Zion Mourns in Fear and Anguish

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WERDE MUNTER

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| m - f - s - s - | f - m - r - r - |
  Zion mourns in      fear and anguish,

| m - - f s - m - | r - r - d - - _ |
  Zion, city          of our God.

| m - f - s - s - | f - m - r - r - |
  “Ah!” she saith, “how   sore I languish,

| m - - f s - m - | r - r - d - - _ |
  Bowed beneath so    hard a load!

| r - m - f - f - | m - m - r - - _ |
  God hath now for-   sook me quite

| f - - s l - l - | s - s - f - - _ |
  And forgot my       evil plight.”

| m - f - s - s - | f - m - r - r - |
  Nay, the Lord, who  chose thee, spares thee,

| m - f - s - m - | r - r - d - d - |
  For within His      heart He bears thee.
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The other verses

2 “Once,” she mourns, “He promised plainly
That His help should aye be near,
Yet I now must seek Him vainly
In my days of woe and fear.
Will He, then, forevermore
Keep His anger and no more
Help His chosen generation
In its present tribulation?”

3 “Zion, surely I have loved thee!”
Thus to her the Highest saith.
“Although many woes have proved thee
And thy soul is sad to death,
Yet now cast thy griefs behind;
Where wilt thou a mother find
For her own child not providing
Or in hatred with it chiding?

4 “And if thou couldst find a mother
Who forgot her infant’s claim
Or whose wrath her love could smother,
Yet would I be still the same;
For My truth is pledged to thee,
Zion, thou art dear to Me;
I within My heart have set thee,
And I never can forget thee.

5 “Let not Satan make thee craven;
He can fight, but cannot harm.
On My hands thy name is graven,
And thy shield is still My arm.
How, then, could it ever be
That I failed to think of thee,
Build the wall of My own city
And look down on thee with pity?

6 “Thou before My eyes art ever,
In My bosom thou art laid
As a nursing child, and never
Shalt thou lack My timely aid.
Me and thee no time nor stress,
War, nor danger, nor distress,
No, nor Satan’s self shall sever,—
Only be thou faithful ever.”

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune WERDE MUNTER by Johann Schop (1590–1664); words by Johann Heermann (1585–1647); translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion’s engine from the hymn’s notes.