

Comenius the Hymn-Writer

Translated 2013

C. Daniel Crews

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Lift, My Soul, to God Your Praises

Má duše, Pána svého chval

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Lift, my soul, to God your prais-es, giv-ing thanks for ev - 'ry day:
In your ways you still di - rect me, God, my God, from heav'n on high;

all your bur-dens' weight he rais-es; he a-lone our hope and stay.
by your Spir-it you cor-rect me, all my life to sanc-ti-fy.

Though his wis-dom may seem hid-den, all cre-a-tion shows his pow'r;
To your ser-vice you ap-point us; you our fal-t'ring steps re-store.

all will end as he has bid-den; there is no for-got-ten hour.
till in heav-en you a-noint us for your wor-ship ev-er-more.

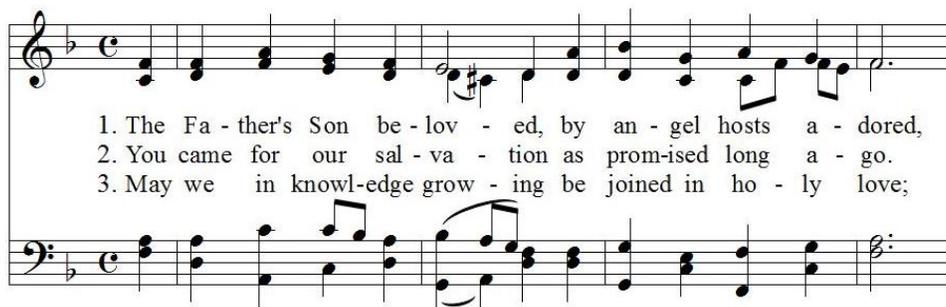
TEXT: John Amos Comenius (1592-1670). Trans. C. Daniel Crews (2013).

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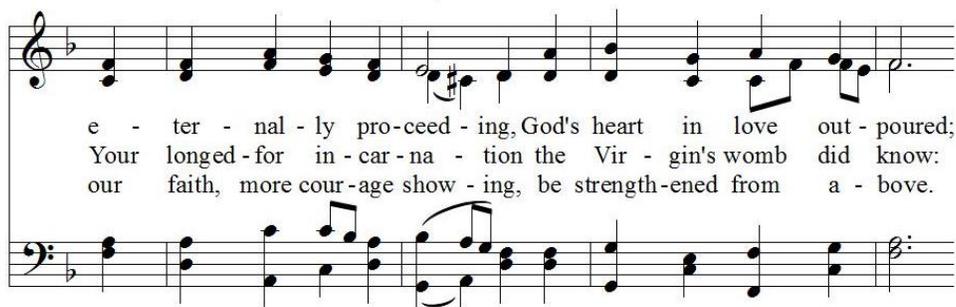
TUNE: 17th century.

The Father's Son Beloved

Kriste, Synu premilý



1. The Fa - ther's Son be - lov - ed, by an - gel hosts a - dored,
2. You came for our sal - va - tion as prom-ised long a - go.
3. May we in knowl-edge grow - ing be joined in ho - ly love;



e - ter - nal - ly pro-ceed - ing, God's heart in love out - poured;
Your longed - for in - car - na - tion the Vir - gin's womb did know:
our faith, more cour-age show - ing, be strength-ened from a - bove.



O Lord, all truth re - fin - ing, O Sun, in vir - tue
your death has end - ed dy - ing; your life our life sup -
Con - firm our hope and yearn - ing, to you at all times



shin - ing, to bring us joy di - vine:
ply - ing, has o - pened heav'n on - high.
turn - ing, the sum of all we learn.

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7.6.7.6.7.7.6.

Lead Me, Lord, Where'er I Go
Sám, Pane Bože, mne řed'

(Modern Czech Hymnal no. 295
German version 1967 *Gesangbuch* no. 694)

Can be sung to tune of "Join We All With One Accord"

Lead me, Lord, where'er I go
That my life may give you praise;
Teach me all I need to know,
Help me serve you all my days.
All I am I freely give,
All my strength by grace employ;
You designed me thus to live;
Only thus can life be joy.

