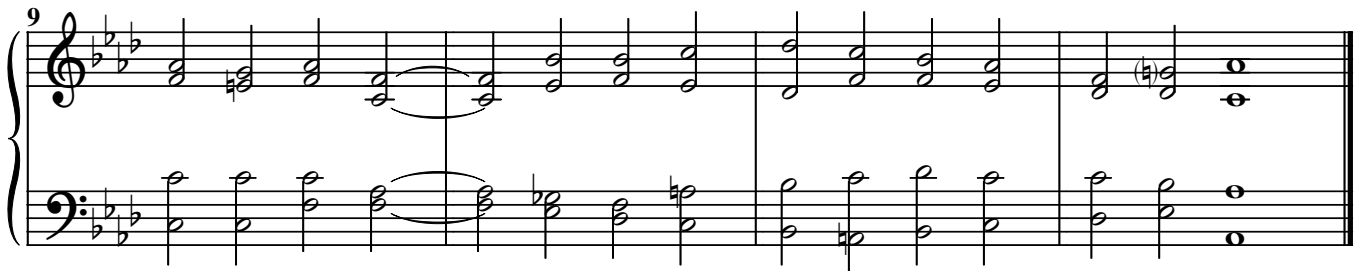
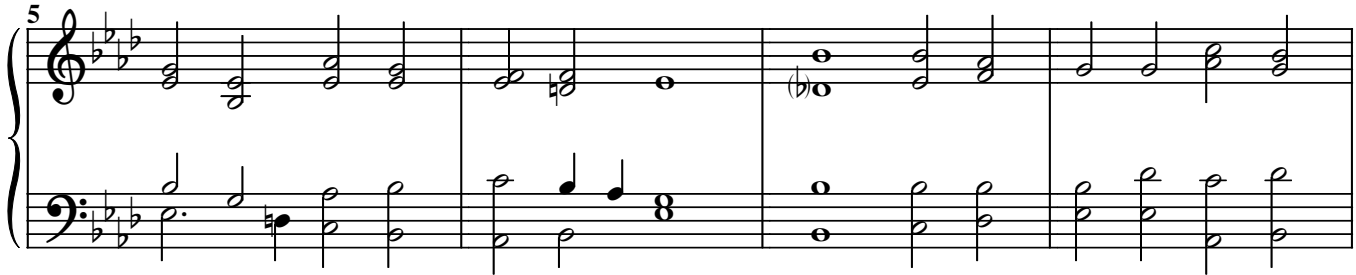
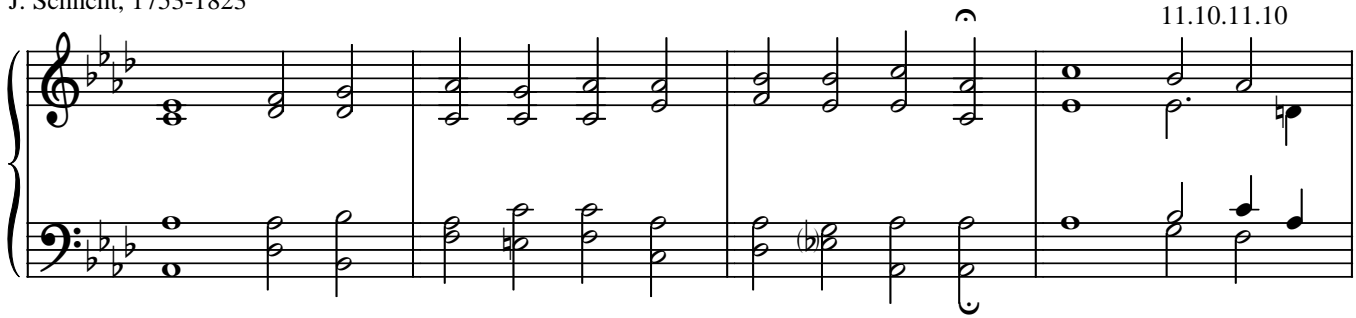


And now, beloved Lord, thy soul resigning

J. Schncht, 1753-1823

Zu Meinem Herrn
11.10.11.10



**And now, beloved Lord, Thy soul resigning,
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining,
The throbbing brow and laboring breast grow still.**

**Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly bending
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending,
Thy Spirit to Thy Father and Thy God.**

**My Savior, in mine hour of mortal anguish,
When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night,
O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish,
At that dread eventide let there be light.**

**To Thy dear cross turn Thou my eyes in dying;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy breast;
Those outstretched arms receive my latest sighing;
And then, oh! then, Thine everlasting rest.**

Eliza Alderson