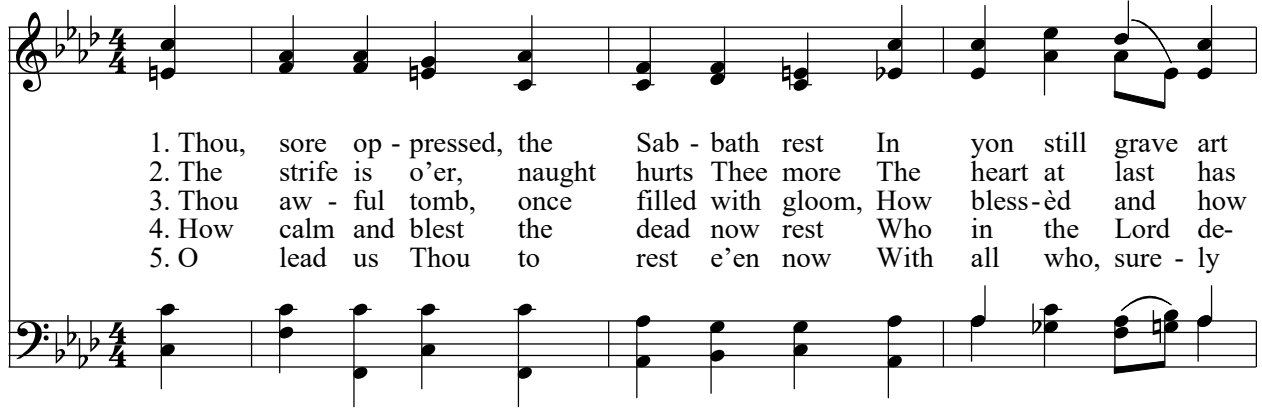


Thou, Sore Oppressed

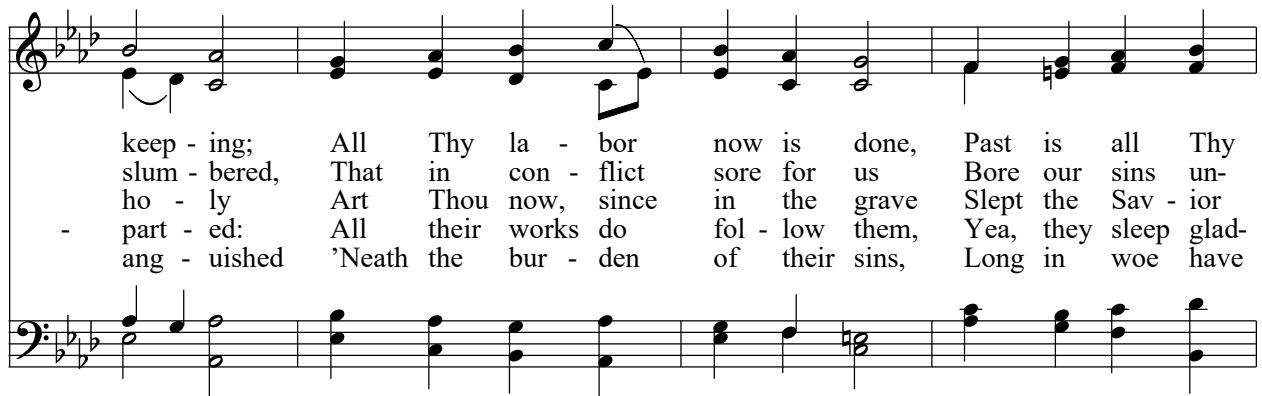
Victor von Strauß und Torney (1809–1899)

Mainzer Gesangbuch, 1628


♩=105



1. Thou, sore op - pressed, the Sab - bath rest In yon still grave art
2. The strife is o'er, naught hurts Thee more The heart at last has
3. Thou aw - ful tomb, once filled with gloom, How bless - ed and how
4. How calm and blest the dead now rest Who in the Lord de -
5. O lead us Thou to rest e'en now With all who, sure - ly



keep - ing; All Thy la - bor now is done, Past is all Thy
slum - bered, That in con - flict sore for us Bore our sins un -
ho - ly Art Thou now, since in the grave Slept the Sav - ior
- part - ed: All their works do fol - low them, Yea, they sleep glad -
ang - uished 'Neath the bur - den of their sins, Long in woe have



weep - ing.
- num - bered.
low - ly!
- heart - ed!
lang - uished.