

Jesus, Grant That Balm and Healing
Johann Heerman, 1644.
Johann Knig, 1738.

Jesus, grant that balm and healing
In Thy holy wounds I find,
Every hour that I am feeling,
Pains of body and of mind.
Should some evil thought within
Tempt my treacherous heart to sin,
Show the peril, and from sinning
Keep me ere its first beginning.

Should some lust or sharp temptation
Prove too strong for flesh and blood,
Let me think upon Thy passion,
And the breach is soon made good.
Or should Satan press me hard,
Let me then be on my guard,
Saying, "Christ for me was wounded,"
That the tempter flee confounded.

If the world my heart entices
On the broad and easy road
With its mirth and luring vices,
Let me think upon the load
Thou didst carry and endure
That I flee all thoughts impure,
Banishing each wild emotion,
Calm and blest in my devotion.

Every wound that pains or grieves me,
By Thy stripes, Lord, is made whole;
When I'm faint, Thy cross revives me,
Granting new life to my soul.
Yea, Thy comfort renders sweet
Every bitter cup I meet;
For Thy all atoning passion
Has procured my soul's salvation.

O my God, my rock and tower,
Grant that in Thy death I trust,
Knowing death has lost his power
Since Thou trodd'st him in the dust.
Savior, let Thine agony
Ever help and comfort me;
When I die, be my protection,
Light and life and resurrection.