

Hymn Lyrics

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Christ, the Life of all the living

Christ, the Life of all the living,
Christ, the Death of death our foe,
who, thyself for us once giving
to the darkened depths of woe,
patiently didst yield thy breath,
man to save from sin and death:
thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
blessèd Jesus, unto thee.

Thou, ah, thou hast taken on thee
bitter strokes, a cruel rod;
pain and scorn were heaped upon thee,
O thou sinless Son of God;
only thus for us to win
rescue from the bonds of sin:
thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
blessèd Jesus, unto thee.

Thou didst bear the smiting, only
that it might not fall on me;
stoodest falsely charged und lonely,
that I might be safe and free;
comfortless, that I might know
comfort from thy boundless woe:
thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
blessèd Jesus, unto thee.

Then for all that wrought our pardon,
for thy sorrows deep and sore,
for thine anguish in the garden,
I will thank thee evermore;
thank thee with the latest breath
for thy sad and cruel death;
for that last most bitter cry,
praise thee evermore on high.

Ernst Christoph Homburg (1605-1681); trans. (1827-1878)