



- 2. I count the hours, the days, the years, that stretch in tedious line, until, O Life, that hour appears, when, at thy touch divine, whate'er is mortal now in me shall be consumed for aye in thee, and deathless life be mine.
- 3. So glows thy love within this frame, that, touched with keenest fire, my whole soul kindles in the flame of one intense desire, to be in thee, and thou in me, and e'en while yet on earth to be still pressing closer, nigher!
- 4. Oh that I soon might thee behold! I count the moments o'er; ah come, ere yet my heart grows cold and cannot call thee more! Come in thy glory, for thy Bride hath girt her for the holy-tide, and waiteth at the door.
- 5. And since thy Spirit sheds abroad the oil of grace in me, and thou art inly near me, Lord, and I am lost in thee, so shines in me the Living Light, and steadfast burns my lamp and bright, to greet the joyously.
- 6. Come! is the voice, then, of thy Bride, she loudly prays thee come! With faithful heart she long hath cried, Come quickly, Jesus, come! Come, O my Bridegroom, Lamb of God, thou knowest I am thine, dear Lord; come down and take me home.
- 7. Yet be the hour that none can tell left wholly to thy choice, although I know thou lov'st it well, that I with heart and voice should bid thee come, and from this day care but to meet thee on thy way, and at thy sight rejoice!

- 8. I joy that from thy love divine no power can part me now, that I may dare to call thee mine, my Friend, my Lord, avow, that I, O Prince of Life, shall be made wholly one in heaven with thee; my portion, Lord, art thou!
- 9. And therefore do my thanks o'erflow, that one more year is gone, and of this Time, so poor, so slow, another step is won; and with a heart that may not wait, toward yonder distant golden gate I journey gladly on.
- 10. And when the wearied hands grow weak, and wearied knees give way, to sinking faith, oh quickly speak, and make thine arm my stay; that so my heart drink in new strength, and I speed on, nor feel the length nor steepness of the way!
- 11. Then on, my soul, with fearless faith, let nought thy terror move; nor aught that earthly pleasure saith e'er tempt thy steps to rove: if slow thy course seem o'er the waste, mount upwards with the eagle's haste, on wings of tireless love.
- 12. O Jesus, all my soul hath flown already up to thee, for thou, in whom is love alone, hast wholly conquered me. Farewell, ye phantoms, day and year, Eternity is round me here, since, Lord, I live in thee.

Words: August Hermann Francke. Translation: Catherine Winkworth. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2019 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/1481/