# O Christ, our hope, our heart’s desire 374

O Christ, our hope, our heart's desire,
redemption's only spring;
creator of the world are you,
its Savior and its King,
its Savior and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love
which led you to the tree,
and on this cross you died for us
to set your people free,
to set your people free.

But now the bonds of death are burst,
the ransom has been paid;
and you are on your Father's throne
in majesty arrayed,
in majesty arrayed.

O may your mighty love prevail
our sinful souls to spare,
O may we come before your throne
and find acceptance there,
and find acceptance there.

All praise to you, ascended Lord,
all glory ever be
to Father, Son, and Spirit now
and through eternity,
and through eternity.

TEXT: Latin, 8th cent. Tr. John Chandler (1837), alt.

TUNE: Nikolaus Hermann (c. 1480-1561)

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