Take daily from thy Father's hand
The task His love appointed thee;
Let self-made plans no longer stand,
In Christ's tomb may they buried be!
And should He grant thee victory, -
Should He in mercy hear thy prayer,
Then, like a soldier, loyally
Stand at thy post; God placed thee there!

O forfeit not thy heav'nly crown,
And say not "nay" unto thy King!
Where He has stationed thee alone
To thee His fullness He can bring.
On this, thy God-appointed place
Rejoice, and count His service blest.
Let all men know, His will to trace
Is life to thee, and peace, and rest.

Lo, when He comes, He'll seek thee not
In all the world's expanse so vast,
But surely on the very spot
Where He in wisdom thee has placed.

How blest will be the glorious day
When at thy post He sees thee stand!
"Well done" thy heav'nly King shall say, -
"Rise to thy Home in Gloryland."

Translated from the German.

August 18, 1929

Seminary Dedication

"The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." Haggai 2:9

Thou School of the Prophets, shine forth in thy splendor,
Let stone upon stone speak the praise of His Name,
Whose grace, and compassion, and mercy so tender,
His children in word and in deed would proclaim.

To God's praise and glory thou standest erected,
A sacred memorial to Christ-centered faith,
And He, Who by worldly-wise men is rejected,
Wafts o'er thy blest precincts His life-giving breath.

He lives, who in anguish on Calvary's mountain
Poured out His pure life-blood the world to redeem!
Released from all guilt in that sin-cleansing Fountain,
All they who believe have salvation in Him!

He lives! He has opened the grave's gloomy portal!
He reigns with the Father in glory on high! -
The Godhead Incarnate, the Savior immortal,
And never, no, never again will He die!

He lives, who in Shepherd-love tenderly feedeth
The flock He has gathered within His dear fold,
And upward to Salem His loved ones He leadeth,
To bless them with joys everlasting, untold!

On earth's dreary desert His oases flourish,
To minister strength to the flock of His love!
With heavenly manna His Own He doth nourish!
Pure Waters of Life flow in streams from above!

Possessing His Word, and consoled by His Spirit,
His Own praise the Father who saved them by grace!
And justified freely through faith in His merit,
To heavenly mansions their pathway they trace.

Love leads them to spread the Evangel they cherish,
That all the wide world His salvation might know!
His love's fond desire that no sinner should perish,

Has kindled the zeal that in fervor doth glow!

Thou School of the Prophets, thy cause is the Master's!
The Spirit-breathed Word in all clearness proclaim!
And from thy blest halls may His Spirit-filled Pastors
Go forward in power to exalt His sweet Name!

God bless thee! God keep thee on Scripture's foundation,
Lord Jesus, the Lord of the Church, comes again!
Then His blest "Well Done" shall bring forth jubilation
And shouts of eternal rejoicing! Amen!

September 14, 1929
Come unto Me
Mt. 11. 28.

Come, heavy-laden, weary one,
Come unto Christ for rest.
Come, lay thy every burden down,
And nestle on His breast!

Have trials left thee battle-scarred?
Have sorrows crushed thee sore?
Have clouds of sin thy vision marred?
See'st thou the sun no more?

Do loved ones lie on beds of pain?
Have dear ones gone astray?
Does faithful toil seem all in vain?
Does God seem far away?

Have friends, though true, forsaken thee?
Or does the world without
In unbelief's frivolity
Cause thee to fear and doubt?

Has death laid low a precious one,
Torn from thy loving heart?
Does eventide, when day is done,
No peaceful rest impart?

Do cares for shelter, raiment, bread,
Bring furrows to thy brow?
And is the future filled with dread?
O come to Jesus now!

If sorrow be too deep for prayer,
Say not a word! He knows!
Kneel at His feet, and kneeling there,
Find holy, sweet repose.

And if too feeble is thy faith
To bid thee stir and move,
Permit Him then to draw thee with
The magnet of His love!

Come, let the sunshine of His love
Dispel thy heart's deep gloom.
The sureness of His promise prove,
Come unto Jesus! Come!

And when His living water flow,
And deserts spring to bloom,
Tell others, that they, too, may know
And unto Jesus come.

ANNA HOPPE.

Anna Hoppe, "Come Unto Me," *Lutheran Companion* XXXVII, no. 37 (September 14, 1929):
1163.

October 27, 1929
A Prayer for our Foreign Missionaries

For heralds of Thy Cross, dear Lord,
In distant lands away,
At one with us in Faith's accord,
A fervent prayer we pray.

Console them when in loneliness
For native lands they sigh,
As thoughts recall the fond caress
When loved ones said "Goodbye."

In illness may they healing find
In Thee, Physician blest,
Grant peace unto the troubled mind, -
When weary, grant them rest.

Abide with them when perils lurk,
Guard them when foes pursue,
And prosper Thou the holy work
That in Thy Name they do.

Their journeys guide on land and sea;
Shield them in all alarms,
And let them feel the constancy
Of Everlasting Arms.

When sunbeams of Thy Gospel glow,
The darkness disappears;

Bless Thou the seed Thy servants sow
And water with their tears!

Their every need do Thou supply,
And grant them, gracious Lord,
Thy Spirit's unction from on high,
As they proclaim Thy Word.

Forbid that we in thanklessness
Discourage faithful toil;
Send homeland blessings forth to bless
Thy Church on foreign soil.

E'en native shoes are not our home.
Poor pilgrims here are we,
Till ends our weary earthly roam,
And we ascend to Thee.

O Salem fair, we pine for thee,
Beyond the starry sky!
At Home, O precious Lord, with Thee,
We'll never say "Goodbye"!

November 16, 1929
The Cross
By Anna Hoppe

(This little hymn was especially penned for the special service held at Augustana Evangelical Lutheran Church, Milwaukee, in connection with the consecration of the new cross on the church steeple.)

On Mount Calvary, dear Saviour,
Once Thy cross was lifted high.
There, to grant us Heaven's favor,
Thou in agony didst die.
Lamb of God, pure, sinless, holy,
There for sinners Thou wast slain,
For the contrite, meek, and lowly
Pardon, peace, and life to gain.

Still in Thy blest cross we glory,
Still today we lift it high.
Still today it tells the story
Of Thy love to passers-by.
Pointing skyward on the steeple,
Still today its beams proclaim:
"Comfort, comfort, ye my people
There is life in Jesus' name."

Still today Thy house adorning

Solace sweet the cross imparts,
Speaking peace to sinners mourning,
Bringing joy to troubled hearts.
Still today the cross unites us
In the faith that justifies,
Still today the cross invites us
To the home beyond the skies.

May it be a sign, dear Saviour,
Of the cross we bear within;
May it guide our whole behavior,
As we battle world and sin.
May it hallow pain and sorrow,
Till all burdens we lay down,
Till as dawns the fadeless morrow
We exchange it for a crown.

Anna Hoppe, "The Cross," *Lutheran Companion* XXVII, no. 46 (November 16, 1929): 1448.

Anna Hoppe, "The Cross," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 7 (March 30, 1930): 97.

November 24, 1929
Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day! My God, what shall I say
To voice the thoughts that rise within my heart?
How shall Thy loving kindness I portray,
The streams of love Thy mercy doth impart?
Can humble words add to the message clear
That sun and moon and stars and nature tell?
The autumn blooms in praise their petals rear,
The harvest-fields in adoration swell.

Thanksgiving Day! O gracious Father mine,
The tear-drops fall when on Thy love I dwell,
All that I am and have it only Thine,
Safe in Thy hands I know that all is well.
For home and friends, for bread and raiment now
My prayer of thanks arises to Thy throne,
For strength to labor in the sweat of brow,
For peaceful slumber when the day is done.

Thanksgiving Day! Not only for the sweet,
But for the wormwood let my thanks arise.
My heart would psalms of grateful praise repeat
For clouded days, as well as sunny skies.
Thy fruitful soil needs winds and showers too,
No sheaves of grain spring forth from desert-lands.
Thy rainbow still, in rays of glorious hue
Assures me that Thy cov'nant firmly stands.

Thanksgiving Day! For all Thy wealth of good,
For gifts unnumbered, for Thy grace divine,
For all the mercies of Thy Fatherhood
I laud and bless Thee, gracious Father mine!
Thou knowest well the path that leads me Home,
In light and shadow hold my hand, I pray;
Without Thy guidance I would vainly roam
And miss the landmarks to the realms of day.

Thanksgiving Day! I thank Thee for Thy Son,
The Christ Who died for me on Calv'ry's hill.
His precious Blood complete redemption won,
Now at Thy throne He pleadeth for me still.
Thy Perfect Gift! Forgiveness, peace, and rest,
The sweet assurance of eternal bliss
Are mine in Him, the loveliest, and best,
My One and All, what need I more than this?

Thanksgiving Day! I thank Thee for Thy Word,
That beams more brightly than the sun and noon,
And for the promptings of Thy Spirit, heard
When in the stillness I with Thee commune.
Thy gifts in streams abound and overflow.
As Thy dear child thus let me give, I pray.
That other hearts Thy saving grace may know
Make all my life a blest Thanksgiving Day!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Thanksgiving Day," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 24 (November 24, 1929):
369.

December 8, 1929

The Judgment

Luke 21: 25-36

O day of Judgment, dreadful day,
When earth and heaven pass away,
How fearful are thy wonders?
Rememb'ring Sodom's blazing fire,
Consuming in destruction dire,
Can mortals bear thy thunders?
O day of wrath, when as a scroll
The blazing skies together roll?

When signs appear in stars and moon,
And darkness clouds the sun at noon,
When heav'nly powers are shaking,
When ocean waters rage and roar,
When surges rise, and billows roar,

And all the earth is quaking,
Can ye, who dwell on sin-cursed sod,
Behold the Christ, the Son of God?

In power and glory He shall come
To take His waiting Christendom.
The Bride His love elected
To realms of bliss and pure delight,
But, O, upon the worldling's sight
The Christ their scorn rejected
As Judge in vengeance shall appear,
And turn their laughter into fear.

Ye sinners haste, O come to-day!
The precious Gospel call obey!
Believe a pleading Savior!
Repent of sin! His gracious will
Saves, justifies, and pardons still!
Receive His blood-bought favor!
O enter now the open door,
And haste, ere time shall be no more!

Dear Savior, let Thy precious Blood,
That cleansing Stream, that crimson Flood,
Purge me from all transgression.
Till, saved by grace, through faith in Thee,
The gates of Paradise I see,
Grant me Thy intercession,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness
Let me Thy Name forever bless.

When at Thy Word the dead arise,
O let me greet Thee in the skies,
Thou ris'n, ascended Jesus!
Save Thou me from the sinner's doom,
Let me in safety reach the Home,
Where praise to Thee ne'er ceases.
O let me in the realm above
Forevermore extol Thy love!

Anna Hoppe.

Gospel Lesson Hymn for the
Second Sunday in Advent.

Anna Hoppe, "The Judgment," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 25 (December 8, 1929):

December 14, 1929
Thou Virgin-born Incarnate Word (unattributed)

Thou Virgin-born Incarnate Word,
Begotten of the Father,

Blest Son of Mary, David's Lord,
In Thy dear name we gather.
As Thou has promised, be Thou nigh,
And hear us as we testify:
"Thou art the Christ, our Savior."

The herald in the wilderness
Prepares the way before Thee.
With him let us Thy name confess;
With him let us adore Thee.
Grant that we hearken to his cry:
"Repent, the Kingdom draweth nigh,"
And seek Thee, Christ, our Savior."

Thou art indeed God's holy Son,
Belov'd of Him most dearly.
The mighty works that Thou hast done
Reveal Thy Godhead clearly.
The blind can see, the sick are healed,
The lips once dumb are now unsealed;
All power is Thine, dear Jesus.

The lame can walk, the deaf now hear,
And lepers, cleansed, adore Thee.
O Lord of life, when Thou art near,
Death bows in dust before Thee!
At Thy blest Word the dead are raised.
Immanuel. Thy name be praised;
Thou art indeed Messiah.

The Scriptures are fulfilled in Thee,
O Son of man, our brother!
In Thee the promised Christ we see;
Why should we seek another?
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
In Thee alone true peace we gain,
For Thou hast died to save us!

Thou art our Peace, our Righteousness,
The Rock of our salvation.
Clothed in Thy garb of holiness,
We fear no condemnation.
Thy blood has cleansed away our sin;

Through Thee eternal life we win.
O crucified Redeemer.

With Heaven's hosts we hail Thy birth,
Dear Savior, blessed Jesus!
Send forth Thy Gospel o'er the earth,
From sin and death it frees us;
To ransom all, Thy blood sufficed.
Thou art the Christ! Thou art the Christ!
Praise to Thy name forever.

Anna Hoppe, "Thou Virgin-born Incarnate Word," *Lutheran Companion* XXVII, no. 50
(December 14, 1929): 1575.

December 22, 1929
The Preacher in the Wilderness

"Repent, the kingdom draweth nigh!"
The herald of the Lord doth cry.
Ye sinners, lost through Adam's fall,
Will ye not harken to the call?

Make straight the way, for Shiloh waits!
O Israel, fling wide thy gates!
The King of Glory draweth nigh,
The Holy Son of God Most High.

Repent! The gracious call believe.
Haste, His forgiveness to receive.
The Prince of Life, Incarnate Word,
Life and salvation can afford.

Accept His love and grace so free,
He giveth all abundantly.
To Life eternal He invites,
O haste to share His heav'n's delights!

Divine Redeemer, glorious King,
Repentant hearts to Thee we bring.
Thy holy blood for us was spilt,
Cleanse us from all the stains of guilt.

Drawn by Thy Spirit, through Thy Word,
Thy invitation we have heard;

In answer to Thy sweet request,
We come to Thee, O Christ, for rest.

Thy pardon, full, complete, and free,
Removes sin's awful penalty.
Our Father's love has been restored.
Thou hast redeemed us, dearest Lord!

Let us Thy name forever bless,
On earth Thy Gospel Truth confess,
Till, saved by grace, through faith in Thee,
The gates of Paradise we see.

"Repent! The Kingdom draweth nigh!"
Amen! Amen! is our reply!
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
And take Thy ransomed Zion home!

Anna Hoppe.

On the Gospel Lesson for the
Fourth Sunday in Advent.^{cxxxii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Preacher in the Wilderness," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVI, no. 26
(December 22, 1929): 401.

1930

January 5, 1930
Our Redeemer

Once in a manger Thou lowly
In a poor stall Thee didst lay.
Son of God, sinless and holy,
Nestled on pillows of hay.

REFRAIN:

Precious Lord Jesus, my Savior Thou art,
Precious Lord Jesus, my Savior Thou art,
King of all kings, I adore Thee,
Reign evermore in my heart!

Shepherds in rapt adoration
Knelt where the cattle were fed.
Kings offered royal oblation.
Angels rejoiced overheard.

Prophets beheld Thee in vision,
Garbed in the raiments of light,
Leaving the glory Elysian,

Taking the gloom from earth's night.

Pardon, and peace, and salvation
Thou hast brought down from above,
Daystar of Israel's nation,
Offspring of Infinite Love.

Dying on Calvary's mountain,
Rising, ascending on high,
Thou art the life-giving Fountain,
In Thee I nevermore die.

Godhead Incarnate, forever
Thy very own I would be,
Bought with Thy blood, naught shall sever
Bonds that unite me to Thee.

When to the heavenly mansions
All Thy redeemed Thou wilt bring,
Salem's celestial expansions
With endless praises shall ring.

Anna Hoppe.

Music by
Dean Liborius Semmann.

Anna Hoppe, "Our Redeemer," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 1 (January 5, 1930): 1.

January 19, 1930
He Saves!
"He called His Name JESUS"
Matthew 1:25

The Son of Jehovah came down from on high,
In Bethlehem's stall in a manger to lie,
All sinless for sinners to suffer and die,
His name is called JESUS. He saves!

REFRAIN:
His Name is called JESUS. He saves! He saves!
Declare it ye winds! Proclaim it, ye waves!
Till King of all Kings, He returns in His glory,
Let all the wide world hear the wonderful story:
His Name is called JESUS. He saves!

He came as foreseen by the prophets of old,
In Scripture's pure pages the story is told.
The visions of myst'ry in Shiloh unfold.
His Name is called JESUS. He saves!

He healed all afflictions, gave breath to the dead.

With manna from Heaven the hungry He fed.
To life-giving Fountains the thirsty He led.
His Name is called JESUS. He saves!

He purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree,
He died that the Father could justify me.
He rose; now my Righteousness truly is He,
His Name is called JESUS. He saves!

And now in the glory for sinners He pleads,
My High Priest each moment for me intercedes.
Each day toward the Homeland my footsteps He leads.
His Name is called JESUS. He saves!

His Spirit within me speaks peace to my heart.
His Word Everlasting can solace impart.
His Father's Arms shield me from Satan's vile dart,
His Name is called JESUS. He saves!

His love will through ages eternal endure,
Though sorrows and trials His Face oft obscure.
I joy in the knowledge salvation is sure!
His Name is called JESUS. He saves!

If through the dark valley of death I must go,
The waters of Jordan will not overflow.
My Pilot will guide me to glory I know.
His Name is called JESUS. He saves!

Some day He will come in the clouds of the sky,
And take His redeemed to the mansions on high.
Transformed in His likeness, I'll nevermore die!
His Name is called JESUS. He saves!

O laud Him, ye ransomed, in psalter and song!
O join in the praise of the heavenly throng.
All glory and honor to Shiloh belong!
His Name is called JESUS. He saves!

Anna Hoppe, "He Saves!," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 2 (January 19, 1930): 17.

February 2, 1930
The Light of the World is Jesus

It was night when in the skies resplendent
Sages in the Orient afar
Saw a heav'nly light in radiance beaming:
Saw and followed God's own guiding star.

It was night when shepherds in Judea

Saw a light, and heard the chorus swell:
"Fear not. To the town of David hasten.
There to-day is born Immanuel!"

It was night when in the lonely garden
Heav'nly light revealed the Form divine.
Bleeding, pleading there in untold anguish:
"O my Father, not my will, but Thine!"

It was night when over Calv'ry's mountain
Sunlight faded as Messiah cried:
"In Thy hands I now commend my spirit";
When He bowed His holy head and died.

It was night when Pilate's watchmen guarded
All in vain the Slumb'rer in the tomb.
Angels brought the tidings, "He is risen,"
Resurrection light dispelled the gloom.

It was night when sin and hell and Satan
Sought dominion o'er my troubled soul,
But the Star of Jacob rose in splendor,
My Redeemer made my spirit whole.

It was night when Horeb's thunders, rolling,
Threatened me with death for broken Law.
But God's Son of Grace arose in glory,
In the Gospel endless life I saw.

It was night when griefs and burdens, storm-like,
Sought life's feeble bark to overwhelm,
But the Light of all the World, my Jesus,
Whispered, "Fear not. I am at the helm!"

It is nigh in heathendom's dominions
Till with Gospel-light the land is blest,
Till the weary and the heavy-laden
Come to Christ for pardon, peace, and rest.

It is night! Ye waiting saints, look upward!
Soon the Sun of Righteousness shall rise!
Soon His light shall flood the Heav'ns with glory!
Soon His Own shall meet Him in the skies.

It is night! Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!
Church of Christ, let not thy lamp grow dim.
Salem's lighted bridal hall awaits Thee;
Glory! Glory! Evermore with Him!

Anna Hoppe, "The Light of the World Is Jesus," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 3 (February 2, 1930): 33.

February 16, 1930
Christus Consolator

When days are darkest, I'll not complain,
But bear in silence my heart's deep pain.
I will not murmur, though great the load,
But say in meekness: "It is my God."

On Thy dear heart, Lord, true rest I gain,
Thy tender solace can soothe my pain.
Even in suff'ring's most dismal night
To know Thee watching, brings pure delight.

Though world and Satan and doubts assail,
My Lord I'll follow, - He will not fail.
Although He chastens, I fear no ill;
Love Everlasting carries me still.

When once the pathway of pain shall end,
I'll praise Thy mercies, my heav'nly Friend.
Here I believe Thee. In yonder Land
I shall behold Thee, and understand!

Come, troubled suff'rer, to Jesus come!
His heart awaits you, - there still is room!
Bring all your sorrows and cares to Him,
Then will Thy anguish pass like a dream!

Anna Hoppe.

Translated from the German
"Ich will nicht klagen in dunkler Zeit."

Anna Hoppe, "Christus Consolator," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 4 (February 16, 1930): 49.

March 2, 1930
Hymn On The Wedding Anniversary
Of An Aged Christian Couple

Gracious Father, we adore Thee
On this day of jubilee,
And with thanks we come before Thee
To extol Thy grace so free.
Filled with joy and holy gladness
Aged saints Thy name would praise;
Hushed is every note of sadness,
Songs ascend in sweetest lays.

Through the years they walked together
In the path of wedded love
Braving every wind and weather
On their way to heav'n above.
In all trial and affliction,
In the days of grief and pain
Thy divinest benediction
Cheered and strengthened them again.

Thou didst bless their toil, dear Father,
Thou didst grant them rich reward
And to-day their loved ones gather
Praising Thee in sweet accord
For Thy mercies without measure,
For Thy loving, tender care,
For the days of holy pleasure
It has been their lot to share.

Grant them Thy paternal blessing
As they come before Thee now,
As Thy faithfulness confessing,
They repeat the nuptial vow.
As they view the Home in Heaven
From the shores of Beulah land,
May Thy peace to them be given
While they journey, hand in hand.

Hear them as they sing Hosanna
To Thee, mighty God of all,
As did Simeon and Anna
In the Temple's hallowed hall.
Hear them, O Thou precious Savior,
As Thy holy blood they bless,
As they laud Thy pardon's favor,
Thy unbounded tenderness.

Hear them, gracious Holy Spirit,
As they praise Thy comfort sweet,
Trusting in their Savior's merit
Thou hast made their bliss complete.
Grant them still Thy consolation
Till their pilgrim days are past,
Till in holy exultation
They reach Paradise at last.

There, beyond the pearly portals
Glorious God, we'll praise Thy Name,
Feast with all the blest immortals,
At the bridal of the Lamb.
Author of our souls' salvation,

Keep us in Thy Truth sublime,
Till we hear in blest elation
Wedding bells of Salem chime.

Anna Hoppe, "Hymn On The Wedding Anniversary of an Aged Christian Couple,"
Northwestern Lutheran XVII, no. 5 (March 2, 1930): 65.

March 16, 1930

Via Dolorosa

"Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." Luke 23:28

Thou wouldst not have us weep for Thee,
Most Holy One,
Yet how could we such anguish see
With hearts of stone?
Thy noble brow by cruel thorns is torn,
Thy weary feet, for us so travel-worn,
Now plod their dreary way to Cal'vry's hill,
Where agonies untold wait Thee still!
The garden sod, stained with Thy precious Blood.
Reveals Thy suff'ring, spotless Lamb of God.
Pleading in sorrow, while we were asleep
Should we not weep?

Yet, for ourselves 'tis well we shed
Tears of remorse.
Our sin of all Thy anguish dread
Has been the source.
Yet in Thy royal, heav'nly majesty
Requirest Thou no earthly sympathy
A word of Thine could Thy tormentors slay, -
A finger's movement takes their breath away.
Creatures that once Thy sovereign hand hath made,
Dare to revile Thee, - by the tempter swayed!
A righteous God on thee our guilt must heap.
Well may we weep!

As tears of true repentance flow,
Forgive our guilt.
Thy Blood can wash us white as snow:
For sinners spilt.
O bleeding Lamb, one precious drop alone
Can for the sin of all the world atone.
We sought Thee not, - Thy Shepherd-love untold
Sought us and found us, straying from Thy fold.
We hear the thunders roar on Sinai!
Condemned to hell, O whither shall we fly?
Behold, we weep!

We follow Thee to cross and tomb

With weeping eyes.
Faith shines triumphant through the gloom;
Soon Thou wilt rise.
In yonder Heav'n, from whence Thou camest down,
Thine will be Kingdom, glory, throne, and crown.
When blood-washed thousands laud Thee, Crucified, -
Thy soul, now anguished, will be satisfied!
O bleeding Love, on yonder glory-shore,
Fruits of Thy Passion, we shall weep no more. -
For Thou wilt wipe, as dawns eternal day,
All tears away!

Anna Hoppe, "Via Dolorosa," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 6 (March 16, 1930): 81.

March 16, 1930

A Prayer for the Christians in Russia

Dost Thou not hear the wail across the sea?
Dost Thou not heed Thy children's pleading cry?
Canst Thou behold the heartless tyranny,
And, all unheeding, pass the sufferers by?
"Where is your God?" in scorn the scoffers say,
"Let Him come down from yonder fabled throne!
We know Him not, nor will we homage pay
To one unseen, - no Deity we own!"

Doomed to the frozen wastes, led out to die,
And martyred as they call upon Thy Name,
O great Jehovah, from Thy throne on high
Canst Thou behold Thine honor put to shame?
Speak but a word, and silence godless tongues.
Lift but an Arm, and foes will mightless be.
Thou righteous Judge, avenge the cruel wrongs.
Thy people perish; wilt Thou silent be?

The mountains tremble at a breath of Thine;
Gomorrah's plains Thy righteous wrath disclose.
All comfortless, Thy Own in prison pine,
Torn from their loved ones, tortured by Thy foes!
How long, O Lord? How long? How long? How long?
They cry ascends from Russia's blood-stained soil.
When will Thy justice rise to right the wrong?
Shall fiendish wolves Thy cherished flock despoil?

