Christ, the Life of All the Living
Lutheran Service Book 420

Lyricist: Ernst Christoph Homburg, 1605-81
Composer: "Das grosse Cantional", 1687
Hymn Tune: Jesu, Meines Lebens Leben

Arranged for Congregation, Handbells, and Organ by Arnold Ramming
October 2010
Christ, the Life of All the Living

Hymn Tune: Jesu, Meines Lebens Leben

3 Octaves
Handbells Used: 25 (26)
If available, also D7

\( \text{\textit{Introduction}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Verse 1}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Christ, the life of all the living, Christ, the death of death, our foe,}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Principal 8' 4'}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Flute 8' 4' 2'}} \)

Public Domain
Who, Thy self for me once giving To the darkest depths of woe:

Through Thy sufferings, death, and merit I eternal life inherit.

Thousand, thousand, thanks shall be, Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.
Thou, ah! Thou, hast taken on Thee Bonds and stripes, a cruel rod;

Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee, O Thou sinless Son of God!

Thus didst Thou my soul deliver From the bonds of sin forever.

Thou-sand, thou-sand thanks shall be, Dear-est Je-sus, unto Thee.

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Verse 3

mf Thou hast borne the smiting only That my wounds might all be whole;

Thou hast suffered, sad and lonely, Rest to give my weary soul;

Yea, the curse of God enduring, Blessing unto me securing.

f Thou-sand, thou-sand thanks shall be, Dear-est Je-sus, un-to Thee.

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Verse 4
Bells do not ring X-notes; they are cue notes for the melody line.

Heart less scoffers did surround Thee, Treating Thee with shameful scorn

And with piercing thorns they crowned Thee. All dis grace Thou, Lord, hast borne,

That as Thine Thou might-est own me And with heav'n-ly glory crown me.

Thou sand, thou sand thanks shall be, Dear-est Jesus unto Thee.

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Verse 5

Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee, That from pain I might be free;

False ly did Thy foes accuse Thee: Thence I gain security;

Comfort less Thy soul did languish Me to comfort in my anguish.

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Verse 6

 Thou hast suffered great affliction And hast borne it patiently.

 Even death by crucifixion. Fully to atone for me;

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Thou didst choose to be tormented
That my doom should be prevented.

Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Then, for all that wrought my pardon,
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,

Verse 7

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For Thine anguish in the Garden, I will thank Thee evermore,

Thank Thee for Thy groaning, sighing, For Thy bleeding and Thy dying,

ff For that last triumphant cry, And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.

ff + Trumpet 8'

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