



- 2. While human love or favour soon cold or dead appears, his mercy glows forever, – he numbers all my tears, he softens all my grief; from sin and dangerous errors, from guilt and gloomy terrors, from death, he gives relief.
- 3. God, with his love, has blessed me! Bereft of all besides, upon his arm he'll rest me: he my affliction guides, – I'll leave it to his will: my int'rests here, in heaven, to God the Lord be given, his pleasure to fulfill.
- 4. It ever is his pleasure to work his people's good; 'twas goodness, beyond measure, gave them a Saviour's blood. He, who so much has done, has said they shall inherit, in body and in spirit, all good through Christ his Son.
- 5. Away the world is gliding, its toys and empty show: a bliss, pure and abiding, on me will God bestow. True! – life on earth shall close, – but when, by grave invested, this weary frame has rested, – he'll wake it from repose.

- 6. My soul, already living in God's paternal hand, fit body then receiving for my new father-land, – it shall my glory be, where saints enjoy his blessing, to praise, with songs unceasing, the Lamb eternally.
- 7. Though now I sorrow suffer, such as my sin requires; my future prospects offer all that my heart desires of joys that shall endure: Christ eye to eye appearing, my soul his image wearing, my lot will be secure.
- 8. It is the Father's pleasure, who here assigned our place, that now his Son's full treasure should yield us grace for grace: his Spirit he supplies, to us the pathway showing, – of bliss that's ever growing, – to him let anthems rise!
- 9. Praise him, with hearts and voices, who gave us all our powers! 'Tis thus that faith rejoices to consecrate the hours! The praise of God will prove on earth our best enjoyment, – nay more! – our blessed employment in realms of peace above.

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