COMFORT IN THE NIGHT

(♩ = ca. 168)

D A A7 D

Weep no more, poor child of sor - row,

G D

o'er thy youth's un - time - ly blight;

A A7 D F♯7

joy will come a - gain to - mor - row,

Bm B7 G A A7 D

grief en - dur - eth but a night.

2. Seems it long till purple morning
streaks the eastern sky with light?
Stars with beauty are adorning
e'en the sable brow of night.

Words: Carl Johann Philipp Spitta. Translation: Richard Massie. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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