

# Break Forth, O Beauteous

ERMUNTRE DICK MEIN SCHWACHER

1. Break forth, O beau-teous heav'n-ly light, and ush-er in the  
2. Break forth, O beau-teous heav'n-ly light, to her-ald our sal-

morn-ing; O shep-herds, shrink not with af-fright, but hear the an-gel's  
va-tion; He stoops to earth—the God of might, our hope and ex-pec-

warn-ing. This Child, now weak in in-fan-cy, our  
ta-tion. He comes in hu-man flesh to dwell, our

con-fi-dence and joy shall be; the pow'r of Sa-tan  
God with us, Im-man-u-el; the night of dark-ness

break-ing, our peace e-ter-nal mak-ing.  
end-ing, our fall-en race be-friend-ing.

WORDS: Johann Rist, st. 1, 1641; tr. John Troutbeck, 1873; st. 2, A. T. Russell, 1851 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.7

MUSIC: Johann Schop, 1641; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1734