

# Rejoice, My Heart, Be Glad and Sing

(also known as O Lord I Sing with Lips and Heart)

CROSS AND COMFORT

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1653. Translation composite.  
 Music: 'Ich Singe dir mit Herz' Johann Balthasar König, 1738.  
 Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931.

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♩ = 110

1. Re - joice, my heart, be glad and sing, A cheer - ful trust main - tain;  
 2. He is thy Trea - sure, He thy Joy, Thy Life and Light and Lord,  
 3. Why spend the day in blank des - pair, In rest - less thought the night?  
 4. Did not His love and truth and pow'r Watch o'er thy child - hood day?  
 5. His wis - dom nev - er plans in vain, Ne'er fal - ters or mis - takes;

For God, the Source of ev - ery - thing, Thy Por - tion shall re - - main.  
 Thy Coun - se - lor when doubts an - noy, Thy Shield and great Re - - ward.  
 On thy Cre - a - tor cast thy care; He makes thy bur - dens light.  
 Has He not oft in threat - 'ning hour Turned dread - ed ills a - - way?  
 All that His coun - sels did or - dain A hap - py end - ing makes.

6. Upon thy lips, then, lay thy hand  
 And trust His guiding love;  
 Then like a rock thy peace shall stand  
 Here and in heav'n above.

7. O Lord I sing with lips and heart,  
 Joy of my soul, to Thee:  
 To Earth Thy knowledge I impart,  
 As it is known to me.

8. Thou art the Fount of grace, I know,  
 And Spring so full and free,  
 Whence saving health and goodness flow  
 Each day so bounteously.

9. For what have all that live and move  
 Through this wide world below  
 That does not from Thy bounteous love,  
 O Heav'nly Father flow?

10. Who built the lofty firmament?  
 Who spread th' expanse of blue?  
 By whom are to our pastures sent  
 Refreshing rain and dew?

11. Who warmeth us in cold and frost?  
 Who shields us from the wind?  
 Who orders it that oil and must  
 We in their season find?

12. Who is it life and health bestows?  
 Who keeps us with His hand  
 In golden peace, wards off war's woes  
 From our dear native land?

13. O Lord of this and all our store  
 Thou art the author blest;  
 Thou keepest watch before our door,  
 While we securely rest.

14. Thou feedest us from year to year,  
 And constant dost abide;  
 With ready help in time of fear,  
 Thou standest at our side.

15. He ever will with patience chide,  
 His rod falls gently down,  
 And all thy sins He casts aside  
 And in the sea doth drown.

16. When silent woe thy bosom rends,  
 His pity sees thy grief,  
 Supplies what to His glory tends  
 And to thine own relief.

17. He knows how oft a Christian weeps  
 And why his tears now fall;  
 And in the book His mercy keeps  
 These things are noted all.

18. Our deepest needs dost Thou supply,  
 Thou giv'st what lasts for aye.  
 Thou lead'st us to our home on high,  
 When hence we pass away.