Thou Who didst speak in thunder and in fire,
Or by "the still small voice" in days of old
Art still the same, 'tis still Thy heart's desire
To bring the lost into Thy shelt'ring fold.
O break the hardened, loveless hearts of stone!
Reveal Thyself to them who know Thee not!

The god of reason by Thy might dethrone
That all the world may know what Thou hast wrought.

Thy children die, Dear Father, well they know
A crown awaits the soldiers of the Cross.
For Jesus' sake, Thy mercy will bestow
Eternal gain for all their earthly loss.
Thy Spirit gives them strength for foes to pray:
"Forgive, forgive, - they know not what they do!"
Their gory, mangled, martyred, lifeless clay
In fiendish triumph Belial's cohorts view!

Our Father, in the name of Christ we plead,
Bless Thy believers in that dismal land,
And should their blood become Thy Church's seed,
Still hold them in the hollow of Thine Hand.
Grant them a firm and overcoming faith;
Thy Spirit's power abundantly supply.
Grant them, like Stephen, in the hour of death
A vision of the Gloryland on high.

How shall we praise Thee for the precious boon
To worship Thee, our God, and conscience tells, -
To sing Thy praise at morn, at night, at noon,
To heed the call of pealing Sabbath bells?
Forgive, forgive, if we neglect Thy Word,
Forgive, forgive, if we neglect to pray!
Forgive, when with our lips we call Thee Lord
While with our heart's love far from Thee we stray.

Fill us with holy zeal Thy will to do
While yet we bask in Thy Evangel's light.
Should trials come, we pray Thee, keep us true,
And make us lights to shine in earth's dark night!
We bide the blest return of Thy dear Son,
And leave the future in Thy loving Hand.
O take us all, when here our course is run
To Thine abode, our Home, our Fatherland!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "A Prayer for the Christians In Russia," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 6
(March 16, 1930): 91.

March 30, 1930
The Cross

On Mount Calvary, dear Savior,
Once Thy Cross was lifted high.
There, to grant us Heaven's favor.
Thou in agony didst die.

Lamb of God, pure, sinless, holy,
There for sinners Thou wast slain,
For the contrite, poor, and lowly
Pardon, peace, and life to gain.

Still in Thy blest Cross we glory,
Still today we lift it high
Still today its tells the story
Of Thy love to passers-by.
Pointing skyward on the steeple,
Still today its beams proclaim,
"Comfort, comfort, ye my people,
There is life in Jesus' Name."

Still today, Thy House adorning,
Solace sweet the Cross imparts.
Speaking peace to sinners mourning,
Bringing joy to troubled hearts.
Still today the Cross unites us
In the Faith that justifies.
Still today the Cross invites us
To the Home beyond the skies.

May it be a sign, dear Savior,
Of the Cross we bear within;
May it guide our whole behavior,
As we battle world and sin.
May it hallow pain and sorrow
Till all burdens we lay down,
Till as dawns the fadeless morrow
We exchange it for a crown.

Anna Hoppe, "The Cross," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 7 (March 30, 1930): 97.

April 27, 1930
He Giveth His Beloved Sleep
Easter Even
Meditation at the Tomb

Once in a manger, on a bed of hay,
Within a stall, Thy holy Form reposed;
No other place Thy weary Head to lay,
As virgin's lullaby Thy eyelids closed.

A borrowed couch in lowly Bethany,
And oft on mountain-tops the starry sky
Was all the canopy that sheltered Thee,
O blest Lord Jesus, Son of God Most High.

And now, the Hands and Feet by nail-prints torn,

The thorn-pierced Head that bled my soul to save,
By loving hands to Joseph's garden borne,
Find Sabbath-rest within a borrowed grave!

Poor for my sake, though all earth's wealth is Thine,
Lord, let me at Thy tomb-door vigil spend.
Within my rocky heart I'll hew a shrine,
Abide with me till life's last day shall end.

And let me bring the myrrh and spices pure
Of true contrition to Thy resting-place.
What can I give, for all Thou didst endure
That I might live, saved by Thy glorious grace?

Permit my life to be a garden fair,
Its blooming blossoms shedding fragrance free.
Like incense wafted on the morning air,
Pure Lily of the Vale, for Thee, for Thee!

Thou art my Sabbath, I will rest in Thee.
Thou hast redeemed me with Thy precious blood.
Through all the ages of eternity
I'll sing Thy praise, O spotless Lamb of God.

Thy Father giveth His Beloved sleep;
Sleep on, Thou Loved One, till He bids Thee rise!
All they who love Thee, loving watch will keep
Until Thy glory floods the Easter skies!

Anna Hoppe, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 9 (April 27, 1930): 129.

May 11, 1930

To Whom Shall We Go?

"Then said Jesus unto the twelve, 'Will ye also go away?' Simon Peter answered Him: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.'"

St. John 6:67-69.

To whom shall we go, O Nazarene?
To whom shall we go, but to Thee?
The knowledge earthly sages glean
Can give no certainty.
To-day we live, to-morrow die.
Our souls cry out: "What then?"
Earth's wisdom cannot satisfy
The restless hearts of men.

To whom shall we go, O Nazarene?
To whom shall we go, but to Thee?

Thy Light divine, in radiant sheen
Bids all our darkness flee.
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou hast the words
Of everlasting life,
Thy Truth alone the power affords
To silence carnal strife.

To whom shall we go, O Nazarene?
To whom shall we go, but to Thee?
Blest Shepherd, in Thy pastures green
The living streams we see.
We feast upon the Living Bread,
The Manna from above;
Our weary hearts are comforted
By Thy dear Father's love.

To whom shall we go, O Nazarene?
To whom shall we go, but to Thee?
With eyes of faith we view the scene
On cross-crowned Calvary.
Naught else can wash our sins away
But Thy most precious Blood.
O cleanse us in that Fount, we pray,
Thou sinless Son of God.

To whom shall we go, O Nazarene?
To whom shall we go, but to Thee?
Forbid that aught should come between
Our ransomed souls and Thee!
Incarnate God, since we are Thine,
Thy Spirit bids us praise
Thy all-transcendent grace divine
In purest, sweetest lays.

To whom shall we go, O Nazarene?
To whom shall we go, but to Thee?
In Thee we find a peace serene,
And immortality.
Thy empty tomb our pardon seals,
Our Advocate Thou art;
Our prayers, our praises, our appeals
Now reach the Father's heart.

To whom shall we go, O Nazarene?
To whom shall we go, but to Thee?
Victorious faith, with vision keen
The Father's House can see.
Then take these trembling hands in Thine,
O blest Immanuel,
And guide us by Thy Word divine,

Until with Thee we dwell.

Anna Hoppe, "To Whom Shall We Go?," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 10 (May 11, 1930): 145.

June 8, 1930
30 Pentecost 1930
1530 Augsburg Confession 1930

Blest Comforter, divine and holy One,
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
One with the Godhead in Thy Majesty,
Embraced within the Holy Trinity,
This is Thy Day! Let all who hear Thy voice,
With grateful hearts adore Thee, and rejoice.

Creation's dawn saw Thee in holy love
O'er peaceful, calm, untroubled waters move.
Down through the ages holy men have heard
Thy heav'nly voice declare Jehovah's Word.
Inspired by Thee, the Holy Volume stands,
Eternal, pure, unstained by mortal hands.

Thy Presence blessed the pure baptismal flood,
When Jordan's stream caressed the Lamb of God.
Love bade Thee come with tongues of heav'nly flame
The blest Evangel message to proclaim,
That all the world in its expansions wide,
May find redemption in the Crucified.

Thou dwellest still in each believing heart,
Faith to sustain, and solace to impart,
Faith in the ris'n, ascended, coming One.
Our Advocate, Christ Jesus, God's dear Son,
And solace through the merits of His Blood,
Life everlasting, pardon, peace with God.

Forgive us when we grieve Thee, Precious One,
Complete the glorious work by Thee begun,
On things above our hearts' affections place,
As Heaven-bound, our pilgrim path we trace.
Illuminate the God-breathed Word with holy light,
And by its beams put errors shades to flight.

Thou heav'nly Dove, brood o'er us with Thy peace,
And by Thy might bid earthborn striving cease.
Transform us to the likeness of our Lord.
And sanctify us through the precious Word,
Till safely borne across the Great Divide,
We reach our Home, perfected, glorified.

The days are dark, and love is waxing cold,
The Prince of Darkness strives his fort to hold.
While hellish fiends his every call obey
Strife, godlessness, and unbelief hold sway.
The blood of martyrs unto Heaven cries;
Thy anguished Zion in affliction sighs.

O warm our hearts with Thy celestial fire,
And by Thy wooing love our zeal inspire,
That love may glow in fervor all divine,
That as reflections of Thy Light we shine.
Armed with Thy Sword, girt with the Shield of Faith,
Grant us the vict'ry, vict'ry e'en in death.

Far spent the day, the night is drawing nigh,
Soon shall we meet the Bridegroom in the sky.
Friend of the Bridegroom, with the Church abide,
Like Eliezer, leading Home the Bride,
Till dawns the day that eager hearts expect,
The glorious bridal of the Lord's Elect.

Thou wilt remain, O lovely Paraclete,
Till all the Church is gathered Home complete,
Till in God's Temple every living stone,
Reveals Thy perfect work forever done.
Blest crowning day, when all the blood-washed throng
Shall sing redemption's mighty triumph song.

Refresh the Church with streams of "latter rain" (Zech. 10:1)
Her every heart-throb by Thy might sustain,
Then will her harvest-fields no drought disclose,
The wilderness will blossom as the rose!
At eventide her blest Companion be,
Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee! (Solomon's Song 2:17).

Anna Hoppe, "Pentecost - Augsburg Confession," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 12 (June 8, 1930): 177.

June 22, 1930
The Blessedness of Cross-Bearing
(Wisconsin Synod German Hymnal 532)

The greater cross, the nearer heaven
The Lord Who sends it, knows us well.
Amid the scenes of earthly pleasure
We give no thought to death and hell.
How blest are they, whom God befriends
When He in love affliction sends!

The greater cross, the better Christian,
God proves His own through cross and pain.
Our desert hearts become like gardens
When tear-drops fall as dew and rain.
As fiery flame the gold refines,
Thus Christian faith in trial shines.

The greater cross, the greater, stronger
Will faith grow 'neath affliction's heat.
The palm tree grows when heavy-laden;
Crushed grapes pour forth their nectar sweet.
Pearls flourish well in salty flood.
The cross makes brave the child of God.

The greater cross, the purer, deeper
Will love become, when winds arise.
Dark clouds abide but for a moment.
Soon sunbeams burst through darkest skies.
As oil to fire new life bestows,
Love 'neath the cross in fervor grows.

The greater cross, the greater longing
For realms beyond this earthly span.
The upward climb through valleys dreary
Bids pilgrims yearn for Canaan.
Restless as Noah's ark-bound dove,
The Christian longs for rest above.

The greater cross the calmer dying.
Death brings the sufferer sweet relief.
Free evermore from tribulation.
What joy to bid farewell to grief!
The cross that decks a Christian's tomb
Declares that faith has overcome.

The greater cross, the richer, brighter
Will be the crown that shall adorn
The brow of every saint victorious,
When dawns the Resurrection morn.
Earth's greatest cross cannot compare
With glories that await us There.

O Crucified, increase, I pray Thee,
My fervor for Thy Cross divine,
Let me not in impatience murmur,
But plant within this heart of mine
Abiding faith, and hope, and love,
Until I wear a crown above.
(Translated from the German.)

Anna Hoppe, "The Blessedness of Cross-Bearing," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 13 (June 22, 1930): 193.

July 6, 1930

"All Things Are Ready, - Come To The Feast"

Son of God the heav'nly Father,
Jesus Christ, Thou Living Bread,
Thou hast beckoned us to gather
At a feast Thy love hath spread.
We have heard the invitation;
Gracious Lord of our salvation,
What a boundless love is Thine,
Asking sinners thus to dine!

Thy so loving invitation
Calls earth's famished sinners home!
Precious, precious proclamation: -
"Whosoever will, may come!"
All is ready, haste ye mortals,
Enter through the open portals,
Come, partake of Heaven's feast,
Ere the gracious call hath ceased!

Bread of Life, for sinners broken,
Grant us grace to heed Thy call.
Love, of Love Divine the token,
Who hast died to save us all, -
How can mortal dare refuse Thee?
How can sinner dare to lose Thee?
In obedience to Thy Word,
We are coming, dearest Lord!

Thou hast fed us, Bread of Heaven,
With the manna from above.
Living Water Thou hast given
To Thine Own, O Fount of Love!
Thou hast clothed us, dearest Savior,
With Thy blood-bought robe forever.
Thou hast giv'n the weary rest,
Thou our troubled hearts hast blessed.

Bread of Life, with manna feed us,
As we journey here below,

In Thy pleasant pastures lead us,
Where the Living Waters flow.
Shepherd, let us leave Thee never;
Keep us in Thy fold forever.
Grant us grace, O Living Vine,
With the heav'nly host to dine.

On the Gospel Lesson for the
Second Sunday after Trinity^{cxxxii}

Anna Hoppe, "All Things Are Ready, - Come To The Feast," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 14 (July 6, 1930): 209.

July 20, 1930
Looking For That Blessed Hope
Titus 2:13

He may come at the dawn of the morning,
When day bids the night shadows pass.
He may come when the pure pearly dewdrops
Are sparkling like gems on the grass.
He may come in the glow of the noontide,
Or some balmy, bright afternoon.
I know my Beloved is coming,
And I shall be satisfied soon.

He may come when the sun o'er the hilltops
In glory all-golden has set.
He may come in the calm of the twilight;
His promise He will not forget.
He may come in the hush of the evening,
When stars in their radiance beam.
I know my Beloved is coming,
And I shall be waiting for Him.

He may come in the stillness of midnight,
To carry His jewels away.
He has asked me to watch and be ready,
And wait for that wonderful day.
They who sleep in the dust shall awaken
When Gabriel's trump rends the air.
I know my Beloved is coming,
His kingdom and throne I shall share.

He may come when the lilies of springtime
Declare that He rose from the tomb.
He may come when the roses of summer
For Him in their loveliness bloom.

He may come when the fields of the harvest
The prayers of the reapers fulfill.
I know that my Beloved is coming,
My heart's every longing He'll still.

He may come when the hills and the valleys
Are garbed in a raiment of white.
He may come when the carols of Christmas
The hearts of His people delight.
He may come when the old year is passing,
When sweet pealing bells greet the new;
I know that my Beloved is coming,
My King in His beauty I'll view.

Though I know not the time or the season,
Yet faith's beaming lamp I will trim.
There is joy in the fond expectation
Of patiently watching for Him.
Saved, redeemed by His blood, cleansed, forgiven,
I trust in His Spirit-breathed Word.
I know that my Beloved is coming,
My Savior, my King, and my Lord.

Once He left the bright Home of His Father,
In Bethlehem's manger to lie.
Once He came, as God's Lamb, pure and holy,
For sinners to suffer and die.
He arose, He returned to the glory
To plead for His blood-purchased Own.
I know that my Beloved is coming,
To reign o'er the kingdom He won.

Not until He returns, King of Glory,
Will nations of earth cease to war.
Not until He returns, will creation
In travail and pain groan no more.
Not until He returns will this mortal
The garments immortal put on.
I know my Beloved is coming,
Immanuel, God's holy Son.

Precious hope, how it comforts in sorrow!
Blest hope, how it eases all pain!
Precious hope, how it strengthens in trial!
Blest hope, giving courage again!
Precious hope, still the pilgrim sustaining!
Blest hope, of all solace the sum!
I know my Beloved is coming,
Lord Jesus, delay not, but come!

Anna Hoppe, "Looking For That Blessed Hope," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 15 (July 20, 1930): 225.

August 3, 1930

Our Heavenly Home

"There the wicked cease from troubling;
There the weary be at rest." (Job 3:17.)

There's a land of life eternal
Far beyond the starry sky,
Where the lilies bloom forever,
Where the roses never die.
Death and sorrow cannot enter
That bright Homeland of the Blest.
Where the wicked cease to trouble,
And the weary are at rest.

God prepared this habitation
In the realm of light above.
To reveal His loving-kindness
To the children of His love.
O the grandeur of His mansions
Mortal tongue has ne'er expressed,
Where the wicked cease to trouble,
And the weary are at rest.

Gates of pearl and walls of jasper,
Streams that mirror streets of gold,
Trees of everlasting verdure
Zion's people shall behold.
Nevermore shall Satan harm them,
Nevermore shall foes molest,
Where the wicked cease to trouble,
And the weary are at rest.

To this blest, celestial country
"Whosoever will" may come.
Every soul redeemed by Jesus,
Saved by grace, can claim this Home.
Travel-worn, and storm tossed pilgrims
Find repose upon His breast,
Where the wicked cease to trouble,
And the weary are at rest.

Free from sin and from temptation,
Free from trials, burdens, fears,
From the eyes of saints perfected
God shall wipe away all tears.
They shall never thirst nor hunger
Nor by poverty be pressed,

Where the wicked cease to trouble,
And the weary are at rest.

Every bitter conflict over,
Every cheerless desert passed,
Rugged hills and steeps behind us,
We shall reach our Home at last.
Crowns await the overcomers
A the Lamb's divine behest,
Where the wicked cease to trouble,
And the weary are at rest.

We shall meet departed loved ones
Nevermore to say "Goodbye,"
Nevermore to shed a tear-drop,
Nevermore to heave a sigh,
Nevermore to suffer heartbreaks
Nevermore to be distressed,
Where the wicked cease to trouble,
And the weary are at rest.

There shall be no disappointments,
No remorse, and no regrets,
God has blotted out transgressions,
All our failures He forgets.
We shall joy in peace unceasing
Who have borne affliction's test,
Where the wicked cease to trouble,
And the weary are at rest.

Father, by Thy Holy Spirit
Let us in Thy Word abide,
May it be our chart and compass
Till we cross the Great Divide.
Till we see Thy Face in glory,
In that Homeland of the Blest,
Where the wicked cease to trouble,
And the weary are at rest.

Anna Hoppe, "Our Heavenly Home," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 16 (August 3, 1930):
241.

August 17, 1930
A Little While

"A little while, and ye shall not see Me, and again a little while, and ye shall see Me, because I
go to the Father." John 16:16.

"For yet a little while, and He that shall come, will come and will not tarry." Hebrews 10:37.

O cheer thee, Christian, just a little while,

And sorrow, pain, and trials will be o'er.
Look not behind to weary mile on mile,
Despair not at the thought of miles before.
Though dark the vales, though full of thorns the way,
Though steep the hills, hear Jesus softly say:
 "A little while."

O cheer thee, Christian, just a little while
Unspotted from the world the cross endure.
Let not the lusts of flesh thy soul defile,
God's grace can keep thy heart and conscience pure.
Saved, reconciled, washed white in Cal'vry's flood,
Continue thou in paths the saints have trod
 A little while.

O cheer thee, Christian, just a little while,
And hunger, thirst, and wretchedness shall end.
Let not the tempter thee with arts beguile,
But trust in Christ, thy noblest, truest Friend.
Eternal verdure crowns Immanuel's land,
What though thy way leads over desert sand
 A little while?

O cheer thee, Christian, just a little while,
His grace sufficient covers all thy need.
Though godless foes His Word and Name revile,
To jeering scorn and mockings pay no heed.
They taunted Him, and they will taunt thee too.
Be brave! Be strong! Fear not what men may do
 A little while.

O cheer thee, Christian, just a little while,
Armed with God's Word, still fight the fight of faith.
What though the world on thee contempt should pile?
Be faithful still, yea, faithful unto death!
A crown awaits the soldiers of the cross,
What though thy bark of faith in storms must toss
 A little while?

O cheer thee, Christian, just a little while,
And endless glory will thy portion be.
Soon will thy weary feet have climbed the stile,
Soon will thine eyes the Father's mansions see!
Kept by His Spirit in His love's embrace,
In strength divine thy pilgrim pathway trace
 A little while.

O cheer thee, Christian, just a little while,
And thy ascended Lord will come again.
Just to behold His love-filled, radiant smile,

Will be a rich reward for all thy pain.
And should He tarry till the hour is late,
Then place faith's hand in His, and learn to wait
 A little while!

Anna Hoppe, "A Little While," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 17 (August 17, 1930): 257.

September 14, 1930
To Our Foreign Missionaries

Our thoughts were with you when you left the homeland,
Our prayers were with you when you said "Goodbye";
Our love committed you into the keeping
Of Him Who made the earth and sea and sky.

And all the way across the wide, vast ocean
Our thoughts, our prayers, our love went with you all.
The Father heard our ardent intercession,
He heard and answered Macedonia's call.

"Come o'er and help us" came the plaintive pleading.
Of those still groping in dark heathen night.
You answered: "Send us, Lord, with Thy Evangel,
And let us flood the darkness with Thy Light."

How oft you prayed with us: "Lord of the harvest,
Send forth Thy lab'ers, for the task is great,
And toilers few. O send them, Father, send them,
While yet 'tis day, ere it will be too late."

He heard your prayers and ours, and He has sent you
As His ambassadors to lands afar,
Proclaiming pardon, peace, and free salvation
Brought by the rising of the Morning-Star.

He Who has made of one blood all earth's people,
All mankind to His feast of grace invites.
His love embraces each and every nation;
Race cannot sever what the Cross unites.

Our thoughts are with you, wheresoe'er you're toiling,
Where'er the feet so beautiful may tread. (Isaiah 52:7)
O'er hill and dale and plain, through streams and forests,
Through desert lands with dangers overspread.

Our prayers are with you in your varied climates;
Our love is with you through the frost and heat,
And when in language, strange and unfamiliar,
The Gospel of Salvation you repeat.

Our prayers are with you, when toil-worn, discouraged,
You see no fruit, but God may hide this till
His angels gather all the wheat at harvest.
Besides all waters sow His blest seed still.

He Who can keep the roots of lovely roses
Alive beneath the winter's garb of snow,
Can bring to bloom the Gospel kernel hidden
To which your labors watchful care bestow.

Faint not, toil on! Some day "Well done, my servant"
Shall greet you from the Master's lips divine.
Toil in His strength, until in glory yonder
His faithful own like sparkling stars shall shine.

We daily pray the gracious heav'nly Father
To keep you in the Everlasting Arms,
To clothe and feed you, heal you, grant you shelter,
To shield you from all dangers and alarms.

We pray that He may grant His Spirit's unction
To all your witnessing in Jesus' Name,
That sheep and lambs may feed in verdant pastures,
Where'er the blest Evangel you proclaim.

We know that He Who died for your redemption,
Who purchased you with His Own precious blood,
Who brought you peace and pardon, life eternal,
Still pleads your case before the throne of God.

Belov'd in Christ, though many miles divide us,
Still we can meet before the Throne of Grace,
Where prayers united rise like fragrant incense;
The tie that binds us bridges all the space.

God bless and keep you, loved and unforgotten!
Our prayers, our thoughts, our love with you abide.
And should we meet no more this side of Glory,
We'll say "Good Morning" on the Other Side!

Anna Hoppe, "To Our Foreign Missionaries," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 19 (September 14, 1930): 289.

September 28, 1930

"I Lift Mine Eyes Unto The Hills"

"I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth." Psalm 121:1-2.

Unto the hill I lift my eyes
From whence my help descends.

My God who dwells beyond the skies
His mighty aid extends.

He made me in His likeness blest,
He breathed His life in me.
In His paternal love I rest,
A Father kind is He.

He grants me shelter, raiment, bread,
He shields me from alarms.
When ills assail, I'm comforted
In Everlasting Arms.

I lift my eyes unto the hills,
To Him who dwells beyond.
My tears He dries, my fears He stills.
O why should I despond?

Oft I have sinned and gone astray,
But He has brought me back.
His grace abounds from day to day,
And nothing do I lack.

And when His erring child He chides,
I kiss the chastening rod.
His Word of grace and truth abides,
He still remains my God.

How can His righteousness forgive
And claims of Law fulfill?
How can He let the sinner live?
How can He love me still?

He sent His Son to die for me,
My Savior, Jesus Christ.
To pay the Law's dread penalty,
His precious Blood sufficed.

He conquered death; His empty tomb
My perfect pardon seals,
And now for me in yonder Home
My Advocate appeals.

I lift my eyes unto the hills
In worship, praise, and prayer.
My heart with joy and peace He fills
Whose power the Heav'ns declare.

He sent His Holy Spirit down
Within my heart to dwell,

Till I have passed from cross to crown
With my Immanuel.

Unto the hills I'll lift my eyes
Till pilgrim days are past,
Till o'er the hills I upward rise,
And reach my Home at last.

Anna Hoppe, "I Lift Mine Eyes Unto The Hills," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 20
(September 28, 1930): 305.

October 12, 1930

"Just a Crust And Christ"

(Suggested by a narrative related by a minister of the Gospel in Scotland)

She sat within her cottage,
The Bible in her hand, -
Her light, her staff, her solace
In this drear pilgrim-land.
Her weary, toil-worn fingers
The tear-stained page caressed.
She clasped the Holy Volume
Close to her throbbing breast.

The years brought many trials,
And grief, and pain, and loss,
But with a grip like Jacob's
Faith clung to Calv'ry's cross.
She bore the pangs of parting
When loved ones left her side,
And now, alone, her Bible
Illumined life's eventide.

"What would I do without thee,
My precious, precious Book!"
She kissed the sacred covers,
Then, with an upturned look,
She thanked her heav'nly Father
For shelter, raiment, bread, -
For showers of heav'nly blessing
That over her He shed.

