

Lord Jesus Christ, My Life, My Light
Martin Behm, 1610.
17th Century German.

Lord Jesus Christ, my life, my light,
My strength by day, my trust by night,
On earth I'm but a passing guest
And sorely with my sins oppressed.

Far off I see my fatherland,
Where through Thy blood I hope to stand.
But ere I reach that paradise,
A weary way before me lies.

My heart sinks at the journey's length,
My wasted flesh and little strength;
My soul alone still cries in me:
"Lord, take me home, take me to Thee!"

Oh, let Thy sufferings give me power
To meet the last and darkest hour!
Thy blood refresh and comfort me;
Thy bonds and fetters make me free.

Oh, let Thy holy wounds for me
Clefts in the rock forever be
Where as a dove my soul can hide
And safe from Satan's rage abide.

And when my spirit flies away,
Thy dying words shall be my stay.
Thy cross shall be my staff in life,
Thy holy grave my rest from strife.

Lord, in Thy nail prints let me read
That Thou to save me hast decreed
And grant that in Thine opened side
My troubled soul may ever hide.

Since Thou hast died, the pure, the just,
I take my homeward way in trust.
The gates of Heav'n, Lord, open wide
When here I may no more abide.

And when the last great day shall come
And Thou, our judge, shalt speak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light
And set me then upon Thy right.

Renew this wasted flesh of mine
That like the sun it there may shine
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like Thyself in glorious light.

Ah, then I'll have my heart's desire,
When, singing with the angels' choir,
Among the ransomed of Thy grace,
Forever I'll behold Thy face!