

Make Broad The Path**Words: Georg Weissel (1590-1635)****Translated by Rev. George R. Woodward (1848-1934)**

1. Make broad the path, unspar the gate,
The King of glory comes in state:
Behold the Lord of lords appear;
The Saviour Of mankind is near:
See health and wealth are in his train,
Exult, and raise the joyful strain:
Ye sons of Adams race,
Praise God, the fount of grace.

2. The Sun of justice, help in need,
On wings of mercy he doth speed;
His regal crown is holiness,
His sceptre, mercy, quick to bless:
He comes to terminate our woe;
Therefore rejoice ye, high and low.
Sing praises to the Lord,
Mighty in deed and word.

3. O happy town and blessed land,
Whereof this Sovran hath command!
And well is every home and breast
That harbours such a royal guest:
He is the very Sun of joy,
And fraught with bliss without alloy.
All praise to God Almighty,
My comfort, day and night.

4. Come, Jesu Christ: for thee, my hope,
The gateway of mine heart is ope:
Ah! deign to pass within the port,
And deal with me in friendly sort:
Thine holy Spirit guide my way
Unto the land of endless day!
Laud, honour, and fair fame
Ascribe to Jesus Name.

5. Make broad the path, unspar the gate,
To God your temple consecrate;
With sober joy and holy psalm
Receive your King with boughs of palm:
So shall your Monarch enter in;
So health and welfare shall ye win.
Praise God, old age and youth
His mercy, grace and truth.