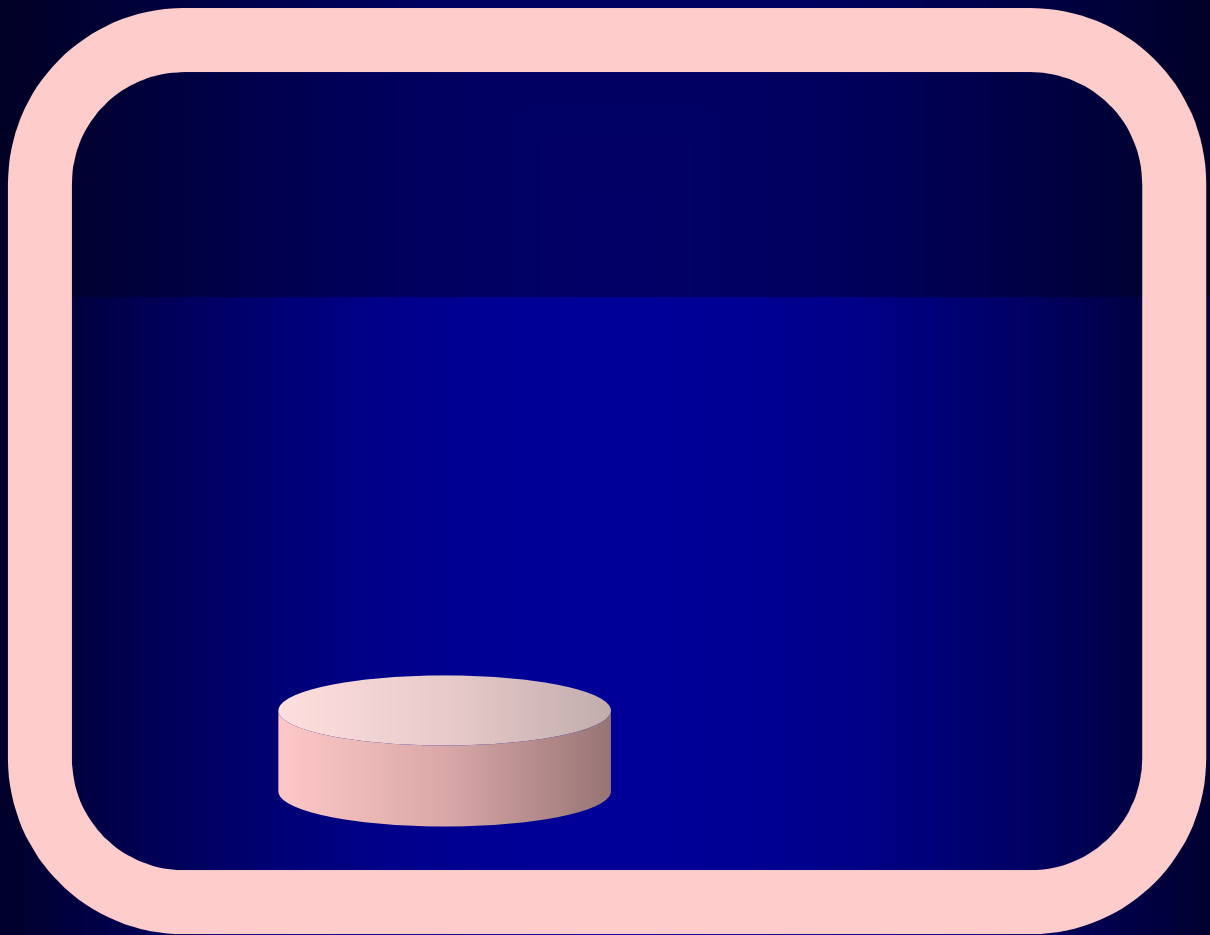
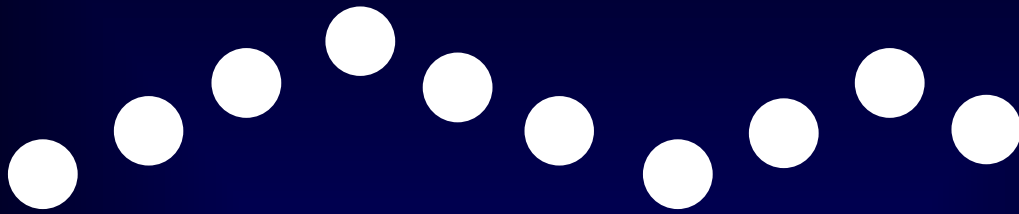


Ich liege, Herr, in deiner Hut

