

Zion Mourns in Fear and Anguish

Johann Heermann, 1636.

Johann Schein, 1623.

Zion mourns in fear and anguish,
Zion, city of our God.
"Ah," she says, how sore I languish,
Bowed beneath the chastening rod!
For my God forsook me quite
And forgot my sorry plight
Mid these troubles now distressing,
Countless woes my soul oppressing.

"Once," she mourns, "He promised plainly
That His help should e'er be near;
Yet I now must seek Him vainly
In my days of woe and fear.
Will His anger never cease?
Will He not renew His peace?
Will He not show forth compassion
And again forgive transgression?"

"Zion, surely I do love thee,"
Thus to her the Savior saith,
Tho' with many woes I prove thee
And thy soul is sad to death.
For My troth is pledged to thee;
Zion, thou art dear to Me.
Deep within My heart I've set thee,
That I never can forget thee.

Let not Satan make thee craven;
He can threaten but not harm.
On My hands thy name is graven,
And thy shield is My strong arm.
How, then, could it ever be
I should not remember thee,
Fail to build thy walls, My city,
And look down on thee with pity?

"Ever shall Mine eyes behold thee;
On My bosom thou art laid.
Ever shall My love enfold thee;
Never shalt thou lack Mine aid.
Neither Satan, war, nor stress
Then shall mar thy happiness:
With this blessed consolation
Be thou firm in tribulation."