A man of God then entered
The dear old saint to see.
He came to cheer and comfort,
But comforted was he!
She spoke of Heaven's mansions,
Of wealth divine, unpriced.
Said she: "I am contented
With just a crust and Christ!"

Though old and worn her raiment
She made no sad complaints;
Christ's righteousness adorned her,
Pure linen of the saints!
What though the falling rain-drops
Oft trickled through her roof,
Faith saw the Homeland yonder,
And Jesus was enough!

O what are earthly riches
Compared with wealth like this?
Can passing carnal pleasures
Compare with heav'nly bliss?
To fill her heart with rapture
Her King and Lord sufficed;
Hers was a royal banquet
With "just a crust and Christ!"

She did not dream nor ponder
That when she breathed no more
The words that she had spoken
Would spread from shore to shore,
That they would be remembered
Like Anna's prayer of old,
That where God's people gather
Her story would be told.

O for a faith so deathless!
O for a hope so grand!
O for a light so fadeless
To cheer this weary land!
O for a trust unwav'ring
Ne'er by earth's dross enticed,
E'er satisfied and joyous
With "just a crust and Christ!"

Lord Jesus, blest Redeemer,
Whate'er may be my lot,
Thy Holy Word assures me
Thou wilt forsake me not.
When I behold in wonder
The love that bled for me,
Should I not be contented
With just a crust and Thee?

Grant Thou me through Thy Spirit
A firm, unfalt'ring trust.
Then through my humble portion
Be nothing but a crust,

I'll joy in wealth unbounded,
And bask in pure delight,
For Thou wilt be my Sunshine
Till faith gives way to sight!

Anna Hoppe, "Just a Crust And Christ," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 21 (October 12, 1930): 321.

October 26, 1930
I Still Have Thee

O gracious Father mine,
I still have Thee!
Streams of Thy love divine
Envelop me.
Let hills and mountains shake;
Let earth asunder break;
Let mortal help forsake, -
I still have Thee!

O blest Redeemer mine,
I still have Thee!
Thy boundless grace divine
From sin can free.
Washed in Thy precious blood
My Homeward way I plod;
Though lone the pilgrim-road
I still have Thee!

O blest Consoler mine,
I still have Thee!
Thy fellowship divine
Sustaineth me.
Thy witness in my heart
Can peace and joy impart.
And should afflictions smart,
I still have Thee!

O Triune God on high,
I still have Thee!
Thy Name I glorify,
Blest Trinity!
Until my dying breath
To Thee I'll cling in faith.
How blest to know in death
I still have Thee!

Sun, moon, and stars may fall,
I still have Thee!
In Salem's festal hall

Eternally
With all the ransomed throng
I'll join the triumph song.
While ages roll along
I'll still have Thee!

Anna Hoppe, "I Still Have Thee," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 22 (October 26, 1930): 337.

Anna Hoppe, "I Still Have Thee," *Lutheran Companion* XXXVIII, no. 43 (October 25, 1930): 1352.

November 9, 1930

The Homeland In Glory

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matthew 6:21

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Hebrews 13:14

My Home is in Heaven, my Home is not here,
There dwelleth my Treasure, the One I hold dear,
My precious Lord Jesus, my Savior, my God,
And O how I long for that glorious abode!

My lord is so lovely, so wondrously fair,
No monarch on earth with my King can compare.
More pure than the lily, more bright than the sun,
Of all the immortals the loveliest One.

His love was so great that He came down to die,
To cleanse and prepare me for mansions on high.
He washed me from sin in His Own precious Blood,
The cost of my pardon is Calvary's flood.

And since He has bought me, and I am His Own,
I'll follow Him upward from cross to the throne.
His Father is mine, and His Spirit so blest
Assures me I'll enter His heavenly rest.

Though humble my dwelling, and lowly my lot,
Earth's riches and vanity troubles me not.
Each day brings me nearer the heavenly land.
Through "much tribulation" the Lord holds my hand.

He dwells in the glory a place to prepare,
That all His redeemed ones His Homeland may share.
The walls are of jasper, the streets of pure gold,
And portals of pearl gleam in splendor untold.

A stream clear as crystal through gardens fair flows,
Where God's Tree of Life in its fruitfulness grows.
The lilies of Eden eternally bloom

Where sin cannot enter, and death cannot come.

How sweet are the anthems of angelic choirs!
How lovely the strains of melodious lyres!
The music of harps fills that glorious domain,
The realm of the saved knows no sorrow, no pain.

The mind of a mortal can never conceive
What God has prepared for His Own who believe.
No eye hath e'er seen, and no ear e'er hath heard
The joys that await all who trust in His Word.

My Home is in Heaven, my Home is not here.
And some day my beautiful King shall appear.
Then up to His heavenly palace I'll soar,
And dwell with my Treasure in bliss evermore.

Anna Hoppe, "The Homeland In Glory," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 23 (November 9, 1930): 353.

November 23, 1930
Even So Come, Lord Jesus!

O trim your lamps, ye virgins wise!
A clarion call rings through the skies:
"The Bridegroom comes! From sleep arise!"
Even so come, Lord Jesus!

How long have been the waiting years!
How filled with burden, pain, and tears!
O precious hope, the Savior nears!
Even so come, Lord Jesus!

The signs proclaim the hour at hand;
Soon we shall reach the golden strand;
Sing praises in Immanuel's land!
Even so come, Lord Jesus!

Blest Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Assume Thy blood-bought right and reign!
The hosts of Heav'n join earth's refrain:
"Even so come, Lord Jesus!"

Creation groans and pines for Thee,
To make things new, to set her free.
Long has she pleaded yearningly:
"Even so come, Lord Jesus!"

Come, glory-crowned, in regal might,
Thy Bride awaits Thee with delight!

Her every heart-throb bides the sight,
Even so come, Lord Jesus!

What joy to see Thee face to face!
What bliss to bask in Thy embrace,
And enter Heaven, saved by grace!
Even so come, Lord Jesus!

Come quickly, Lord, O quickly come,
Come, end Thy pilgrims' weary roam.
Come, take Thy ransomed people Home,
Even so come, Lord Jesus!

Anna Hoppe, "Even So Come, Lord Jesus!," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 24 (November 23, 1930): 369.

December 7, 1930

Waiting

"O that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down...For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He has prepared for him that waiteth for Him." Isaiah 64:1-4.

I know not when, I only know He's coming,
My blest Lord Jesus, Son of God Most High,
And His return will end my pilgrim-roaming,
And hush forevermore each pain and sigh.
Within His Father's House are many mansions;
His Spirit has assured me one is mine!
What bliss to soar through yonder blest expansions,
And as the stars in endless glory shine!

I know not when, I only know He's coming,
And for His advent I will watch and wait,
At morn, at noon, at twilight, in the gloaming,
Or when the evening hours are waxing late.
And should He find me wrapped in midnight slumber,
Still will my soul thrill to the trumpet-blare;
Then with His blood-bought saints in countless number,
I shall arise to meet Him in the air!

Once He came down His spotless life to offer, -
To shed His precious Blood on Calv'ry's tree.
Once He came down, the curse of Law to suffer,
From sin and death and hell to rescue me.
Once He came down, the prophecies fulfilling,
And this same Word declares He'll come again,
The anguished longing of creation stilling,
As King of Kings and Lord of Lords to reign.

All they who died in faith shall rise to greet Him.
Who once left Joseph's tomb to mount on high.
His living saints shall leave the earth to meet Him,
Transfigured in the twinkling of an eye!
Blest bridal day, so wonderful, so glorious,
No mortal tongue the rapture can declare,
When He, who left the battlefield victorious,
Shall with His own eternal laurels share.

I know not when, nor can I pierce the curtain
That hides His glory from my mortal view,
But this I know, His coming is as certain,
As His divine, eternal Word is true!
And should my heart grow watch-worn, faint, and weary,
He bids me heed to signals of the times,
And hearken, when the days are dark and dreary
To Salem's pealing Maranatha Chimes!

He may delay, but each day brings Him nearer.
The sings abound in earth, in sea, in sky.
Each day His holy Word shines brighter, clearer,
And well I know redemption draweth nigh!
O precious hope, though dark the night of sorrow,
He may return before this day is o'er,
He may be here ere dawns another morrow;
Then shall the Day-Star rise to set no more!

Anna Hoppe, "Waiting," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 25 (December 7, 1930): 385.

December 21, 1930
His Birthday - In Dark Days

His birthday! Was it May or gray December
When God's dear Son came down on earth to dwell?
Some would the ancient calendars remember
And bless the Spring-tide for Immanuel.
"In verdant meads the sheep and lambs were grazing.
When Jesus came, not in the snow," they say.
It may be thus, but Oh, it is amazing
How He could turn December into May.

He healed the sick, whatever the affliction,
Gave hearing to the deaf, sight to the blind.
He placed His loving hands in benediction
On infant brows; His mercy, tender, kind,
Poured forth sweet balm, the wounds of sorrow healing,
And sunbeams kissed the sky, so dull and gray,
The Father's love and kindness revealing,
And lo, December vanished, - it was May.

He raised the dead, and turned the night of weeping
Into a morn of radiant, holy joy.
Oh what is death to Him but dreamless sleeping?
He came the powers of darkness to destroy.
He shed His Blood for all the world's transgression;
He died to take the sting of death away.
He rose, and now in Priestly intercession,
He turns our bleak Decembers into May.

He who could multiply the loaves and fishes, -
He who could send the manna from on high,
Still hath the power to grant our fondest wishes.
No boon or blessing will His love deny.
The very rocks must yield refreshing waters
To Him whose Word the winds and waves obey.
The Elder Brother of God's sons and daughters
Delights to turn December into May.

And lest our pilgrim feet grow faint and weary,
He sent His Spirit in our hearts to dwell.
What though the pathway leads through deserts dreary?
"I'm with you alway," saith Immanuel.
Forgiveness, peace and solace, life eternal
Flow from His grace, abounding day by day.
E'en in the wilderness His pastures vernal
Can turn our dark December into May!

His birthday! All his people celebrate it;
It matters not just how or when, or where,
Or how the earthly calendars may date it.
His Own adore Him for the manger bare, -
For all He was in His humiliation,
For all He is in realms of endless day, -
For all He'll be when in the new creation
He turns December to perennial May!

His birthday! Christmas bells are sweetly pealing
Alike in wintry as in sunny climes,
To all the world His boundless love revealing,
An echo of eternal Salem's chimes.
He gave Himself! Whate'er may be the weather
Let us to Jesus give ourselves away,
Then as His Own, with all His saints together,
Praise Him who turns December into May!

O weary heart, bowed down by care and sorrow,
Whate'er thy burden, bring it to the Lord!
Look not with dread foreboding to the morrow.
His Name is JESUS! He can help afford.
In whatsoever clime His day may find thee,

Soar on in faith to Bethlehem, and pray.
Forget the dismal yesterdays behind thee.
Rejoice! He turns December into May.

Anna Hoppe, "His Birthday – In Dark Days," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVII, no. 26 (December 21, 1930): 401.

1931

January 4, 1931
"I Shall Not Want"

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation." Hab. 3:17-18.

The New Year dawns. Through all the vanished years
Lord Jesus, I have known Thy shepherd-care.
Should things uncertain fill my heart with fears?
And should the future cause me to despair?
Ah no! The memories of pastures green
And sparkling streams breathe courage to my heart.
Shekinah still beams on in glorious sheen.
I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

And should my path lead through the wilderness,
Through desert regions, where no bread I see;
Should sore temptations fill me with distress,
Still, my Redeemer, I will trust in Thee!
Thou still hast ways and means Thy flock to feed
Though all the world no pasture should impart.
Thou still canst well supply my every need,
I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

Why should I fear then, if my toil should fail?
The cattle on a thousand hills are Thine!
Should anxious cares cause my poor heart to quail
When Thou hast wealth in every treasure mine?
Should illness come, and bring through ling'ring days
Sheer helplessness, and poignant pains that smart,
Physician blest, I leave to Thee my ways,
I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

Should foes oppress, should bitter sorrows come,
Should death lay low a loved one I hold dear,
And should the pilgrim-path that leads me Home
Be strewn with cruel thorns this coming year, -
Should tear-drops fall, still will I hold Thy Hand,
O nevermore from Thee let me depart!
On Thy sure promise I can firmly stand;

I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

Thou, too, hast wept. Thou, too, hast suffered loss,
Hast hungered, borne temptation's subtle blow.
Thy holy Hands were nailed to Calv'ry's Cross,
Earth's every pain and grief Thou well didst know.
Thus Thou art able well to comfort me
Should I be wounded by the arrow's dart;
Let come affliction and adversity,
I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

Redeeming love caused Thee to die for me.
Thy precious Blood washed all my sins away;
Thy Father's Arms embrace me tenderly;
Thy Spirit bids me fear not, come what may.
Thy death has won eternal life for me;
My journey Heavenward Thou well canst chart.
O Savior mine, till Eden's gates I see,
I shall not want, for Thou my Shepherd art.

Anna Hoppe, "I Shall Not Want," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 1 (January 4, 1931): 1.

January 18, 1931

"There Remaineth A Rest To The People of God"
Hebrews 4:9

O Friend of souls, what holy gladness
Is mine when in Thy love I rest!
I flee from haunts of gloom and sadness
Into Thy arms, when sore distressed.
Then must the night of sorrow vanish.
Celestial joys the darkness banish
When from Thy breast the love-light glows.
Here e'en on earth I find my Heaven;
Who would not be content, when given
Pure bliss in Thee, and sweet repose?

If as a foe the world me knoweth,
So be it, I mistrust her wiles,
Though a pretended love she showeth
And wreathes her face in friendly smiles.
In Thee my soul finds true affection.
Thou art the Friend of my election,
E'er faithful, though earth's friendships flee.
The world may hate, but cannot fell me,
When waves of trial fain would quell me,
I anchor in Thy loyalty.

And should the Law of Moses press me,
As Horeb's lightnings rend the skies,

Should hell's dread penalty distress me,
Then faith will bid me upward rise.
I'll flee to Thy side, my Savior,
And find a safe, where never
The arrows of the curse can smite.
Thought well I merit condemnation,
In Thee I find complete salvation,
And in Thy love divine delight.

Shouldst Thou through dreary deserts lead me,
I'll bear the cross, and lean on Thee.
A word of Thine, and clouds will feed me.
The rocks must yield refreshment free.
I know my path will end in blessing,
Thy love and wondrous ways confessing,
I'll be content, when Thou art near,
They who shall share Thy habitation,
O'er sun and stars in exaltation,
Thou humblest through affliction here.

Death may seem dark to some, my Savior,
But not, O Lord of Life, to me.
I know Thou wilt forsake them never
Whose soul and heart repose in Thee.
Why should they fear the journey's ending,
Who from the dang'rous deeps ascending
Reach hills of blest security?
My Light, from wilds of gloom and sadness
I will depart with joy and gladness,
To share Thy rest eternally.

O Friend of souls, what bliss delights me
When I in faith can lean on Thee!
No pain of earth, no death affrights me,
Since Thou, my God, consolest me.
May this repose Thy grace has given
Grant me a foretaste of Thy Heaven,
Where I shall bask in joys divine.
Away, O world, with fleeting pleasures.
In Christ I find abiding treasures.
O solace sweet, my Friend is mine!

Translated from "Wie wohl ist mir, O Freund der Seelen,
Wenn ich in Deiner Liebe ruh."

Anna Hoppe, "There Remaineth A Rest To The People of God," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII,
no. 2 (January 18, 1931): 17.

February 1, 1931
The Homeland in Glory

“Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also” Matthew 6:21
“For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come” Hebrews 13:14

My home is in heaven, my home is not here,
There dwelleth my Treasure, the One I hold dear,
My precious Lord Jesus, my Savior, my God,
And, O, how I long for that glorious abode!

My Lord is so lovely, so wondrously fair;
No monarch on earth with my King can compare.
More pure than the lily, more bright than the sun,
Of all the immortals the loveliest One.

His love was so great that He came down to die,
To cleanse and prepare me for mansions on high
He washed me from sin in His Own precious Blood,
The price of my pardon is Calvary's flood.

And since He has bought me, and I am His Own,
I'll follow Him upward from cross to the throne.
His Father is mine, and His Spirit so blest
Assures me I'll enter His heavenly rest.

Though humble my dwelling and lowly my lot,
Earth's riches and vanity trouble me not.
Each day brings me nearer the heavenly land,
Through “much tribulation” the Lord holds my hand.

He dwells in the glory a place to prepare,
That all His redeemed ones His Homeland may share.
The walls are of jasper, the streets of pure gold,
And portals of pearl gleam in splendor untold.

A stream clear as crystal through gardens fair flows,
Where God's Tree of Life in its fruitfulness grows.
The lilies of Eden eternally bloom
Where sin cannot enter and death cannot come.

How sweet are the anthems of angelic choirs!
How lovely the strains of melodious lyres!
The music of harps fills that glorious domain,
The realm of the saved knows no sorrow, no pain.

The mind of a mortal can never conceive
What God has prepared for His Own who believe.
No eye hath e'er seen, and no ear e'er hath heard
The joys that await all who trust in His Word.

My home is in heaven, my home is not here,
And some day my beautiful King shall appear,

Then up to His heavenly palace I'll soar,
And dwell with my Treasure in bliss evermore.

Anna Hoppe, "The Homeland in Glory," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 3 (February 1, 1931): 33.

February 15, 1931

His Fullness

"And of His fullness have all we received grace of grace" John 1:16

"For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell" Col. 1:19

Emptied of self, and filled with Thee,
Lord Jesus Christ, what gain!
What solace in adversity!
What balm in earthly pain!

Emptied of self, and filled with Thee,
Not what these hands have done
Can gain eternal life for me,
But Thy free grace alone.

Emptied of self, and filled with Thee,
Incarnate Son of God,
From sin's dread burden I am free,
For Thou hast borne the load.

Emptied of self, and filled with Thee,
Bought with Thy Blood unpriced,
All that I am and have shall be
Not mine, but Thine, O Christ!

Emptied of self, and filled with Thee,
Redeemer of my soul,
I bask in calm security
When Horeb's thunders roll.

Emptied of self, and filled with Thee,
I'm sheltered from alarms,
Eternal love embraces me
In Everlasting Arms.

Emptied of self, and filled with Thee,
I joy in grace divine,
To know Thy life pulsates in me,
What wealth untold is mine!

Emptied of self, and filled with Thee,
Triumphant faith can sing:
"O grave, where is Thy victory?"
"O death, where is thy sting?"

Emptied of self, and filled with Thee,
O Lord, my Righteousness,
In time and in eternity,
Thy fullness I will bless.

Anna Hoppe, "His Fullness," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 4 (February 15, 1931): 49.

March 1, 1931

I Can Trust The Man Who Died For Me

When in storms of life the sky is clouded,
When the hidden sun I fail to see,
When in mystery my path is shrouded,
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

When the pilgrim-way is sad and dreary,
When from earth-born cares I would be free, -
When my soul is all perplexed and weary, -
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

Sins of word and deed, sins of omission,
Sins of thought oft through the memory.
When the teardrops fall in deep contrition,
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

World and flesh still strive against the spirit,
And the foe oft claims the victory,
But in faith I plead my Savior's merit, -
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

Once He left His glorious home in heaven,
Once He shed His blood on Calv'ry's tree;
Saved by grace, redeemed, restored, forgiven,
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

He can turn my every grief to gladness;
He can grant my heart tranquility.
His blest "Peace, be still!" dispels my sadness.
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

Friends may faithless prove, and foes deride me,
He abides in all sincerity,
Ever faithful, always close beside me.
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

He knows well my heart's inmost recesses,
Knows the burdens borne all silently;
Sweet the cross when my Lord Jesus blesses, -
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

He will pilot me o'er death's cold river
To the mansions by the crystal sea;
To His Name be praise and glory ever;
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

Love Divine, in love's complete surrender
All I am and have I yield to Thee!
All my heart's love unto Thee I tender, -
I can trust the Man Who died for me!

Anna Hoppe, "I Can Trust The Man Who Died For Me," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 5
(March 1, 1931): 65.

April 12, 1931
He Is Risen

Praise the Lord in anthems glorious!
All ye ransomed, raise the strain!
Christ is ris'n, the Lord victorious,
He Who for our sins was slain.
Now the task He planned is done.
Our redemption He has won.
He left Heaven's pearly portals
To abide with sinful mortals.

Sin, I fear not thy oppression,
Nor the terror of thy wrath.
All the guilt of my transgression
Christ has paid for with His death!
He fulfilled the Law for me,
From its curse He set me free.
By His rising He has blessed me,
In His righteousness He dressed me.

Hell, I fear no more thy prison;
All thy cords are rent in twain.
Since my Jesus is arisen,
I am free from every chain.
And since His descent to thee
Was performed victoriously,
I by virtue of His merit
Heaven's Kingdom shall inherit.

Cease, O hellish Foe, to spite me,
Naught from thee have I to dread!
Christ, the woman's Seed, did smite thee
And crushed down thy serpent-head!
He Whose death thy vileness sought,
All thy power to end hath brought.

Since in Christ I am victorious
Thou must own defeat inglorious!

Death, why shouldst thou make me waver?
Grave, why should I fear thy claim?
Buried with my Lord and Savior
I shall rise again with Him!
Dying now is gain for me;
I can pass on joyously,
For this truth sweet comfort giveth,
Jesus, my Redeemer, liveth.

Jesus, my Redeemer, liveth!
This, most certainly I know!
Grateful praises He receiveth
From His ransomed Church below.
Hallelujah! Victory!
Join, ye lands, the jubilee!
Praise our God in anthem glorious,
Christ is ris'n, the Lord victorious!

Translated from
"Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen"

Anna Hoppe, "He Is Risen," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 8 (April 12, 1931): 113.

April 26, 1931
Everlasting Love
"I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn
Thee." (Jeremiah 31:3)

Thou Who hast loved me with eternal love,
Thou Who with loving kindness hast me drawn,
Eternal Father, throned in Heav'n above,
Adored by angels ere creation's dawn,
What can I give Thee, how can I repay
The love divine that keeps me day by day?

Thine are the riches of each treasure-mine,
Thine are the cattle on a thousand hill;
The ocean pearls, the forests' wealth is Thine,
All Thine the glory that creation fills.
The very heart-throbs that pulsate in me,
The heaving breaths are gifts, my God, from Thee.

What can it profit Thee, since all is Thine,
When I but offer Thee what is Thine Own?
Though thoughts and words and actions, like a shrine
Pour forth sweet incense to Thy heav'nly throne, -
Thy Name to praise, Thy kindness to confess, -

What gain to Thee is all my thankfulness?

Thou dost not need me, - untold angels raise
A song to Thee from hearts that know not sin.
They ne'er have grieved Thee, their divinest lays
Must make earth's music seem to Thee as din.
Still Thy o'erwhelming, condescending grace
In psalms of earth celestial strains can trace.

But Thou hast loved me, Everlasting God,
Enough to send Thy Son to die for me, -
Enough to bid Him shed His precious Blood
To cleanse my soul in floods of Calvary, -
Enough to send Thy Spirit from on high,
Who bids my heart the "Abba Father" cry.

What love I offer but reflects Thine Own,
As crystal stream the sunbeam's shining ray;
Still Thy dear Heart delights o'er sinners won,
O'er sheep rejoicing in Thy Shepherd-sway.
If then my yielded heart can make Thee smile,
Do as Thou wilt with it life's little while.

Some day when I shall see Thee as Thou art,
When I shall know as I am known of Thee,
When heav'nly things which now I know in part,
Shall in their glorious fullness dawn on me,
What bliss untold will crown the life above
When I am lost in wonders of Thy love?

Anna Hoppe, "Everlasting Love," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 9 (April 26, 1931): 129.

May 10, 1931

Prayer Changes Things

Prayer changes things!
Friend, do the storm-clouds lower?
And does the way seem drear?
Dost thou await the threat'ning thunder shower
With trembling and with fear?
Hush thee, be still! Thy Father knoweth.
Comfort and strength His grace bestoweth.
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Do erstwhile friends forsake?
Are fond ambitions foiled?
Art thou in doubt as to the course to take?
Is earthly wealth despoiled?
Has death laid low thy dearest treasure?

Has illness crushed what gave thee pleasure?
Prayers changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Does sin thy heart oppress?
Have hopes that once seemed bright
Like vapor vanished into nothingness?
Does darkness veil the light?
Or does remorse o'er by-gone errors
Rob thee of rest, fill thee with terrors?
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Does all thy toil seem vain
For restless, wayward youth?
And do the worldlings in their proud disdain
Scorn God's eternal Truth?
Has love grown cold? Does courage falter?
Almighty God all things can alter.
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Bow to the Father's will.
Since Christ, the Savior died,
And paid the ransom price on Cal'vry's hill,
No boon will be denied
To His redeemed, for whom He pleadeth,
For whom His mercy intercedeth.
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Forgiveness, peace of mind,
Strength, solace, joy anew,
In fervent prayer Thy pleading heart will find,
Ask, and thy Lord will do!
Pray, and go on thy way rejoicing,
Prayer changes things!

(Tune: "Es ist doch Raum")

Anna Hoppe, "Prayer Changes Things," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 10 (May 10, 1931): 145.

Anna Hoppe, "Prayer Changes Things," *Lutheran Companion* (April 28, 1938): 531.

June 7, 1931
Hymn of Praise

Eternal God, we come before Thy throne
With songs of joyful praise.

