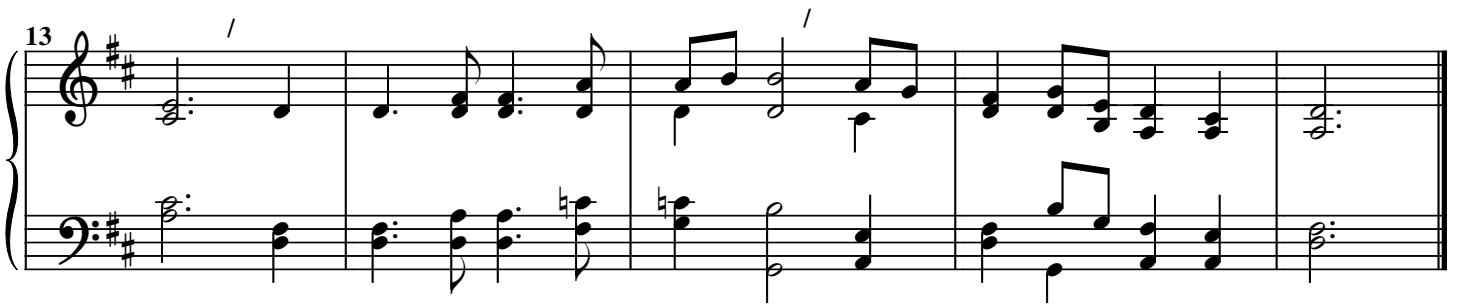
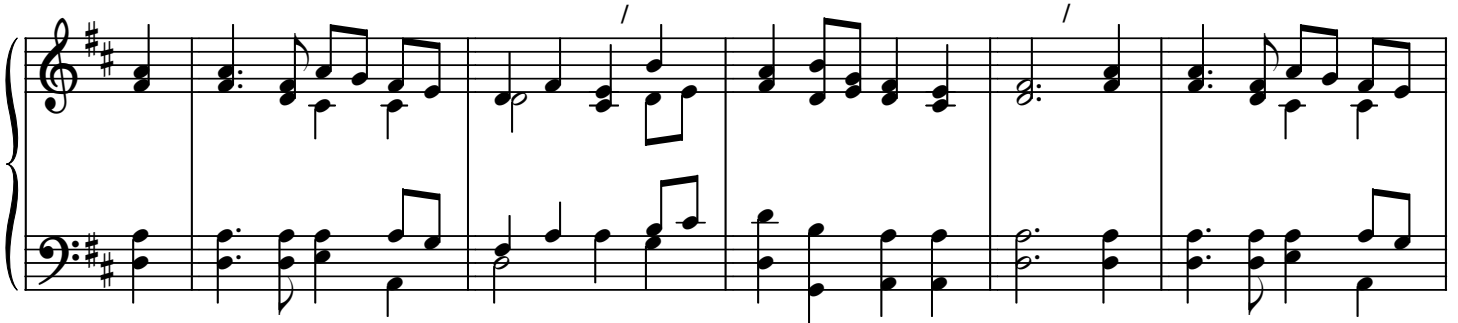


Commit whatever grieves thee

Johann M. Haydn, 1737-1806

Befiehl Du Deine Wege
76.76.D



Commit whatever grieves thee
Into the gracious hands
Of Him Who never leaves thee,
Who Heav'n and earth commands.
Who points the clouds their courses,
Whom winds and waves obey,
He will direct thy footsteps
And find for thee a way.

Then hope, my feeble spirit,
And be thou undismayed;
God helps in every trial
And makes thee unafraid.
Await His time with patience,
Then shall thine eyes behold
The sun of joy and gladness
His brightest beams unfold.

O faithful child of Heaven,
How blessèd shalt thou be!
With songs of glad thanksgiving
A crown awaiteth thee.
Into thy hand thy Maker
Will give the victor's palm,
And thou to thy Deliverer
Shalt sing a joyous psalm

On Him place Thy reliance
If thou wouldst be secure;
His work thou must consider
If thine is to endure.
By anxious sighs and grieving
And self tormenting care
God is not moved to giving;
All must be gained by prayer.

Leave all to His direction;
In wisdom He doth reign,
And in a way most wondrous
His course He will maintain.
Soon He, His promise keeping,
With wonder-working skill
Shall put away the sorrows
That now thy spirit fill.

Paul Gerhardt