

Prayers before Any Office

Grant, O Lord, that what we say with our lips we may believe in our hearts and practice in our lives; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Open, Lord, my mouth to bless Thy holy Name; cleanse my heart from all vain, foolish, wandering thoughts; enlighten my understanding; enkindle my affections that I may say this office with attention and devotion and so may be meet to be heard before the presence of Thy divine majesty; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Prayers after Any Office

Guide us, O Lord, in all our doings with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continual help that in all our work begun, continued, and ended in Thee we may glorify Thy holy Name and finally by Thy mercy obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

To Thee, O Lord, I commend the service which I, an unworthy sinner, have offered up unto Thee, God, be merciful to me, a sinner, and according to the fulness of Thy love and wisdom fulfill my petitions; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Collect for the Festival of St. Nicholas of Myra, Bishop and Confessor

O God, Who didst singularly endow the Blessed Saint Nicholas of Myra, Thy Bishop, with the gift of charity, enable us all who here celebrate his virtue to imitate his faith, that trusting in Thy salvation, we may be delivered from the flames of Hell; through Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.

Collect for Advent

Stir up, we beseech Thee, Thy power, O Lord, and come, that by Thy protection we may be rescued from the threatening perils of our sins and saved by Thy mighty deliverance; Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.



Midweek Advent Vespers
December 6th, 2017

Sts. Peter & Paul Ev. Luth. Church, U.A.C.

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*“Blessed are those servants whom the master,
when he comes, will find watching.”*

St. Luke 12:37

Psalm 143

Psalm Tone IV

Flex



P: HEAR MY - || prayer, O Lord, give ear to my | sup- | pli- | ca- | tions! *

C: In Your faithfulness answer me, and | in | Your | right- | eous- | ness.

P: || Do not enter into judgment | with | Your | ser- | vant, *

C: For in Your sight no one | liv- | ing | is | right- | eous.

P: || For the enemy has persecuted my soul; He has crushed my life | to | the | ground; | - *

C: He has made me dwell in darkness, like those | who | have | long | been | dead.

P: || Therefore my spirit is over- | whelmed | with- | in | me; *

C: My heart with- | in | me | is | dis- | tressed.

P: || I remember the days of old; I meditate on | all | Your | works; | - *

C: I muse on | the | work | of | Your | hands.

P: || I spread out my | hands | to | You; | - *

C: My soul longs for You | like | a | thirst- | y | land.

Selah

P: || Answer me speedily, O Lord; My | spi- | rit | fails! | - *

C: Do not hide Your face from me, lest I be like those who go | down | in- | to | the | pit.

P: || Cause me to hear Your lovingkindness in the morn -ing, (+) for in You | do | I | trust; | - *

C: Cause me to know the way in which I should walk, for I lift | up | my | soul | to | You.

P: || Deliver me, O Lord, | from | my | en-e- • | mies; *

C: In | You | I | take | shel- | ter.

P: || Teach me to do Your will, for You | are | my | God; | - *

C: Your Spirit is good. Lead me in the | land | of | up- | right- | ness.

P: || Revive me, O Lord, for | Your | name's | sake! | - *

C: For Your righteousness' sake bring my | soul | out | of | trou- | ble.

P: || In Your mercy cut | off | my | en-e- • | mies, *

C: And destroy all those who afflict my soul; For | I | am | Your | ser- | vant.

ALL: GLO- RY - || be to the Father, and | to | the | Son: | - *

And | to | the | Ho- | ly | Ghost;

AS IT - || was in the begin -ning, (+) is now, and | ev- | er | shall | be: *
World | with- | out | end. | A- | men.

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TLH 619 “Jerusalem, Thou City Fair and High”

Johann M. Meyfart, 1626

1. Jerusalem, thou city fair and high,
Would God I were in thee!
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly,
It will not stay with me.
Far over vale and mountain,
Far over field and plain,
It hastes to seek its Fountain
And leave this world of pain.

2. O happy day and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at last,
When fearless to my Father’s love and pow’r,
Whose promise standeth fast,
My soul I gladly render?
For surely will His hand
Lead her with guidance tender
To Heav’n, her fatherland.

3. A moment’s space, and gently, wondrously,
Released from earthly ties,
Elijah’s chariot bears her up to thee,
Thro’ all these lower skies
To yonder shining regions,
While down to meet her come
The blessed angel legions
And bid her welcome home.