Thou mighty, everlasting Three in One,
To Thee our thanks we raise
For streams of blessing from above,
For all the bounties of Thy love,
Eternal God.

Down through the year Thy everlasting Word
Has been our Staff and Guide.
Beneath Thy wings, O faithful cov'nant Lord,
Secure we could abide.
And Thy Shekinah glory bright
Has filled our pilgrim-path with light
Down through the year.

We sing Thy praise for Thy paternal care,
O Father of us all.
We sing Thy praise, O Christ, Whose Name we bear
For Thy Evangel's call.
O Comforter, Thou Spirit blest,
For faith-born solace, peace, and rest
We sing Thy praise.

Abide with us, O Triune God, abide, -
Thy Zion's Keeper be,
Cleanse us each day in Calv'ry's crimson tide,
Grant pardon graciously.
Sustain us in the saving faith,
In joy, in grief, in life, in death
Abide with us.

Thy promise stands, - Thy Church shall still endure, -
Its foes shall not prevail.
Thy Word's foundation ever stands secure,
Though gates of hell assail.
Through battle-strife, through storm and stress,
With saints and martyrs we confess
Thy promise stands.

In Heav'n above, when pilgrim days are o'er,
Some day Thy Face we'll see,
And laud Thy Home in yonder Glory-shore
Through all eternity.
What bliss, when earthly strife is past
To share Thy endless rest at last
In Heav'n above!

Anna Hoppe, "Hymn of Praise," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 12 (June 7, 1931): 177.

July 19, 1931
Missionary Hymn

Rise, Thou Light of Gentile nations,
Jesus, Bright and Morning Star!
Spread Thy Truth, let jubilations
Loudly echo near and far,
Freedom to the captive bringing,
Held in thralldom by the Foe,
Then with strains of praises ringing
Will the heathen world o'erflow.

O, behold them grope in blindness,
Strangers to Thy guiding light;
Knowing not Thy loving-kindness,
Comfortless they pine in night.
See them in the darkness languish,
Pain and sorrow is their lot.
No bright hope dispels their anguish,
Savior, if they find Thee not.

In like realms of shades nocturnal
We as they to-day would pine,
But Thy saving love supernal,
Rescued us in grace divine.
In abounding mercy glorious,
Thy redemption to us came.
Grateful praises, songs victorious
Now adore Thy precious Name.

Loving Thee for Thy salvation
Never can we idly stand,
Till to ev'ry land and nation,
Mindful of Thy love's command,
We have brought this blest possession.
Thy pure Word will we make known,
Pardon free for all transgression
Through Thy blood-bought grace alone.

May our love glow in endeavor
Burdens of the lost to share,
Interceding for them ever
At the Mercy Seat in prayer.
For Thy honor, praise, and glory
May we spend, Lord, and be spent,
That to spread the Gospel story
Faithful heralds can be sent.

Savior, may Thy Light immortal
Shine o'er lost ones near and far,
Guide them to Thy Kingdom's portal
By Thy beams, blest Morning Star!

From the streets and byways gather
All whom Satan keeps in gloom.
In the House of Thy dear Father
For the chosen there is room!

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Missionary Hymn," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 15 (July 19, 1931): 225.

August 2, 1931
The City Missionary

He, too, has a "congregation,"
The Master's messenger true,
Whose faithful and love-born service
Each passing day we may view.
Though not from pulpit and altar
In the Sanctuary of God
His message of love is given,
Yet he treads on hallowed sod.

How dear to him is the pealing
Of the sweet-toned Sabbath bell.
How sacred the cross-crowned towers
Of the Church he loves so well!
Yet his feet must hasten thither,
To His Master's "other sheep,"
And he whispers "Lord, I follow,"
Though the path be rough and steep.

He speaks to the little orphans
So kindly and tenderly
Of the Savior's invitation,
"Let little ones come to Me."
The hospital doors he enters
To tell the afflicted there
Of Jesus, the blest Physician
Who their burdens all will share.

He comforts the conscience-stricken,
And strengthens the feeble faith.
He hastens on to the dying
To smooth the pillow of death.
Of the Father's House He tells them
Where the many mansions are,
And a smile illumines their features
As they calmly cross the bar.

He enters the prison portals
To tell the dwellers within

Of Jesus, the Friend of sinners,
Who saves them from all their sin.
Though the stains of guilt be scarlet
Christ can wash them white as snow,
And angels rejoice in Heaven
As tears of repentance flow.

He tells the aged and feeble
And those of a clouded mind
That the Friend of all the friendless
Is merciful, loving, kind.
Faith's flickering flame burns brighter
As he tells of Heaven's shore
Where suffering, care, and sorrow
Are banished forevermore.

Bless him and make him a blessing,
Thou gracious Father above,
And grant him Thy Spirit's unction
To tell of a Savior's love.
Guide Thou his every footstep
Till he hears Thy precious word:
"Well done, O thou faithful servant,
Enter the joy of thy Lord!"

Anna Hoppe, "The City Missionary," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 16 (August 2, 1931):
241.

August 30, 1931
Morning Hymn

Lord Jesus, glorious Light,
The night of rest is over.
With beams of grace anew
Thy mercy me will cover.
Awakened now from sleep,
My spirit yearns for Thee.
Do Thou through all the day
My dear Companion be.

What shall I render Thee
In grateful adoration?
O'erwhelmed by floods of grace,
I offer as oblation
My body, soul, and mind
Each moment of the day.
No other gift have I
At Thy blest Feet to lay.

Accept my soul, dear Lord,

As Thine since Thou hast bought her.
May she to Thee be wed,
Kept by the love that sought her.
In Thy divine control
Take my surrendered mind,
And thus may I reflect
Thy likeness, tender, kind.

Accept my body, Lord,
I humbly pray Thee, take it.
Transform it as Thou wilt,
Thy House and Temple make it.
Stir Thou my every power
To pure activity.
Let body, soul, and mind
United be with Thee.

My body now is clothed.
O let Thine image solely
Be on my soul impressed,
Clothe her in raiment holy.
Thy blood and righteousness
Her robe of glory be,
And may the gold of faith,
Redeemer, shine for Thee!

Array me, Savior mine,
By virtue of Thy merit,
With wisdom, patience, love;
Direct me by Thy Spirit,
Grant me a chaste, pure heart,
Clothed with humility.
Well pleasing in Thy sight
May this adorning be.

May Thy pure Presence stay
Before my eyes, dear Savior.
Surround me like the air,
Control my whole behavior.
Let heart and mind and tongue,
Each hour of this new day
Adore Thee, Lord, my God,
And own Thy sovereign sway.

Bless all I undertake;
Bless thoughts, and words, and actions.
By Thy blest Spirit's might
Keep me from vain distractions.
Let me through all the day
Thy precious Name adore,

And be Thy very own
Now and forevermore.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Morning Hymn," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 18 (August 30, 1931): 273.

September 13, 1931

Sins of Omission

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me"

Matthew 25:45

For words of tenderness I did not speak,
For deeds of kindness that I failed to do,
For lethargy of heart the lost to seek,
For listless hands Thy work to carry through,
For falt'ring faith, or coldness of my love,
For lack of zeal Thy precepts to obey,
For languid prayers, O gracious God above,
For Jesus' sake, forgive, forgive, I pray.

Not always do I hide within my heart
Thy Holy Word, to keep unstained by sin,
Not always do I quell temptation's dart,
And give Thy Spirit sovereignty within.
Too prone to wander from the narrow way,
Fain would my feet desire a wider road.
How shall the Potter form rebellious clay?
For Jesus' sake forgive, forgive, my God.

Omission's guilt! Thy precious Word unread, -
The loveborn songs of Zion oft unsung, -
No heartfelt hunger for the Living Bread, -
Faith unconfessed a worldly throng among!
Omission's guilt! How bitter the regret!
Should I withhold to give Thee what is Thine?
Blot out the stain! Remember not! Forget!
For Jesus' sake, forgive me, Father mine!

I would not dare to plead His glorious Name,
Did He not keep Thy Holy Law for me.
Unchanging Love, to-day He is the same
As when He prayed in dark Gethsemane!
Yea, He Himself taught me to speak to Thee,
And call Thee "Father" for His own dear sake,
And since my Brother intercedes for me,
Do Thou this grievous burden from me take.

Thy Word declares that whatsoever I
Deny to others, I deny to Thee,

Where but to Thee can I for refuge fly
When sins of negligence encompass me?
Thy Spirit bids me plunge in Cal'vry's flood,
All-powerful to cleanse from every stain,
For Jesus' sake, forgive me, Lord, my God,
Restore salvation's joy to me again!

Anna Hoppe, "Sins of Omission," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 19 (September 13, 1931):
289.

Anna Hoppe, "Sins of Omission," *Lutheran Companion* XXXIX, no. 38 (September 19, 1931),
1195.

September 27, 1931
The Blessed Hope

Speed on, ye rolling years,
Bring back my Lord!
Allay earth's anguished fears,
Relief afford.
God's own prophetic scroll
Of Bible truth unroll
Attain the promised goal,
Fulfill His Word.

Flow on, thou stream of time,
Halt not thy flow.
Bring in the morn sublime
Of radiant glow,
When Christ, for sinners slain,
King of all Kings shall reign,
When Satan's vile domain
He shall o'erthrow.

Creation groans in pain,
Seeking release.
When will the fearful train
Of suffering cease?
Wars, famine, floods, distress,
Fill hearts with bitterness.
Abounding lawlessness
Doth still increase.

Watchman on Zion's wall,
Is night soon by?
When will thy trumpet call
Sound through the sky?
Does not an Orient ray
Reveal the break of day,
Bid darkness flee away

And shadows fly?

Just as the Word foretold,
Messiah came,
Leaving the Gates of Gold
To bear my shame.
My sins on Him were laid.
His Blood my ransom paid.
My peace with God is made
In His dear Name.

Just as the Scriptures tell,
In power He'll come.
My blest Immanuel
Will take me Home.
Signs manifold portend
Soon will my Lord descend,
O glory! Then will end
My pilgrim-roam.

Some day His Feet shall stand
On Olive's brow.
Before his sceptered Hand
All knees shall bow!
Some day His Bride so fair
Shall meet Him in the air.
Each day ascends her prayer:
"Come, Lord, come now!"

Unveil, ye curtained skies,
The Christ adored!
Let Hallelujahs rise
In sweet accord!
Ye fleeting hours, speed on,
Bring back the Promised One,
God's own anointed Son, -
Bring back my Lord!

Anna Hoppe, "The Blessed Hope," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 20 (September 27, 1931): 305.

October 11, 1931
Prayer for the Cause of Christian Education

Father, Thy dear Son, our Savior,
Taught us to draw nigh to Thee,
When desiring boon or favor,
To receive Thy bounty free.
We now come, led by Thy Spirit,
Our petition to make known.

Well we know, Thy ear will hear it,
As it rises to Thy throne.

Take our children, we implore Thee,
In Thy love's paternal care.
When their trustful hearts adore Thee,
Hear their simple, fervent prayer.
For the young to stature growing
Guidance from above we ask.
Strength divine to youth bestowing,
Crown with good each noble task.

May the faith our fathers taught us,
Dwell within our children's hearts.
All the blessings it has brought us
Still Thy boundless grace imparts.
Grant us faithful Christian teachers,
Loyal to Thy Word's commands.
Grant us consecrated preachers,
Lifting upward holy hands.

Bless our schools of Christian learning,
Keep them loyal to Thy Truth.
Never from Thy precepts turning,
May they guide the mind of youth.
Bless Thy toiling sons and daughters
In the world's vast harvest-field.
As they sow beside all waters,
May Thy seed rich fruitage yield.

What avails all education,
God of wisdom, without Thee?
May we build on sure foundation,
Build for all eternity!
Earthly knowledge cannot save us
From eternal death and hell,
But the Word Thy mercy gave us
Of eternal life can tell

Keep us true in days of trial
To the message of the Cross!
Keep us, lest by base denial,
We sustain eternal loss.
Keep us when temptations seize us
Lest from faith we fall away.
Grant us victory in Jesus,
In His precious Name we pray.

Take our hands in Thine, dear Father,
Thy blest will we may obey.

May our school and churches gather
Sheaves for Thee while yet its day.
May our every endeavor
Find its source and goal in Thee,
Till we laud Thy Name forever
Through a blest eternity

Anna Hoppe, "Prayer for the Cause of Christian Education," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 21 (October 11, 1931): 321.

October 25, 1931
The Home of the Soul

O where may the soul find the Homeland, so blest,
Where covered by sheltering wings she may rest?
Has earth not a refuge, a haven of peace, -
Where sin cannot come, where temptation must cease?
No, no, no, no, - not here, not here!
The Home of the soul is in yonder bright sphere.

Forget scenes of earth, and by faith higher soar
To see the soul's Homeland, that beautiful shore,
Jerusalem yonder, the City of Gold,
The Home of the Bride beams in splendor untold!
There, there, there, there, on holy ground
The Have of Rest for the soul may be found.

How glorious to rest with my Savior in light,
Where death cannot enter, where sin cannot blight!
The harps strung by angels, the hymns of the throng
Shall there cheer my soul with their music and song.
Rest, rest, rest, rest, - rest shall be mine,
When in the embrace of my Lord I recline.

What joy, all transcendent in Heaven to be,
Where many now dwell, from all sin ever free!
Believers who here found in Christ their delight,
Are yonder adorned in bright raiments of white.
Pure, pure, pure, pure, cleansed from all sin,
In heavenly mansions the saved enter in.

O precious Lord Jesus, our souls do Thou bring
Where glad Hallelujahs eternally ring!
Our hearts are all yearning with fervent desires
To praise Thy dear Name with the heavenly choirs!
Still, still, still, still, - hush thee, my soul!
Thy Savior will bring thee to yonder bright goal.

Arise, O my soul, for the Homeland is near,
A few fleeting days, and its spires shall appear,

Then battle on bravely, and fight the good fight,
A crown shall be thine in the regions of light.
Joy, joy, joy, joy, - all sorrow o'er,
The Savior's redeemed shall rejoice evermore!

From all earth's commotion and anguish set free,
How blissful to rest, my Redeemer, with Thee!
To dwell with the ransomed in mansions divine,
And share Thy communion, what bliss shall be mine!
Home, home, home, home, eternal Home!
O come, precious Savior, and take Thou me home!

Translated from the German:
"Wo findet die Seele die Heimat? Die Ruh?"

Anna Hoppe, "The Home of the Soul," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 22 (October 25, 1931): 337.

November 8, 1931
The Word of God

Blest Word of God, thy changeless truth
Abides through changing ages.
In vain do sceptic minds uncouth
Strive to defile thy pages.
Penned by the holy men of old,
Led by God's Holy Spirit,
Thy precepts we in awe will hold
Till Heaven we inherit.

Pure milk from thy maternal breast
Our children still doth nourish,
For vibrant youth with vigor blest
Thy honeycombs still flourish.
Strong meat for men mature hast thou,
Sweet manna for the aging,
Cool balms to sooth the fevered brow,
Refreshing springs assuaging.

O what can be compared with thee,
Blest Word of God eternal?
A Lighthouse on a midnight sea
Transmitting beams supernal, -
A garden filled with blossoms sweet,
A forest verdant ever,
An oasis in desert heat,
A fountain failing never.

O may we all like Timothy
Drink of the crystal waters

That flow abundantly and free
For Zion's sons and daughters,
And may we spread thy truth abroad
Till every land and nation
Basks in thy light, blest Word of God,
And brings Him adoration.

Our noblest, wisest scholars find
When to thy pages turning
Light to illumine the seeking mind,
Well-springs of highest learning.
Thy Lamp the Psalmist's heart inspired
And set the harp-strings ringing,
Thy Truth the martyrs' courage fired
Firm to thy anchor clinging.

Since thou art settled evermore,
Yea, settled in high Heaven,
Why should we faint when billows roar
When quaking earth is riven?
We stand not on the shifting sands
But on thy rock-foundation,
And in thy Author's holy hands
We rest our souls' salvation.

Our Father's Law and Gospel clear
Illume thy holy pages.
His Spirit guides us. Need we fear
When earthly tumult rages?
Forgiven, cleansed and justified
Through Jesus' blood and merit,
Blest Word, in thee may we abide
Till heaven we inherit.

Anna Hoppe, "The Word of God," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 23 (November 8, 1931):
353.

November 22, 1931
Maranatha Chimes
Maranatha – Our Lord Cometh
1 Cor. 16:22

O how sweetly they are ringing,
Precious Maranatha Chimes,
Peace and joy and solace bringing
To all ages, to all climes!
Pealing ere the earth's creation,
Chiming forth redemption's plan,
Lauding Christ in sweet elation, -
Son of God and Son of man.

Maranatha! Christ is coming!
Even in Eden heard the sound.
Maranatha! Christ is coming!
Pardon, comfort, hope she found.
Maranatha! Christ is coming!
He shall crush the serpent's head.
Maranatha! Christ is coming!
Bring life unto the dead!

Maranatha! Maranatha!
Prophets heard the music swell.
Maranatha! Maranatha!
Christ shall come, Immanuel!
Glorious bells, dispelling sadness,
Pealing in eternal calms,
Flooding David's heart with gladness,
Echoing in holy psalms!

Maranatha! Pealing yonder,
Shepherds heard the music sweet,
Filling them with joy and wonder,
Giving fleetness to their feet.
Maranatha! Pealing nearer,
As they hastened to the stall,
Maranatha! Sweeter, clearer, -
Christ has come, the Lord of all!

Thus He came, in lowly station
Maranatha to fulfill,
Dying for the world's salvation
On the crest of Calv'ry's hill.
"Without blood there's no remission,"
Thus declares the great I AM.
All who come in true contrition,
Find redemption in the Lamb.

He arose, returned to glory,
He is coming back again.
Advent bells repeat the story
In a wonderful refrain.
Maranatha! Maranatha!
Hear the heav'nly message now.
Maranatha! Maranatha!
Every knee to Him shall bow.

Wars and conflicts, breakers roaring
Cannot hush the holy chime,
O'er earth's tumult higher soaring,
In a resonance sublime,

Still it cheers the deserts dreary,
Still it comforts hearts distressed,
Still it brings to wand'ers weary,
Hope and peace, and joy and rest.

Martyrs heard the strains melodious,
When in death they praised their Lord.
Cruel tortures, vengeance odious,
Lions, dungeons, fire and sword
Could not hush the bells' sweet pealing,
Bringing balm to anguish sore,
Unto conq'ring faith revealing
Crowns and thrones forevermore.

Maranatha! Maranatha!
Lo, the hour is waxing late!
Maranatha! Maranatha!
Lo, the Lord is at the gate!
Maranatha! Maranatha!
Harbingers of Harvest Home!
Maranatha! Maranatha!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

Anna Hoppe, "Maranatha Chimes," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 24 (November 22, 1931): 369.

December 6, 1931

Advent

(Wisconsin Synod Hymnal 102:
Gott Lob, ein neues Kirchenjahr)

Another Church year has begun,
God's grace anew revealing.
Unbounded wonders He hath done
His faithful promise sealing.
The ancient cov'nant still remains;
His Spirit's teaching still sustains
The Church on faith's foundation.

O Zion, laud Thy God and raise
A song of adoration!
Thou royal Priesthood, grant Him praise
And thanks as Thy oblation.
Bless Him Who through His Word doth come
To sanctify His Christendom
And consecrate His Temple.

We merit not Thy grace to win,
Thou God of our salvation.
Bowed down by guilt, and stained with sin,

Worthy of condemnation,
Our flesh hath naught whereof to boast,
As it reveals a countless host
Of oft-renewed transgressions.

Renew in us the spirit, Lord,
And by Thy loving-kindness
A contrite heart to us afford.
Unveil our carnal blindness.
Grant us desire Thy will to do,
Put off the old, put on the new,
That our whole life may please Thee.

Preserve Thy Sacraments divine!
May Thy blest Word eternal
Upon this vale of darkness shine.
Grant us Thy joy supernal.
O bless Thy Church and schools we pray
And let Thy cov'nants point the way
That leads to life immortal.

Unto Thy shepherds strength afford
And unction in their preaching.
That we may feast upon Thy Word,
Grant purity in preaching.
That we may feast upon Thy Word,
Grant purity in teaching.
O may all hearers doers be,
Shield us from vain hypocrisy,
From doubt and from denial.

O may this dawning Church Year be
A bearer of salvation.
In faith and trust we leave to Thee
Its end and consummation.
On earth Thy Church must battle one,
But when eternity shall dawn
Forever she shall triumph!

Translated from the German.

December 20, 1931
A Prayer for Christmas 1931

Lord Jesus Christ, Redeemer of us all,
On this Thy day in spirit we would soar
To Bethlehem, to view the lowly stall,
And hear the angels' lullaby once more;
To kneel awhile beside the manger bed
That pillowed Thy dear head in straw and hay –

To clasp Thee to our hearts, O Living Bread,
And gain new strength to walk the pilgrim way.

Light of the world, illumine the world again!
Thou morning Star, send out Thy healing ray!
The earth is filled with darkness, grief, and pain –
With burdens that all human strength outweigh –
War, famine, hunger, nakedness, distress –
And e'en the willing toiler finds no hire.
O hear the plea of thousands shelterless,
Who for Thy Name's sake bear the scoffers' ire.

Peace and Good Will! The sweet celestial song
Has echoed down through war-torn, weary years.
Still here below Thy blood-washed, ransomed throng
Has peace within – peace that can smile through tears!
Peace in the heart, where Thy blest Spirit dwells –
Peace all divine, which earth cannot bestow.
The lovely peal of chiming Christmas bells
Tells of the peace that heaven's angles know.

Thou perfect Gift, Son of our God on high,
What boundless love compelled Thee to come down –
To leave Thy throne beyond the starry sky,
For manger-bed, for cross, and thorny crown!
O could we give Thee on this Christmas Day
A royal tribute worthy of a king!
Accept our lisping words, dear Lord, we pray.
Our hearts would be Thy birthday offering.

We consecrate ourselves anew to Thee.
Cleanse every sin-stain in Thy precious blood!
And grant us strength to battle valiantly
Beneath Thy standard, Thou Incarnate God!
The days are dark – iniquity abounds – ,
Not all who call Thee Lord obey Thy will.
Earth is a Babel of discordant sounds.
Sustain us by Thy blest Evangel still!

Blest Christmas Day! Safe in our Father's care,
We rest secure in Everlasting Arms.
Why should we tremble then at Satan's snare?
Why should we fear earth's manifold alarms?
Dear Elder Brother, still in realms above
Thou intercedes for Thy blood-bought Own,
Assure us still, O Thou Eternal Love,
We do not walk the pilgrim-path alone.

Blest Christmas Day! The days are hast'ning on.
Thy Church, loved Bridegroom, longs for Thy return!

When will the morning long-awaited dawn
For which o'er all the earth Thy people yearn?
Signs manifold reveal the day far spent,
Thy Bride awaits the watchman's midnight cry.
When will the clouds that hide Thy face be rent?
When will we rise to meet Thee in the sky?

O what will Christmas be in realms of light,
When we shall see Thee, Savior, as Thou art?
When many mansions greet our dazzled sight –
When dear ones meet us, nevermore to part?
When yonder Tree of Life ablaze we see
And with the saints of all the ages tryst?
Till then make all our homes a Bethany –
Abide with us, Eternal, Changeless Christ!

Anna Hoppe, "A Prayer for Christmas 1931," *Northwestern Lutheran* XVIII, no. 26 (December 20, 1931): 401.

1932

January 3, 1932
In The Hour of Trial
1 Peter 4:12-19

Think it not strange, ye saints of God,
When cares and sorrows come,
To cast their shadows o'er the road
That leads to Heaven's Home.

In the refiner's sev'n-fold fire
Faith's precious gold He tries, -
The hope divine that doth aspire
To mansions in the skies.

O envy not the godless throng
On earthborn pleasures bent!
Flee from the paths of sin and wrong -
The tempter's wiles resent.

If ye the victor's crown would wear
In realms of light on high,
Shun not on earth the cross to bear;
Fear not with Christ to die.

In God's eternal Word abide,

Kept by His Spirit's power,
The needed strength He can provide
When comes the trial hour.

Cleansed by your Savior's precious Blood,
Saved by His glorious grace,
With joy to Salem's blest abode
Your pilgrim-pathway trace.

There clad in robes of righteousness,
His saints like stars shall shine,
And through eternal ages bless
The power of Love divine!

(Epistle Lesson Hymn for the Sunday after New Year's Day)^{cxxxiii}

Anna Hoppe, "In The Hour of Trial," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 1 (January 3, 1932): 1.

January 31, 1932

"He Giveth Songs In The Night"

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance!"

Psalm 42:5

A mansion mine beyond the starry skies,
My name inscribed within the Book of Life,
Why should my pilgrim-days be filled with sighs,
Why should I dread the pain, the toil, the strife?

How brief this earthly sojourn, - time speeds on,
E'en though "three score and ten" my lot should be,
How swift the God-appointed course it run,
And then eternity, - eternity!

He who has fashioned me of earthly clay,
My every earthly need can well supply,
His mercy sends me manna day by day,
Shelter and raiment He will not deny.

He feeds the sparrow clothes the lilies fair,
And tells me I am dearer far than they,
Why should I shun awhile the cross to bear,
When He can turn the winter into May?

My Father sent His Son to die for me,
My Savior washed me in His precious blood,
Cleansed and forgiven, only love I see.
Why should I murmur, and offend my God!