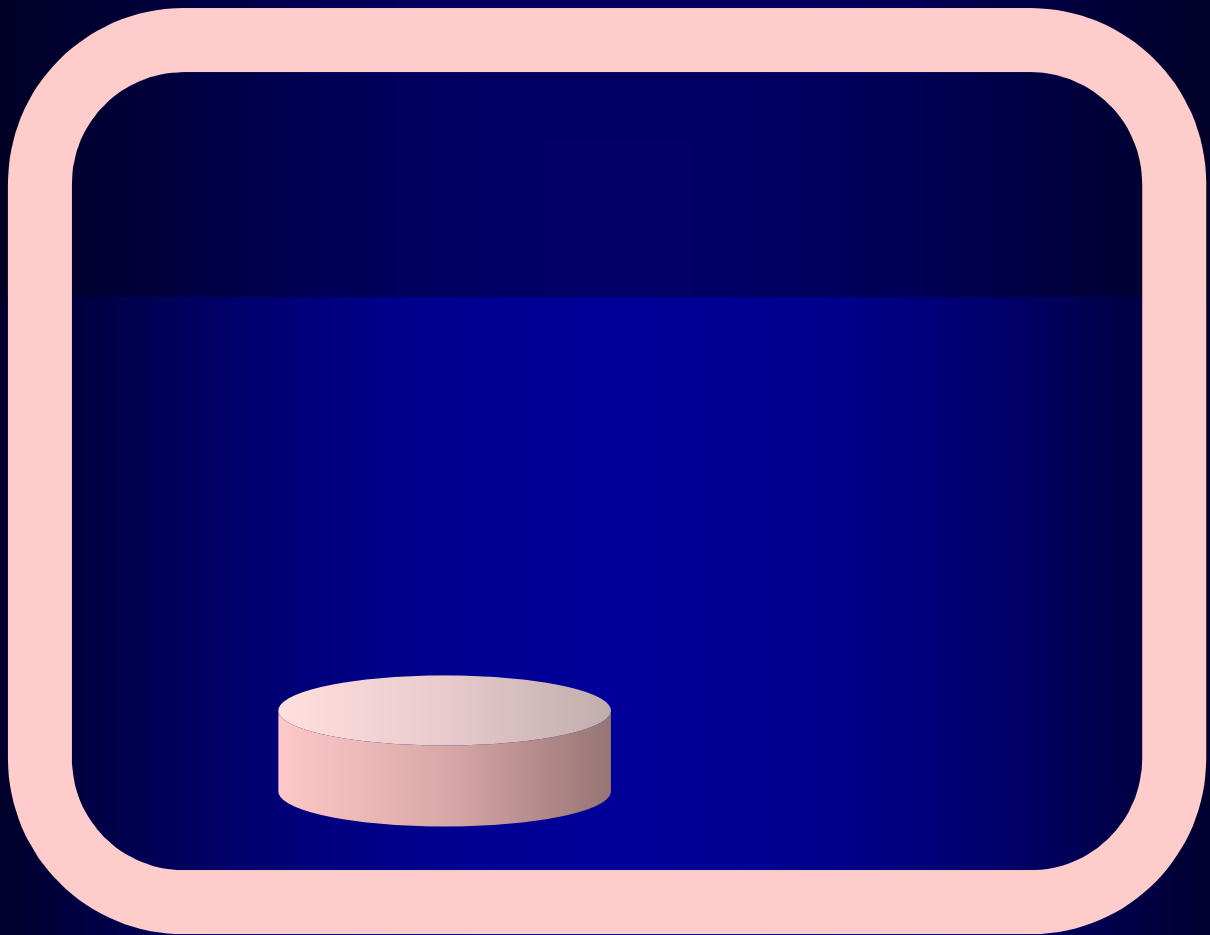
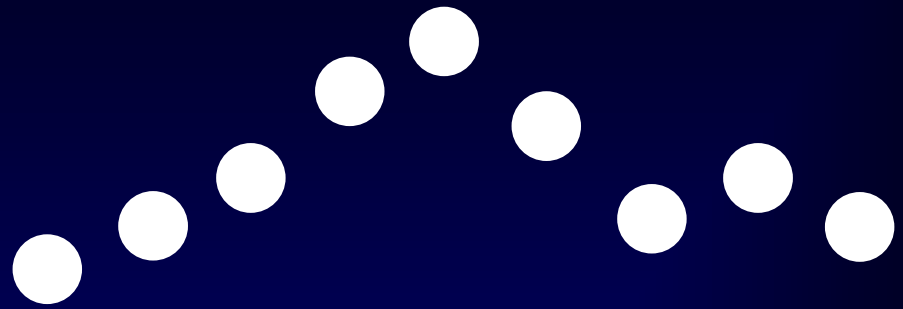
GL neu 99

Gotteslob neu, ISBN 978-3-85351-250-0, Wiener