

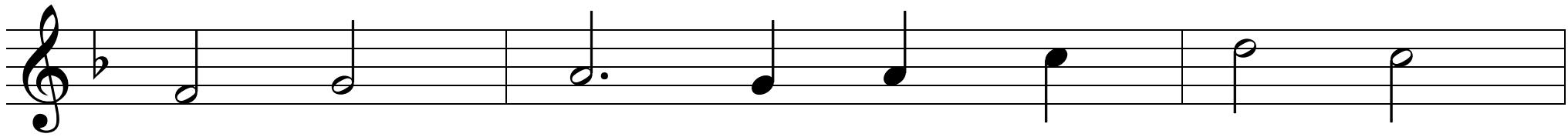
Warum sollt ich mich denn grämen

EKG 370

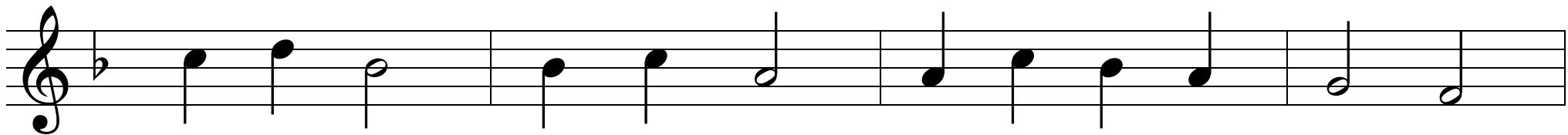
Worte: Paul Gerhardt 1653

Melodie: Johann Georg Ebeling 1666

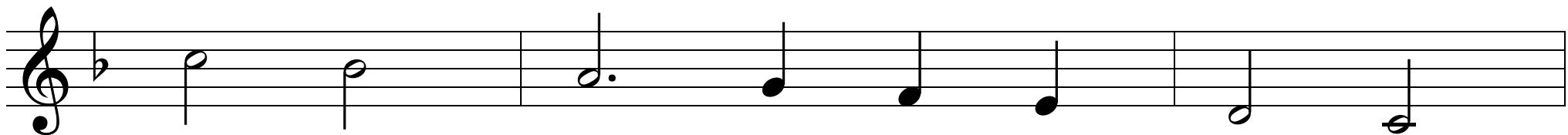
Produktion: Wolfgang Hochstrate
www.xangbuch.de / Paul Gerhardt Lieder



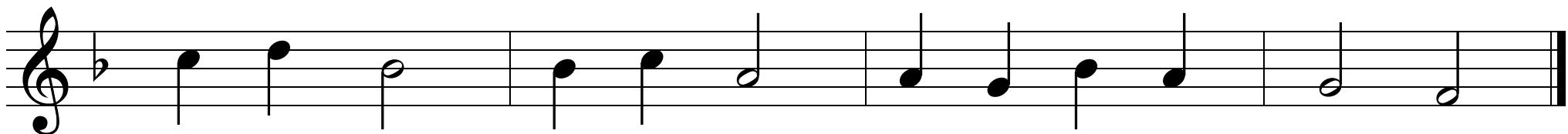
1. Wa - rum sollt ich mich denn grä - men?



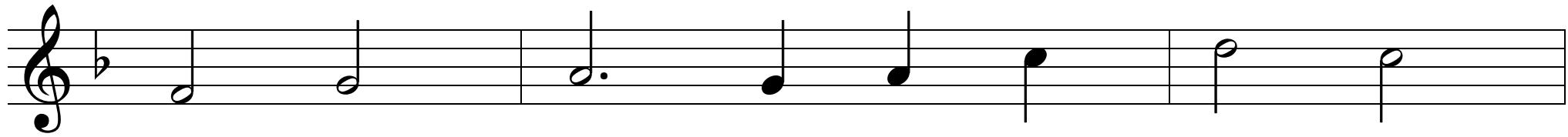
Hab ich doch Chri-stus noch, wer will mir den neh-men?



