Stranger, Who From Out The Bosom
VON GEROK 8s & 7s D.

1. Stranger, who from out the bosoom Of the Father camest here,
   And our human nature wearing Didst in servants' form appear.
   Who beneath the homely raiment Of the pilgrim Thou didst wear.

2. Mighty Stranger, give the spirit Of a stranger here to me,
   That I with Thy peace o'erflowing May a pilgrim gladly be.
   Let me not the world seek after, That the best doth aye repel,

3. Stranger, from the ranks of angels, Who didst on the earth appear,
   That I be a free man yonder, May I be a pilgrim here!
   Here with Thee in God now hidden, Nothing worth in human sight,

Didst the fullness of the Godhead And the star of glory bear!
As a paradise within me, Oh, may Thy salvation dwell!
There, upon the great to morrow, Openly a child of light!

Words: Karl von Gerok
Music: Caryl Florio