Dom-Verlag

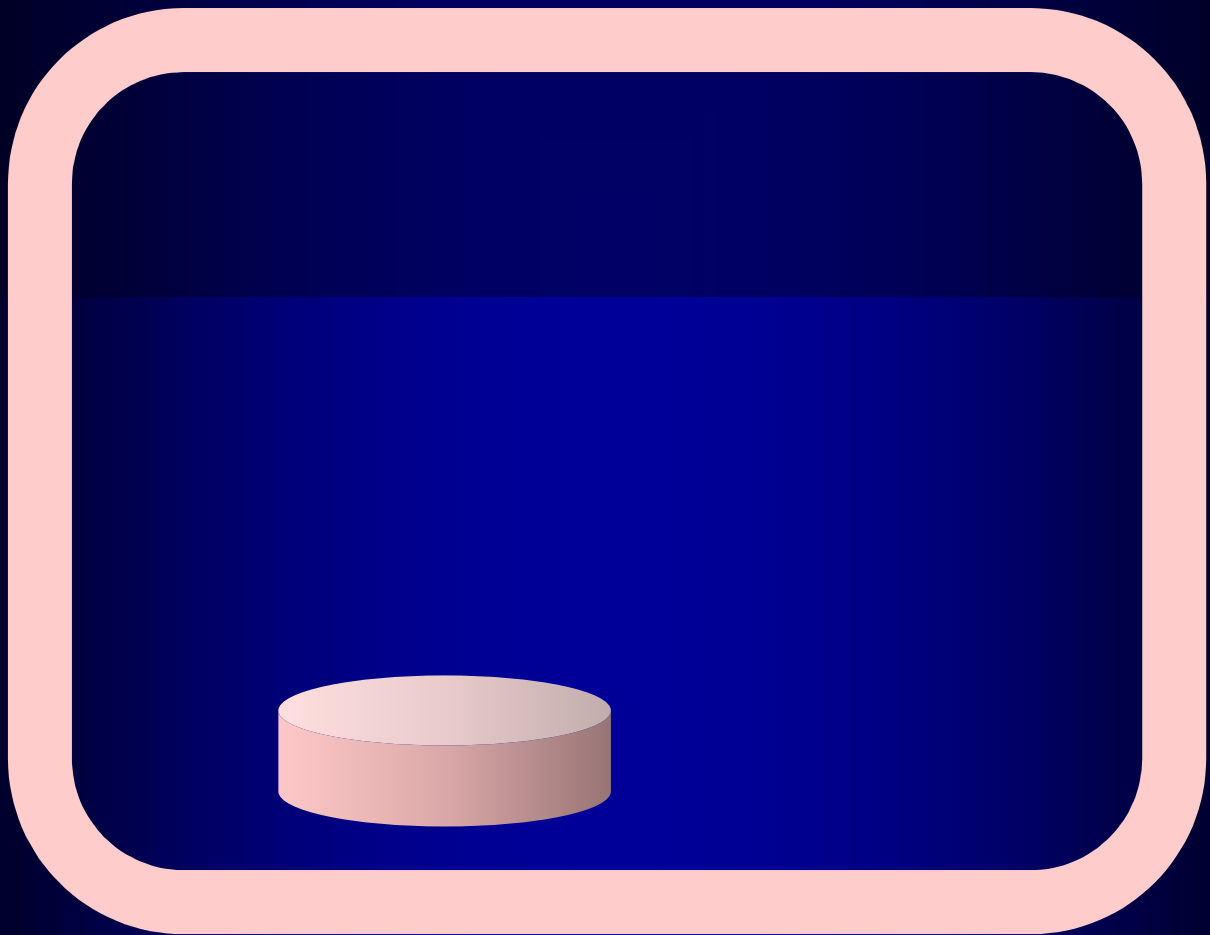
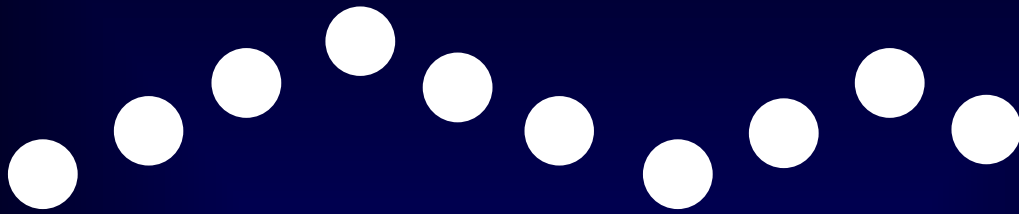
Visualisierung: http://www.legalvisualization.com/kirchenlieder_gotteslob



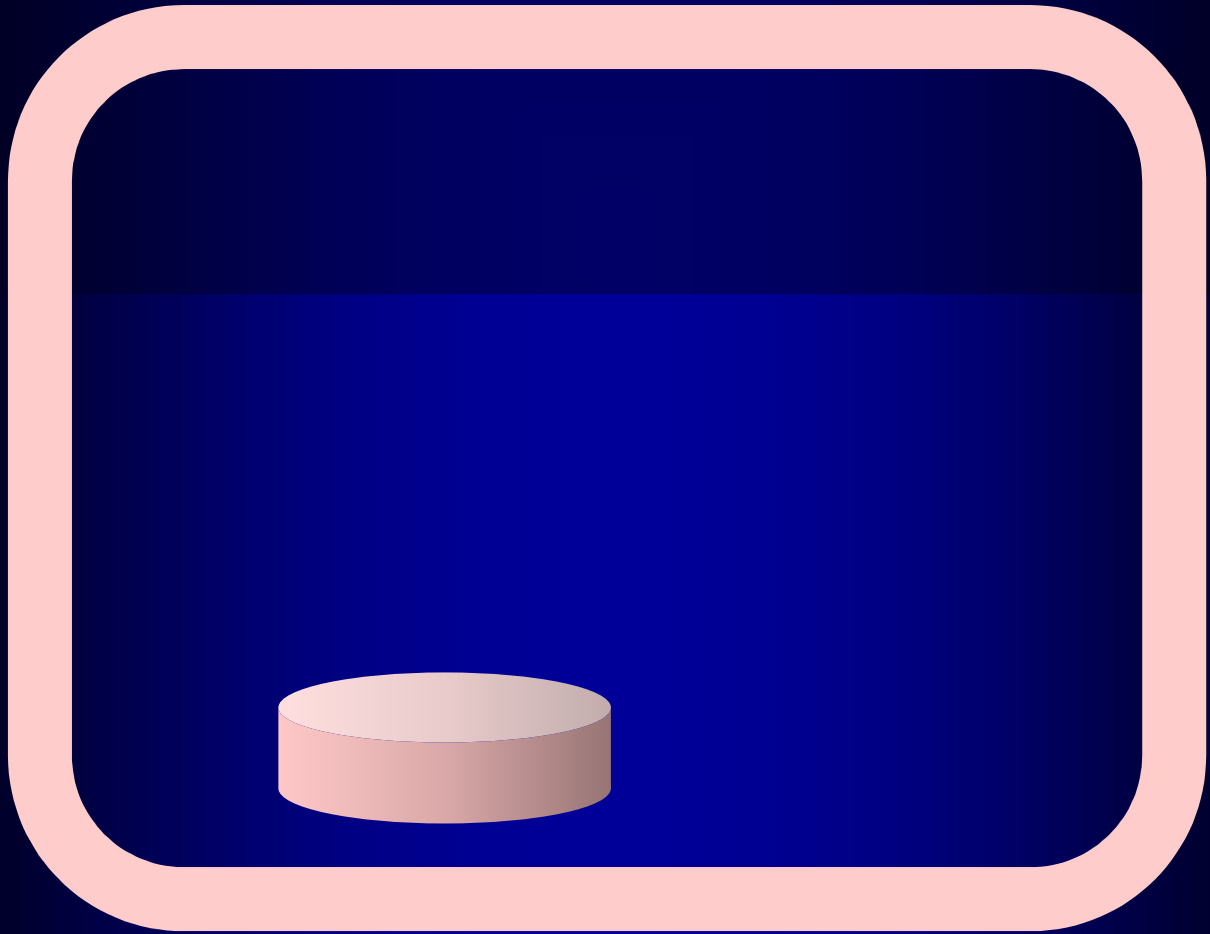
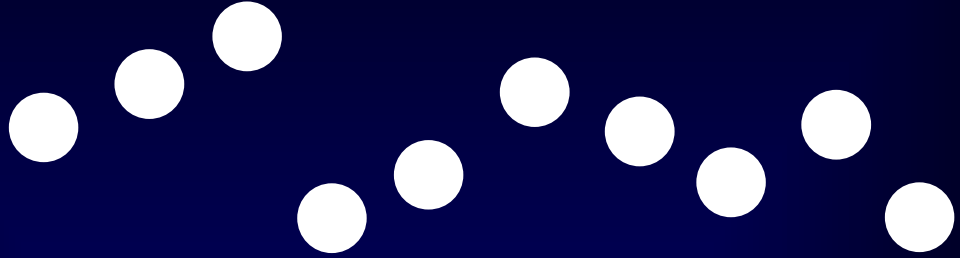