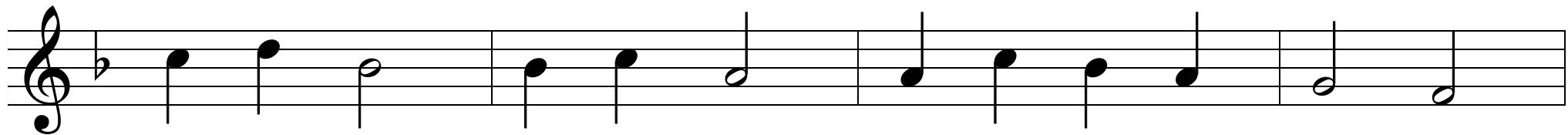
Wer will mir den Him - mel rau - ben,



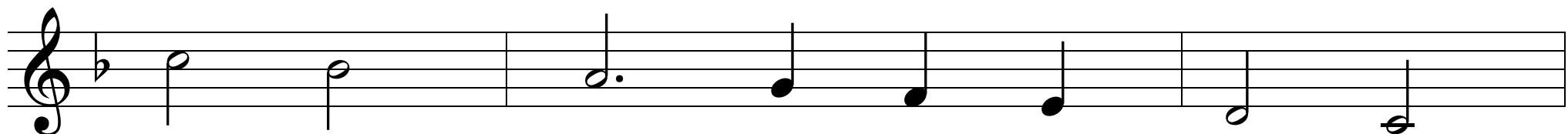
den mir schon Got-tes Sohn bei - ge-legt im Glau-ben?



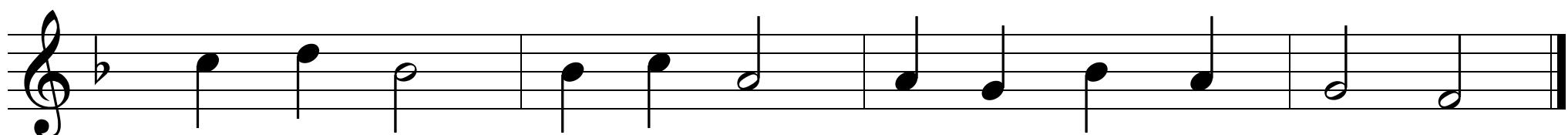
2. Na - ckend lag ich auf dem Bo - den,



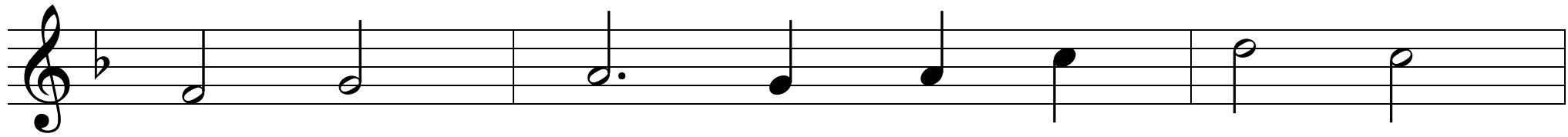
da ich kam, da ich nahm mei-nen er-sten O - dem;



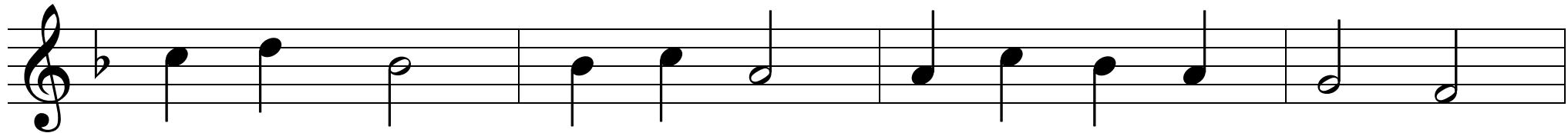
na - ckend werd ich auch hin - zie - hen,



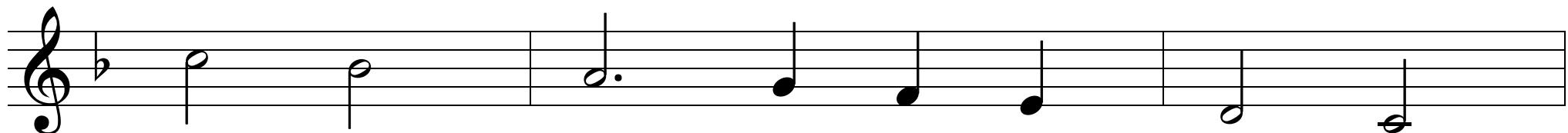
wenn ich werd von der Erd als ein Schat-ten flie - hen.



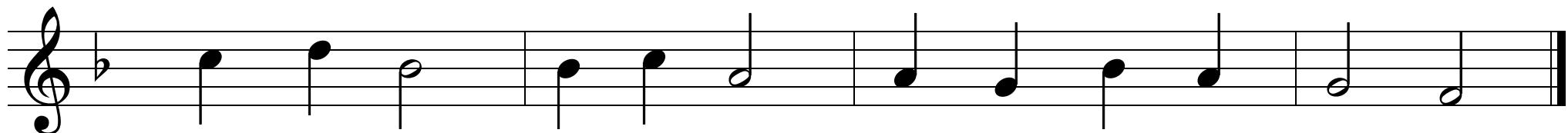
3. Gut und Blut, Leib, Seel und Le - ben



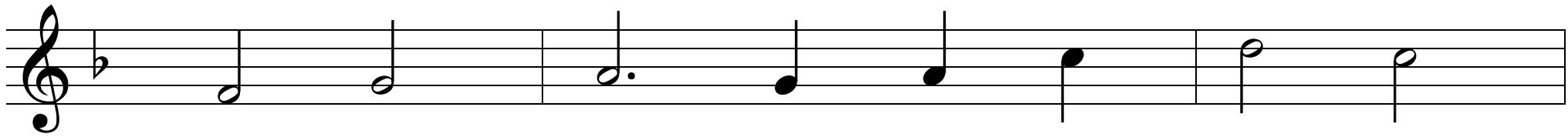
ist nicht mein, Gott al-lein, ist es, der's ge - ge - ben.