He sent His Spirit to console my heart,
When griefs and trials come, when sin alarms.
Strength, joy, and peace His Word can well impart,
And I can trust the Everlasting Arms.

He has not promised that my path would be
All sun and roses, free from cloud and thorn.
The rain must fall ere I His rainbow see;
Night must precede the dawn of radiant morn.

Hush thee, my soul, hope thou in God, be still,
And let not doubt thy Nebo vision blight.
Bow in submission to the Father's will,
For lo, at eventide it shall be light! (Zech. 14:7)

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "He Giveth Songs In The Night," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 3 (January 31, 1932): 33.

Anna Hoppe, "A Song of Trust," *Lutheran Companion* XXVII, no. 43 (October 26, 1929): 1355.

March 13, 1932
Passiontide

Again the holy Passiontide has come,
To lead us, step by step, to Cal'vry's hill,
Thus year by year, believing Christendom
Tells all the world the dear old faith lives still.

The promised Shiloh crushed the serpent's head,
Died for our sins, and paid the ransom-price,
The blood of lambs, on ancient altars shed,
Foreshadowed Cal'vry's perfect sacrifice.

He came, He lived, He suffered as foretold,
Fulfilled the holy Law Jehovah gave,
In Him the visioned mysteries unfold,

From virgin-birth to sheltered garden-grave.

He died, and proved the sacred Volume true.
Forever settled is the Word sublime
In yonder Heaven, whence He came to woo
And win a bride in God's appointed time.

Blest Passiontide, portray to us again
The anguished, praying, bleeding, dying One,
The spotless Lamb, upon the hilltop slain,
Immanuel, God's Own Incarnate Son.

Reveal the precious blood of priceless worth,
Poured out to cleanse us from the stain of sin;
Wean us away from passing things of earth,
To Him, who vanquished hell our souls to win.

Blest Passiontide, when we bid thee farewell
As dawns the glorious Resurrection Day,
Then may a quickened faith and love reveal
That we have walked with Jesus all the way!

Anna Hoppe, "Passiontide," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 6 (March 13, 1932): 82.

March 27, 1932
Easter Peace and Consolation

All past the anguish in the dismal garden,
All past the bitter pangs on Cal'vry's brow,
All paid the blood-price, seal of perfect pardon,
The risen Savior asks: "Why weepest thou?"

O troubled heart, should there be need for weeping?
Henceforth bid needless cares and sorrows cease.
No more in yonder grave thy Lord is sleeping.
He lives! He says: "I give to you my peace!"

"Fear not, thy sin is blotted out, forgiven,
Fear not, I bring thee immortality,
Fear not, wide open is the gate to heaven.
Fear not, a place have I prepared for thee."

"All power is mine in heav'n and earth forever.

Why wilt thou still 'neath earthborn burdens pine?
Rest in my love. I will forsake thee never.
I called thee by thy name, and thou art mine!"

Blest Easter message, still as sweet and glorious,
As when that day from holy lips it fell!
The living Christ, o'er death and hell victorious,
Abides our Savior, our Immanuel!

No peace but His can hush earth's restless billows
Of doubt and fear, perplexity, despair.
Dare we now hang our harps upon the willows?
Ah no, let Easter anthems rend the air!

O troubled world, list to the Easter story.
Let resurrection hope dispel thy gloom!
Take refuge in the risen Lord of Glory!
Winter is past. Rejoice, the Spring has come!

Anna Hoppe, "Easter Peace and Consolation," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 7 (March 27, 1932): 101.

April 10, 1932
"Many Members But One Body"
1 Cor. 12:20

We are members of His body,
Of His flesh and of His bones (Eph. 5:30),
Here we bear the heat of conflict,
There we share the victors' thrones.
Justified by Faith, united
In the bonds of Christian love,
Jesus leads us by His Spirit
To the Father's House above.

Many members, but one body,
Many functions we fulfill.
Diverse are our gifts and powers,
But one Mind directs us still!
One Baptismal Flood has washed us,
At one holy Feast we dine.
O how blest the mystic union
Of the branches in the Vine (John 15:5)!

Reconciled, redeemed, forgiven,
Righteous in the sight of God,
Clad in garments of salvation (Isaiah 61:10),
Purchased with Messiah's blood –
Saved by grace, O let us praise Him
For the Faith that justifies,
Saving Faith, all Spirit-kindled,
Faith that on His Word relies.

Bearing one another's burdens (Gal. 6:2),
Sharing sorrow, joy, and pain,
Granting fainting hearts new courage,
True in sunshine and in rain,
Thus the Law of Christ fulfilling,
Till on earth our labors cease,
We are kept by His blest Spirit
In the holy bonds of peace.

Many members, but one body,
Blest estate! Communion sweet!
Foretaste of the coming glory,
When God's Temple is complete!
Love Divine, till we behold Thee
On that festal bridal day,
May the flame of Faith be burning
In each member's heart, we pray.

Anna Hoppe, "Many Members But One Body," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 8 (April 10, 1932): 113.

June 5, 1932
The Faithfulness of God

God ever true will be;
His heart with love o'erfloweth,
Though oft unto His own
Affliction He bestoweth.
Faith shines more bright and clear
When comes adversity;
Our patience thus He tries.
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
Our heavy cross He beareth;
The burdens He has placed
Upon our hearts He shareth.
Though oft His rod we feel,
Sincere and kind is He.
Our Father loves us still;
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
Our feeble frame He knoweth.
The burden can be borne
That His dear hand bestoweth.
His pleading Israel
From bondage He doth free.
He helps in ev'ry need,
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
Though sad the night of weeping,
His stars of joy shall shine.
The loved ones in His keeping
Shall see the clouds disperse,
The storm of trial flee.
O be of cheer, my soul,
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
No blessing He denieth.
In the refiner's fire
Faith's precious gold He trieth.
Accept from His dear hand
Thy trial willingly,
Await His cup of joy.
God ever true will be.

God ever true will be;
Soon shall the tempest vanish.
Thy sorrow, cross and pain
Forever He shall banish.
Thy Father has prepared
Eternal bliss for thee.
How boundless is His love!

God ever true will be.

Translated from the German
"Gott ist und bleibt getreu."

Anna Hoppe, "The Faithfulness of God," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 12 (June 5, 1932):
177.

June 19, 1932
Christian Education Hymn

Eternal Father,
Who art in Heaven,
A song of thanks to Thee we raise,
For Christian parents,
Thy grace has given,
For Christian schools we sing Thy praise.

O blest Lord Jesus,
Thou King of Glory,
The lambs of Thy dear flock are we.
Bless all who taught us
Thy Gospel story;
Fill us with fervent love to Thee.

We heard, dear Savior,
Thy invitation:
"Let little ones come unto Me."
We praise and bless Thee
For Thy salvation.
Thy Blood has bought us; Thine are we.

Blest Holy Spirit,
To all our teachers
The knowledge from on high bestow.
With godly wisdom
Endow our preachers,
Prepare our hearts God's Truth to know.

God of our Fathers,
While here we wander,
Our hearts and lips shall worship Thee,
And when we see Thee

In glory yonder,
Thy praise shall fill eternity.

Tune: "Beautiful Savior."

Anna Hoppe, "Christian Education Hymn," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 13 (June 19, 1932): 193.

July 3, 1932

"Casting All Your Care Upon Him"

1 Pet. 5:6-11

My God, on Thee I cast my care.
Thou carest tenderly for me.
In humble, fervent, childlike prayer
I can make known my wants to Thee.
Thy love paternal, pure, divine,
Breathes courage to this heart of mine.

In true contrition I confess
The burden of my sins to Thee.
Cleanse me from all unrighteousness,
For Jesus' sake, who died for me.
His holy blood, on Cal'vry spilt,
Can purge away the stains of guilt.

My humble heart in fervor pleads
For strength and guidance from above.
Let hallowed thoughts, and words, and deeds
Show forth the praises of Thy love.
Grant me the faith that can prevail
When Satan, world, and flesh assail.

Extend Thy comfort in distress,
Allay my cares, and woes, and fears,
Make sweet the cup of bitterness,
Heal Thou my wounds, and dry my tears.
When shadow-clouds encompass me,
In Thy pavilion hide Thou me.

Grant Thou me through Thy Spirit's power
Thy grace to trust Thy saving Word.
Uphold me in the trial hour;

Thy never-failing help afford;
Sustained by Thy almighty hand,
I journey to the Promised Land.

Earth's night of sorrow shall give way
To fadeless, bright, eternal morn.
In Salem's realm of endless day
A crown of glory shall adorn
Thy saints redeemed who here below
The thorny path of suffering know.

God of all grace, for Jesus' sake
Establish, strengthen, settle me,
Until it is Thy will to take
My ransomed soul to dwell with Thee.
Glory, dominion, power, and praise
Be Thine through everlasting days.

Anna Hoppe, "Casting All Your Care Upon Him," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 14 (July 3, 1932): 209.

July 17, 1932
In Contrition

I will return unto the Lord
From pathways of transgression.
My God, to me Thy help afford,
Hear Thou my heart's confession.
Let Thy blest Spirit's strength divine
Create anew this heart of mine;
Grant me, through grace, this blessing!

Man fails to see His wretched plight, -
So blind is his condition.
Without Thy Holy Spirit's light,
Sin leads him to perdition.
Corrupt on thought, and word, and deed,
Filled with distress, I come, and plead:
"O Father mine, relieve me!"

Knock at my door, and make me feel
My sinfulness and blindness.
The evil I have done reveal,

Win Thou my heart with kindness.
Then, as I comprehend my woe,
Dear Father, let my cheeks o'erflow
With tears of true contrition.

Thy grace in Christ hath rescued me,
From flames of hell I'm riven.
Naught have I lacked. Thy love so free
All good to me hath given.
That I might be forever Thine,
Thy faithfulness, O Father mine,
Spared not the rod to save me!

Lord Jesus, to Thy wounds I flee,
In this blest shelter hide me!
Thy anguish was endured for me,
My guilt has crucified Thee!
On Thee was laid the world's vast load
Of sin, and Thou, blest Lamb of God,
Most willingly didst bear it.

Garbed in Thy robe of righteousness,
The Father will receive me.
In love's paternal tenderness
His counsel He will give me.
He knows the traps the world doth lay,
He knows that Satan day by day,
Doth labor to ensnare me.

Henceforth from evil will I flee,
And shun the world's temptation.
Let Thy blest Spirit dwell in me,
Revealing Thy salvation.
His strength can stem the pow'r of sin,
Whate'er displeaseth Thee within,
May I forever banish.

Anna Hoppe, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "In Contrition," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 15 (July 17, 1932): 226.

November 20, 1932
Missionary Hymn

We pity, gracious God on high,
The heathen in distress.
Without Thy mercy they will die
In sin and wretchedness.

They worship idols, dumb and blind,
They bow to wood and stone,
And know not in their clouded mind
That Thou art God alone.

They do not know the Savior dear
Who all their guilt has borne;
Beneath the curse they sojourn here
Of light and comfort shorn.

O Father dear, Thy mercy send,
Thou God of love and might.
When will the heathen darkness end?
When pass their dismal night?

Their anguish loudly Thee implores.
O hear Thy children's plea,
And open wide the heathen-doors
That Jesus they may see!

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Missionary Hymn," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 24 (November 20, 1932):
369.

December 4, 1932
Wake, Awake, Ye Sleeping Christians!

Wake, awake, ye sleeping Christians!
Jesus calls you; rise, arise!
Leave sin's dark pit; God's glorious light
Dispels the dismal gloom of night.
Salvation's beams illumine the skies;
From sleep of sin to life arise.
Waken! Waken! Waken!

Wake, awake, for Judgment morning
Soon shall dawn, the world's assize.
Prepare, your glorious goal is near;
Be watchful. Christ shall soon appear.
On Zion's mount the watchman cries:
"Ye sleeping Christians, rise, arise!
Waken! Waken! Waken!"

Anna Hoppe, "Wake, Awake, Ye Sleeping Christians," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 25
(December 4, 1932): 386.

December 18, 1932
Advent

Star and Crown of my salvation,
Jesus, precious heav'nly Guest, -
If Thou hast no habitation, -
Come into my heart to rest.
This cold world will not invite Thee,
How Thy Presence will delight me!
Enter in, and ne'er depart,
Dearest Treasure of my heart!

Well I know my heart's poor dwelling
Is no bright abiding-place,
But a hovel, dark, repelling,
Where all sin has left its trace.
When Thou comest, night will vanish!
Thou, blest Light, the gloom will banish!
Enter in, and ne'er depart,
Dearest Treasure of my heart!

All the glory earth is off'ring
Is but dust, its glitter brief,
Bringing care, and grief, and suff'ring,
And then fading like a leaf!
Answered prayer will be the token
That my joy will be unbroken, -
Enter in, and ne'er depart,
Dearest Treasure of my heart!

From the German -
W. Schaller in

Lutheraner 12-9-13.

Translated by Anna Hoppe.

Music by Fritz Reiner.

Anna Hoppe, "Advent," *Northwestern Lutheran* XIX, no. 26 (December 18, 1932): 401.

1933

January 1, 1933

Jesus Has Come!

Jesus has come! Source of gladness unending!
A and O, Alpha-Omega is here!
With lowly mankind His Godhead is blending, -
Mighty Creator, to mortals so near!
Hear all ye heathen the news all-transcending:
"Jesus has come! Source of gladness unending!"

Jesus has come! Heaven's loveliest Treasure!
Crown of rejoicing! The Father's dear Son!
Seeking lost sinners, His love without measure
Saves them and leads them to Heaven's bright throne.
Praise ye His love, - find in Him holy pleasure!
Jesus has come! Heaven's loveliest Treasure!

Jesus has come! O most marvelous wonder!
God's Son has freed us from death's cruel chain!
Bursting sin's bonds and hell's fetters asunder, -
Glory adorns our Redeemer's domain!
Why should we tremble at Horeb's dread thunder
Jesus has come! O most marvelous wonder!

Jesus has come! Our Redeemer eternal
Hurling Satan's armored Defense to the ground!
Jesus, our Gideon, Victor supernal
Freed all the captives, no more are we bound!
Vanquished is hell's mighty kingdom infernal!
Jesus has come! Our Redeemer eternal!

Jesus has come! Tell the nations the story!
Haste to His Banner of Grace, all divine!
Pledge heart and hand to the King of all Glory!
Savior, in life and in death we are Thine!
Keep us, until, we in Heaven adore Thee!
Jesus has come! Tell the nations the story!

Translated from the German: Anna Hoppe.

“Jesus ist kommen, Grund ewiger Freuden”
Johann Ludwig Konrad Allendorf, 1736

Anna Hoppe, “Jesus Has Come!,” *Northwestern Lutheran XX*, no. 1 (January 1, 1933): 1.

January 15, 1933
The Christ-Child In The Temple

A festal throng doth wend its way
From earthly toil released,
To worship God in Temple halls,
At His Passover feast.

Thou followest the pious throng,
Dear Child of twelve, to pay
Thy homage sweet to Israel’s God,
And in His courts to pray.

The scenes of dear Jerusalem,
Now fall upon Thy sight,
And sojourn in Thy Father’s house,
Fills Thee with pure delight.

Thy knowledge, heaven-born, exceeds
The learning of the wise;
O Son of God, Thy lips o’erflow
With wisdom from the skies.

Humbly, dear Child, didst Thou obey
Thy earthly parent’s call,
Subject to worldly rule art Thou,
Though King and Lord of all.

Dear Child let us increase like Thee,
In wisdom, truth, and grace;
Grant that with humble, contrite hearts
Thy teachings we embrace.

Born ‘neath the law, Thou hast fulfilled
For us its hard demands.
Thy perfect righteousness, dear Lord,
Now as our ransom stands.

Thy Father’s house, Thy Father’s work

Shall be our hearts' delight;
We'll throng His earthly courts until,
We reach His realms of light.

Thou Carpenter of Nazareth,
Haste to prepare a place,
Where all Thy blood-bought throng may dwell,
And see Thee face to face.

O haste the day, when in the courts
Of Paradise we'll sing
Songs of eternal praise to Thee,
Thou Lord of Lords, our King.^{cxxxiv}

Anna Hoppe, "The Christ-Child In The Temple," *Northwestern Lutheran* XX, no. 2 (January 15, 1933): 17.

January 29, 1933
I Still Have Thee!

O gracious Father mine,
I still have Thee!
Streams of Thy love divine
Envelop me.
Let hills and mountains shake, -
Let earth asunder break, -
Let mortal help forsake, -
I still have Thee!

O blest Redeemer mine,
I still have Thee!
Thy boundless grace divine
From sin can free.
Washed in Thy precious Blood
My Homeward way I plod,
Though lone the pilgrim-road,
I still have Thee!

O blest Consoler mine,
I still have Thee!
Thy Name I glorify,
Blest Trinity!
Until my dying breath
To Thee I'll cling in faith.

How blest to know in death
I still have Thee!

Sun, moon, and stars may fall, -
I still have thee!
In Salem's festal hall
Eternally
With all the ransomed throng
I'll join the triumph song;
While ages roll along,
I'LL STILL HAVE THEE!

Anna Hoppe, "I Still Have Thee!," *Northwestern Lutheran* XX, no. 3 (January 29, 1933): 33.

February 12, 1933

A "Depression" Prayer

"If My people, which are called by My Name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from Heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." 2 Chr. 7:14.

"There was no hire for man, nor any hire for beast." Zech. 8:10.

"Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things." Joel 2:21.

"Bring ye the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there will not be room enough to receive it." Mal. 3:10.

O mighty Maker of the earth and Heaven,
Thou Who hast made us in Thine image blest, -
Whose Father-hand all gifts to us has given,
In Whom alone our souls find peace and rest,
We come to Thee, bowed down in deep contrition,
With trembling knees in prayer we seek Thy Face.
Thou knowest all! Behold our sad condition;
Forgive our sin, and cleanse us by Thy grace.

Thy sun beamed down to show Thy love so tender, -
The fertile earth drank in Thy rain and dew.
Rich harvest-fields adored Thee in their splendor, -
And grateful birdlings sang Thy praises, too.
But we, Thy people, took Thy gifts for granted,
How oft we honored Thee with lips alone!
Our songs and prayers, - the praises that we chanted
Had no heart-incense rising to Thy throne.

We did not bring Thy store-house tithes before Thee, -
We did not give as Thou didst prosper us.
We did not with our hearts and gifts adore Thee.
How could ungrateful stewards treat Thee thus?
And now, our boasting o'er, our spirits broken,
We turn from mortal help, and come to Thee.
Thou who in by-gone years to us hast spoken,
O speak again, and hear Thy people's plea!

We come to Thee, our many sins confessing,
O blot them out for Jesus' sake, we pray!
And open Heaven's windows wide in blessing;
Without Thy help, we perish by the way.
Thou canst restore the years by locusts eaten, (Joel 2:25)
Locusts of envy, avarice, and pride.
Behold us, helpless, poor, defeated, beaten, -
We come to Thee! There is no help beside!

Ah, once in visioned scene Thy prophet holy
Saw times devoid of hire for man or beast, (Zech. 8:10)
In arms of mortal flesh we trusted solely,
Till with the whirl of wheels our boasting ceased.
With hoarded sheaves our granaries are bursting, -
Still famished children cry to Thee for bread!
Unsheltered thousands, ragged, hungry, thirsting,
Behold the future days with fear and dread.

Like Babel's tower our mighty castles crumbled,
All vanquished lie the hopes on which we built.
Thy Spirit through Thy Word our heart has humbled. -
Reward us not, according to our guilt.
For Jesus' sake, give ear to our confession,
For His dear sake, let not our prayer be vain.
As His dear Hands clasp Thine in intercession,
Forgive our sins, and heal our land again!

We vow this day, that if Thou wilt deliver
The land we love from every blighting curse,
We shall give thanks to Thee, Thou gracious Giver,
Not with mere words, but with the heart and purse!
And knowing well that Christ's return is nearing,
Let us send out Thy heralds near and far,
And watch and pray, awaiting His appearing,

Till we behold the Bright and Morning Star!

Anna Hoppe, "A 'Depression' Prayer," *Northwestern Lutheran* XX, no. 4 (February 12, 1933): 49.

February 26, 1933

Undertake For Me

"O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me"

Isaiah 38:14

Beloved Lord, when pilgrim-days are dark,
When tossed by storms, no haven I can see,
Thy mighty Arm can steer life's fragile barque, -
O faithful Pilot, undertake for me.

Beloved Lord, without Thy guiding hand
Temptation's snares I fail to shun and flee.
Lest I sink down beneath the shifting sand,
O watchful Guardian, undertake for me.

Beloved Lord, Thou art the living Bread,
Grant me a firm, unfalt'ring faith in Thee.
E'en in the wilderness I can be fed.
O blest Provider, undertake for me.

Beloved Lord, when gladness floods the heart,
Its every wish supplied abundantly, -
Lest I in self-will from Thy side depart, -
Divine Companion, undertake for me.

Beloved Lord, safe in Thy shelt'ring fold,
Thy treasured flock can rest contentedly.
If I should stray, and growling wolves behold,
O tender Shepherd, undertake for me.

Beloved Lord, washed in Thy precious blood,
From stain of sin, from penalty I'm free.
When saved by grace I cross the Jordan flood,
O sinless Surety, undertake for me.

Beloved Lord, Thou Bridegroom of my soul,
When I shall stand beside the crystal sea,
My songs shall praise, while endless ages roll

The love that thus could undertake for me.

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "Undertake For Me," *Northwestern Lutheran* XX, no. 5 (February 26, 1933): 65.

March 12, 1933

Passiontide

Again the holy Passiontide has come,
To lead us, step by step, to Calv'ry's hill
Thus year by year, believing Christendom
Tells all the world the dear old faith lives still!

The promised Shiloh crushed the serpent's head,
Died for our sins, and paid the ransom-price.
The blood of lamb, on ancient altars shed,
Foreshadowed Calv'ry's perfect sacrifice.

He came, He lived, He suffered as foretold,
Fulfilled the holy Law Jehovah gave;
In Him the visioned mysteries unfold,
From virgin birth to sheltered garden-grave.

He died, and proved the Sacred Volume true!
Forever settled is the Word sublime
In yonder Heav'n, from whence He came to woo
And win a bride in God's appointed time.

Blest Passiontide, portray to us again
The anguished, praying, bleeding, dying One, -
The spotless Lamb, upon the hill-top slain,
Immanuel, God's own Incarnate Son.

Reveal the precious blood of priceless worth,
Poured out to cleanse us from the stain of sin;
Wean us away from passing things of earth
To Him, who vanquished hell our souls to win.

Blest Passiontide, when we bid thee farewell
As dawns the glorious Resurrection Day,
Then may a quickened faith and love reveal
That we have walked with Jesus all the way.

Anna Hoppe, "Passiontide," *Northwestern Lutheran* XX, no. 6 (March 12, 1933): 81.

March 26, 1933

Via Dolorosa

"Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." Luke 23:28

Thou wouldst not have us weep for Thee,
Most Holy One,
Yet how could we such anguish see
With hearts of stone?
Thy noble brow by cruel thorns is torn, -
Thy weary feet, for us so travel-worn,
Now plod their dreary way to Calv'ry's hill, -
Where pain unspeakable awaits Thee still.
Gethsemane, stained with Thy precious blood,
Reveals Thy suff'ring, spotless Lamb of God, -
Pleading in sorrow while we were asleep, -
Should we not weep?

Yet for ourselves 'tis well we shed
Tears of remorse.
Our sin of all Thy anguish dread
Has been the source.
Yet in Thy royal, heav'nly majesty
Requirest Thou no earthly sympathy.
A word of Thine could Thy tormentors slay, -
A finger's movement take their breath away.
Creatures of clay, once by Thy power made,
Dare to deride Thee, by hell's legions swayed!
A righteous God on Thee our guilt must heap.
Well may we weep!

As tears of true repentance flow, -
Forgive our guilt.
Thy Blood can wash us white as snow.
For sinners spilt,
O bleeding Lamb, one precious drop alone
Can for the sin of all the world atone.
We hear the thunders roar on Sinai.
Condemned to hell, O whither shall we fly?
We sought Thee not. Thy Shepherd love untold,
Sought us, and found us, straying from Thy fold.
Take to Thy heart again Thy crying sheep.

Behold, we weep!

We follow Thee to cross and tomb
With weeping eyes.
Faith shines triumphant through the gloom.
Soon Thou wilt rise!
In yonder Heaven, whence Thou camest down,
Thine will be kingdom, glory, throne, and crown!
When blood-washed thousands laud Thee, Crucified,
Thy soul, now anguished, will be satisfied!
O Love Divine, on yonder Glory Shore,
Fruits of Thy Passion, we shall weep no more, -
For Thou wilt wipe, as dawns eternal day,
All tears away!

Anna Hoppe, "Via Dolorosa," *Northwestern Lutheran* XX, no. 7 (March 26, 1933): 97.

June 18, 1933

Make Thy Petition Deep
(Isaiah 7:11, Margin)

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the earth brought forth her fruit." (James 5:16-18.)

Make thy petition deep, my troubled heart.
God is the same today
As when He bade the clouds of rain depart,
And heard Elijah pray.
He Who could stem the Red Sea's rolling tides
For Cov'nant Israel,
Still with His own this very day abides.
He is Immanuel!

Make thy petition deep. In sorrow's hour
Doubt not His sovereign might.
He is thy Hiding-Place, thy Shield, and Tower.
Fear not the shades of night.
His Word reveals His mighty works of old,
And He is still the same.
Like petaled blooms His prophecies unfold.
"Almighty" is His Name!