Ich liege, Herr, in deiner Hut



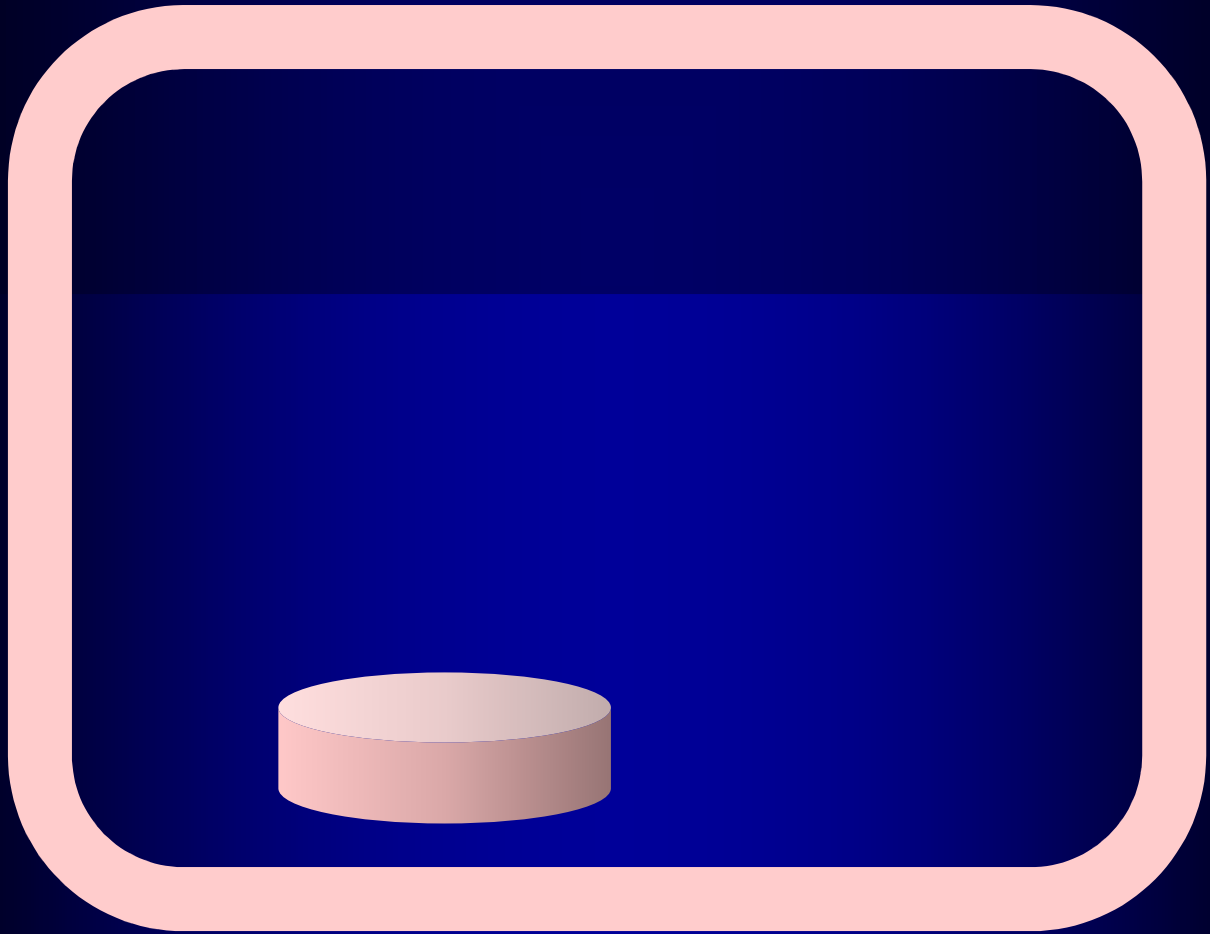
und schlafe ganz mit Frieden.

