

**From a Hymn by Paul Gerhardt (1653).**

***Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book***

# 501 — CPH (1918)

Why should sorrow ever grieve me;  
Christ is near, What can here  
E'er of Him deprive me?  
Who can rob me of my heaven  
That God's Son As my own  
To my faith hath given?

Naked was I and unswathed  
When on earth At my birth  
My first breath I breathed.  
Naked hence shall I betake me  
When I go From earth's woe,  
And my breath forsakes me.

Naught—not e'en the life I'm living,  
Is my own, God alone  
All to me is giving.  
Must I then His own restore Him?  
Though bereft Of each gift,  
Still shall I adore Him.

Though a heavy cross I'm bearing,  
And my heart Feels the smart,  
Shall I be despairing?  
God can help me who doth send it,  
He doth know All my woe  
And how best to end it.

God oft gives me days of gladness,  
Shall I grieve If He give  
Seasons, too, of sadness?  
God is good, and tempers ever  
Every hurt; Me desert  
Wholly can He never.

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

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

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

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

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 forever.

Lord, Thou Fount of joy forever,  
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.

Thou art mine, 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!

***The Lutheran Hymnal***

# 523 — CPH (1941)

Why should cross and trial grieve me;  
Christ is near, With His cheer  
Never will He leave me.  
Who can rob me of the heaven  
That God's Son For my own  
To my faith hath given?

Though a heavy cross I'm bearing,  
And my heart Feels the smart,  
Shall I be despairing?  
God my Helper, who doth send it,  
Well doth know All my woe  
And how best to end it.

God oft gives me days of gladness,  
Shall I grieve If He give  
Seasons, too, of sadness?  
God is good, and tempers ever  
All my ill, And He will  
Wholly leave me never.

Hopeful, cheerful, and undaunted  
Ev'rywhere They appear  
Who in Christ are planted.  
Death itself cannot appal them,  
They rejoice, When the voice  
Of their Lord doth call them.

Death can not destroy forever,  
From our fears, Cares, and tears  
It will us deliver.  
It will close life's mournful story,  
Make a way That we may  
Enter heavenly glory.

What is all this life possesses?  
But a hand Full of sand  
That the heart distresses.  
Noble gifts that pall me never,  
Christ, our Lord, Will accord  
To His saints forever.

Lord, my Shepherd, take me to Thee,  
Thou art mine, I was Thine,  
Even ere I knew Thee.  
I am Thine, for Thou hast bought me;  
Lost I stood, But Thy blood.  
Free salvation brought me.

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, — May Thy grace  
Evermore enfold me!

***Lutheran Service Book***

# 756 — CPH (2006)

Why should cross and trial grieve me?  
Christ is near, With His cheer  
Never will He leave me.  
Who can rob me of the heaven  
That God's Son For me won  
When His life was given?

When life's troubles rise to meet me,  
Though their weight May be great,  
They will not defeat me.  
God, my loving Savior, sends them;  
He who knows All my woes  
Knows how best to end them.

God gives me my days of gladness,  
And I will Trust Him still  
When He sends me sadness.  
God is good; His love attends me  
Day by day, Come what may  
Guides me and defends me.

(the next two stanzas  
© 2004 Stephen P. Starke)

From God's joy can nothing sever,  
For I am His dear lamb,  
He, my Shepherd ever.  
I am His because He gave me  
His own blood For my good,  
By His death to save me.

Now in Christ, death cannot slay me,  
Though it might, Day and night,  
Trouble and dismay me.  
Christ has made my death a portal  
From the strife Of this life  
To His joy immortal!