

Season ##. Thank God It Hath Resounded

Gottlob, es ist erschollen
Paul Gerhardt, 1648
Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1858

Nun lob, mein' Seel'
"Concentus Novi"
Augsburg, 1540




1. Thank God it hath re - sound - ed,
2. For no - thing do we mer - it,
3. O wel - come day, that brought us
4. This ye could teach us on - ly,



The bless - ed voice of joy and peace!
But fi - 'ry wrath and sharp - est rod,
This pre - cious no - ble gift of peace!
So dull and hard these hearts of ours,



And mur - der's reign is bound - ed,
A race of fro - ward spir - it,
For war hath deep - ly taught us
Ye homes, now stripped and lone - ly,



And spear and sword at last may cease.
Whose shame - less sins still mock our God;
What sor - rows come where she doth cease;
Ye wast - ed cit - ies, ruin - ed tow'rs;



Bright hope is break - ing o'er us,
And He in - deed hath sent us
In her our God now lay - eth
Ye fields, once fair - ly bloom - ing,



A - rise, my land, — once more,
Full man - y a bit - ter stroke,
All hope, all hap - pi - ness;
With gold - en har - vest graced,

##. Thank God It Hath Resounded [cont.]



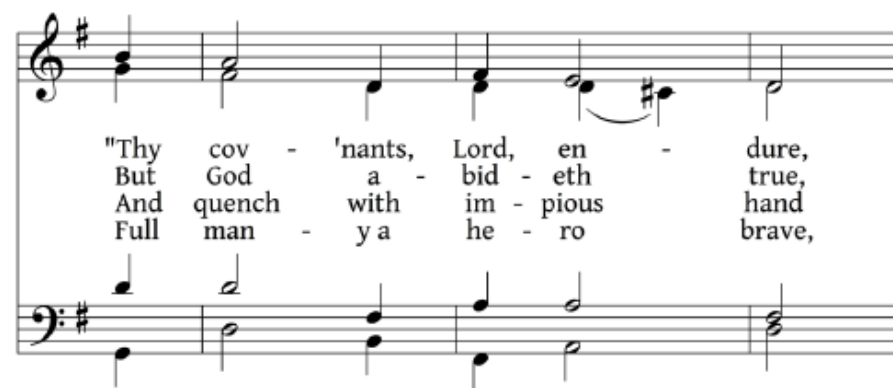
And sing in full - toned cho - rus
And yet, do we re - pent us,
Who wound - eth her, or slay - eth,
Where for - ests now are gloom - ing,



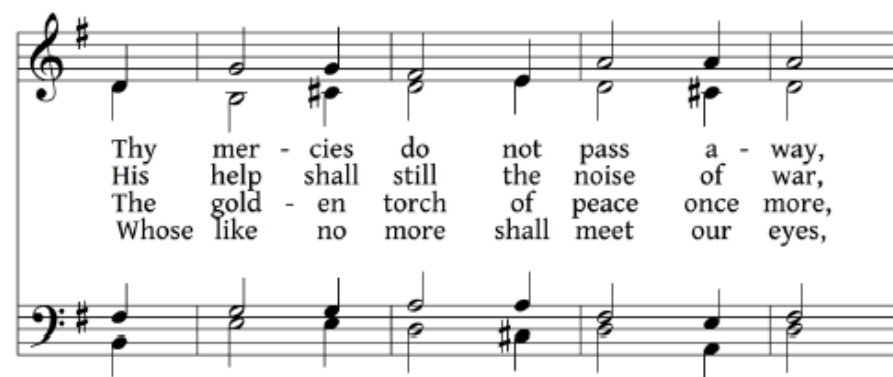
Thy hap - py songs of yore;
Or learn to bear His yoke?
Doth, like a mad man, press
Or spreads a drea - ry waste;



Oh raise thy heart to God and say:
Nay, as we were so still we are,
The ar - row to his own heart's core,
Ye graves, with cor - pses piled, where lies



"Thy cov - 'nants, Lord, en - dure,
But God a - bid - eth true,
And quench man with im - pious hand
Full man - y a he - ro brave,



Thy mer - cies do not pass a - way,
His help shall still the noise of war,
The gold - en torch of peace once more,
Whose like no more shall meet our eyes,



Thy pro - mis - es are sure."
The cap - tives' bonds un - do.
That glads at last our land.
Who died, yet could not save. A - men.

5. O man, with bitter mourning
Remember now the by-gone years,
When thou hast met God's warning
With careless scoff, not contrite tears;
Yet like a loving father
He lays aside His wrath,
And seeks with kindness rather
To lure thee to His path;
He tries if love may yet constrain
The heart that hath withstood
His rod,—oh let Him not in vain
Now strive with Thee for good.

6. Thou careless world, awaken!
Awake, awake, all ye that sleep,
Ere yet ye be o'taken
With ruin sudden, swift, and deep!
But he who knows Christ liveth,
May hope and fear no ill,
The peace that now He giveth
Hath deeper meaning still,
For He will surely teach us this:
"The end is nigh at hand,
When ye in perfect rest and peace
Before your God shall stand."