

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.