

Why Should Cross and Trial Grieve Me?

(also known as Why Should Sorrow Ever Grieve Me?)

CROSS AND COMFORT

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1653. Translated by John Kelly, 1867, alt.
Music: 'Ebeling' or 'Bonn' or 'Warum Sollt Ich' or 'All My Heart This Night' Johann Georg Ebeling, 1666.
Setting: Karl Brauer, 1906, alt.
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♩ = 140

1. Why should cross and tri - al grieve me? Christ is near With His cheer;
2. Nought not e'en the life I'm li - - ving, Is mine own, God a - lone
3. Though a hea - vy cross I'm bea - - ring, And my heart Feels the smart,
4. God oft gives me days of glad - - ness, Shall I grieve If He give
5. Though u - - ni - - ted world and de - - vil, All their pow'r Can no more

Ne - ver will He leave me. Who can rob me of the hea - ven
All to me is gi - - ving. Must I then His own re - store - Him?
Shall I be des - pai - - ring? God can help me, who doth send it,
Sea - sons too of sad - - ness? God is good, and tem - pers e - - ver
Do but mock and quib - - ble. Let them now em - ploy their jee - - ring,

That God's Son, For my own, To my faith hath gi - - ven?
Though be - reft Of my flesh Still shall I a - - dore Him.
He doth know All my woe And how best to end it.
All my ill, And He will Whol - ly leave me ne - - ver.
Christ will here Then ap - pear Strike their hearts with fea - - ring.

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

8. There I'll reap enduring pleasure,
After woe Here below
Suffered in large measure.
Lasting good we find here never,
All that earth Deems as worth
Vanishes for ever.

10. Shepherd! Lord! joy's fountain ever,
Thou art mine, I am Thine,
No one can us sever.
I am Thine, because Thou bought me;
Lost I stood, But Thy blood
Free salvation brought me.

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

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