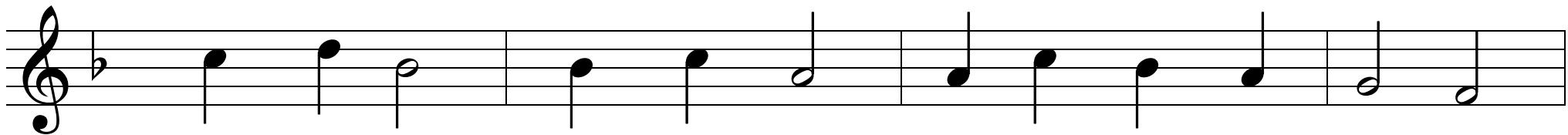
Will er's wie - der zu sich keh - ren,



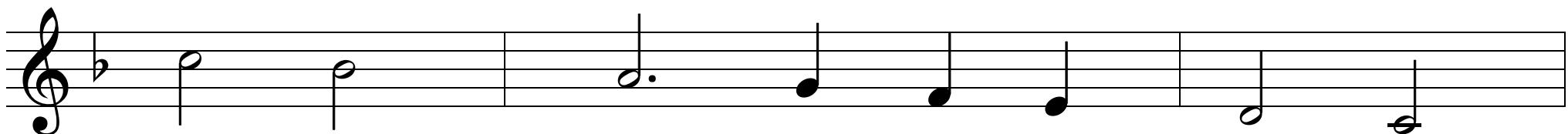
nehm er's hin; ich will ihn den-noch fröh-lich eh - ren.



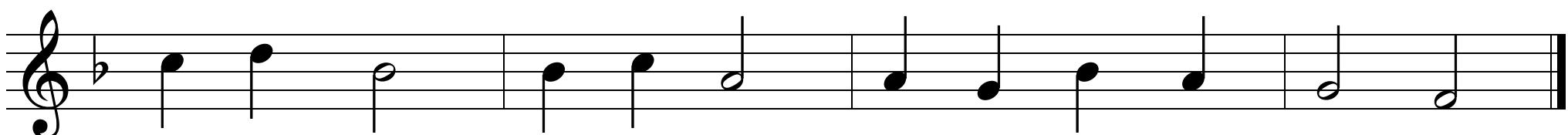
4. Schickt er mir ein Kreuz zu tra - gen,



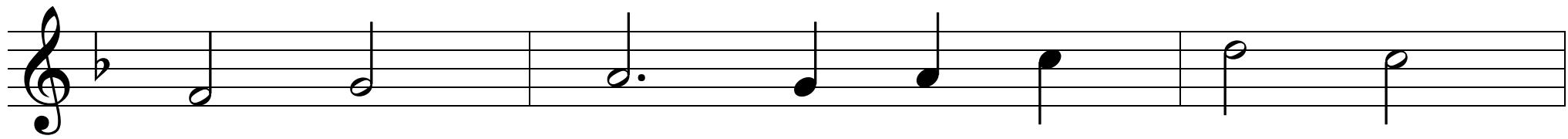
dringt her-ein Angst und Pein, sollt ich drum ver - za-gen?



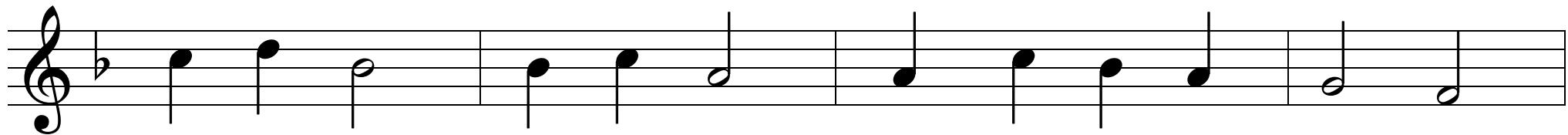
Der es schickt, der wird es wen - den;



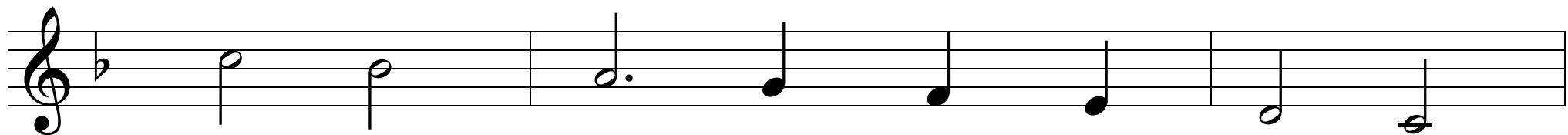
er weiß wohl, wie er soll all mein Un-glück en - den.



