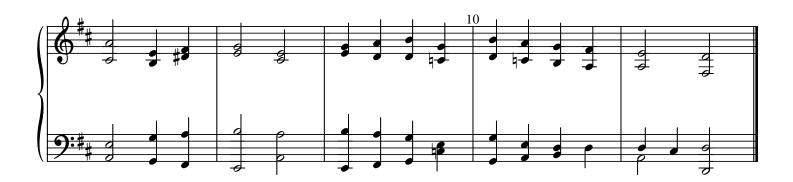
## O, how blest are they whose toils are ended

J. Georg Stoezel's Choral-Buch, 1744

O Wie Selig 10.10.5.10





Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are ended, Who through death have unto God ascended! Ye have arisen

From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living, Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving; Our undertackings Are but toils and troubles and heart-breakings.

Ye meanwhile are in your chambers sleeping, Quiet, and set free from all our weeping; No cross or sadness There can hinder your untroubled gladness. Christ has wiped away your tears forever; Ye have that for which we still endeavor; To you are chanted Songs that ne'er to mortal ears were granted.

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

Simon Dach

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