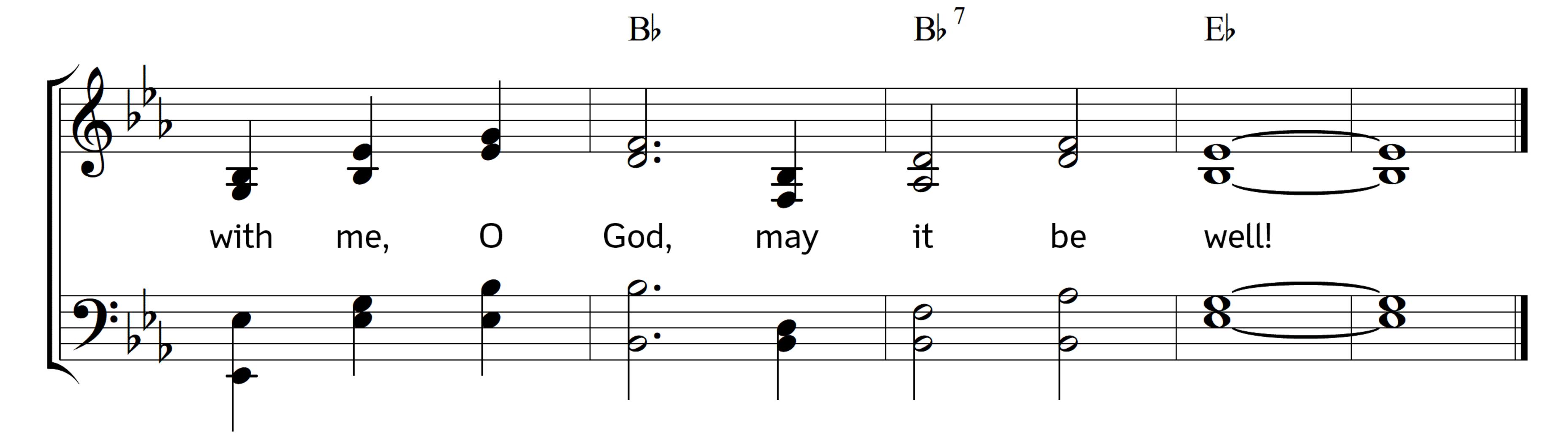
## HOPE IN DEATH





- 2. Death comes when night the world is hiding, –
  he comes too in the glare of day, –
  wherever I am here abiding,
  at once I may be called away:
  For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
  with me, O God, may it be well!
- 3. Lord, lead me oft to think of dying, that when the hour of trial's come, my soul may then, on Christ relying, sink all its terrors in his tomb: and for H i s sake, when flesh shall fail, with me, O God, may it be well!
- 4. And now, betimes, would I provide me that sure support whereon to rest, and cheerful say "What shall betide me, choose, Lord, as thou shalt see it best!" And when my heart and flesh shall fail, for Jesus' sake may it be well!
- 5. Awake in me desires for heaven!
  Help me to view the world aright;
  far from my heart its wiles be driven,
  while endless joys allure my sight:
  for Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
  with me, O God, may it be well!
- 6. My many sins! O veil them over with merits of thy dying Son!
  I here thy richest grace discover, here find I peace, and here alone: and, for his sake, when flesh shall fail, with me, O God, may it be well!

- 7. His bleeding wounds give me assurance that thy free mercy will abide; here strength I find for death's endurance, and hope for all I need beside: for Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail, with me, O God, may it be well!
- 8. Nothing from Christ my soul shall sever, nor life, nor death; things high nor low: I take him as my Lord forever, my future trust, as he is now: and for his sake, when flesh shall fail, with me, O God, may it be well!
- 9. Then come my end today, tomorrow,
  I know, through Christ, 't will work my good:
  the world may in the prospect sorrow, –
  but I rejoice through Jesus' blood:
  and for his sake, when flesh shall fail,
  with me, O God, may it be well!
- 10. I live, meantime, in thee confiding, of death have no appalling fear; enough for me My God is guiding, through faith my future hopes are clear: thy grace in Christ will never fail, and when I die, 't will all be well.

Words: Aemilie Juliane Countess of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. Translation: Henry Mills. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2016 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/1542/