

## 259. WHEN SORROWS STRIKE ME HARD

KAD SAM JA KADGOD ŽALOSTAN

1. When sor - rows strike me hard and sore, and lan - guish - ing I here de - plore, My  
 2. I think of my Re - deem - er, mine, who taught me com - fort sweet di - vine, Of  
 3. My songs then rise and high - er surge till praise and thanks there glow - ing merge. My

lot of earth - ly grief and care, I still can - not de - spair. For soon the  
 Fa - ther's care, so strong and sure that ev - er shall en - dure. He ev - er  
 soul is flood - ed by sweet light, and ban - ished is the night. I am, my

pres - ence of the Lord all com - fort does my soul af - ford, A  
 shall for me pro - vide, and ev - er with me shall a - bide, A  
 Je - sus, well a - ware of heav - en's prize a - wait - ing there. E -

new heart do I now re - ceive, no more here prone to grieve.  
 song then floods my cheer - ful heart, to my soul peace im - parts.  
 ter - nal joy from Thee, O Grace, my sor - rows all re - place.

## 260. STARS OF EVENING

BLEDI MESEC

1. Stars of eve - ning, soft - ly gleam - ing in the fa - ding west.  
 2. Hark! The eve - ning bells are bring - ing hope of glad re - lease,  
 3. Heav - 'nly Fa - ther! Watch be - side us Till the dawn of light,  
 4. So when death's dark clouds fall slow - ly o - ver land and sea,