

51 Lord, Thee I Love with All My Heart

Not Fast

1. Lord, Thee I love with all my heart. I pray Thee, ne'er from
 2. Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy rich boun - ty gave My bod - y, soul, and
 3. Lord, let at last Thine an - gels come; To A - brah'm's bos - om

me de - part; With ten - der mer - cy cheer me. Earth has no
 all I have In this poor life of la - bor. Lord, grant that
 bear me home That I may die un - fear - ing; And in its

pleas - ure I would share; Yea, Heav'n it - self were void and bare If
 I in ev - 'ry place May glo - ri - fy Thy lav - ish grace And
 nar - row cham - ber keep My bod - y safe in peace - ful sleep Un -

Thou, Lord, were not near me. And should my heart for
 serve and help my neigh - bor. Let no false doc - trine
 til Thy re - ap - pear - ing. And then from death a -

sor - row break, My trust in Thee no one could shake. Thou art the por - tion
 me be - guile; Let Sa - tan not my soul de - file. Give strength and pa - tience
 wak - en me That these mine eyes with joy may see, O Son of God, Thy

I have sought; Thy pre - cious blood my soul has bought. Lord Je - sus Christ, My
 un - to me To bear my cross and fol - low Thee. Lord Je - sus Christ, My
 glo - rious face, My Sav - ior and my fount of grace, Lord Je - sus Christ, My

God and Lord, my God and Lord, For - sake me not! I trust Thy Word.
 God and Lord, my God and Lord, In death Thy com - fort still af - ford.
 pray'r at - tend, my pray'r at - tend, And I will praise Thee with - out end.

Music Bernhard Schmid's *Orgelbuch*, Strasbourg, 1577;

harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Text: Martin Schalling, c. 1567; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863; alt.

HERZLICH LIEB HAB' ICH DICH

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