

Lord, Thee I Love with All My Heart (stanza 2)

2. Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy rich bounty gave
 My body, soul, and all I have
In this poor life of labor.
 Lord, grant that I in ev'ry place
May glorify Thy lavish grace
 And help and serve my neighbor.
Let no false doctrine me beguile;
 Let Satan not my soul defile.
Give strength and patience unto me
 To bear my cross and follow Thee.
Lord, Jesus Christ, my God and Lord,
 my God and Lord,
In death Thy comfort still afford.