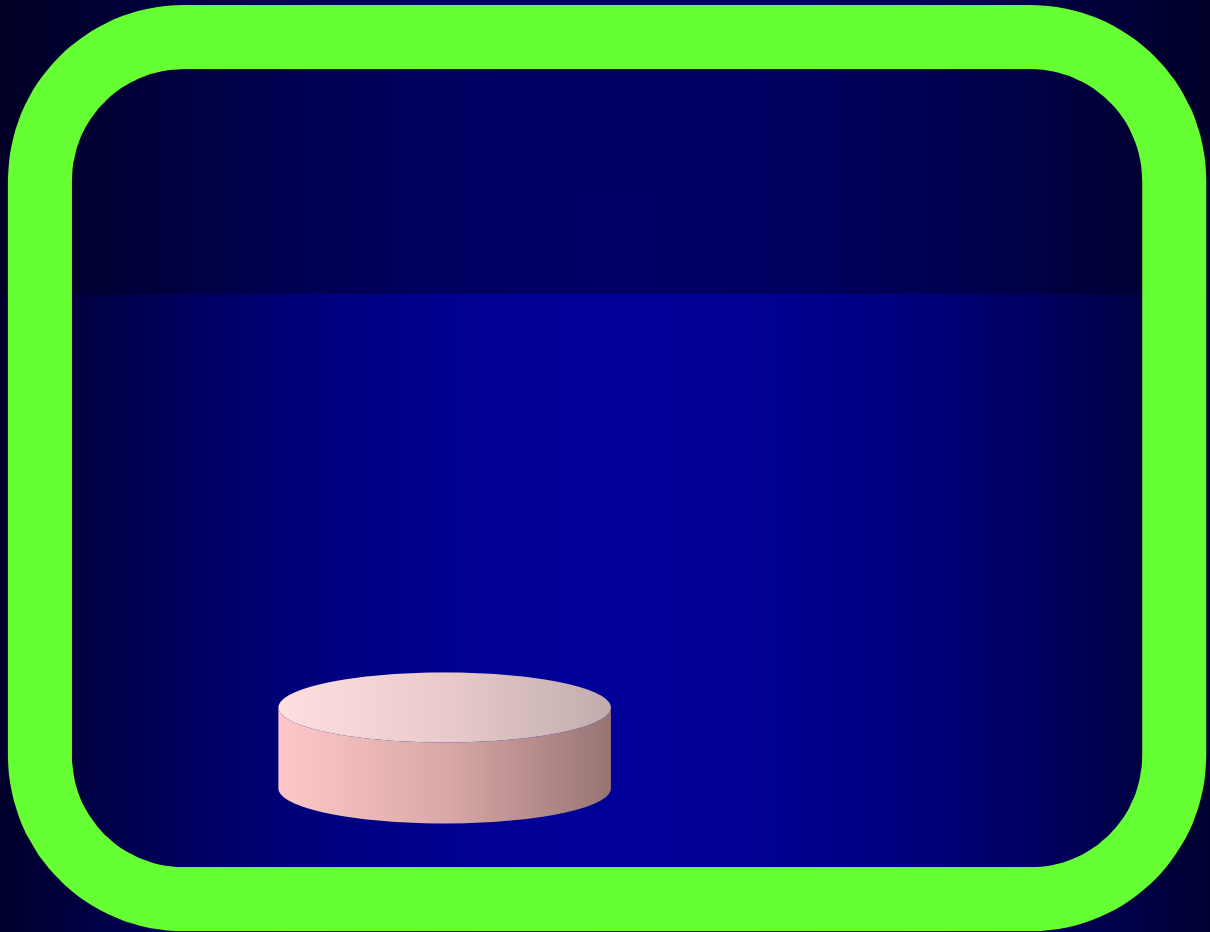
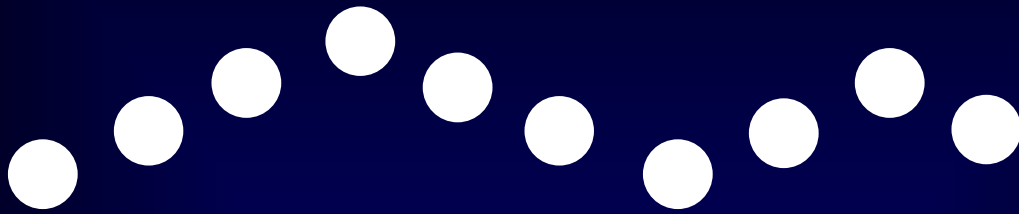


Dem, der in deinen Armen ruht,