All your wond'rous love for me
Always keep before my eyes;
Help me vigilant to be,
Ev'ry sin to recognize.
And when I am penitent
You forgive my failures still,
That baptism's covenant
By your grace I may fulfill.

Lord, such time as you permit
That I still on earth shall dwell
For your service keep me fit,
Faithful as your sentinel.
When I'm called this earth to leave
Let me find a blessed end;
Your true life I'll then receive,
And to you in heav'n ascend.

John Amos Comenius
trans. C. Daniel Crews
June 2013
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Protect and Guard Me From Above

Ostřihej mne

Modern Czech Hymnal no. 378

(May be sung to Old Hundredth 22E)

Protect and guard me from above,
O God, my God of grace and love,
Preserve me from all wrong and sin,
From ev'ry ill without, within.

Lord, I am yours and yours alone;
O claim me always for your own.
Your promises are always true;
I have no good apart from you.

You are my hope both night and day,
From your dear side I'll never stray.
My fortress strong, my rock secure,
My hiding place, my anchor sure.

O let me never cause you shame,
But reverence your holy name;
Upheld by you I will not fall
Until to heav'n my soul you call.

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Lord God, We Give You Thanks and Praise

**Hospodine, tobě chvála
Modern Czech Hymnal no. 413**

(May be sung to tune “Hus” 22, F)

Lord God, we give you thanks and praise
That by your hand in all our days
Refreshment pure to us you give
In food and drink that we may live.

And yet the flesh alone to feed
Will not provide us all we need:
Add, Lord, the Spirit's fare we pray,
The food that never goes away.

Grant us your word, the living bread;
O may our souls with this be fed,
That through us all your will be done,
Lord Jesus Christ, God's only Son.

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Lord God, in Grace and Holy Love
Pán Bůh církvi
(From the Polish)
Modern Czech Hymnal no. 231
(To tune “Come, let us all with gladness raise”)

Lord God, in grace and holy love
You gave the church from heav’n above
A new and living testament,
Our Lord’s most blessed sacrament.

And as we gather in this place
You nourish us by this same grace;
And so we lift our grateful praise
That we may serve in these our days.

Send us as workers to your field
That it abundant harvest yield
Of souls brought safe into your store
E’er suns and seasons come no more.

Lord, make it so by your good will
That we who suffer mortal ill
And still as exiled orphans roam
In realms above may find our home.

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Hark! The Bridegroom's Voice is Crying

Aj, Ženich jde

(Modern Czech Hymnal no. 396)

(Set to tune of "Lift My Soul to God Your Praise". May be sung to Cassel, 167A)

Matthew 25: 1-13

Hark! The Bridegroom's voice is crying!
Soon He comes! The wise awake!
Hurry while there's time for buying
all you need, and sleep forsake!
When He comes at midnight hour
Bringing joy unto His own
Foolish souls in shame must cower
Standing sad outside, alone.

Lamps of conscience are a symbol;
And their oil is faith in Christ.
Love and hope with faith commingle;
These for conscience clear suffice.
Purest oil! Accept no other
If it is to clearly burn,
Else it will the bright flame smother;
From this story wisdom learn.

If you would with saints be counted,
From the cross your pattern take;
Words with deeds must be anointed;
Hearts must soften and awake.
None to Christ the Lamb are pleasing
Who speak faith with words alone;
Even steady rain unceasing
Brings no fruit from hardened stone.

Heaven rings with peals astounding;
The twelfth hour begins to strike;
Time is left while it's still sounding,
But time fades for all alike.
When the final stroke is ended
Penance spurned is lost in vain;
Nothing more can be amended:
Say "yes" now and life attain!

John Amos Comenius
trans. C. Daniel Crews, June 2013
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