

## “Jesus Christ, My Sure Defense”

by Anonymous ca. 1653

From:

*The Lutheran Hymnal*

(St. Louis: Concordia Publishing House, 1941)

1. Jesus Christ, my sure Defense  
And my Savior, ever liveth;  
Knowing this, my confidence  
Rests upon the hope it giveth  
Though the night of death be fraught  
Still with many an anxious thought.

2. Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;  
I, too, unto life shall waken.  
Endless joy my Savior gives;  
Shall my courage, then, be shaken?  
Shall I fear, or could the Head  
Rise and leave His members dead?

3. Nay, too closely am I bound  
Unto Him by hope forever;  
Faith's strong hand the Rock hath found,  
Grasped it, and will leave it never;  
Even death now cannot part  
From its Lord the trusting heart.

4. I am flesh and must return  
Unto dust, whence I am taken;  
But by faith I now discern  
That from death I shall awaken  
With my Savior to abide  
In His glory, at His side.

5. Glorified, I shall anew  
With this flesh then be enshrouded;  
In this body I shall view  
God, my Lord, with eyes unclouded;  
In this flesh I then shall see  
Jesus Christ eternally.

6. Then these eyes my Lord shall know,  
My Redeemer and my Brother;  
In His love my soul shall glow —  
I myself, and not another!  
Then the weakness I feel here

Shall forever disappear.

7. They who sorrow here and moan  
There in gladness shall be reigning;  
Earthly here the seed is sown,  
There immortal life attaining.  
Here our sinful bodies die,  
Glorified to dwell on high.

8. Then take comfort and rejoice,  
For His members Christ will cherish.  
Fear not, they will hear His voice;  
Dying, they shall never perish;  
For the very grave is stirred  
When the trumpet's blast is heard.

9. Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave  
And at death no longer tremble;  
He, the Lord, who came to save  
Will at last His own assemble.  
They will go their Lord to meet,  
Treading death beneath their feet.

10. Oh, then, draw away your hearts  
Now from pleasures base and hollow.  
There to share what He imparts,  
Here His footsteps ye must follow.  
Fix your hearts beyond the skies,  
Whether ye yourselves would rise.

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Notes:

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Hymn #206 from *The Handbook to the Lutheran Hymnal*

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