Make thy petition deep. He is a King!
Though princely thy request,
Thy empty vessels to His store-house bring;
Be with His fullness blest.
Thou art His child, and all He has is thine.
Doubt not thy Father's love.
Stand firmly on His promise, sure, divine –
The Rock that cannot move!

Make thy petition deep. And O, believe
That He can do for thee
Much more than thou canst ask for, or conceive.
He hears the Spirit's plea.
Thy prayer is borne on high like incense sweet,
Where Jesus intercedes.
Lay down Thy burden at His holy feet
Who knowest all thy needs.

Make thy petition deep, for friend and foe.
Seek first His Kingdom's weal.
He'll add "these things" that thou are seeking so,
And grant thee thy appeal.
Unbounded gifts and balm He can impart,
And lo! He doth not sleep!
Make Thy petition deep, my troubled heart –
Make Thy petition deep!

Anna Hoppe, "Make Thy Petition Deep," *Northwestern Lutheran* XX, no. 13 (June 18, 1933):
193.

July 30, 1933
I Have Laid Help Upon One That Is Mighty
Psalm 89:19

My faith has laid help on the One Who is mighty,
Christ Jesus, the Son of the Infinite God.
All power is His on the earth and in heaven,
Who purchased my soul with the price of His blood.

The prince of this world with his mighty battalions
Has ceased not to fight for domains he has lost;
The world and the flesh with a thousand allurements
Still strive to belittle the Calvary cost.

I cannot withstand all the enemies' arrows
Without the sure armor of His Holy Word,
Who promised to bide with me now and forever,
The risen Redeemer, my Savior and Lord.

When burdens oppress, when sore trials bewilder,
When under the load of deep sorrow I pine,
The Word of my Brother brings sweet consolation,
Assuring my heart that His Father is mine.

Though dark be the pathway that leads through the valley,
My Spirit-born faith can lay hold of His Arm!
How oft has He proven the mighty Deliv'rer –
The Shepherd Who guardeth His sheep from all harm!

Though billows may roll and the tempest be roaring,
My Captain will pilot me safe to the Shore.
So how dare I doubt when His Cov'nant assures me
I'll dwell in the Homeland with Him evermore!

How sweet is the balm of His perfect forgiveness
Whose blood washed me whiter, yea whiter than snow!
In garbs of salvation His mercy has clothed me (Isaiah 61:10),
No foretaste of heaven e'en here I can know!

My faith has laid help on the One Who is mighty –
Christ Jesus, my Brother, the Firstborn of God (Psalm 89:27),
And when all the sons have been brought into glory (Hebr. 2:10)
The Home of His Father shall be my abode!

Anna Hoppe, "I Have Laid Help Upon One That Is Mighty," *Northwestern Lutheran* XX, no. 16
(July 30, 1933): 241.

August 13, 1933
The Lord Will Perfect That Which Concerneth Me
Psalm 138, Verse 8

How precious are Thy thoughts to me, (Psalm 139, 17-18)
Thou gracious God on high!
Countless as sands beside the sea,
And higher than the sky.

Ere I beheld the light of day
Thy Book my members knew. (Psalm 139, 16)
Thy love encompassed all my way,
O Father kind and true.

Thy holy eyes could see my sin,
Ere life was yet begun.
Thou gavest up my soul to win,
Thy well-beloved Son.

He shed His Blood on Calv'ry's hill
To wash me white as snow.
The risen Christ abideth still
With His redeemed, I know,

He pleads for me before Thy throne.
My Advocate is He.
And He has sent His Spirit down,
My Comforter to be.

Grant me a pure and grateful heart,
And fill my life with song.
From sinful ways may I depart,
And shun the paths of wrong.

Sunshine and shadow will reflect
Thy love's sincerity.
Thy loving-kindness will perfect
That which concerneth me.

Be joy my lot, or grief or pain,
Thy promise is my stay.
Thy Word my spirit will sustain
Till dawns eternal day.

Then I shall know as I am known, -
Then I shall clasp Thy Hand.
When I have passed from cross to crown,
And reach the Gloryland.

Anna Hoppe, "The Lord Will Perfect That Which Concerneth Me," *Northwestern Lutheran* XX,
no. 17 (August 13, 1933): 257.

August 27, 1933

Repentance

O God of Mercies, Father mine,
Drawn by Thy boundless love divine,
I come to Thee, a wayward child,
Bowed down by guilt, with sin defiled.
Relieve my burdened heart, I pray,
Dear Father, cast me not away.
In deep contrition I implore
Remember Thou my sin no more.
Have mercy, Lord!

My blest Redeemer, Thy dear Son,
On Calvary my ransom won;
The Friend of sinners died for me,
To reconcile me unto Thee.
The curse of Law for me He bore.
For His dear sake, my God, restore
Salvation's holy joy to me.
Hark to a contrite sinner's plea: -
Forgive me, Lord!

Thy Holy Spirit, through Thy Word,
Assures me of Thy grace, dear Lord!
My risen High Priest intercedes,
His holy Blood for pardon pleads!
Wash Thou me in that crimson flow,
And I shall be as white as snow!
Remove my sin-stained carnal dress,
Grant me Christ's robe of righteousness.
O cleanse me, Lord!

Thy loving-kindness I shall praise,
O God of Love, through all my days!
Grant Thou me grace, while here I live,
In true compassion to forgive,
And unto erring brethren show
The love Thou didst to me bestow,
Till justified by grace, my God,
In realms on high Thy name I laud
Forevermore.

Anna Hoppe, "Repentance," *Northwestern Lutheran* XX, no. 18 (August 27, 1933): 273.

November 19, 1933
Luther's Birthday
(1483-1933)

He, being dead, yet speaks. He is not dead!
The ages feel the pulse-beats of his heart.
The spirit from the house of clay has fled,
But he lives on, to crown the painter's art.
Like noble Gideon, God's Truth his sword,
He fought the battle, faithful unto death,
His Shield and Buckler the Eternal Word,
And he lives on, a champion of the Faith.

Clasped in his hand the Book, God's Gook divine,
That held dominion o'er his heart and thought,
With Heaven's light the eyes anointed shine.
Determined features tell of battles fought
And conquests won, yea, conquests yet to be
As Christ's Evangel spreads o'er all the earth, -
Blood-bought salvation, full, complete, and free, -
Life from the dead, new Heaven-given birth.

The Word he gave us still is ours unchained, -
Pure milk for babes, strong meat for twice-born men.
Let us proclaim the Truth, with love unfeigned,
Until the Christ we serve comes back again.
We sing our Luther's hymn in many tongues.
Shall love that draws its life-blood from the Cross
Not gladly bleed, not nobly suffer wrongs
And for eternal gain bear earthly loss?

Believers die not, thus declares the Word.
They pass from death to life, from cross to crown.
Absent from earth, and present with the Lord,
Their toiling o'er, then lay the burden down.
Their works do follow. Heaven's seed takes root,
Sown oft in prayer, and watered with their tears.
God gives the increase, blossoms bloom to fruit.
O ye of little faith, allay your fears!

The Word shall stand, the precious God-breathed Word.

Blind unbelief voids not the sacred page.
Earth's wisdom cannot quell the Voice that's heard.
Let foes assail, let hell-born battles rage!
We have it still, let us give heart-born thanks,
And follow where our Captain Christ has led.
"Ein feste Burg" resounds o'er Jordan's banks.
The Word abides. Take heart, God is not dead!

Anna Hoppe, "Luther's Birthday," *Northwestern Lutheran* XX, no. 24 (November 19, 1933):
370.

May 27, 1934

That Blessed Hope

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior,
Jesus Christ." (Titus 2:13)

The seers of old, in clear prophetic vision
Saw scenes beyond the reach of mortal ken,
And though they suffered heart-ache and derision,
Though tear-drops stained their Spirit-guided pen, -
Yet were their heart thrilled by Messiah's coming,
Enraptured by its earth-encircling scope,
And sweet-strained Hebrew harp-strings, in the gloaming,
Poured forth the songs of hope, - "that blessed hope!"

They saw the blest Messiah, long-expected,
The virgin-born, divine Immanuel,
Dying in agony, despised, rejected,
The Son of God, the King of Israel.
They looked again, far down the distant ages,
Saw the Refiner's Fire, the Fullers' Soap (Mal. 3:2);
In Babylon, the exiled Hebrew sages
Sang 'neath the willows of "that blessed hope!"

They looked beyond the tomb in Joseph's garden, -
They saw the risen Christ to heav'n ascend;
They knew His Blood alone could purchase pardon, -
They saw God's Hand the temple's curtain rend.
They saw Christ plead, in priestly intercession.
Why need they more with earthborn wisdom cope?
Although their life-blood sealed their faith's confession, -
Still they rejoiced in hope, - "that blessed hope!"

O child of God, before thee are the pages
Of God's own Bible, His inspired Book.
Though all about thee strife and tumult rages,
Heed thou Thy Savior's Word, and upward look! (Luke 21:28)
See prophecies fulfilled, and still fulfilling, -

No need hast thou in doubt's dark maze to grope!
Soon Christ shall come, thy every longing stilling;
Be comforted by hope – "that blessed hope!"

Lo, He has promised nevermore to leave thee,
Though days are dark, and unbelief hold sway,
O let not Satan, world, and flesh deceive thee!
Rays of His Lamp will guide thee on thy way.
And though thou see'st the evening shadows lengthen,
No need hast thou dispirited to mope!
The Morning Star thy tested faith can strengthen.
Soon day shall dawn, and bring "that blessed hope!"

Anna Hoppe, "That Blessed Hope," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXI, no. 11 (May 27, 1934): 161.

September 30, 1934
When The Mist Shall Vanish
(Augustana Hymnal 518. "Songs of the Church Year" 306)

O precious thought! Some day the mist shall vanish;
Some day the web of gloom shall be unspun.
A day shall break whose beams the night shall banish,
For Christ, the Lamb shall shine, the glorious Sun!

O precious thought! No more will faith be anguished
By doubt's uncertainties, by trembling fears.
The pangs that wound the heart shall all be vanquished,
And light shall flood the gloom of bygone years.

Some day each mystery shall find solution,
Each troublous question an undimmed reply.
The hidden deeps that now seem all confusion
My God will open up and clarify.

O precious thought! With vision all unclouded
The One Whom I believed I shall behold.
Now from my sight His hallowed Form is shrouded.
Then He shall fill my soul with bliss untold.

Some day I'll see my ever-faithful Savior
Who pardoned all my sin in boundless grace.
Here clouds of trial oft obscure His favor.
There I'll behold the brightness of His Face.

O precious thought! The world shall not oppress me,
No more will friends forsake, and foes deride,
But perfect love and fellowship shall bless me,
Where peace and joy forevermore abide.

O precious thought! In Heaven's realm supernal

With angels' hosts the Lamb of God I'll praise,
And with the ransomed speak of life eternal,
And of my earthly sojourn's vanished days.

It cannot be untrue, for God hath spoken:
"They that are Christ's, shall live forevermore."
God cannot lie! His Word cannot be broken,
And He will lead me to that Glory Shore!

The saints of God, all clad in spotless raiment
Before the Lamb shall wave victorious palms.
For bliss eternal Christ has rendered payment.
Earth's tearful strains give way to joyous psalms.

I pray Thee, O my precious Savior, waken
These hallowed thoughts of Paradise in me,
And let them solace me till I am taken
To dwell in Salem evermore with Thee!

Translated by Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "When The Mist Shall Vanish," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXI, no. 20 (September 30, 1934): 305.

Anna Hoppe, tr., "When the Mists Have Cleared Away," *Lutheran Companion* XXIX, no. 39 (September 24, 1921): 612.

From the Swedish by Carl Olaf Rosenius. ^{cxxxv}

December 22, 1934
His Birthday
A Christmas Meditation

By ANNA HOPPE.

To think that Thou didst have a natal day,
Thou blest, eternal, holy Son of God,
Enshrouding Thy pure Self in mortal clay,
And making earth awhile Thy poor abode, -
On Virgin's bosom finding sweet repose,
While mother-love crooned sweetest lullaby!
Thus did in sleep Thy tender eye-lids close,
As angels' voices echoed through the sky.

What holy peace blest that first Christmas Day,
When shepherds, by the heav'nly herald led,
And monarchs. Guided by the Star's bright ray,
Knelt in devotion at Thy manger bed?
Treasures of incense, myrrh and precious gold,
Adoring praise Thy people loved to bring,

The scroll of prophecy, by time unrolled,
Revealed to Zion her Messiah-king!

Thy earth-life o'er, the world's redemption won,
Thy precious blood for our salvation shed,
Thou art again upon Thy Father's throne,
The world's Redeemer, risen from the dead!
Blest Star of David, Thou dost lead the way
From cross to crown, from earth to realms on high.
O strengthen Thou our faith and love, we pray,
Until we see Thee yonder, bye and bye!

From year to year, till Thou wilt come again,
The tidings that proclaims Thy lowly birth, -
The Gospel message: "Peace, Good-will to men"
Shall circle round, and echo o'er the earth,
While saints about Thy glory-circled throne
Join in the songs that rise from earth below.
On this Thy birthday, all Thy ransomed Own
Heart-born devotion, fervent love would show.

'Tis Christmas Day! What memories hast Thou
Of burdens borne, privation, pain, and tears!
In unbelief men crowned with thorns Thy brow,
Five wounds reveal the tale of earth-bound years!
What can we give Thee on this hallowed Day,
Thy boundless love, Thy mercy to reward?
Naught can we do, but give ourselves away,
We are Thine Own! Accept our hearts, dear Lord!

Some day in Gloryland, O Saviour King,
When Paradise shall be again restored,
What royal tributes Thy redeemed shall bring,
While harp-strings blend in strains of sweet accord?
Till then, accept we pray, our humble praise,
The faith-born prayer rise like incense sweet.
On this blest Christmas Day we upward gaze
And peace our gifts of love at Thy dear feet!

Anna Hoppe, "His Birthday - A Christmas Meditation," *Lutheran Companion* XLII, no. 51
(December 22, 1934): cover.

December 23, 1934
The Incarnation

"Lo I come, in the Volume of the Book it is written of Me, to do Thy will, O my God." Psalm
40: 7-8.

Fond Desire of ancient sages,
Day-star through the gloom,

One and All in Scripture's pages,
Christ has come!

Son of Mary, Virgin Mother,
Son of God above,
He descends to be our Brother.
O what love!

Shiloh comes, the long-awaited
Day-spring from on high.
Songs of angels, joy-elated,
Flood the sky.

Cradled in a manger lowly,
Sheltered in a stall.
Yet He is the mighty, holy
Lord of all.

Peace, forgiveness, joy, salvation,
Endless life He brings!
O accept our heart's oblation,
King of Kings!

Gifts of love we bring before Thee.
All we have is Thine.
With the shepherds we adore Thee,
Love divine!

Precious, precious Christmas story,
God comes down to men!
Take the throne, O King of Glory,
Savior, reign!

Fill us with Thy love supernal,
Dwell in us, we pray,
Then will life be an eternal
Christmas Day!

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "The Incarnation," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXI, no. 26 (December 23, 1934):
401.

1935

January 5, 1935

He Can

“He...hangeth upon nothing.” Job 26:7.

When days are dark, when in adversity,
Thy Presence, gracious God, we fail to see, -
When problems fain would drive us to despair,
When, all perplexed, to turn we know not where, -
Grant us to know, lest peace and rest we miss,
Thou still art here in such a time as this!

Thou dost not need an aid of earthly source
To guide Thy planets in their perfect course.
Thou dost not need a nucleus to start
Some fond design of Thy Creator-heart.
Thy Hand from nothing made the earth, and still
It hangs on nothing, mindful of Thy will!

Thou dost not need an earthly wherewithal,
Nor mortal help to need Thy children’s call.
From nothing Thou hast made moon, stars, and sun, -
A Word of Thine, and what Thou wilt, is done!
We need not tell Thee, Lord, whence to obtain
The help we crave in grief or need, or pain.

Forgive us when in doubt and unbelief
We pass bewildered days in needless grief.
When to the hills we need but lift our eyes
And pray the Spirit’s prayer that brings replies.
Grant us a faith that does not ask to seek,
But trusts Thy promises implicitly.

Thy power is limitless, For our supply
Unfathomed reservoirs abound on high.
All that we need, for time, - eternity,
Unbounded grace provides abundantly.
O faithful God, still grant us grace to trust,
When all things earthly crumble into dust!

At Thy right Hand, each moment of the day
The eye of Faith behold our High Priest Pray.
Naught that Thy Son desires, wilt Thou deny
When wounds of Calvary for mercy cry.
Thy Spirit bids us boldly seek Thy face,
And leave our burdens at the Throne of Grace.

Let us no longer grieve Thy Providence,
And each new day with murmurings commence.
The lilies shame us, so do birdlings gay,
And we are dearer far to Thee than they!

O let us claim each promise in Thy Book,
And, strong in Faith, not down, but upward look!

Anna Hoppe, "He Can," *Lutheran Companion* (January 5, 1935): 17.

January 20, 1935
Cast Not Away Your Confidence!
Hebrews 10:35

Cast not away your confidence,
Ye saints of God, the Lord,
For He your trust will recompense
With wonderful reward!

What though the heavens seem as brass?
Prayer penetrates the gates!
Your godless foes are fading grass
That for the sickle waits.

Though days are dark – bow to His will.
Toil on with prayer and song.
His strength perfects your weakness still.
Quit you like men! Be strong!

His never-failing Word declares:
"The just shall live by faith."
O draw not back! Your ardent prayers
Are His blest Spirit's breath.

In patient love each hour await
The coming of your Lord,
And should the promise tarry late,
Unchanging is His Word.

His Church abides. Hell cannot move
The Rock on which she stands.
What needs He more His love to prove
Than nail-prints in His hands?

Cast not away your confidence!
Trust when you cannot see!
How blest will be your recompense
Through all eternity!

- Anna Hoppe

Anna Hoppe, "Cast Not Away Your Confidence!," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXII, no. 2 (January 20, 1935): 18.

February 17, 1935
Trust

I cannot see with my poor mortal sight
The path entire that leads to realms of light.
There may be valleys dark, scenes that affright.
But I can trust!

My Father has assured me I'm His Own,
Bought with the life-blood of His holy Son.
I know not how His mercy leads me on,
But I can trust!

I cannot draw the mystic veil aside
That unknown morrows from my view doth hide.
I cannot look beyond Time's rolling tide,
But I can trust!

I know not why my pilgrim-path should be
So hedged about, oft desolate, when He
Can with a word create a high-way free,
But I can trust!

I know not why He strangely cars a door
Which I have ever found unbarred before, -
Why He sends pain, and grief, and trials sore,
But I can trust!

Too weary oft to toil, or praise, or pray, -
Oft wondering in the silence, "Does it pay?"
I do not know my God's mysterious way,
But I can trust!

I know not when I'll face the Reaper grim,
When earth's receding lights shall flicker dim.
Enough for me to know I'll be with Him.
So I can trust!

I know that step by step my gracious God
Will lead me to His heavenly abode.
Enough for me to tread where He has trod,
So I can trust!

Anna Hoppe, "Trust," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXII, no. 4 (February 17, 1935): 56.

April 14, 1935
Confirmation

Our Cov'nant Lord, our Shepherd-Savior,
The Church's Head, we come to Thee,
Look down upon Thy sheep with favor,
Who kneel before Thee, prayerfully.

We come, the heirs of Thy salvation,
Poor, sinful, frail, to seek Thy Face.
Grant us Thy grace and consolation.
From out Thy Book our guilt erase!

We come to seal the Bond of Blessing –
To pledge allegiance unto death.
O Triune God, Thy name confessing,
Increase, we plead, our love and faith!

Faith, hope, and love, and grace bestowing,
O sanctify our thoughts, we pray!
Each day in Scripture knowledge growing,
Keep Thou us in the narrow way!

O lead us on, Thou Love Supernal,
Until at Thy right Hand we share
Thy Home, Thy joy, Thy rest eternal.
Speak Thou Thy “Amen” to our prayer!

Translated from the German.

- Anna Hoppe

Anna Hoppe, “Confirmation,” *Northwestern Lutheran* XXII, no. 8 (April 14, 1935): 120.

April 28, 1935

Lord, Increase Our Faith

Luke 17:5

O Lord, increase our faith, that it may move
The dismal mountains that our path beset –
That, conquering doubt, Thy power we may prove
When anxious fears annoy, and trails fret.

O Lord, increase our faith, that it may be
A shield to quench temptation’s evil darts –
A staff to stay us in adversity –
A buckler when all earthly help departs.

O Lord, increase our faith, lest we become
Too much cast down by blame, or puffed by praise –
Lest we behold each cloud with spirits glum,
And fail to give Thee thanks in sunny days.

O Lord, increase our faith, that when we toil
It may supply a quickened energy –
A depth of calm when irritations roil,
A zeal for honor, truth, integrity.

O Lord, increase our faith, that it preserve
Our hearts against avenging bitterness,
When we must bear the losses that unnerve,
The griefs that crush, the burdens that oppress.

O Lord, increase our faith, when joys o'erflow,
Lest, blest with gifts, the Giver we forget.
Love, comfort, sympathy may we bestow
To troubled ones whose eyes with tears we wet.

O Lord, increase our faith, the evidence
O things unseen, eternal, which abide –
Things realized when Thou wilt call us hence
When things of time from out our grasp shall slide.

O Lord, increase our faith, from day to day,
Till life is o'er, till pilgrim-days shall end.
Break Thou the Bread of Life upon our ways,
And walk and talk with us, as friend with friend!
- Anna Hoppe

Anna Hoppe, "Lord, Increase Our Faith," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXII, no. 9 (April 28, 1935):
136.

August 18, 1935
A Song of Thanks

How great is the Almighty's favor!
Can man be so unmoved and rude,
And hard of spirit that he never
Grants God due thanks and gratitude?
Ah no, of boundless love partaker,
My highest duty e'er shall be
Ne'er to forget the Lord, my Maker,
Who never has forgotten me.

Who has so wonderfully made me?
He who no mortal aid doth need.
Whose patient love has led me, staid me?
He whose advice I failed to heed.
Who gives me peace when conscience pains me?
Who gives my spirit strength anew?
Who with unbounded good sustains me?
My God, whose arm all things can do.

My spirit, ponder life eternal,
For which thy God created thee,
Where thou in glory all supernal
His face forevermore wilt see.
Thou art an heir to endless glory,

By virtue of God's grace divine.
Christ's death and suffering tell the story
Why free salvation now is thine.

Should I not give Him adoration,
Nor seek His gifts to understand?
Heed not His call of invitation,
And where He leads, take not His hand?
Inscribed upon my heart forever
Is His blest will, His holy Word,
E'en as myself to love my neighbor,
And o'er all things to love my Lord.

With grateful heart will I be willing
To strive for heights, yet unattained (Phil. 3, 12.)
His holy law of love fulfilling,
By His indwelling love constrained,
His likeness in its glorious beauty
With power my weakness shall endow
And urge me on to love-born duty.
Sin shall not have dominion now.

My God, may all Thy love and favor,
Which I behold so constantly,
Create in me the blest endeavor
To consecrate my life to Thee.
Thy love is balm when pain is smarting-
Thy love fills joyous days with cheer,
And when from earth I am departing,
Thy love will conquer every fear.

Translated from the German -
Rev. Christian Fuerchtegott Gellert
1715-1769.

Anna Hoppe.

Anna Hoppe, "A Song of Thanks," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXII, no. 17 (August 18, 1935):
263.

August 17, 1935
Confidence
"Cast not away your confidence"
Hebrews 10:35

Cast not away your confidence,
Ye saints of Christ, the Lord,
For He your trust will recompense
With wonderful reward!

What though the Heavens seem as brass?

Prayer penetrates the gates!
Your godless foes are fading grass
That for the sickle waits.

Though days are dark – bow to His will;
Toil on with prayer and song!
His strength perfects your weakness still.
Quit you like men! Be strong!

His never-failing Word declares:
“The Just shall live by faith.”
O draw not back! Your ardent prayers
Are His blest Spirit’s breath.

In patient love each hour await
The coming of your Lord.
And should the promise tarry late,
Unchanging is His Word.

His Church abides. Hell cannot move
The Rock on which she stands.
What needs He more His love to prove
Than nail-prints in His Hands?

Cast not away your confidence!
Trust when ye cannot see!
How blest will be your recompense
Through all eternity!

ANNA HOPPE.

December 17, 1934.^{cxxxvi}

September 29, 1935
Hymn At The End of The Week

Gracious God, my heart is sending
Grateful praise, adoring Thee,
For the week that now is ending
Filled with benefits so free.
Thou hast given strength to bear
Each day’s share of toil and care.
Praise be Thine for Thy protection –
For Thy Fatherly affection.

Thy paternal love unbounded
Clothed me, fed me, sheltered me.
Angel guards my home surrounded –
From all danger kept me free.
Soul and body Thou didst bless
With Thy grace and tenderness
Safely as the week is closing

In Thy love I am reposing.

Gracious God, my mind can never
Duly laud Thy gift divine.
While I live I'll thank Thee ever,
All I am and have is Thine.
Praise and glory be to Thee
For each boon to mine and me.
To Thy loving care so tender
Soul and body I surrender.

Pardon every transgression
Of each minute, hour, and day.
By the virtue of Christ's Passion
Sanctify my heart, I pray.
Grant to me the merits won
By the blood of Thy dear Son.
Thus released from condemnation
I can joy in His salvation.

