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## Lord Jesus Christ, My Life, My Light



- 5 Oh, let Thy holy wounds for me Clefts in the rock forever be Where as a dove my soul can hide And safe from Satan's rage abide.
- 6 And when my spirit flies away, Thy dying words shall be my stay. Thy cross shall be my staff in life, Thy holy grave my rest from strife.
- 7 Lord, in Thy nail-prints let me read That Thou to save me hast decreed And grant that in Thine opened side My troubled soul may ever hide.
- 8 Since Thou hast died, the Pure, the Just, I take my homeward way in trust.
  The gates of heaven, Lord, open wide When here I may no more abide.

- 9 And when the last Great Day shall come And Thou, our Judge, shalt speak the doom, Let me with joy behold the light And set me then upon Thy right.
- 10 Renew this wasted flesh of mine That like the sun it there may shine Among the angels pure and bright, Yea, like Thyself in glorious light.
- 11 Ah, then I'll have my heart's desire, When, singing with the angels' choir, Among the ransomed of Thy grace, Forever I'll behold Thy face!