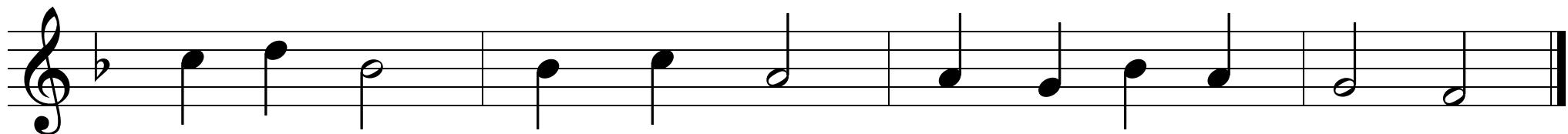
5. Gott hat mich in gu - ten Ta - gen



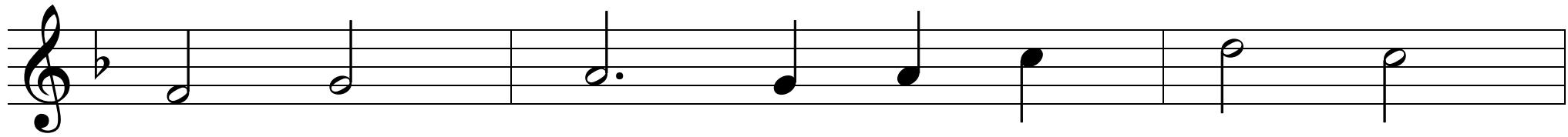
oft er-götzt; sollt ich jetzt nicht auch et-was tra - gen?



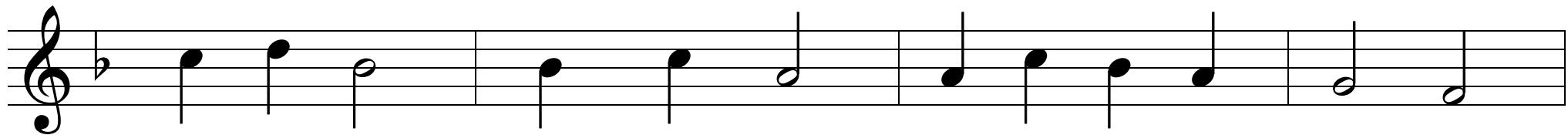
Fromm ist Gott und schärft mit Ma - ßen



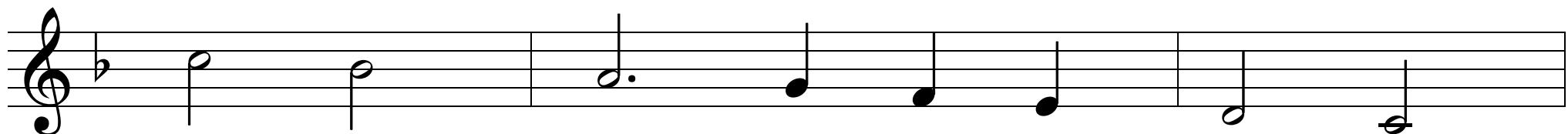
sein Ge-richt, kann mich nicht ganz und gar ver - las - sen.



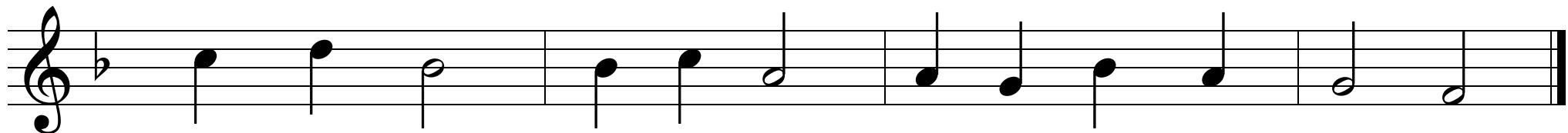
6. Sa - tan, Welt und ih - re Rot - ten



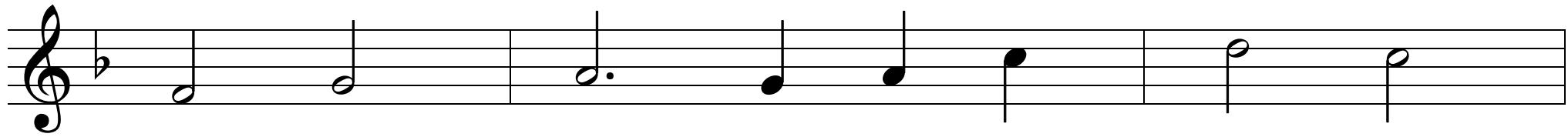
kön-nen mir nichts mehr hier tun, als mei-ner spot - ten.



