

From God Shall Naught Divide Me
Ludwig Helmbold, 1563.
Erfurt, Germany: 1572.

From God shall naught divide me,
For He is true for aye
And on my path will guide me,
Who else should often stray.
His right hand holdeth me;
For me He truly careth,
My burdens ever beareth,
Wherever I may be.

When man's help and affection
Shall unavailing prove,
God grants me His protection
And shows His power and love.
He helps in every need,
From sin and shame redeems me,
From chains and bonds reclaims me,
Yea, e'en from death I'm freed.

God shall be my Reliance
In sorrow's darkest night;
Its dread I bid defiance
When He is at my right.
I unto Him commend
My body, soul, and spirit
They are His own by merit
All's well then at the end.

Oh, praise Him, for He never
Forgets our daily need;
Oh, blest the hour whenever
To Him our thoughts can speed;
Yea, all the time we spend
Without Him is wasted,
Till we His joy have tasted,
The joy that hath no end.

Yea, when the world shall perish
With all its pride and power,
Whatever worldlings cherish
Shall vanish in that hour.
But though in death they make
The deepest grave our cover,
When there our sleep is over,
Our God will us awake.

What though I here must suffer
Distress and trials sore,
I merit ways still rougher;
And yet there is in store
For me eternal bliss,
Yea, pleasures without measure,
Since Christ is now my treasure,
And shall be evermore.