Christ, of all my hopes the ground

Christ, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
still in thee may I be found,
still for thee my powers employ.

Let thy love my heart inflame,
keep thy fear before my sight,
be thy praise my highest aim,
be thy smile my chief delight.

Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
freely from thy fullness give;
till I close my earthly race,
may I prove it 'Christ to live.'

Firmly trusting in thy blood,
nothing shall my heart confound;
safely I shall pass the flood,
safely reach Emmanuel's ground.

Thus, O thus, an entrance give
to the land of cloudless sky;
having known it 'Christ to live,'
let me know it 'gain to die.'

Ralph Wardlaw (1779-1853)