

**All Men Living Are but Mortal**

Words: Johann Albinus, 1652.

Music: Johann Rosenmuller, 1678.

All men living are but mortal,  
 Yea, all flesh must fade as grass;  
 Only through death's gloomy portal  
 To eternal life we pass.  
 This frail body here must perish  
 Ere the heav'nly love joys it cherish,  
 Ere it gain the free reward  
 For the ransomed of the Lord.

Therefore, when my God doth choose it,  
 Willingly I'll yield my life  
 Nor will grieve that I should lose it,  
 For with sorrows it was rife.  
 In my dear Redeemer's merit  
 Peace hath found my troubled spirit,  
 And in death my comfort this:  
 Jesus' death my source of bliss.

Jesus for my sake descended  
 My salvation to obtain;  
 Death and hell for me are ended,  
 Peace and hope are now my gain;  
 Yea, with joy I leave earth's sadness  
 For the home of heav'nly gladness,  
 Where I shall forever see  
 God, the Holy Trinity.

There is joy beyond our telling,  
 Where so many saints have gone;  
 Thousands, thousands, there are dwelling,  
 Worshiping before the throne,  
 There the seraphim are shining,  
 Evermore in chorus joining:  
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
 Triune God, for aye adored!"

Patriarchs of sacred story  
 And the prophets there are found;  
 The apostles, too, in glory  
 On twelve seats are there enthroned,  
 All the saints that have ascended  
 Age on age, through time extended,  
 There in blissful concert sing  
 Hallelujahs to their King.

O Jerusalem, how glorious  
 Dost thou shine, thou city fair!  
 Lo, I hear the tone victorious  
 Ever sweetly sounding there.  
 Oh, the bliss that there surprises!  
 Lo, the sun of morn now rises,  
 And the breaking day I see  
 That shall never end for me.

Yea, I see what here was told me,  
 See that wondrous glory shine,  
 Feel the spotless robes enfold me,  
 Know a golden crown is mine,  
 Thus before the throne so glorious  
 Now I stand a soul victorious,  
 Gazing on that joy for aye  
 That shall never pass away.