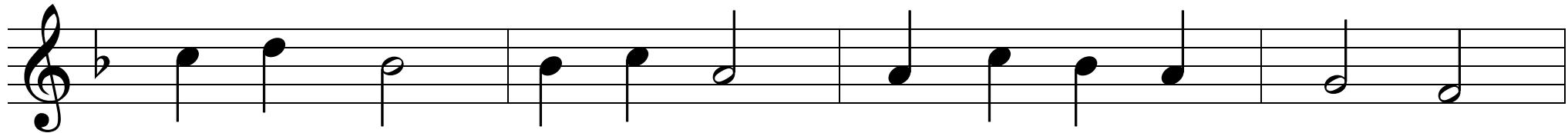
Lass sie spot - ten, lass sie la - chen!



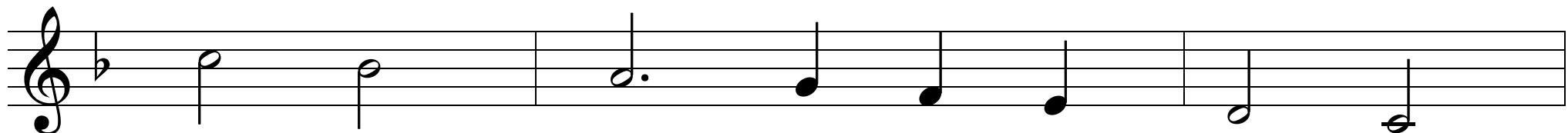
Gott, mein Heil, wird in Eil sie zu-schan-den ma-chen.



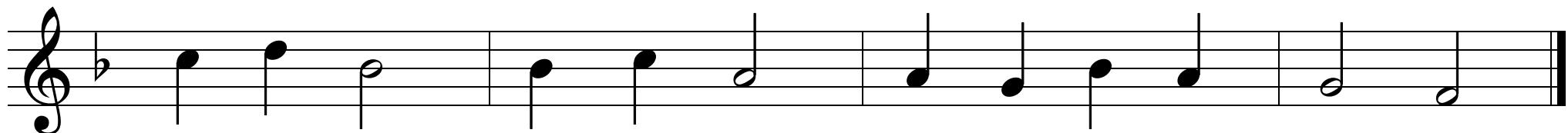
7. Un - ver - - zagt und oh - ne Grau - en



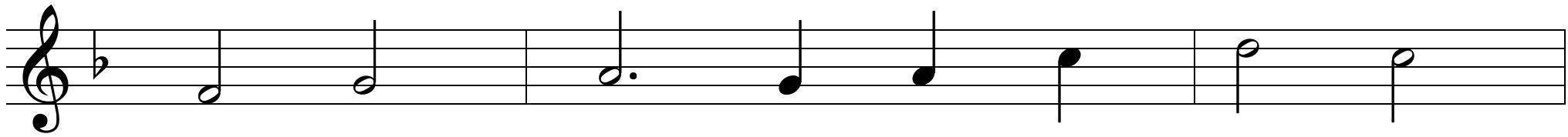
soll ein Christ, wo er ist, stets sich las-sen schau-en.



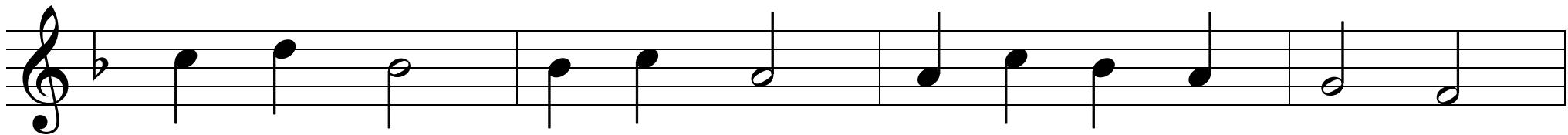
Wollt ihn auch der Tod auf - rei - ben,



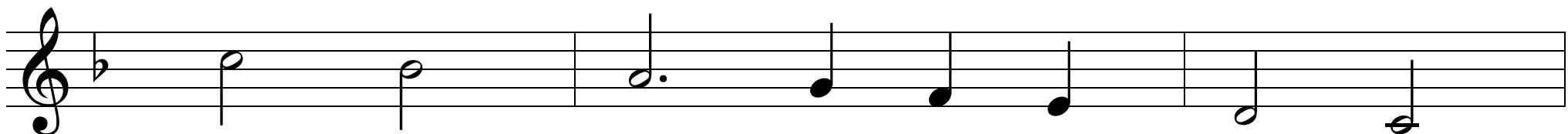
soll der Mut den-noch gut und fein stil - le blei - ben.



