

Lob Gott getrost mit singen

Johannes Eccard (1553–1611)

ed. Jonathan Wessler

LSB 746, stanza 2

Discantus

There's no - thing that can sev - er From this great love of God;
No want, no pain what-ev - er, No fa - mine, per - il,

Quintus

There's no - thing that can sev - er From this great love of God;
No want, no pain what-ev - er, No fa - mine, per - il,

Altus

There's no - thing that can sev - er From this great love of God, from this great love of God;
No want, no pain what-ev - er, No fa - mine, per - il, flood, no fa - mine, per - il,

Tenor

There's no - thing that can sev - er From this great love of God, from this great love of God;
No want, no pain what-ev - er, No fa - mine, per - il, flood, no fa - mine, per - il,

Bassus

There's no - thing that can sev - er From this great love of God;
No want, no pain what-ev - er, No fa - mine, per - il,

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flood. Though thou - sand foes sur - round me, For slaugh - ter mark His sheep, They
flood. Though thou - sand foes sur - round me, For slaugh - ter mark His sheep, They nev - er
flood. Though thou - sand foes sur - round me, For slaugh - ter mark His sheep, They nev - er
flood. Though thou - sand foes sur - round me, For slaugh - ter mark His sheep,
flood. Though thou - sand foes sur - round me, For slaugh - ter mark His sheep,

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nev - er shall con - found me, The vic - t'ry I shall reap.
shall con - found me, The vic - t'ry I shall reap.
shall con - found me, The vic - t'ry I shall reap, the vic - t'ry I shall reap, the vic - t'ry I shall reap.
They nev - er shall con - found me, The vic - t'ry I shall reap.
The vic - t'ry I shall reap, the vic - t'ry I shall reap.