I by nature am unholy,
With all mortals steeped in sin –
Seeking wayward pathways solely,
How could I Thy favor win?
But Thy loving Father-heart
Could for Christ's sake grace impart.
Joyous is my consecration
To the God of my salvation.

Now my slumber will be pleasant,
Resting in Thy love, my God,
For I know that He is present,
Who has bought me with His blood.
Holy Ghost, when morn is here,
May Thy Word my spirit cheer;
May it feed me while I wander
Till I reach Thy heaven yonder.

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "Hymn At The End of the Week," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXII, no. 20
(September 29, 1935): 310-311.

October 13, 1935
"Freu Dich Sehr, O Meine Seele"
Wisconsin Synod Hymnal 640

O rejoice, my soul, with gladness,
And forget all misery,
Since from out this vale of sadness

Christ, Thy Savior, calleth thee.
Nevermore in grief to pine,
Heaven's joys shall now be thine,
Joys that ear hath heard of never, -
Joys that shall abide forever.

Day and night when grief distressed me,
Unto God I cried, my Lord,
When a heavy cross oppressed me,
That His Arm might help afford.
Like a wand'rer on the roam
Yearns for travel's end and home,
Thus life's weary pathway wending,
I have longed for journey's ending.

Like the piercing thorn that teareth
When the roses are in bloom,
Thus on earth a Christian beareth
Pangs of fear through days of gloom.
Like the raging sea-waves soar,
Winds and storms and billows roar,
Thus a Christian, pilgrim, stranger,
Is on earth beset by danger.

Foes that cease not their oppression,
Satan, world, and sinful flesh
Seek to gain our soul's possession,
Taunting us with jeers afresh.
Doubt and fear they would instill, -
Crushes down with every ill
Yea, we were but born to suffer.
Nothing else has earth to offer.

When the rays of morning greet us,
When our sleep has passed away, -
Burdens, cares, and sorrow meet us.
Thus we plod from day to day.
Day and night our tears are shed.
Yea, our tears are daily bread,
And we end not our repining
When the sun has ceased its shining.

O Lord Jesus, Savior gracious,
Ever-rising Morning Star,
Purchased with Thy Blood most precious,
I am Thine! Be Thou not far!
Help me, cheer me, that I may
Pass in peace and joy away.
Be my Light. In safe-guard take me.
O stand by! Do not forsake me.

To Thy wounds I'll flee for cover
When I feel death's icy hand.
Thou wilt lead me safely over
To my heav'nly Fatherland.
For the thief, Thy Cross beside,
Paradise was opened wide.
Thou wilt guide me through that portal
Clad in garb of light immortal.

When the powers of death assail me,
When no more I see nor hear,
When my speech and mem'ry fail me, -
All my senses disappear,
Thou, my Light, my Advocate,
Path to Life, and Heaven's Gate, -
Wilt in grace remain beside me, -
Safely to the Homeland guide me.

By Thine angel host escorted,
Let my soul to Heaven soar.
Once Elijah they transported;
Lazarus knew pain no more.
Conscious rest in Thee is sweet, -
Comfort, peace, and joy complete.
O how blest will be perfection
On the day of resurrection!

O rejoice, my soul, with gladness,
And forget all misery, -
Since from out this vale of sadness
Christ, Thy Savior, calleth thee.
All His glory, joy untold,
Thou wilt evermore behold; -
With His hosts in realms supernal
Join in triumph-songs eternal!

Translated from the German.
Freiberg, 1620.

Anna Hoppe, "Freu Dich Sehr, O Meine Seele," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXII, no. 21 (October 13, 1935): 326.

October 27, 1935

"He Looses The Bands of Orion"

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" Job 38:31
"He looses the bands of Orion, and none but He. What a blessings it is that He can do it! I suffer from sin and temptation. These are my wintry signs, my terrible Orion. I need celestial influences, the clear shinings of His love, the beams of His grace, the light of His

countenance. These are His Pleiades to me. Lord, work wonders in me and for me. Lord, end my winter, and let my spring begin!" Charles Spurgeon.

He looseth the bands of Orion,
Creation's all-glorious King.
He endeth the winter in Zion,
And Pleiades' breath brings the spring.
His mercy performeth great wonders.
He turneth the winter to May.
I fear no more Horeb's dread thunders!
His grace rolled the storm-clouds away.

I cannot, though earnest my yearning,
From bondage of sin loose my soul,
Nor break, with earth's wisdom and learning,
The fetters in Satan's control.
But CHRIST, mighty Conq'ror of Edom,
Brought victory down from above.
I glory in Heaven-born freedom.
His Banner o'er me is pure love!

O why should I grieve o'er earth's losses?
O why should I weep o'er earth's pain?
Why murmur o'er trials and crosses
When boundless is heavenly gain?
He tells me that all earthly sorrow
Will never again come to mind.
The dawn of His fadeless tomorrow
Leaves every heartache behind.

O when I consider His Heavens
And read in His Spirit-breathed Word
That He will complete all His sevens*
When trumpets of Judgment are heard,
The treasures of earth lose their grace
Compared with His riches unpriced.
O joy, in His heavenly places
E'en now I am seated with Christ!
(Eph. 2:6.)

(* The number "seven" is the Bible number for perfection and completeness.)

Anna Hoppe, "He Looses The Bands of Orion," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXII, no. 22 (October 27, 1935): 343-344.

December 8, 1935
When Evening Comes

When silent stars shine forth from yonder heights –
When evening comes and darksome shadows gather,

And when the home to sweet repose invites,
Should not the child draw closer to its father?

Life's evening nears. I hear the nightwind sigh;
I come to Thee, my faithful Lord and Savior.
Through gloom and shadow let me feel Thee nigh.
O let me never from Thy Presence waver.

I'll fear no ill if Thou wilt take my hand,
E'en though through dismal valley I must wander,
For Thou wilt lead me safe to Gloryland,
From cross to crown, from night to morning yonder!

Translated from the German.

Anna Hoppe, "When Evening Comes," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXII, no. 25 (December 8, 1935): 392.

1937

June 20, 1937
A Prayer for Our Foreign Missionaries

"Away in foreign lands they marveled
How their feeble word had power.
At home, the Christians, two and three,
Had met to pray an hour."

For heralds of Thy cross, dear Lord,
In distant lands away,
At one with us in Faith's accord,
A fervent prayer we pray.

Console them when in loneliness
For native lands they sigh,
As thoughts recall the fond caress
When loved ones said "Goodbye."

In illness may they healing find
In Thee, Physician blest.
Grant peace unto the troubled mind.
When weary, grant them rest.

Abide with them when perils lurk.
Guard them when foes pursue,
And prosper Thou the holy work
That in Thy Name they do.

Their journeys guide on land and sea.
Shield the in all alarms,

And let them feel the constancy
Of Everlasting Arms.

When sunbeams of the Gospel glow
The darkness disappears.
Bless Thou the seed Thy servants sow
And water with their tears!

Their every need do Thou supply,
And grant them, gracious Lord,
Thy Spirit's unction from on high
As they proclaim Thy Word.

Forbid that we in thanklessness
Discourage faithful toil.
Send homeland blessings forth to bless
Thy Church on foreign soil.

E'en native lands are not our home.
Poor pilgrims here are we,
Till ends our weary, earthly roam
And we ascend to Thee.

O Salem fair, we pine for thee,
Beyond the starry sky!
At Home, O precious Lord, with Thee,
We'll never say "Goodbye."

Anna Hoppe, "A Prayer For Our Foreign Missionaries," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXIV, no. 13
(June 20, 1937): 199-200.

July 4, 1937
To Our Foreign Missionaries

Since you have heard the Macedonian cry,
And answered willingly, "Lord, here am I,"
Content to leave the joys of home behind,
To bring the Gospel light to heathen blind,
This message comes to cheer you on your way,
Assuring you that homeland friends each day
Will speak your name in fervent, heart-born prayer,
Committing you to God's paternal care.

May God the Father shield you from alarms,
As you repose in Everlasting Arms.
May God the Son, who bought you with His Blood,
Sustain you daily with His heav'nly Food.
May God the Spirit grant you unction sweet
As tidings of salvation you repeat,
And may the great, eternal Three in One

Sustain and keep you, till your task is done.

May grace be yours most precious sheaves to bring
As harvest-trophies unto Christ, our King.
God's grace abide with you where'er you roam
And guide you safely back to "Home, sweet Home."
God bless and keep you on the foreign shore,
And some sweet day, when pilgrim days are o'er,
May He grant all of us in realms on high
A Home where nevermore we say "Goodbye."

Anna Hoppe, "To Our Foreign Missionaries," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXIV, no. 14 (July 4, 1937): 217.

July 18, 1937
Our Home Missions

If God calls us not to Africa,
Or to China or Japan,
Let us serve Him in America,
Let us labor all we can.
There are harvest fields in our homeland dear,
As wide as in lands beyond.
If He pleads with us to be faithful here,
Should we not in love respond?

If our hearts yearn for the foreign field,
And He bids us stay at home,
O should we not to His bidding yield,
Thou we sail not o'er the foam?
There are many still who have never heard
In our homeland's vast domain
Of the Son of God, the Incarnate Word,
Of the Christ, for sinners slain.

From the Southland where the palm tree grows
To the North where pines abound,
From the Eastern shores where the Hudson flows
To the West where gold is found,
There are souls who for His salvation wait,
Who raise Macedonia's cry.
Should we not reply, ere it is too late;
"Lord, send me! Lord, here am I?" [sic]

Each day at the Father's Mercy Seat
We may meet in fervent prayer,
And in spirit hold communion sweet
With the saints from everywhere.
Neither distance nor race can sever those
Whom the Cross of Christ unites.

Let us shed the fragrance of Sharon's Rose
In the vales and on the heights.

O may we all to our trust be true,
And go where He bids us go,
Or stay and do what He bids us do
And strive His blest will to know.
Some day we shall meet at His glorious throne
All the ransomed, saved by grace.
O blest reward! We shall hear His "Well done!"
We shall see Him face to face!

Anna Hoppe, "Our Home Missions," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXIV, no. 15 (July 18, 1937):
232.

August 1, 1937
To Our Foreign Missionaries

Our thoughts were with you when you left the homeland.
Our thought were with you when you said "Goodbye."
Our love committed you into the keeping
Of Him who made the earth and sea and sky.

And all the way across the wide, vast ocean
Our thoughts, our prayers, our love went with you all.
The Father heard our ardent intercession.
He heard and answered Macedonia's call.

"Come o'er and help us," came the plaintive pleading
Of those still groping in dark heathen night.
You answered: "Send us, Lord, with Thy Evangel,
And let us flood the darkness with Thy Light!"

How oft you prayed with us, "Lord of the Harvest,
Send forth Thy lab'ers, for the task is great,
And toilers few. O send them, Father, send them,
While yet 'tis day, ere it will be too late."

He heard your prayers and ours and He has sent you
As His ambassadors to lands afar,
Proclaiming pardon, peace, and free salvation
Brought by the rising of the Morning Star.

He who has made of one blood all earth's people,
All mankind to the feast of grace invites.
His love embraces each and every nation.
Race cannot sever what the Cross unites

Our thoughts are with you, wheresoe'er you're toiling,
Where'er the feet "so beautiful" may tread.

O'er hill and dale and plain, through streams and forests,
Through desert lands with dangers overspread.

Our prayers are with you in your varied climates.
Our love is with you through the frost and heat,
And when in language, strange and unfamiliar,
The Gospel of Salvation you repeat.

Our prayers are with you, when toil-worn, discouraged,
You see no fruit. But God may hide this till
His angels gather all the wheat at harvest.
Beside all waters sow His blest seed still.

He who can keep the roots of lovely roses
Alive beneath the winter's garb of snow,
Can bring to bloom the Gospel kernel hidden,
To which your labors watchful care bestow.

Faint not! Toil on! Some day "Well done, my servant"
Shall greet you from the Master's lips divine.
Toil in His strength, until in glory yonder
His faithful own like sparkling stars shall shine.

We daily pray the gracious heav'nly Father
To keep you in His Everlasting Arms,
To clothe and feed you, heal you, grant you shelter,
To shield you from all dangers and alarms.

We pray that He may grant His Spirit's unction
To all you witnessing in Jesus' Name,
That sheep and lambs may feed in verdant pastures,
Where'er in the blest Evangel your proclaim.

We know that He who died for your redemption,
Who purchased you with His own precious blood,
Who brought you peace and pardon, life eternal,
Still pleads your cause before the Throne of God.

Belov'd in Christ, though many miles divide us,
Still we can meet before the Throne of Grace,
Where prayers united rise like fragrant incense.
The tie that binds us bridges all the space.

God bless and keep you, loved and unforgotten!
Our prayers, our thoughts, our love with you abide,
And should we meet no more this side of glory,
We'll say "Good Morning" on the Other Side!

Anna Hoppe, "To Our Foreign Missionaries," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXIV, no. 16 (August 1, 1937): 248.

October 24, 1937
Faith in Christ
John 4:46-54

How blest are they, who through the power
Of heaven-kindled faith,
Confide in Thee each day and hour,
O Christ of Nazareth!

The mighty works Thy hand hath wrought
The glorious truth convey,
Thou art what Thy blest lips have taught -
The Godhead veiled in clay.

Beyond the sphere of mortal sense
Mere human strength doth fail
To trust Thy power in confidence
When ills and fears assail.

But Thy blest Spirit can impart
A saving faith in Thee.
O send Him to each troubled heart;
Then every doubt will flee.

Grant us a firmer, stronger faith,
In Thee, O Crucified.
In joy, in pain, in life, in death
With Thy redeemed abide.

Thy pardon, full, complete, bestow,
Upon Thy ransomed own,
That all the Father's love may know,
And trust Thy grace alone.

What joy when faith is changed to sight,
And heaven's gates we see
To laud Thy name in mansions bright
Through all eternity!

Till then, O Thou Physician blest,
Our feeble faith increase.
O may we find in Thee our rest,
And fill us with Thy peace!

Anna Hoppe, "Faith in Christ," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXIV, no. 22 (October 24, 1937): 341.

November 7, 1937
The Bible Stands
Revelation 14:6-7.

The Bible stands;
The holy Word of God
By inspiration giv'n,
A shining light upon our pilgrim road,
To guide our souls to heav'n!
Although the rocks and hill may tumble,
Although the earth may shake and crumble,
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands;
A Bulwark all divine,
A Fortress that shall stay,
When sun, and moon, and stars shall cease to shine,
When earth shall pass away,
Unmoved, unchanging, pure, eternal,
It floods the world with light supernal.
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands!
Ye saints, be unafraid.
The sure Foundation Stone
By prophets and apostles firmly laid,
Cannot be overthrown.
All vain the battling foes' endeavor;
The Word of God abides forever!
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands!
Ye servants of the Lord,
Fear not what man may do,
Securely rest on His unfailing Word,
Whose Spirit's witness true
Shall grant you courage, consolation,
And strength to conquer in temptation.
The Bible stands!

The Bible stands!
Its Author shall return,
His cause to vindicate.
In quenchless fire the godless foes shall burn,
Who now His teaching hate.
Amid the peal of Judgment thunder,

His saints shall shout in rapture's wonder:
"The Bible stands"!

The Bible stands!
O blood-bought Church of Christ,
Lift high the Savior's Cross!
Be not into the sceptics' nets enticed;
Count earthly laurels dross!
Till thou shalt enter Salem's portal,
Tell all the world this truth immortal:
"The Bible stands."^{cxxxvii}

Anna Hoppe, "The Bible Stands," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXIV, no. 23 (November 7, 1937):
359-360.

Anna Hoppe, "The Bible Stands," *Lutheran Companion* XXXIX, no. 38 (September 19, 1931):
1195.

December 5, 1937
His Coming Draws Near
James 5:8

The Lord is near! O blest and holy nation,
Lift up thy head, redemption draweth nigh!
The Bridegroom comes! With holy jubilation
Meet Christ, thy Lord, Whom faith exalted high.
They who on earth His cross with patience bore,
Shall wear the crown of glory evermore.

The Lord is near! O heart, bowed down with anguish,
The hour of thy release is now at hand!
No more in pain, and fear, and sorrow languish,
Trust Him, He's faithful! On His promise stand.
He Whose sweet peace so calmed the troubled breast
Grants to the weary everlasting rest.

The Lord is near! The weary hands now strengthen.
Lift feeble knees. Bring cheer to fainting hearts.
The battle ends. Earth's evening shadows lengthen.
Our Morning Star the victor's palm imparts.
His coming ends each heart-ache, burden, sigh.
Hark "I come quickly" sounds the clarion cry.

The Lord is near! Who hastens now to meet Him?
Ye virgins wise, in readiness arise!
Let shine your light! With holy rapture greet Him.
The Bridegroom's call sounds through the midnight skies.
While sleeping worldlings now their slumber take,

His servants true are watching, wide awake!

Yea, Thou art near! Dear Lord, let us in meekness
Watch, pray, and toil, urged by Thy Spirit's sway.
Thy strength is still made perfect in our weakness.
The victory shall be ours, when dawns Thy Day.
O come, Belov'd, let us Thy glory see!
Come quickly, Lord, and take us home with Thee!

(Translated from the German)

Anna Hoppe, "His Coming Draws Near," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXIV, no. 25 (December 5, 1937): 390.

1938

January 2, 1938
Watchman, Tell Us

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are,
Trav'ler o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Trav'ler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come.

Anna Hoppe, "Watchman, Tell Us," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXV, no. 1 (January 2, 1938): 6-7.

January 16, 1938

Arise and Shine

Epistle Lesson Hymn for Epiphany

Isaiah 60:1-6

Arise and shine, the Light is come!
O faithful Zion, rise!
Passed is the night of grief and gloom;
The day breaks in the skies!

The glory of the Lord appears;
His radiant beams behold;
Thy Savior comes to dry thy tears;
He bringeth joy untold.

Deliv'rance from the power of sin,
Salvation full and free,
Eternal life in Heav'n's domain
His mercy offers thee.

Arise! Reflect the heav'nly glow
Of His Evangel's light.
That heathen realms His Truth might know,
Shine forth in splendor bright.

Thou chosen seed of Abraham,
Let earth Thy glory see.
Send forth the Light of Bethlehem,
The beams of Calvary.

O Church of Christ, arise and shine,
Thou City on the Hill!
Send forth the Gospel's rays divine,
The earth with radiance fill.

Till Jesus, Thy ascended Lord,
Returns to earth again,
O ransomed Church, proclaim His Word,
Arise and shine! Amen!

Anna Hoppe, "Arise and Shine," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXV, no. 2 (January 16, 1938): 24.

April 28, 1938

Prayer Changes Things

By ANNA HOPPE.

PRAYER changes things!
Friend, why do the storm-clouds lower,
And does the way seem drear?
Dost thou await the threat'ning thunder shower
Hush thee, be still! Thy Father knoweth;
With trembling and with fear?
Comfort and strength His grace bestoweth;
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Do erstwhile friends forsake?
Are fond ambitions foiled?
Art thou in doubt as to the course to take?
Is earthly wealth despoiled?
Has death laid low thy dearest treasure?
Has illness crushed what gave thee pleasure?
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Does sin thy heart oppress?
Have hopes that once seemed bright
Like vapor vanished into nothingness?
Does darkness veil the light?
Or does remorse or by-gone errors
Rob thee of rest, fill thee with terrors?
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Does all thy toil seem vain
For restless, wayward youth?
And do the worldlings in their proud disdain
Scorn God's eternal Truth?
Has love grown cold? Does courage falter?
Almighty God all things can alter:
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Bow to the Father's will!
Since Christ, the Saviour died,
And paid redemption's price on Calv'ry's hill,
No boon will be denied
To His redeemed, for whom He pleadeth,
For whom His mercy intercedeth:
Prayer changes things!

Prayer changes things!
Forgiveness, peace of mind,
Strength, solace, joy anew
In fervent prayer thy pleading heart will find;
Ask, and thy Lord will do!
To Him thy every burden bringing,
Pray, and go on thy way with singing:
Prayer changes things!

Anna Hoppe, "Prayer Changes Things," *Lutheran Companion* (April 28, 1938): 531.

June 5, 1938
"Of Whom The World Was Not Worthy"
Hebrews 11:38
By Anna Hoppe, Milwaukee, Wis.

We meet in Hebrews, Chapter eleven,
Heroes of faith we shall see in Heaven,
Of whom the world was not worthy.
They knew the Source of Abraham's faith, -
Clung to God's Word till their final breath, -
Suffered affliction, martyrdom, death, -
Of whom the world was not worthy.

They pined in bondage, prisoners weary,
Exiled from home to desert lands dreary,
Of whom the world was not worthy.
They knew why towers of Jericho fell, -
Feared not earth's kings, nor the powers of hell, -
Faithful till death, in Christ they died well, -
Of whom the world was not worthy.

Down through the years, on history's pages,
Saints built their faith on the Rock of Ages,

Of whom the world was not worthy.
Faith sang His praise mid devouring flame, -
Faith braved the sword and the cross of shame, -
Faith's dying word adored His dear Name.
Of whom the world was not worthy.

Today, as once at Babylon's water,
Prayers rise on high from God's sons and daughters,
Of whom the world is not worthy.
Siberian wastes ring with mournful strains, -
Godless dominions where Satan reigns
Cast brave defenders in prison-chains
Of whom the world is not worthy.

How long, O Lord, will lawless transgressors
Banish and slay Thy faithful confessors
Of whom the world is not worthy?
How long, O Lord, will Thine eyes behold
Cruel oppression and hoarded gold, -
Saints burdened down with trials untold,
Of whom the world is not worthy?

O Blest Lord Jesus, for Thy returning
Hearts of Thy saints are fervently yearning
Of whom the world is not worthy.
Take home Thy Bride, redeemed with Thy blood!
Take David's throne, Thou Incarnate God!
They'll walk with Thee on the glory road,
Of whom the world is not worthy!

Anna Hoppe, "Of Whom The World Was Not Worthy," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXV, no. 12
(June 5, 1938): 183.

January 1, 1939

A New Year Prayer

And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called JESUS, which was so named of the angel, before he was conceived in the womb. Luke 2:21.

His Name Was Called Jesus

JESUS, O precious Name,
By heaven's herald spoken;
JESUS, O holy Name,

Of love divine the token;
JESUS, in Thy dear Name
This NEW YEAR we begin.
Bless Thou, this op'ning door,
Inscribe Thy Name within.

Jesus, O precious Name,
Thou Fount of our salvation,
Jesus, O sweetest Name
In angels' adoration,
Forgiveness, mercy, grace,
And life abundant flow
From Thee, O Name divine,
To sinful men below.

Jesus, O precious Name,
In Thee our hopes are centered;
In Thee, O mighty Name,
This NEW YEAR we have entered.
Though seasons come and go,
Thou, Lord, art still the same;
Immovable remains
That solid Rock - THY NAME.

Jesus, O precious Name,
Thou bringest peace and gladness;
Jesus, O worshipped Name;
Dispelling all our sadness;
In hallowed temple halls
Thy sacred echo rings,
While heaven's ransomed host
Thy praise in glory sings.

Jesus, O precious Name,
Thou Harbinger of glory;
Jesus, most sacred Name
In hallowed song and story!
Blest Name, in Thee we live,
Blest Name, in Thee we die!
Blest Name, we'll sing Thy praise
Eternally on high!^{cxxxviii}

Anna Hoppe, "His Name Was Called Jesus," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXVI, no. 1 (January 1, 1939): 9.

December 3, 1939

In Him Shall the Gentiles Trust

Epistle Lesson Hymn for Second Sunday in Advent

Rom. 15:4-13.

Rejoice, ye Gentile nations,

With chosen Israel.

Let heart-born jubilations

Adore Immanuel.

The shadows all have vanished;

Fulfillment now has come.

God's glorious Light has banished

The night of dismal gloom.

The bars are rent asunder;

Naught shall henceforth divide.

O all-transcendent wonder!

The door is open wide.

How blest the proclamation:

Jehovah's love so true

Hath wrought free, full salvation

For Gentile and for Jew!

O Love past understanding,

How deep and wide art thou!

In magnitude expanding,

That Gentile knees might bow

In holy awe before Thee,

Thou Hope of Israel,

And give Thee praise and glory,

Who doest all things well.

O long-expected Savior,

Sweet Root of Jesse, Thou!

With love's unbounded favor

Thy Church Thou dost endow.

Saved, ransomed, cleansed, forgiven,

Through Thy atoning blood,

With all the host of Heaven

Thy glorious grace we laud.

Thy Holy Word remaineth
A faithful witness true;
Its truth our hearts sustaineth
With comfort ever new.
O grant us through Thy Spirit
Hope, patience, faith, and love,
Till through Thy blood-bought merit
We reach our Home above!^{cxxxix}

Anna Hoppe, "In Him Shall The Gentiles Trust," *Northwestern Lutheran* XXVI, no. 25
(December 3, 1939): 393.

Anna Hoppe, "In Him Shall The Gentiles Trust," *Lutheran Companion* XXXIII, no. 49
(December 5, 1925): 772.

ⁱ Read the first letter of each line. This poem goes well with the verse always underneath the periodical's title, 1 Kings 8:57.

ⁱⁱ In *Songs of the Church Year*, this is the New Year's Gospel hymn. Verses one, a paraphrase of two, six, seven, and four combined with eight are retained; five verses in all.