4. O Zion, hail! Bright city, now unfold
The gates of grace to me.
How many a time I longed for thee of old
Ere yet I was set free
From yon dark life of sadness,
Yon world of shadowy naught,
And God had given the gladness,
The heritage, I sought!

5. What glorious throng and what resplendent host
Comes sweeping swiftly down?
The chosen ones on Earth who wrought the most,
The Church’s brightest crown,
Our Lord hath sent to meet me,
As in the far-off years
Their words oft came to greet me
In yonder land of tears.

6. The patriarchs’ and prophets’ noble train,
With all Christ’s followers true,
Who bore the cross and could the worst disdain
That tyrants dared to do,
I see them shine forever,
All-glorious as the sun,

Mid light that fadeth never,
Their perfect freedom won.

7. And when within that lovely Paradise
At last I safely dwell,
What songs of bliss shall from my lips arise,
What joy my tongue shall tell,
While all the saints are singing
Hosannas o’er and o’er,
Pure hallelujahs ringing
Around me evermore!

8. Unnumbered choirs before the shining throne
Their joyful anthems raise
Till Heaven’s glad halls are echoing with the tone
Of that great hymn of praise
And all its host rejoices,
And all its blessed throng
Unite their myriad voices
In one eternal song. Amen.

TLH 615 “A Rest Remaineth for the Weary”

Johann S. Kunth, 1730

1. A rest remaineth for the weary;
Arise, sad heart, and grieve no more;
Tho’ long the way and dark and dreary,
It endeth on the golden shore.
Before His throne the Lamb will lead thee,
On heav’nly pastures He will feed thee.
Cast off thy burden, come with haste;
Soon will the toil and strife be ended,
The weary way which thou hast wended.
Sweet is the rest which thou shalt taste.

2. The Father’s house has many a dwelling,
And there will be a place for thee.
With perfect love His heart is welling
Who loved thee from eternity.
His precious blood the Lamb hath given
That thou might’st share the joys of Heaven,
And now He calleth far and near:
“Ye weary souls, cease your repining,
Come while for you My light is shining;
Come, sweetest rest awaits you here!”

3. O come, come all, ye weak and weary,
Ye souls bowed down with many a care;
Arise and leave your dungeons dreary
And listen to His promise fair:
“Ye bore your burdens meek and lowly,
I will fulfil My pledge most holy,
I’ll be your Solace and your Rest.
Ye are Mine own, I will requite you;

Tho' sin and Satan seek to smite you,
Rejoice! Your home is with the blest."

Eternally shall praise to Thee,
God, and the Lamb belong. Amen.

4. There rest and peace in endless measure
Shall be ours thro' eternity;
No grief, no care, shall mar our pleasure,
And untold bliss our lot shall be.
Oh, had we wings to hasten yonder—
No more o'er earthly ills to ponder—
To join the glad, triumphant band!
Make haste, my soul, forget all sadness;
For peace awaits thee, joy and gladness,—
The perfect rest is nigh at hand. Amen.

TLH 656 "Behold a Host, Arrayed in White"

Hans A. Brorson, c. 1760

1. Behold a host, arrayed in white,
Like thousand snow-clad mountains bright,
With palms they stand. Who is this band
Before the throne of light?
Lo, these are they of glorious fame
Who from the great affliction came
And in the flood of Jesus' Blood
Are cleansed from guilt and blame.
Now gathered in the holy place,
Their voices they in worship raise,
Their anthems swell where God doth dwell,
Mid angels' songs of praise.

2. Despised and scorned, they sojourned here;
But now, how glorious they appear!
Those martyrs stand a priestly band,
God's throne forever near.
So oft, in troubled days gone by,
In anguish they would weep and sigh.
At home above the God of Love
For aye their tears shall dry.
They now enjoy their Sabbath rest,
The paschal banquet of the blest;
The Lamb, their Lord, at festal board
Himself is Host and Guest.

3. Then hail, ye mighty legions, yea,
All hail! Now safe and blest for aye,
And praise the Lord, Who with His Word
Sustained you on the way.
Ye did the joys of Earth disdain,
Ye toiled and sowed in tears and pain.
Farewell, now bring your sheaves and sing
Salvation's glad refrain.
Swing high your palms, lift up your song,
Yea, make it myriad voices strong.