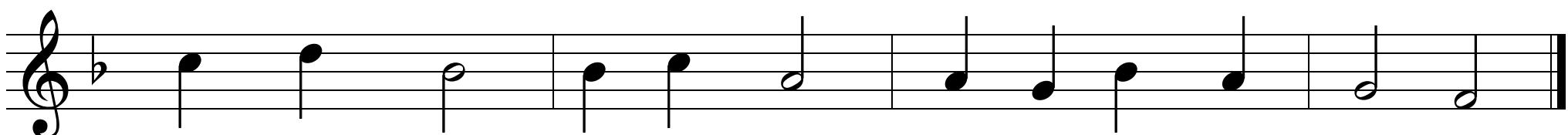
8. Kann uns doch kein Tod nicht tö - ten,



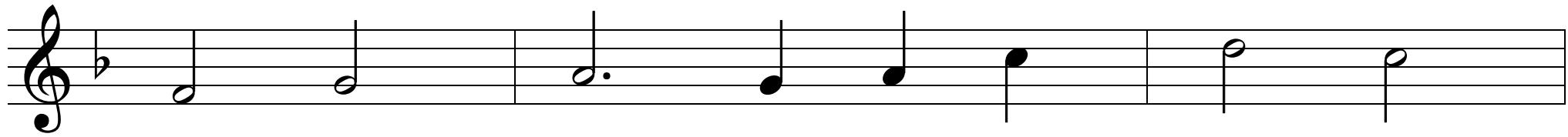
son-dern reißt un-sern Geist aus viel tau-send Nö - ten,



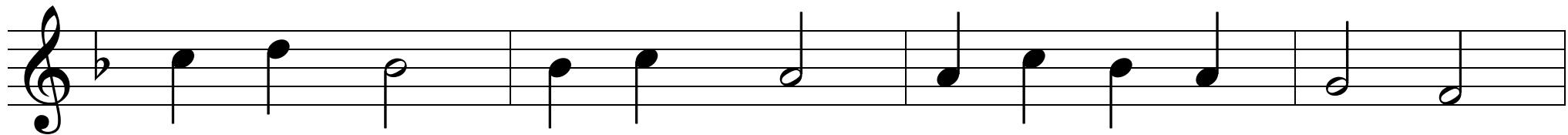
schließt das Tor der bit - tern Lei - den



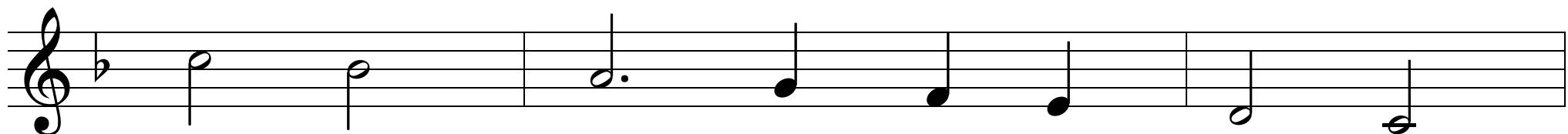
und macht Bahn, da man kann gehn zu Him-mels - freu-den.



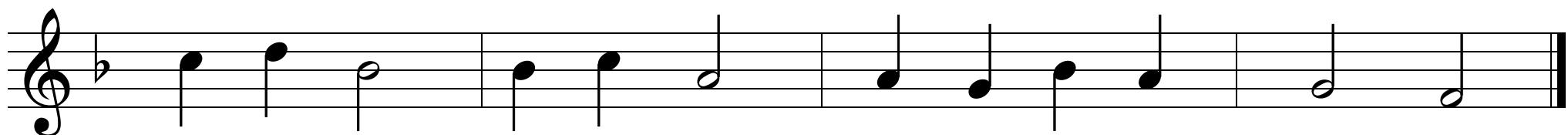
9. All - da will in sü - ßen Schä - tzen



