

# Christ, the life of all the living

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Christ, the Life of all the living,  
Christ the Death of death, our foe,  
Who Thyself for us once giving  
To the darkest depths of woe,  
Patiently didst yield Thy breath  
But to save my soul from death;  
Praise and glory ever be,  
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

Thou, O Christ, hast taken on Thee  
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;  
Pain and scorn were heaped  
upon Thee,  
O Thou sinless Son of God,  
Only thus for me to win  
Rescue from the bonds of sin;  
Praise and glory ever be,  
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

Thou didst bear the smiting only  
That it might not fall on me;  
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely  
That I might be safe and free;  
Comfortless that I might know  
Comfort from Thy boundless woe.  
Praise and glory ever be,  
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

Heartless scoffers did surround Thee,  
Treating Thee with shameful scorn  
And with piercing thorns they  
crowned Thee,  
All disgrace Thou, Lord, hast borne  
That as Thine Thou mightest own me  
And with heavenly glory crown me.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee  
That from pain I might be free;  
Falsely did Thy foes accuse Thee,  
Thence I gain security;  
Comfortless Thy soul did languish  
Me to comfort in my anguish.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Thou hast suffered great affliction,  
And hast borne it patiently,  
Even death by crucifixion,  
Fully to atone for me;  
Thou didst choose to be tormented  
That my doom should be prevented.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Then, for all that wrought our pardon,  
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,  
For Thine anguish in the garden,  
I will thank Thee evermore;  
Thank Thee with my latest breath  
For Thy sad and cruel death,  
For that last and bitter cry  
Praise Thee evermore on high.

Ernst C. Homburg