

115 We praise Thee, Lord, Thou Lion

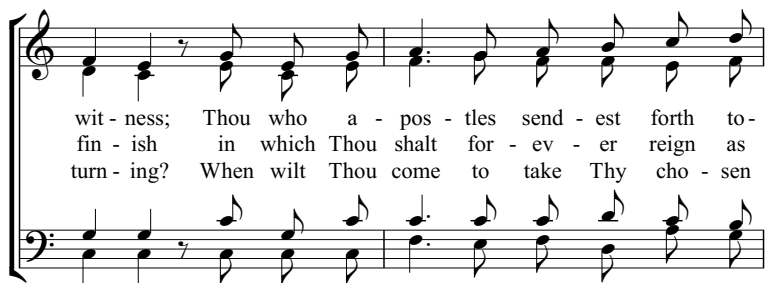
Friedrich Linde (1864-1933)

Composer unknown, 1854

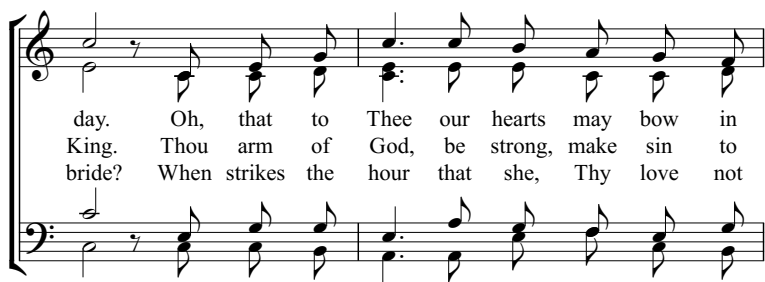
$\text{♩} = 66$



1. We praise Thee, Lord, Thou Li - on faith - ful
2. Thou great - est Mas - ter, here Thy king - dom
3. When shall it be, O Bride - groom, Thy re -



wit - ness; Thou who a - pos - tles send - est forth to -
fin - ish in which Thou shalt for - ev - er reign as
turn - ing? When wilt Thou come to take Thy cho - sen



day. Oh, that to Thee our hearts may bow in
King. Thou arm of God, be strong, make sin to
bride? When strikes the hour that she, Thy love not



meek - ness, that, as of old, Thy bless - ings tend our
van - ish from Thine e - lect, and all to vic - t'ry
spurn - ing, in bri - dal rai - ment may with Thee a -

way. Thou giv - est us the full - ness of Thy
bring. That Sa - tan may on earth soon lose his
bide? In Thy a - pos - tles, Lord, be as a

Spir - it, through Thy com - mis - sioned has us rich - ly
pow - er, that Ba - bel's spar - kle van - ish, be no
giv - er who doth His Bride most beau - teous - ly a -

blest and through them dost pre - pare us by Thy
more; that Zi - on may in all its glo - ry
dorn, that she in glo - ry be like Thee for -

mer - it that, clothed in white, we soon with Thee may rest.
tow - er and home - ward we ex - ul - tant - ly may soar!
ev - er when once she meets Thee on that wed - ding morn!