

Sorrow, Grief, and Misery

Sorrig og Elendighed

Thomas Kingo, 1681

Tr. Jais Tinglund & Andrew Richard

7.8.8.7.8.7.8.7

Sebastian

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1714

Setting, BWV 472

1. Sor - row, grief, and mis - er - y, Sighs and salt - y tear - drops flow - ing—
2. Sin's broad moun - tains on me lie And my lust - bent shoul - ders crum - ble,
3. Oth - ers may be free from care, And re - joice in God with smil - ing,
4. Is there an - y to ad - vise? Is there an - y com - fort wait - ing?

Give me pain that's ev - er grow - ing, For my God holds wrath toward me.
While my soul be - gins to rum - ble In its flesh - 's dir - ty sty.
Laugh when sor - row's darts are fly - ing; I shrink back and do not dare;
Is there an - y hope re - main - ing? Is there an - y point in sighs?

Heav - en has its help for - sak - en; Earth has naught to help my fate.
God's Law threat - ens me and rag - es, And con - demns me at my core.
For if an - y glad - ness urg - es Me to smile, I feel the strain,
Is the well of mer - cy emp - ty? In - to death have I been sold?

From me I've made an - gels has - ten. Ah, how wretch - ed is my state!
Sa - tan throws me Hell's hot blaz - es That his cave - mouth holds in store.
For my con - science hands me scourg - es Made of sin's most griev - ous pain.
Is a lock on heav - en's en - try? Is the heart of God grown cold?

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5. No, oh no! My soul, take heart!
Rise and see! Though thou dost totter,
Though the loads of sin press harder,
On the path of faith thou art!
God will still be won by praying,
Jesus lives and ever will.
Still the Spirit is sustaining
Thy sore mind that sorrows fill.

6. I by faith, O Jesus, see
How Thou once Thyself wert lying
'Neath my loads of sin and crying
For Thy God to comfort Thee.
Thou for all my bloody sinning
And my crimes hast sweated blood;
Hence my comfort is beginning;
Here I find joy's perfect flood.

7. Crown of thorns has piercéed Thee,
That the thorns of my transgression
Should be rotted by Thy Passion,
Ere they set their root in me.
Thou the cross didst gladly suffer
And didst tear my note of debt,
Else Death's sentence I were under,
On the path to hell were set.

8. Thou hast borne a death most fell,
Such death as can't be imagined,
In which every death is fastened
In the boundless woe of hell,
Which upon Thy pure heart batters,
Till it ruptures finally;
But the moment it was shattered
Thou didst draw me unto Thee.

9. In Thy closed and fast-sealed grave
Thou didst lay Thyself to slumber,
Break the darts of Death asunder,
And remove each sting he gave.
Thou from night's dark tents hast risen,
Sun and Joy from east to west;
Thou my sorrow's stone hast driven
From my heart-grave and my breast.

10. Into hell Thou didst descend,
Hell, which had me sorely shaken.
Thou hast bound and shackled Satan.
Now his reign is at an end.
Death and bonds of hell defeated,
Thou didst go to heaven's height.
In my flesh Thou hast been seated
Joyful at Thy Father's right.

11. Let the Law make thunderclaps;
Let the devil lift hell's cover,
Open up its throat of sulfur;
Let the whole wide world collapse;
Let the demons try to fright me;
Let the ancient serpent's sting
Chase me; yet I will hold tightly
To my faithful Savior King.

12. O my Soul, be joyful, then,
Jesus is thy cheer and comfort,
Jesus has thee robed and covered,
Jesus grants thy faith's "Amen."
Jesus is thy gain in living
And thy joy eternally.
Jesus, Jesus, mercy give me,
That I die thus trusting Thee.



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