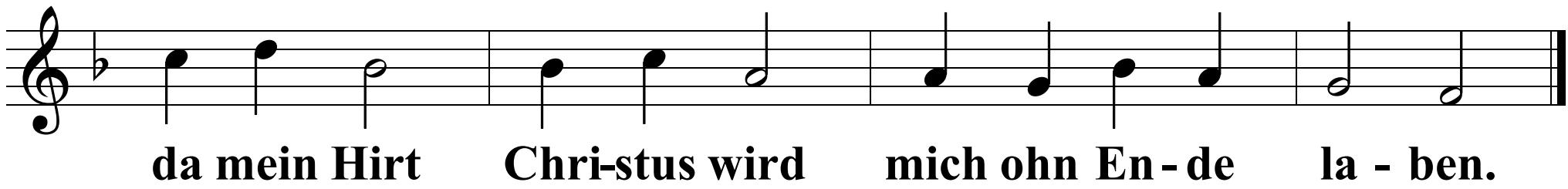
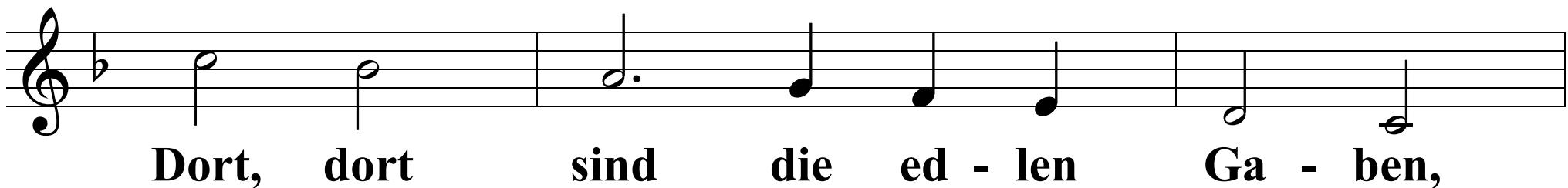
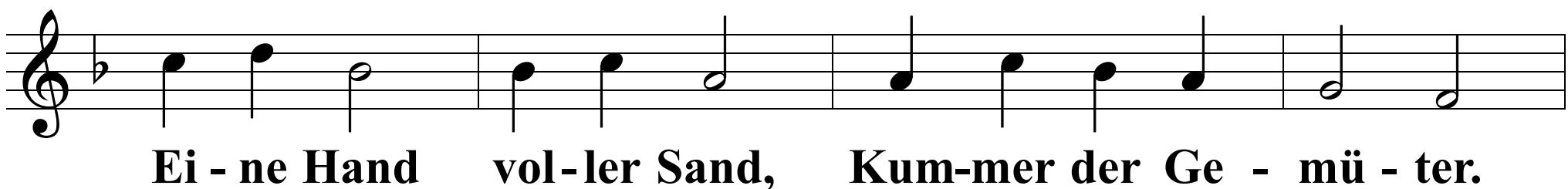
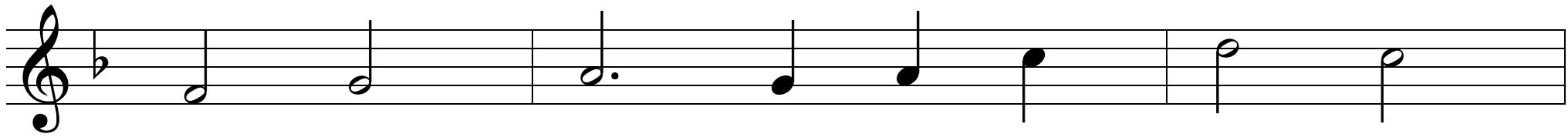
ich mein Herz auf den Schmerz e - wig - lich er - gö - tzen.

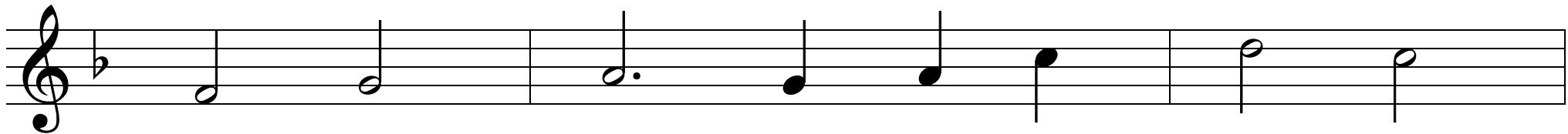


Hier ist kein recht Gut zu fin - den;

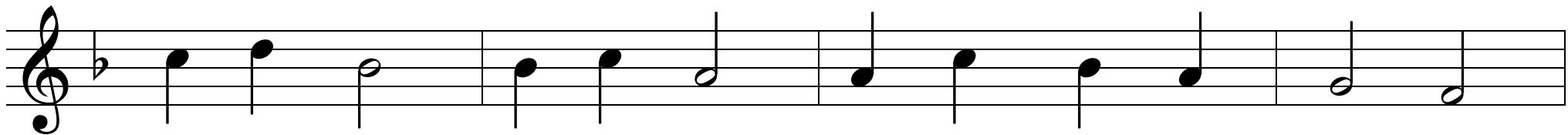


was die Welt in sich hält, muss im Nu ver - schwin-den.

