HYMN FOR WHIT-SUNDAY



2. Through thee the soul is fain to sing when sorrow's clouds are deepening; with Jesus Christ thou mak'st us one, Earnest of heaven, from God's High Throne.

3. Best Gift of God, and man's true Friend, now to my inmost soul descend; the mind of Jesus Christ impart, and consecrate to thee my heart.

4. Teach me to do my Father's Will, to lie, beneath his guidance, still; lighten my mind, my heart incline to make henceforth his Pleasure mine.

5. From spot and blemish make me pure, my future bliss in heaven secure; when lost in darkness, give me light, and cheer me through death's dreary night.

Words: Johann Caspar Lavater. Translation: Frances Elizabeth Cox. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2020 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source:: www.christmysong.com/1529/