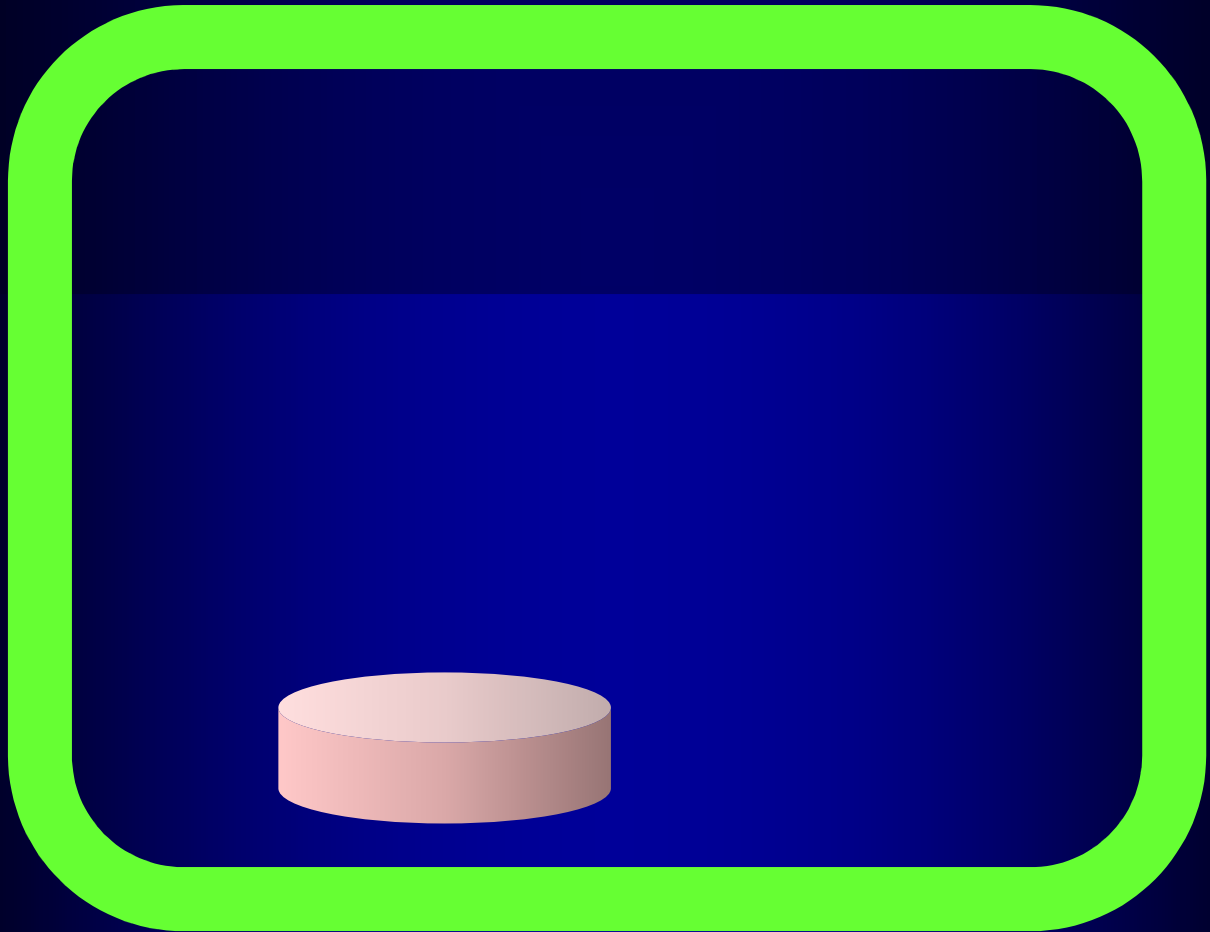
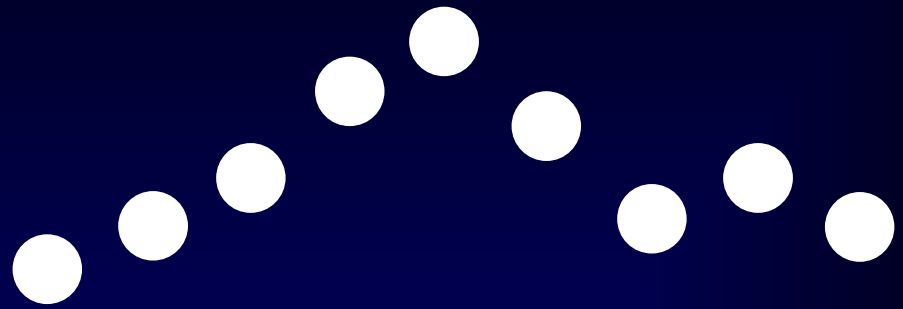


ist wahre Rast beschieden.

