Lord, all my heart is fixed on Thee, I pray Thee, be not far from me, With tender grace uphold me all I have In this poor life of labor; The whole wide world delights me not, Of heav’n or earth, Lord, ask I not, If but Thy love enfold me. show Thy praise, And serve and help my neighbor.

Rich are Thy gift! ’Twas God that gave Body and soul and far from me, With tender grace uphold me all I have In this poor life of labor; The whole wide world delights me not, Of heav’n or earth, Lord, ask I not, If but Thy love enfold me. show Thy praise, And serve and help my neighbor.

Martin Schalling, 1567
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

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Yea, though my heart be like to break, Thou art my trust that From all false doctrine keep me, Lord; All lies and malice nought can shake, My Portion and my hidden joy, Whose cross could all my bonds destroy; Lord Jesus Christ! My God and Lord! My patient ly; Lord Jesus Christ! My God and Lord! My God and Lord! For sake me not who trust Thy Word! God and Lord! In death Thy comfort still afford. Amen.