





2.Yea Lord 'twas Thy rich bounty gave
My body, soul, and all I have
In this poor life of labor
Lord grant that in every place
May glorify Thy lavish grace
And serve and help my neighbor
Let no false doctrine me beguile
Let 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 deah Thy comfort still afford

3.Lord let at last Thine angels come
To Abr'am'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
And I will praise Thee without end