In God, my faithful God



In God, my faithful God, I trust when dark my road; Though many woes o'ertake me, Yet He will not forsake me; His love it is doth send them, And when 'tis best will end them.

My sins assail me sore, But I despair no more; I build on Christ who loves me, From this Rock nothing moves me, Since I can all surrender To Him, my soul's Defender.

If death my portion be, Then death is gain to me, And Christ my Life for ever, From whom death cannot sever; Come when it may, He'll shield me, To Him I wholly yield me. Ah, Jesus Christ, my Lord, So meek in deed and word, Thou diedst once to save us, Because Thou fain wouldst have us After earth's life of sadness Heirs of Thy heavenly gladness.

"So be it," then I say, With all my heart each day; Guide us while here we wander, Till safely landed yonder, We too, dear Lord, adore Thee, And sing for joy before Thee.

Sigismund Weingärtner

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