

## 708 Lord, Thee I Love with All My Heart

1 Lord, Thee I love with all my heart;  
I pray Thee, ne'er from me depart,  
With tender mercy cheer me.  
Earth has no pleasure I would share.  
Yea, heav'n itself were void and bare  
If Thou, Lord, wert not near me.  
And should my heart for sorrow break,  
My trust in Thee can nothing shake.  
Thou art the portion I have sought;  
Thy precious blood my soul has bought.  
Lord Jesus Christ, my God and Lord, my God and Lord,  
Forsake me not! I trust Thy Word.

2 Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy rich bounty gave  
My body, soul, and all I have  
In this poor life of labor.  
Lord, grant that I in ev'ry place  
May glorify Thy lavish grace  
And help and serve my neighbor.  
Let no false doctrine me beguile;  
Let Satan not my soul defile.  
Give strength and patience unto me  
To bear my cross and follow Thee.  
Lord Jesus Christ, my God and Lord, my God and Lord,  
In death Thy comfort still afford.

3 Lord, let at last Thine angels come,  
To Abr'ham's bosom bear me home,  
That I may die unfearing;  
And in its narrow chamber keep  
My body safe in peaceful sleep  
Until Thy reappearing.  
And then from death awaken me,  
That these mine eyes with joy may see,  
O Son of God, Thy glorious face,  
My Savior and my fount of grace.  
Lord Jesus Christ, my prayer attend, my prayer attend,  
And I will praise Thee without end.

Text: Martin Schalling, 1532–1608; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.  
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