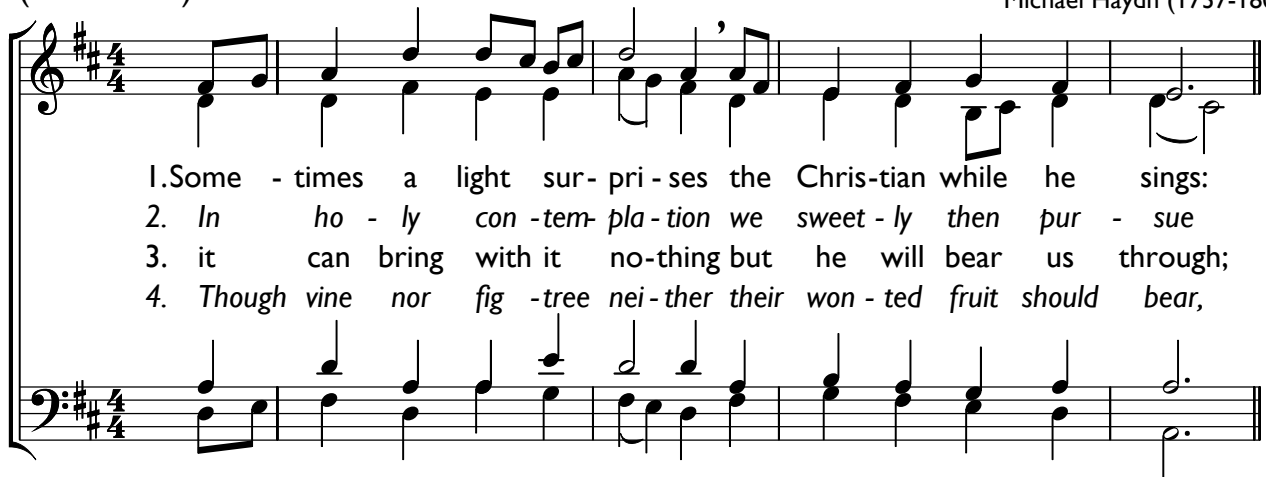
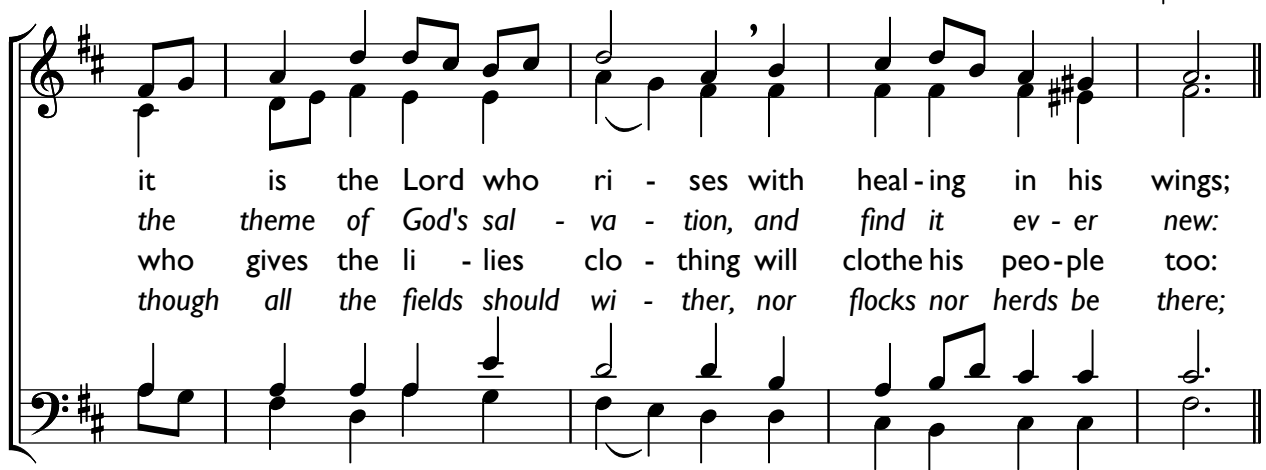


(1731-1800)

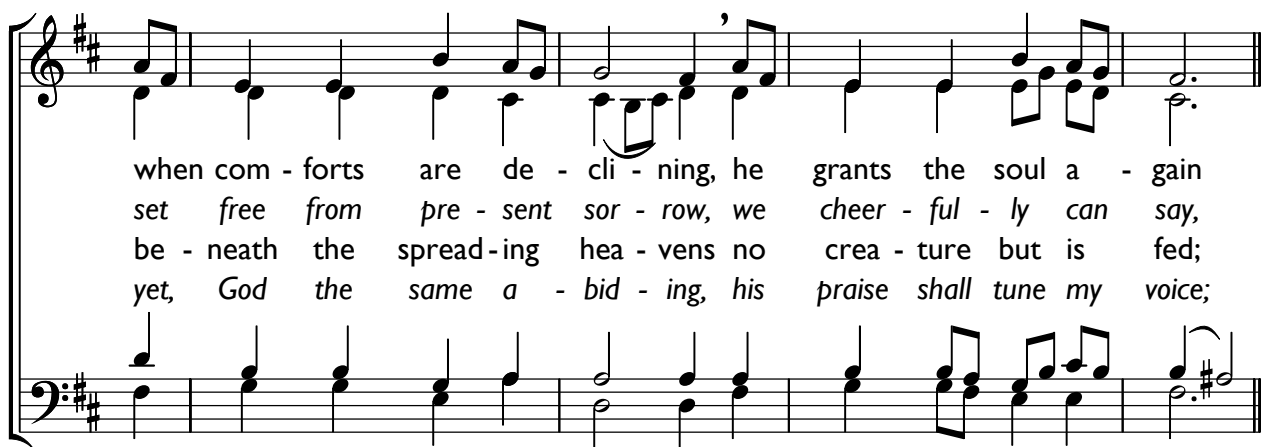
Melody: Offertorium

Melody adapted from  
Michael Haydn (1737-1806)


1. Some - times a light sur - pri - ses the Chris - tian while he sings:  
 2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion we sweet - ly then pur - sue  
 3. it can bring with it no - thing but he will bear us through;  
 4. Though vine nor fig - tree nei - ther their won - ted fruit should bear,



it is the Lord who ri - ses with heal - ing in his wings;  
 the theme of God's sal - va - tion, and find it ev - er new:  
 who gives the li - lies clo - thing will clothe his peo - ple too:  
 though all the fields should wi - ther, nor flocks nor herds be there;



when com - forts are de - cli - ning, he grants the soul a - gain  
 set free from pre - sent sor - row, we cheer - ful - ly can say,  
 be - neath the spread - ing hea - vens no crea - ture but is fed;  
 yet, God the same a - bid - ing, his praise shall tune my voice;



a sea - son of clear shi - ning to cheer it af - ter rain.  
 "E'en let the un - known mor - row bring with it what it may,  
 and he who feeds the ra - vens will give his chil - dren bread."  
 for, while in him con - fi - ding, I can - not but re - joice.