O Love, who formedst me to wear







O Love, who formedst me to wear The image of Thy Godhead here; Who soughtest me with tender care Thro' all my wanderings wild and drear; O Love, I give myself to Thee, Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in time wast slain, Pierced through and through with bitter woe; O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain That we eternal joy might know; O Love, I give myself to Thee, Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, of whom is truth and light, The Word and Spirit, life and power, Whose heart was bared to them that smite, To shield us in our trial hour: O Love, I give myself to Thee, Thine ever, only Thine to be. O Love, who lovest me for aye, Who for my soul dost ever plead; O Love, who didst that ransom pay Whose power sufficeth in my stead; O Love, I give myself to Thee, Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise From out this dying life of ours; O Love, who once o'er yonder skies Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers; O Love, I give myself to Thee, Thine ever, only Thine to be.

Johann Scheffler