



2. All my outward senses, failing, part me from terrestrial things; but my soul, new life inhaling, fluttering, striving, spreads her wings; ye, who tenderest watch are keeping – though these hours seem dark indeed – think, while o'er my sufferings weeping, thus th' imprisoned soul is freed.

3. Be the prison bars demolished!
King of terrors, break them down!
But, thy further power abolished,
Christ thy conqueror thou must own:
He is with me, he is near me!
He thy every stroke directs!
His belovèd accents cheer me,
he the soul he saved protects!

4. Lord, thou comest to receive me!
Oh, what faithfulness is thine!
Now, when every friend must leave me, come to be for ever mine!
Lo! the beatific vision breaks on my enraptured sight!
Weighed with this divine fruition even the pangs of death seem light!

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