

**"Lord, Thee I Love with All My Heart"**  
**by Martin Schalling, 1532-1608**

1. Lord, Thee I love with all my heart;  
I pray Thee ne'er from me depart,  
With tender mercies cheer me.  
Earth has no pleasure I would share,  
Yea, heaven itself were void and bare  
If Thou, Lord, wert not near me.  
And should my heart for sorrow break,  
My trust in Thee no one could shake.  
Thou art the Portion I have sought;  
Thy precious blood my soul has bought.  
Lord Jesus Christ,  
My God and Lord, my God and Lord,  
Forsake me not! I trust Thy Word.

2. Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy rich bounty gave  
My body, soul, and all I have  
In this poor life of labor.  
Lord, grant that I in every place  
May glorify Thy lavish grace  
And serve and help my neighbor.  
Let no false doctrine me beguile  
And Satan not my soul defile.  
Give strength and patience unto me  
To bear my cross and follow Thee.  
Lord Jesus Christ,  
My God and Lord, my God and Lord,  
In death Thy comfort still afford.

3. Lord, let at last Thine angels come,  
To Abram's bosom bear me home,  
That I may die unfearing;  
And in its narrow chamber keep  
My body safe in peaceful sleep  
Until Thy reappearing.  
And then from death awaken me  
That these mine eyes with joy may see,  
O Son of God, Thy glorious face,  
My Savior and my Fount of grace,  
Lord Jesus Christ,  
My prayer attend, my prayer attend,  
And I will praise Thee without end.

**"Glory be to Jesus"**  
**Italian, 18th Century**

1. Glory be to Jesus,  
Who in bitter pains  
Poured for me the life-blood  
From His sacred veins!

2. Grace and life eternal  
In that blood I find;  
Blest be His compassion,  
Infinitely kind!

3. Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream  
Which from endless torments  
Did the world redeem!

4. Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
But the blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

5. Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Angel hosts rejoicing  
Make their glad reply.

6. Lift we, then, our voices,  
Swell the mighty flood,  
Louder still and louder  
Praise the precious blood!

**"How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord"**  
by "Keen," 1787, alt.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath said  
Who unto the Savior for refuge have fled?

2. In every condition, -- in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, --  
The Lord, the Almighty, they strength e'er shall be.

3. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

4. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply.  
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6. "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

7. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!"