

# O FATHER, MAY YOUR WORD PREVAIL

("Ak, Fader, lad dit Ord, din Aand")

Hans Adolf Brorson, ca. 1760

Tr. George Taylor Rygh, 1908

Ludvig M. Lindemann, 1812-1887

1. O Fa - ther, may your Word pre-vail A - gainst the gates of hell! Be-  
2. Come, Je - sus, come and con - tem-plate Your vine-yard's sad es - tate: Bap-  
3. O Ho - ly Ghost, to you, our light, We cry by day, by night: Come,

hold the vine - yard you have tilled With thorns and this - tles  
tized are mil - lions in your name, But where is faith's pure  
grant to us the light and pow'r Our pa - rents had be

filled. 'Tis true, your plants are there; But, ah, how weak and rare! How  
flame? Of what a - vail that we Know of your ag - o - ny, So  
fore; When your dear Church did stand A tree, deep - root - ed, grand; Full -

slight the pow'r and ev - i - dence Of Word and sac - ra - ments!  
long as we do not o'er-throw In faith the wick - ed foe?  
crowned with blos - soms white as snow, With pur - ple fruits a - glow!