



- 2. For thou hast chosen me by grace, and with thy saints assigned a place, the world in vain would hurt me: thy mercy will its measure fill, thou never wilt desert me.
- 3. Thy patience too is strangely kind, of daily sins I pardon find: to me, my gilt deploring thou bring'st anew thy Son to view, my comfort thus restoring.
- 4. Thou art to me the best of friends, that to my every want attends: none can thyself resemble!

  Firm at my side wilt thou abide, though hills and mountains tremble.
- 5. Thou art my light, my life, desire, my Rock: nor can I more require that's found in earth or heaven. Lord, without thee, all else to me for joy were vainly given.

- 6. 'Bove every good, thou art the best, on whom my highest pleasures rest; in thee I live confiding:
   here, and above,
   Lord, may our love
   be evermore abiding!
- 7. Thou blessest me: let foes revile! since, for my harm, their rage and toil must prove all unavailing.

  While thou art near

  I will not fear, but sing with song unfailing.
- 8. From thee is flowing endless peace, its streams with pleasure now I trace, thou source of true enjoyment, to where thy praise, through endless days, shall be my glad employment.
- 9. To human eye has not appeared what joys above thou hast prepared, but faith cannot deceive me:

  there perfect bliss
  I shall possess,
  and of it none bereave me.

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