

Festival of St. Ignatius of Antioch

104. Oh, How Blest Are Ye Whose Toils Are Ended

O wie selig seid ihr doch, ihr Frommen

Simon Dach, 1635

Tr., Henry W. Longfellow, 1845, alt.

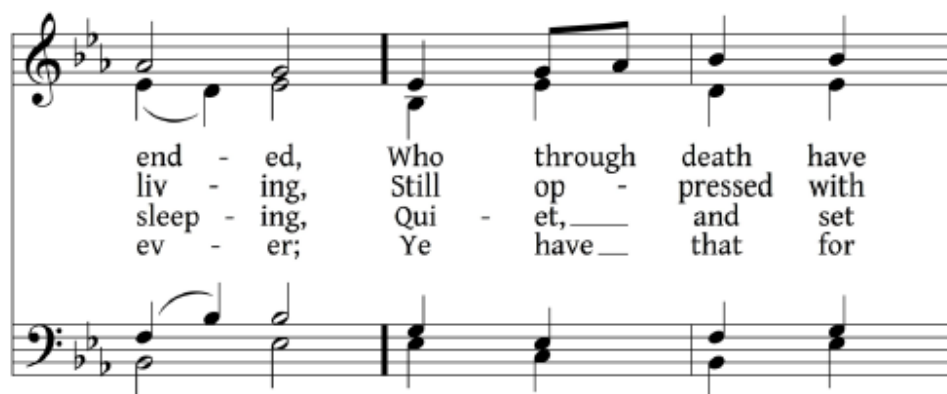
O wie selig

J. Georg Stözel's "Choral-Buch"

Stuttgart, 1744



1. Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are
 2. We are still as in a — dun - geon
 3. Ye mean - while are in your cham - bers
 4. Christ has wiped a - way your tears for -



end - ed, Who through death have
 liv - ing, Still op - pressed with
 sleep - ing, Qui - et, — and set
 ev - er; Ye have — that for



un - to God as - cend - ed!
 sor - row and mis - giv - ing;
 free from all our weep - ing;
 which we still en - deav - or;



Ye have a - ris - en From the cares which
 Our un - der - tak - ings Are but toils and
 No cross or sad - ness There can hin - der
 To you are chant - ed Songs that ne'er to



keep us still in pris - on.
 trou - bles and heart - break - ings.
 your un - trou - bled glad - ness.
 mor - tal ears were grant - ed. A - men.

5. Ah, who would, then, not depart with gladness
 To inherit heav'n for earthly sadness?
 Who here would languish
 Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

6. Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us;
 Lead us forth and cast this world behind us.
 With Thee, th' Anointed,
 Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.