ⁱⁱⁱ Later, the first verse ends, "He seeketh not thy scepter,/ He strives not for thy crown,/ Although He is a monarch/ From Heaven's throne sent down." Verse two replaces "This King" with "His reign," acknowledging the Son's Old Testament presence. Verse three exchanges "wise men" and "His star," and verses four and five are omitted. Verse six begins with "A" instead, and "Simeon" in the last verse is not possessive.

^{iv} In *Songs of the Church Year*, verse three is verses two and five here combined. Verse six is paraphrased in verse four, and verses four and nine are omitted.

^v In its *Songs of the Church Year* equivalent, verses one through three are basically the same, while verses four through eight are exchanged for an original verse.

^{vi} Later, verse two has "rays" for "Light;" in verse three, "glory" and "Savior" become "beauty" and "Shiloh," respectively. Verse four has, "Earth's carnal pleasures no longer can please us;/ Sweeter and purer are Heaven's delights!" Verse six reads, "Where pain and sorrow shall vanish away,/ When we are changed and transformed by Thy power..."

^{vii} In *Songs of the Church Year*, verse two, line two reads, "In power on Thee, entreating Thee to seek" for better flow, ending with "Embraces in its scope the heathen too!" Verse three exchanges Shiloh for Savior – typically, this happens favoring the other term.

^{viii} With fewer exclamation points, capitalized pronouns, and case inconsistencies, this appeared as the Gospel hymn for Easter in *Songs of the Church Year*.

^{ix} This is almost identical to the hymn for the same Sunday in *Songs of the Church Year*. Verses three and four were omitted, and verses seven and eight were combined into one verse, referencing Christ directly to keep the continuity of the poem.

^x In the corresponding hymn later, only verses one, three, five, six, nine, and twelve remain. The fifth verse ends, "And live as Thou, O God, wouldst have me live." Verse six begins, "Let me not judge, O

Father, keep my tongue..." Verse nine has "live" instead of give," and the very last line of the hymn reads, "May glory in the mercy that is Thine!"

^x The text, aside from punctuation, is nearly exact to the later version. "Pharisee" in verse three becomes singular, verse five has "My sins are all forgiven" in line four, and the last verse is unusually omitted.

^{xii} Verses three and five are deleted later. Verse two, line two reorders "Incarnate God, in Thee..." Verse four, line two reads, "O Lamb of God, Thou sinners' Friend," making the case agree in the next line.

^{xiii} Verse three, line seven in *Songs of the Church Year* has "Cleansed me from sin, and now I live!" and ends "For life eternal Thou canst give." The last verse omits "blest" before "Sacrament" and replaces "Lord" with "Love."

^{xiv} In the later version, verses two, three, six and seven are omitted. In verse four, it instead reads, "His own precious blood," and "glorious Feast," and "that" for "which." Verse eight has, "We have heard Thee call..." and "life" for "joy." The hymn ends, "Naked, Christ to us has given/ His pure robe of righteousness./ Till we dine with Thee in Heaven,/ Lord, Thy Gospel feast we'll bless."

^{xv} The only differences in *Songs of the Church Year* lie in the fourth verse: "What all-transcendent grace is Thine;" "throne" for "Home;" and "To Thee in everlasting praise."

^{xvi} In the later version, the second line has "In hallowed reverence deep," and the fourth "His Passover to keep." The sets of two lines are inverted in verse four. Verse five reads, "In humbleness Thou didst obey/ Thy parents' every call,/ And subject to their rule wast Thou,/ Though King and Lord of all." While removing the unclear statement about Christ's humility, *Songs of the Church Year* states parents in the plural. Verses seven and eight are omitted.

^{xvii} In *Songs of the Church Year*, only verses four, two, five, seven, and eight remain, in that order. Verse five has, "Our wounded conscience do Thou heal;" the second line of verse seven, "A firmer faith, dear Lord, in Thee!;" and "laud" for "see" in the last verse.

^{xviii} Verses seven through nine are omitted later. The first verse has, "His seed of grain so tender." The second verse has "sparrows gathered" for "birds devoured," "stony" for the first "thorny," and "good fruit" for "its fruit." Verse five ends, "Then swing Thy mighty sword with speed, And rescue Thy most precious Seed!" Verse ten has "truth" singular.

^{xix} Aside from spelling and punctuation, *Songs of the Church Year* merely alters "Holy" to "only" in verse one and "flies" to "flees" in verse four.

^{xx} In verses two and five, the second "Jesus" changes to Savior, and replaces "Jesus" in all of verse six. "Vanquished" in verse one becomes "vanished;" "His glory divine" in verse four turns into "His wonderful Name;" and many of the exclamation points are varied.

^{xxi} The first "Hell" is replaced by "sin" in verse one; verse two begins, "O precious Jesus,/ Thy blood releases..." and "Thou art the blest Giver" in verse four, line seven.

^{xxii} The later version omits verses four, five, nine, and ten; verses seven and eight exchange places. Verse seven has, "Thou in love true watch art keeping," verse eight reads, "Sev'ring ties of deep affection," and verse eleven "tumult" instead of "sorrows."

^{xxiii} Verses two and six are omitted later; lines five and six in verse two become the same in verse three. "O let us" in verse five, line six becomes "O may we;" line six in verse seven changes to "May we bear witness..."

^{xxiv} Verses two, four, and five are left out in *Songs of the Church Year*, and the themes of verse three are strongly paraphrased. Verse four has "Grace" instead of "Strength;" verse six has "Grant" for "Give;" and "holy" for "precious" in the final verse.

^{xxv} Verse two, later on, replaces "Salem" with "Eden;" verse three, line seven has, "To reach, O Salem, thy sublime dominions;" verse four begins "O" with "Jerusalem" instead of "That Eden fair;" and "Guide Thou me safely..." Verse six has "May" rather than "let," and "Grant Thou me strength to

overcome temptation” in line five. The final verse has, “That Eden’s bliss eternal I may share./ Grant me through Thy blest Spirit firm assurance...” Verse five is omitted.

^{xxvi} Later, verse four and five are combined into verse four, ending, “O spread the tidings of salvation/ O’er all the earth, till ev’ry nation/ Hails Christ, Thy Son, its Lord and King./ Awaken those who idly slumber;/ Send toilers in abundant number,/ And let Thy vineyard fruitage bring.” Verse six is left out, and the final verse alters several lines: “Thy Holy Spirit be their guide!;” “To glory in the Crucified!;” “May they not heed the world’s complaints!”

^{xxvii} In *Songs of the Church Year*, verses two and three are omitted, and the last line has “the” in place of “Thy.”

^{xxviii} Verse three is omitted later. Verse five has instead, “With Thy belov’d Thou dost abide;” in verse six “grief” becomes plural. The last verse changes “exaltation” to “exultation” (probably the intended meaning), and the second-to-last line reads, “Thy praise to sing, and hail Thee King.”

^{xxix} In the *Songs of the Church Year* version, verse three, line five has “My cup is overflowing.” It also omits verse four, six, and nine. All other differences concern capitalization and punctuation.

^{xxx} Later, verses three and six are omitted. Verse four begins, “O naught...;” Verse five, line two has “For my dear Savior’s sake;” verse seven has “That robe...” and “I cannot grant Thee payment/ For this so precious raiment.” The last verse reads, “These fill my heart with gladness,/ And hush all fear and sadness.”

^{xxxi} Here, the first verse only has seven lines. Later, lines four through six read, “Walk in the narrow way./ God has promised every boon to you;/ His unbounded grace is ever new.” Verse four begins, “His Son descended from Heav’n on high/ On Calv’ry’s cross to suffer and die./ Eternal treasures wealth cannot buy/ His boundless love bestows,” and ends, “All your desires He knows!” The second to last line has, “In Heaven’s Kingdom evermore dine.”

^{xxxii} This version was revised for *Songs of the Church Year* greatly – all of the capitalization differences are presented as is. Verses six, eight, ten and thirteen are omitted later, and several lines entirely changed.

^{xxxiii} In the corresponding hymn in *Songs of the Church Year*, verse one is changed, verse eight is omitted, and several lines are altered completely.

^{xxxiv} In *Songs of the Church Year*, capitalization is lessened, “Sinai” is taken as a two-syllable word in verse two, and the subject and verb agree in verse five.

^{xxxv} This is very similar to her other hymn for the first Sunday in Advent.

^{xxxvi} In *Songs of the Church Year*, this becomes the Septuagesima Gospel hymn. Instead of “O grant,” “Endow” begins verse two, the third verse ends, “The Master is loving, and faithful, and true;/ Deny not your service – He suffered for you!” Verse six opens with “Send down,” and “Saviour” replaces “Master” in the last line.

^{xxxvii} In addition to punctuation and other conventions, the only difference between this and its later version in *Songs of the Church Year* is in the last verse: “In Thee all our hopes we center!/ Hallelujah! Thou hast come!” This translation takes the place of the Palm Sunday Gospel hymn.

^{xxxviii} Later, verses three, six, and seven are omitted. Verse four is altered slightly: “His thorn-crowned brow, His wounded hands and feet,/ His stripes, His riven side...” All other changes are minor.

^{xxxix} Verse one, five, eight, six, ten, and twelve are kept for the “Death and the Future Life” hymn later. Verse four reads “I’m weary...”; verse eight has “My High Priest ever intercedeth,/ And for my gracious pardon pleadeth;” and the last verse alters the fourth line to “That in the calm beyond the starry sky...”

^{xl} Later, the alterations lie mostly in punctuation. “Mists” in verse one becomes “mist,” and “my” turns into “by” in verse two. Verse nine ends instead, “And of my earthly sojourn’s vanished days.”

^{xli} This text is basically the same as the earlier personal copy with four changes: verse two has “blood” all lowercase, verse three places a comma after “Son of God,” verse six has “realm” singular, and the final hymn title is not in quotation marks.

^{xlii} “This” in verse one is altered to “so;” “Conq’ror” in verse two, “Victor;” the beginning of verse five is joined to the end of verse six. Verse three is omitted.

^{xliii} Aside from punctuation and capitalization, the only differences are verse six, “Help us, dear Lord, to weigh the cost,/ And follow Thee, our Saviour;” and “Clothed in Thy righteousness divine” in verse seven.

^{xliv} In the revision, verse five is omitted. Verse two has “Let its cov’nant...” and verse six has “so blest” instead of “benign.” The final verse exchanges the ideas of conquest and victory: “And the conquest shall be thine. / Lo, the crown of life is given/ To the victors in His heaven.”

^{xlv} In the original edition, verse five printed the third line before the second. It is corrected here.

^{xlvi} Later, verse three has “In an overflowing measure;” the last four lines of verse six take the place of those in verse seven. Verses two and six are omitted.

^{xlvii} Verse one’s “sublime” is changed in the later Trinity 27 hymn to “domain;” verses two and three are combined, and verse four through six are also omitted. In verse eight, the fourth line becomes, “I’m free! Forever free.”

^{xlviii} In *Songs of the Church Year*, this is the Lent 4 Gospel hymn. Verses two and eight are omitted. Verse six is altered greatly and follows verse seven instead. In conclusion, the last verse is almost paraphrased.

^{xlix} In this same hymn in *Songs of the Church Year*, only verses one, three, and five are kept. The middle verse ends “Let my pleading prayer now reach Thee!” and the last replaces “Shiloh” with “Saviour.”

^l Later, verse two, line two begins “Our heavy cross...” and “The Highest” in verse six is changed to “Thy Father.”

^{li} There are minor differences between this version and the one in the *Companion*. “Like” turns to “as” in verse ten; verse seven alters the case, “When the glow of mid-day’s sun/ Sheds its warmth o’er hill and valley...” Verse three is new.

^{lii} This version is greatly adapted in *Songs of the Church Year*. “Ere” in verse three changes to “as;” verse four begins, “Garbed in Thy raiment, let me dine/ With Thee, most loving Saviour./ This blest Memorial of Thine/ Seals unto me Thy favor.” Verse five is omitted. Verse six ends, “The blood once shed on Calv’ry’s Cross/ Has made me Thine forever.” Verse seven exchanges, “Thou blest Redeemer, Saviour, Priest,/ How shall I praise Thy glorious Feast” in lines five and six. In verse eight, the fourth line is “To Cana’n’s Land will lead me.”

^{liii} Later, this is altered. Verse one reads, “When twilight’s glimmer dim/ Was all eclipsed by night’s dark gloom;” verse two ends, “They kept the feast of precious worth/ To which their faith still clung;” verse four is omitted, verse six has, “Fulfillment draweth near!/ The promised Christ has come at last,/ The Lamb of God is here!;” verse eight is omitted, and verses eleven and twelve are combined into the last verse.

^{liiv} In *Songs of the Church Year*, verse three has “the sick and weary;” verse six has “His celestial home.”

^{lv} Later, verse five is omitted, and the beginning line of verse six is “My heart is stayed on Thee,” like Scripture. Other variances do not affect the text.

^{lvi} Only minor differences in capitalization and punctuation in the text that remains in the later edition; verses two, three and eight are omitted.

^{lvii} As a “Morning and Evening, Miscellaneous” hymn in her later collection, verse one, line two reads “Until it rests in Thee,” and verse five is omitted.

^{lviii} *Songs of the Church Year* has different punctuation, and the first line reads, “In God the Father I believe.” In verse two, the angel is singular.

^{lix} Aside from “more” for “mire” in the second verse, this version and the later one are basically identical.

^{lx} Later, the only textual change is “failed” to “fails” in the first verse, excluding any hint of synergism.

^{lxi} In *Songs of the Church Year*, verse two, second line reads “To have Thee near is joy beyond compare;” verse four, line two begins “In trouble, solace; courage...” All other alterations are minimal.

^{lxii} There are many textual updates in the later version; verse one, “holy” for “hallowed,” verse two ending, “O hallowed place, where sounds Thy Gospel call;/ My soul’s deep yearnings Thou canst well assuage;” verse four, last line, “I bow adoringly at Thy blest feet.” All other changes are minor.

^{lxiii} There are but two differences in the later version: verse seven has “Evangel’s message,” referring to the Gospel writer rather than the Gospel itself; “we pray” in the second to last line of the hymn.

^{lxiv} The “so glorious” in verses four and seven are changed; “Out into Thy glorious light” and “Thy eternal name adore,” respectively.

^{lxv} In *Songs of the Church Year*, verse four has, “Its thunder o’er us roar./ But Thou hast borne our sin’s great load,/ Forgiving our transgression...” Verse five changes the archaic grammar: “Hath called us to this feast./ Before Thine altar kneeling...” Verse six, line four reads, “Thy feast, dear Lord, imparts.”

^{lxvi} In the later version, verse three is omitted. Verse five, line four has “To Salem’s realm beyond;” verse six ends, “In yonder Glory land;” and verse seven, line seven, “Be overthrown, cast down.”

^{lxvii} In *Songs of the Church Year*, verse four is omitted. Verse five has “To soar upward in the skies,/ Endless life shall be the prize...”

^{lxviii} Only minor alterations in punctuation exist between this version and its 1928 counterpart.

^{lxix} Aside from capitalization and punctuation, the only textual difference between this and *Songs of the Church Year* is the last line of verse two, which reads, “Whose Kingdom ye shall share.” This indicates the Kingdom of Glory, not the Kingdom of Grace.

^{lxx} There are only minor stylistic differences. In the later version, the last line of verse four reflects the first-person case: “Thy grace sufficeth me.”

^{lxxi} There are no textual differences here from its later counterpart.

^{lxxii} In the later second version, “suffer” is changed to “offer” in the second verse.

^{lxxiii} *Songs of the Church Year*, aside from punctuation and style, omits verse four referring to the resurrected saints on Easter. Perhaps the Augustana Synod disagreed theologically.

^{lxxiv} In *Songs of the Church Year*, the first verse ends, “Let me laud Thy love’s perfection.” The sixth verse begins, “May I, girded...”

^{lxxv} In its equivalent in *Songs of the Church Year*, a verse is added between the fourth and fifth here. Later, verse one has “dost promise” for “hast promised” and “The joys of earth are fleeting, carnal, hollow;” verse two, “Let us proclaim Thy truth, O blessed Teacher;” and verse three substitutes “anguish” for “suff’ring” and “sorrow” for “anguish.”

^{lxxvi} Later, verse two begins with “The,” starting a new sentence; verse nine changes “gratitude” to “gratefulness.” Verse six is omitted.

^{lxxvii} Aside from stylistic differences, verse one changes “long” to “pine,” and verse four “failings has forgive” to “sins has all forgiven.”

^{lxxviii} “So” in verse two is later changed to “most,” and verse three begins and ends with “Blest Spirit, grant me power.”

^{lxxix} In her later version, verse one, line four has “Bursting Satan’s cords asunder;” “all condemnation” in verse two, and “angel’s” in the last verse. Verse six exchanges the order of ideas thus: “Till I see Thy radiant face, -/ Saved by grace.”

^{lxxx} In *Songs for the Church Year*, verse two ends with the last two lines of verse three, omitting the rest. Verse five is also omitted. “Realms” in verse seven is made singular, and “curtain” in verse nine made plural.

^{lxxxi} Later, verse two begins “Death has...”; verse three changes “resurrection-life” to “resurrected life;” verse five, line two starts with “by.”

^{lxxxii} In its later version, verse one, line five reads “Free from utter condemnation” to reiterate. Verse two replaces “Messiah” with “Redeemer,” and verse three is omitted. All other differences are minor.

^{lxxxiii} The capitalization and punctuation are the only variances between this and *Songs of the Church Year*.

^{lxxxiv} There are no textual differences between this and its later revision.

^{lxxxv} Later, verse two reads “The Spirit’s armor take;” verse four replaces “heav’n-born” with “holy.”

^{lxxxvi} Verse four later changes “strength” to “might,” though the former rhymes with the rest of the verse. Verse six ends, “To hear Thy Spirit whisper, ‘I am Thine!’” designating the Spirit as the speaker.

^{lxxxvii} No differences exist between this and its later counterpart.

^{lxxxviii} There are no differences between this and the later text.

^{lxxxix} Besides grammar and punctuation, the only major alteration is the end of verse two: “Hark to the proclamation,/ Jehovah’s love so true/ Hath wrought a free salvation/ For Gentile and for Jew!”

^{xc} In verse one, “made” is changed later to “makes;” “purged” in verse two becomes “washed.” There is also an additional “Rejoice” at the end that extends the meter.

^{xcⁱ} In *Songs of the Church Year*, the hymn opens, “Wonderful tidings of free salvation/ By grace through faith in Jesus Christ,/ Granting me freedom from condemnation...” Mercy and forgiveness exchange places in verse two.

^{xcⁱⁱ} Only minor differences in punctuation exist between this and the Epistle Epiphany hymn in *Songs for the Church Year*. “Thy” in verse 5 here is not capitalized, making it not a Messianic reference.

^{xcⁱⁱⁱ} The differences between this and the corresponding hymn in *Songs of the Church Year* are minor.

^{xc^{iv}} Only punctuation and the misspelling of her name are different here.

^{xc^v} This is essentially the same as its counterpart in *Songs of the Church Year*, only punctuation is changed.

^{xc^{vi}} In the later version, verses two and eleven are omitted. Perhaps “A while Thou laidst aside Thy crown” in the second verse was slightly controversial.

^{xc^{vii}} “Which” in the second verse is changed to “that” in the later *Songs of the Church Year* version. All other differences are related to punctuation.

^{xc^{viii}} The text is identical to its later counterpart.

^{xc^{ix}} The *Songs of the Church Year* edition is under “Death and the Future Life” in the appendix, without the full verses in the subtitle and the fifth verse, perhaps to escape explaining the obscure metaphor concerning the bowl and cord.

^c The only differences between this and the later version is “By doubts, fears, and sorrows riven” in verse four, line three; “heaven-born” in verse five, line six, and “pilgrim-days” in verse six, line six.

^{cⁱ} The only alterations made later were “Make sweet” for “Sweeten” in verse four for the rhythm, and “Hand” in verse five.

^{cii} Aside from smoothed-out punctuation for cleaner sentence endings, the text is as stands in *Songs of the Church Year*.

^{ciii} In the later hymn, as with others around the same time, the text is essentially the same following different grammatical rules. The other reduces the capitalized nouns and exclamation points substantially. The one alteration is in verse 6, line 6 – “That I am now Thy child and heir” for metrical integrity.

^{civ} The third verse of the corresponding hymn in *Songs of the Church Year* ends with, “Thou didst grant them daily manna,/ Crystal streams abundantly./ Faithful God, how could Thy people/ Loveless, faithless, thankless be?” Hyphens are removed; “dost” is added to verse four, line seven; and the hymn end with “Laud Thee for Thy boundless love.”

^{cv} Verse three, line five has “The law’s dread curse He bore” later. Also, the first half of verse six and the last of seven are combined into the final verse.

^{cvi} In the related hymn’s verse two, lines two through four in *Songs for the Church Year* reads: “From His throne of glory,/ Laid aside His royal crown,/ My transgressions bore He.” Stating that Christ laid aside His heavenly crown in order to win salvation is questionable, for it implies a division of the personal union. Verse five is later omitted.

^{cvii} In verse five, line five of the *Songs for the Church Year* revision, it reads “vain self-righteousness,” becoming more similar to the other items noted. Other changes are minor and related to punctuation.

^{cviii} The text is identical here to the same Sunday in *Songs for the Church Year*.

^{cix} No textual differences from its later revision but for the last line; the update has “And laud Thy love through everlasting days.”

^{cx} In the “Morning and Evening, Miscellaneous” section of *Songs for the Church Year*, this hymn is significantly redone, even paraphrased.

^{cxⁱ} In *Songs of the Church Year*, this is included with the pericope hymns for Reformation Day. Verse two is omitted, and “Foundation Stone” capitalized in verse 4 may refer to Christ instead of Scripture. Verse six and seven exchange placement.

^{cxⁱⁱ} This is the same text as the corresponding hymn in *Songs of the Church Year*. Only the punctuation differs.

^{cxⁱⁱⁱ} Interestingly enough, this hymn is hardly like its counterpart in *Songs of the Church Year*. Verses seven, eight, and nine here loosely correspond to the other’s verses one, three, and five; the narrative verses are foregone for direct application.

^{cx^{iv}} This poem is in the Morning and Evening section of *Songs of the Church Year*. There, verses 4 and 5 about sins of commission and omission are omitted.

^{cx^v} This is identical to the version in Death and the Future Life in *Songs of the Church Year*, aside from punctuation.

^{cx^{vi}} The text, other than punctuation – especially capitalization of important nouns – is the same as in *Songs of the Church Year*.

^{cx^{vii}} This is almost the same as the first Church Dedication hymn in *Songs of the Church Year*.

^{cx^{viii}} There are minor textual and punctual differences between this and the Epistle hymn for Trinity 15 in *Songs of the Church Year*. Verse 5 is also excluded.

^{cx^{ix}} This is identical in text to the hymn in *Songs of the Church Year*.

^{cx^x} The later version is identical in text, but omits the last verse.

^{cx^{xi}} In *Songs of the Church Year*, “dance” in verse two is changed to “flit;” verse three is omitted, and verse seven, line three reads “The grave can naught destroy!”

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- cxxii “Gift of Thine” is later exchanged for “gift divine” in the final verse.
- cxxiii “Calv’ry’s mount” is replaced by “Calvary” in *Songs of the Church Year*. Other than that the text is identical.
- cxxiv Only one word is replaced in *Songs of the Church Year*: “life” in verse five with “rest.” All else, word-wise, is identical.
- cxxv There is one difference between this instance and its upcoming version: verse five ends with “ministry” instead of “mastery.”
- cxxvi This is almost exactly like the *Songs of the Church Year* version: there, the first verse has “blessing,” and the last verse begins the second line, “May we...” There, it is the Epistle hymn for the twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
- cxxvii Besides grammar and punctuation, there are only two differences for this hymn in *Songs of the Church Year*: verse four, line three reads, “Grant them Thy grace with patience still,” and verse five, line four has, “Than senses lost illumine.”
- cxxviii In *Songs of the Church Year*, verses three, four, five, six, eight, and nine are omitted.
- cxxix In verse five, the *Songs of the Church Year* version has “Haste, the longed for...” The last phrase is printed twice there, as well.
- cxxxi This is basically the same as the earlier Gospel Hymn for Sunday after Christmas. There are two alterations in words: “canst” for “can” in verse five, and “thrice-blest” for “thrice-blessed” in verse six.
- cxli In the earlier *Songs of the Church Year* version, verses five and ten are omitted. The sets of two lines in verse two exchange places, and verse eight in the other edition reads, “Our Father’s love is now restored,” with potentially a different meaning concerning atonement.
- cxlii This is a liberally-punctuated and unaltered version of the hymn for the same Sunday in *Songs of the Church Year*.
- cxliii This is a similar version to the Epistle hymn for the Sunday after New Year’s Day in *Songs of the Church Year*.
- cxliiii This hymn is an unedited version of the Gospel Hymn for the First Sunday after Epiphany in *Songs of the Church Year*.
- cxliiii The following is identical to verses one and five from the Epistle Hymn for the First Sunday in Advent from *Songs of the Church Year*.
- cxliiii Two main differences exist between this version and the *Northwestern Lutheran’s*: “Christ” instead of “God” in the first verse, and “ye” for “you” in the last verse. All other differences are of style.
- cxliiii The above appears in *Songs of the Church Year* bearing the subtitle “Reformation Day Song.”
- cxliiii This hymn identifies with the *Songs of the Church Year* Gospel Hymn for New Year’s Day.
- cxliiii The only alteration from its instance in *Songs of the Church Year* is the exchange of “full” and “free” in the second verse, as well as the spelling of “Savior” in the fourth verse.