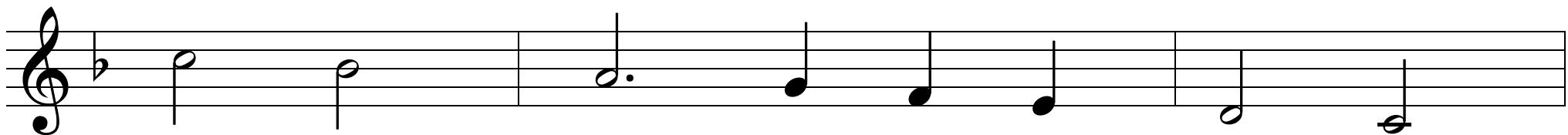




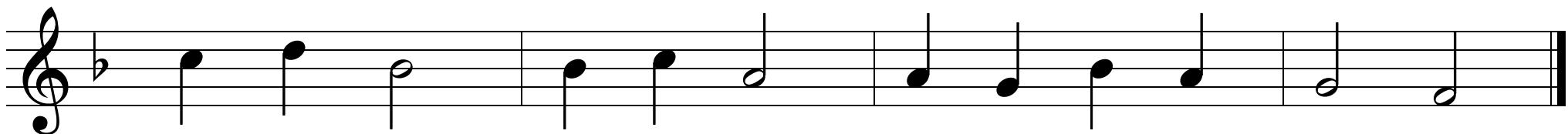
11. Herr, mein Hirt, Brunn al - ler Freu - den,



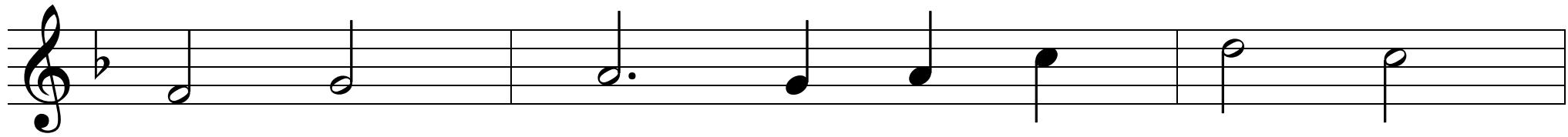
du bist mein, ich bin dein, nie-mand kann uns schei-den.



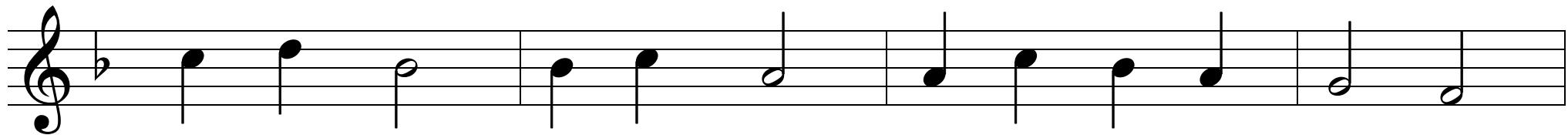
Ich bin dein, weil du dein Le - ben



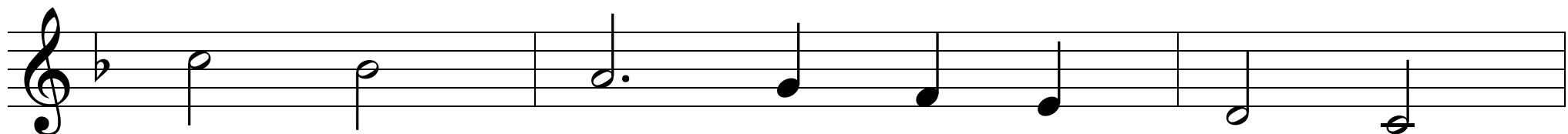
und dein Blut mir zu - gut in den Tod ge - ge - ben;



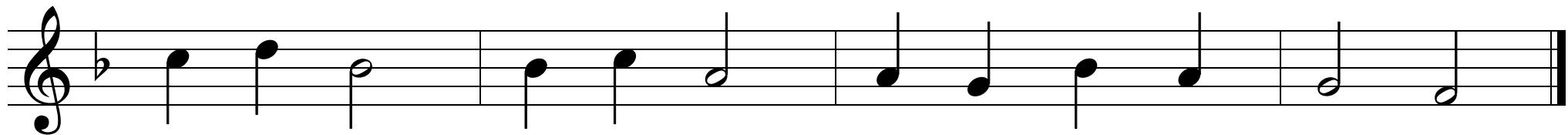
12. du bist mein, weil ich dich fas - se



und dich nicht, o mein Licht, aus dem Her-zen las - se.



Lass mich, lass mich hin - ge - lan - gen,



da du mich und ich dich leib-lich werd um - fan - gen.