

I Bless the Christ of God

Horatius Bonar, 1861.

Felix Mendelssohn(1809-1847)

I bless the Christ of God, I rest on love divine,  
And with unfaltering lip and heart, I call the Savior mine.  
His cross dispels each doubt; I bury in His tomb  
Each thought of unbelief and fear,  
Each lingering shade of gloom.

I praise the God of peace, I trust His truth and might;  
He calls me His, I call Him mine, My God, my joy, my light.  
In Him is only good, in me is only ill;  
My ill but draws His goodness forth,  
And me He loveth still.

'Tis He who saveth me, and freely pardon gives;  
I love because He loveth me; I live because He lives;  
My life with Him is hid, my death has passed away,  
My clouds have melted into light,  
My midnight into day.