



2. Lord of my life, my fate does lie entirely in thy keeping; thou in the twinkling of an eye canst turn to joy my weeping: and thou hast turned it; one sweet glance of thy bright-beaming countenance with light and joy has filled me.

My heavy heart within me sank in that dark hour of sadness, the world around me seemed a blank without a ray of gladness.
 My wonted pleasures, that which lent its beauty to my life, was rent and torn from me for ever.

4. Plunged in the lowest depths I lay of sorrow and dejection;
tears were my drink both night and day, my daily bread – affliction.
It seemed a cordial to my heart to keep alive my bitter smart, and every day renew it.

5. Faith could not thee, my highest Good, embrace for my salvation; my soul, in this despairing mood, refused all consolation.Thou still wert mine; yet how despised the blessings left, how highly prized what had been taken from me!

6. But God be praised, who caused his face once more to shine upon me, and hath the riches of his grace so mercifully shown me.Before his mercy's cheering ray the night of darkness fled away, which so long brooded o'er me.

7. Therefore my heart shall sing thy praise as long as I am living, and tune to thee my sweetest lays of praise and of thanksgiving.

The song I sing is ever new, that thou art gracious, good, and true, thy mercies everlasting.

Words: Carl Johann Philipp Spitta. Translation: Richard Massie. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2011, 2016 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/139/