

O let him whose sorrow

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no relief can find,
trust in God, and borrow
ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourner weeping
sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
though none else is near.

God will never leave thee,
all thy wants he knows,
feels the pains that grieve thee,
sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven
when thy spirits quail,
when, by tempests driven,
heart and courage fail.

When in grief we languish,
he will dry the tear,
who his children's anguish
soothes with succor near.

All thy woe and sadness,
in this world below,
balance not the gladness
thou in heaven shalt know,

When thy gracious Savior
in the realms above
crowns thee with his favor,
fills thee with his love.

Words: Heinrich Sigmund Oswald, 1826;
trans. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841
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