

IXΘΤΣ

1675  
CHRIST IN SONG.

*Hymns of Immanuel:*

SELECTED FROM ALL AGES, WITH NOTES,

BY

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## I GREET THEE.

(*Je Te salue, mon certain Rédempteur.*)

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"Salutation to Jesus Christ." By JOHN CALVIN, the great Reformer; b. 1509; d., at Geneva, 1564. This hymn, together with eleven others (mostly translations of Psalms), written in French, was recently discovered by Felix Bovet, of Neuchatel, in an old Genevese prayer-book, and first published in the sixth volume of the new edition of the works of Calvin by Baum, Cunitz, and Reuss, 1868. It reveals a poetic vein, and a devotional fervor and tenderness, which one would hardly have suspected in the severe logician. (His *Epinicion Christo cantatum*, A.D. 1537, is not devotional, but a controversial poem against popery.) German translation by Dr. Stähelin, Jr., of Basel (author of the best biography of Calvin). English translation by Mrs. Prof. H. B. SMITH, of New York, 1868. Contributed.

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I GREET Thee, who my sure Redecmer art,  
 My only Trust, and Saviour of my heart!  
 Who so much toil and woe  
 And pain didst undergo,  
 For my poor, worthless sake;  
 And pray Thee, from our hearts,  
 All idle griefs and smarts,  
 And foolish cares to take.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> We give the first stanza in the original old French:—

"Je Te salue, mon certain Rédempteur,  
 Ma vraye fianc' et mon seul Salvateur,  
 Qui tant de labeur,  
 D'ennuys et de douleur  
 As enduré pour moy:  
 Oste de noz cueurs  
 Toutes vaines langueurs,  
 Fol soucy et es moy."

Thou art the King of mercy and of grace,  
Reigning omnipotent in every place ;  
    So come, O King ! and deign  
    Within our hearts to reign,  
And our whole being sway ;  
    Shine in us by Thy light,  
    And lead us to the height  
Of Thy pure, heavenly day.

Thou art the Life by which alone we live,  
And all our substance and our strength receive :  
    Comfort us by Thy faith  
    Against the pains of death ;  
Sustain us by Thy power ;  
    Let not our fears prevail,  
    Nor our hearts faint or fail,  
When comes the trying hour.

Thou art the true and perfect gentleness,  
No harshness hast Thou, and no bitterness :  
    Make us to taste and prove,  
    Make us adore and love  
The sweet grace found in Thee ;  
    With longing to abide  
    Ever at Thy dear side,  
In Thy sweet unity.

Our hope is in no other save in Thee,  
Our faith is built upon Thy promise free ;  
    Come, and our hope increase,  
    Comfort and give us peace,

Make us so strong and sure,  
That we shall conquerors be,  
And well and patiently  
Shall every ill endure.

Poor, banished exiles, wretched sons of Eve,  
Full of all sorrows, unto Thee we grieve !  
To Thee we bring our sighs,  
Our groanings, and our cries :  
Thy pity, Lord, we crave ;  
We take the sinner's place,  
And pray Thee, of Thy grace,  
To pardon and to save.

Turn Thy sweet eyes upon our low estate,  
Our Mediator and our Advocate,  
Propitiator best !  
Give us that vision blest,  
The God of gods most High !  
And let us, by Thy right,  
Enter the blessèd light  
And glories of the sky !

Oh, pitiful and gracious as Thou art,  
The lovely Bridegroom of the holy heart,  
Lord Jesus Christ, meet Thou  
The Antichrist our foe,  
In all his cruel ruth !  
Thy Spirit give, that we  
May, in true verity,  
Follow Thy word of truth.