

Speak, O Lord, Your Servant Listens

LSB 589

1. Speak, O Lord, Your servant listens,

Let Your Word to me come near;

Newborn life and spirit give me,

Let each promise still my fear.

Death's dread pow'r, its inward strife,

Wars against Your Word of life;

Fill me, Lord, with love's strong fervor

That I will cling to You forever!

2. Oh, what blessing to be near You

And to listen to Your voice;

Let me ever love and hear You,

Let Your Word be now my choice!

Many hardened sinners, Lord,

Flee in terror at Your Word;

But to all who feel sin's burden

You give words of peace and pardon.

3. Lord, Your words are waters living

When my thirsting spirit pleads.

Lord, Your words are bread life-giving;

Oh Your words my spirit feeds.
Lord, Your words will be my light
Through death's cold and dreary night;
Yes, they are my sword prevailing
And my cup of joy unfailing!

4. As I pray, dear Jesus, hear me;
Let Your words in me take root.
May Your Spirit e'er be near me
That I bear abundant fruit.
May I daily sing Your praise,
From my heart glad anthems raise,
Till my highest praise is given
In the endless joy of heaven.