

Thee will I love, my strength, my treasure

J. B. Konig's 'Liederschatz'

Ich Will Dich Lieben
98.98.86

The first system of musical notation consists of five measures. The treble clef staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The bass clef staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and a common time signature. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with block chords and single notes. A measure rest is present in the first measure of both staves. A fermata is placed over the final note of the fifth measure in both staves.

The second system of musical notation consists of five measures. The treble clef staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The bass clef staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and a common time signature. The music continues with block chords and single notes. A measure rest is present in the first measure of both staves. A fermata is placed over the final note of the fifth measure in both staves.

Thee will I love, my Strength, my Treasure;
Thee will I love, my Hope, my Joy;
Thee will I love with in fullest measure,
With ardor time shall ne'er destroy.
Thee will I love, O Light Divine,
So long as life is mine.

Thee will I love, my Life, my Savior,
Who art my best and truest Friend;
Thee will I love and praise forever,
For never shall Thy kindness end;
Thee will I love with all my heart,
Thou my Redeemer art.

I thank Thee, Jesus, Sun from heaven,
Whose radiance hath bro't light to me;
I thank Thee, who hast richly given
All that could make me glad and free;
I thank Thee that my soul is healed
By what Thy lips revealed.

Oh, keep me watchful, then, and humble
And suffer me no more to stray;
Uphold me when my feet would stumble,
Nor let me loiter by the way.
Fill all my nature with Thy light,
O Radiance strong and bright!

Oh, teach me, Lord, to love Thee truly
With soul and body, head and heart,
And grant me grace that I may duly
Practice fore'er love's sacred art.
Grant that my every thought may be
Directed e'er to Thee.

Thee will I love, my Crown of gladness;
Thee will I love, my God and Lord,
Amid the darkest depths of sadness,
Not for the hope of high reward--
For Thine own sake, O Light Divine,
So long as life is mine.

Johann Scheffier