

# Follow Me, In Me Ye Live

Lyrics by Johann Rist (1607-1667)

Translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

Music by Andrew Moore

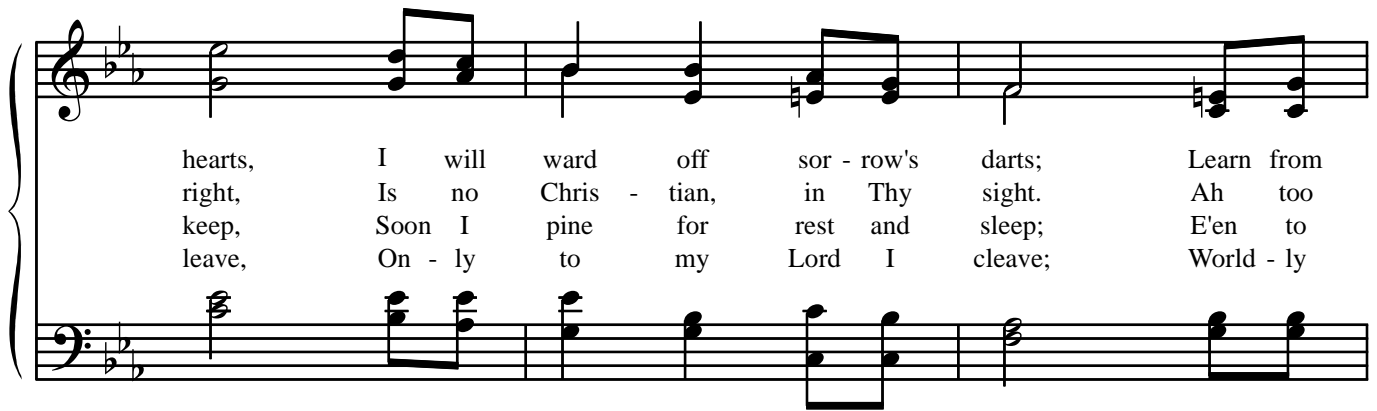
Earnestly ♩ = 70

1. Fol - low me, in me ye live, What ye ask I free - ly  
 2. Yea, Lord, meet it is in - deed We should all thy bid - ding  
 3. Where is strength, Lord, to ful - fil, Glad at heart, Thy works and  
 4. Yet I will not turn from Thee, Yet my joy in Christ shall

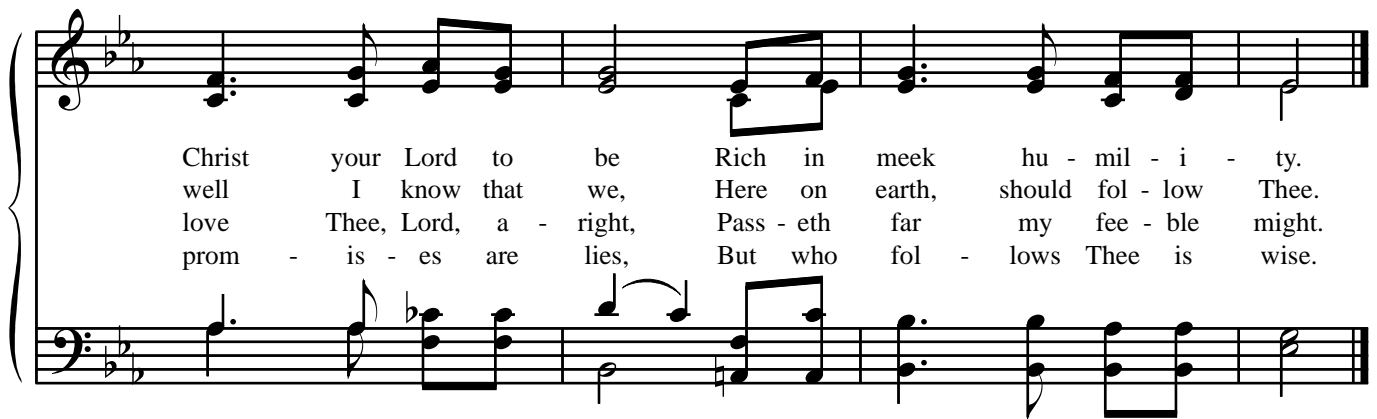
give, On - ly heed ye lest ye stray, Fol - low  
 heed; Who in fear of this earth's blame, Counts Thy  
 will, Foll'w - ing on where Thou hast trod? All too  
 be; Help me, make me strong and bold, Firm and

me, the Liv - ing Way; Fol - low me with all your  
 low - ly yoke a shame, To Thy name, Lord, hath no  
 weak am I, O God; If a - while Thy paths I  
 fast Thy grace to hold; All temp - ta - tion here I

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hearts, I will ward off sor - row's darts; Learn from  
right, Is no Chris - tian, in Thy sight. Ah too  
keep, Soon I pine for rest and sleep; E'en to  
leave, On - ly to my Lord I cleave; World - ly



Christ your Lord to be Rich in meek hu - mil - i - ty.  
well I know that we, Here on earth, should fol - low Thee.  
love Thee, Lord, a - right, Pass - eth far my fee - ble might.  
prom - is - es are lies, But who fol - lows Thee is wise.

5. Thou hast gone before us, Lord,  
Not with anger, strife, or sword,  
Not with kingly pomp and pride,  
But with mercy at Thy side.  
Moved by wondrous love divine  
For our life Thou gavest Thine,  
And Thy precious outpoured blood,  
Won for us the highest good.

6. Let us follow in such sort,  
Christ-like every deed and thought,  
That Thy love most true and kind  
All our hearts henceforth may bind;  
None may look behind him now,  
Who to Christ hath pledged his vow;  
Jesus leads, no longer stand,  
Follow me, is His command.

7. Draw me up, my God, from hence,  
Raise me high o'er earth and sense,  
That I lose not Thee from sight,  
Nor in life nor death, my Light!  
In my soul's most deep recess  
Let me cherish holiness,  
Not for show or human praise,  
But for Thy sake, all my days.

8. Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,  
So my course to run nor tire,  
That my practised soul may prove  
What Thy meekness, what Thy love.  
Grant me here to trust Thy grace,  
There with joy to see Thy face,  
This in time my portion be,  
That through all eternity!