

My Saviour, Thou Thy love to me

My Saviour, Thou thy Love to me
In Want, in Pain, in Shame, hast show'd;
For me on the accursed Tree
Thou pourest forth thy guiltless Blood:
Thy Wounds upon my Heart impress,
Nor ought shall the lov'd Stamp efface.

More hard than Marble is my Heart,
And foul with Sins of deepest Stain:
But Thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleansing Blood in vain.
Ah! soften, melt this Rock, and may
Thy Blood wash all these Stains away.

O that I as a little Child
May follow Thee, nor ever rest
Till sweetly Thou hast pour'd thy mild
And lowly Mind into my Breast.
Nor may we ever parted be
Till I become one Spirit with Thee.

Still let thy Love point out my Way,
(How wondrous Things thy Love hath wrought!)
Still lead me lest I go astray,
Direct my Work, inspire my Thought:
And when I fall, soon may I hear
Thy Voice, and know that Love is near.

In Suff'ring be thy Love my Peace,
In Weakness be thy Love my Pow'r;
And when the Storms of Life shall cease,
JESU, in that important Hour,
In Death as Life be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died!

Paulus Gerhardt