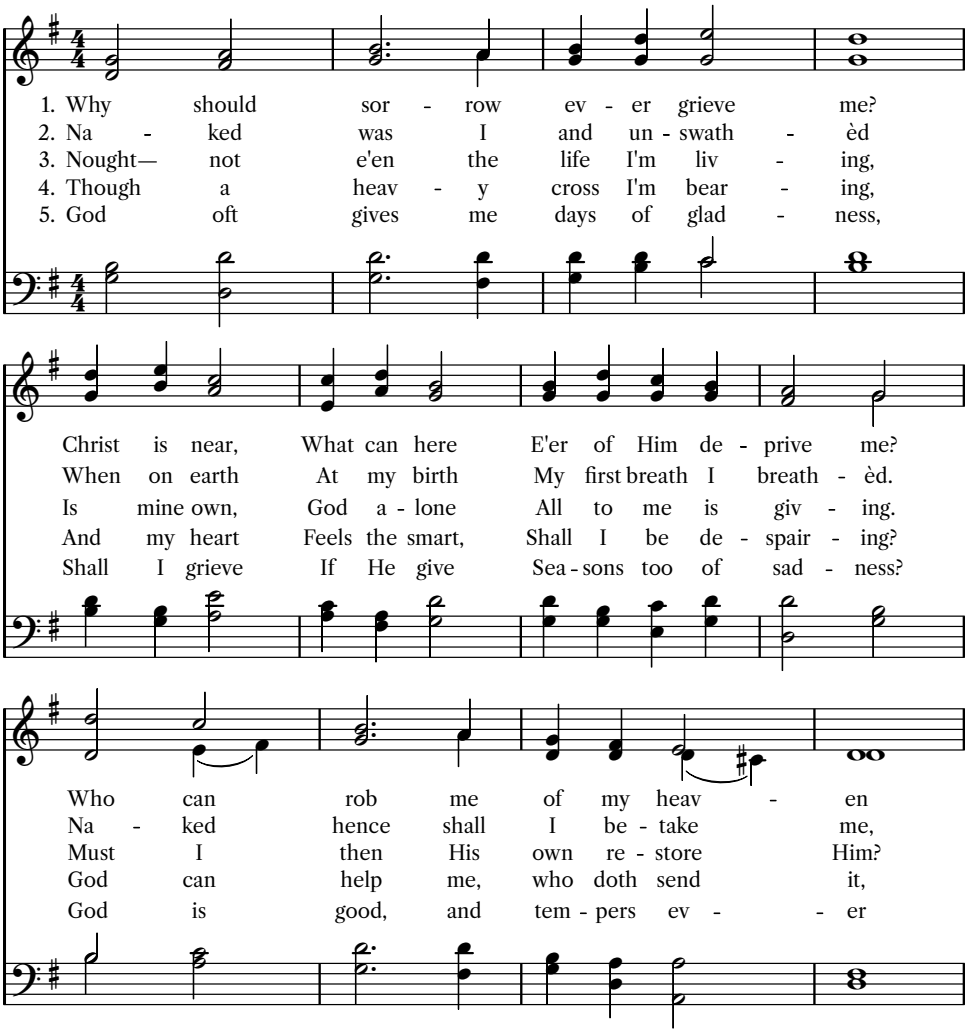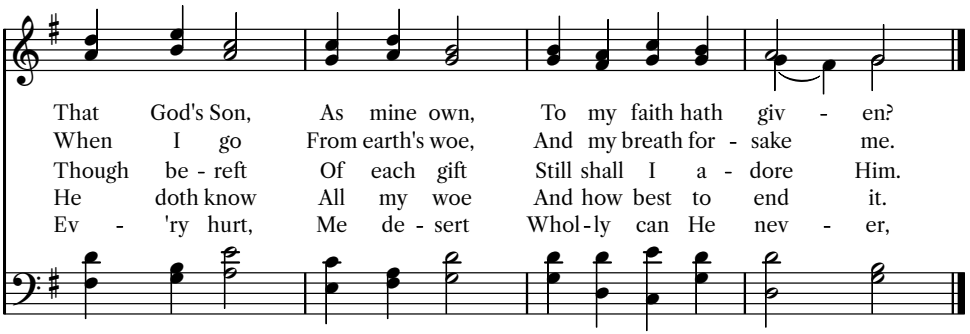Why Should Sorrow Ever Grieve Me?





6. Though united world and devil,
All their pow'r
Can no more
Do than mock and cavil.
Let derision now employ them,
Christ e'en here
Will appear
And 'fore all destroy them.

7. True believers shrinking never,
Where they dwell
Should reveal
Their true colours ever.
When approaching death would scare them,
Still should they
Patient stay
And with courage bear them.

8. Death can never kill us even,
But relief
From all grief
To us then is given.
It doth close life's mournful story,
Make a way
That we may
Pass to heav'nly glory.

9. There I'll reap enduring pleasure,
After woe
Here below
Suffer'd in large measure.
Lasting good we find here never,
All the earth
Deemeth worth
Vanisheth for ever.

10. What is all this life possesseth?
But a hand
Full of sand
That the heart distresseth.
Noble gifts that pall me never,
Christ so free
There gives me
To enjoy for ever.

11. Shepherd! Lord! joy's fountain ever,
Thou art mine,
I am Thine,
No one can us sever.
I am Thine, because Thou gavest
Life and blood
For my good,
By Thy death me savest.

12. Thou'rt mine, for I love and own Thee,
Ne'er shall I,
Light of joy,
From my heart dethrone Thee.
Let me, let me soon behold Thee
Face to face,
Thy embrace
May it soon enfold me!

Paul Gerhardt, 1653

EBELING 8.3.3.6.D
Johann Georg Ebeling, 1863