MY SOUL THIRSTETH AFTER THE LIVING GOD



2. Riches, honour, pomp, and learning, beauty, pleasure, science, art, cannot satisfy my yearning, cannot fill my aching heart; patience under tribulation, strength to suffer, love, and live, joy in death and consolation, God himself alone can give.

3. Idols of the heathen nations, works of art and human skill, cannot quench my aspiration, nor my earnest longings still; subtle thoughts and speculations of past ages and our own cannot reach my expectations, which cry out for God alone.

4. When shall I appear before thee, when behold thy glorious face, and with joyful lips adore thee, in thy full unclouded grace?
When shall love succeed to coldness, confidence to doubt and fear, when shall I with childlike boldness to the throne of grace draw near?

5. When will God be my sole treasure, when will he abide with me?
When will his great will the measure of my will and actions be?
When will no thought ever enter into heart and mind but this, in the Lord alone to centre every hope of happiness?

6. No! the flame, which he hath lighted, will not prove a flickering ray he who hath this thirst exited will its longing quench one day; when I quit this vale of sadness, and to brighter regions soar, I shall drink with joy and gladness living waters evermore.

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