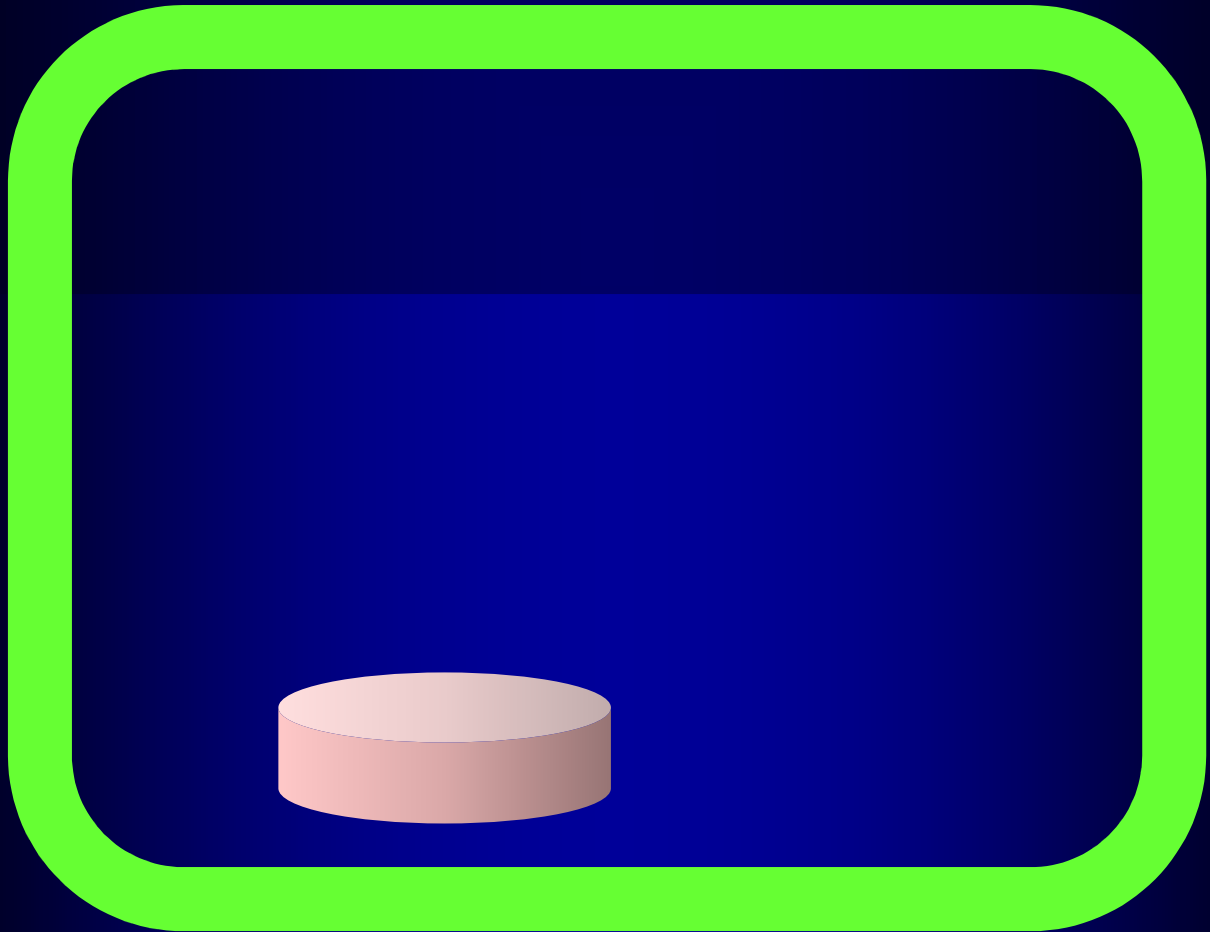
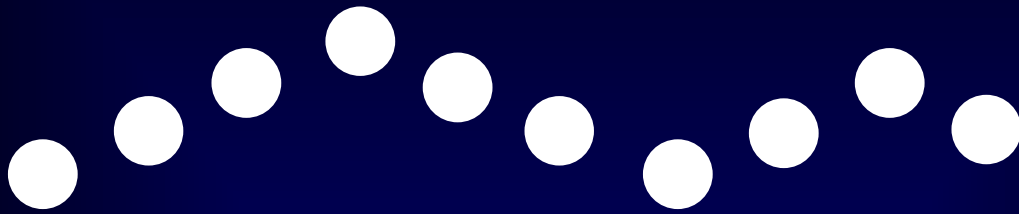




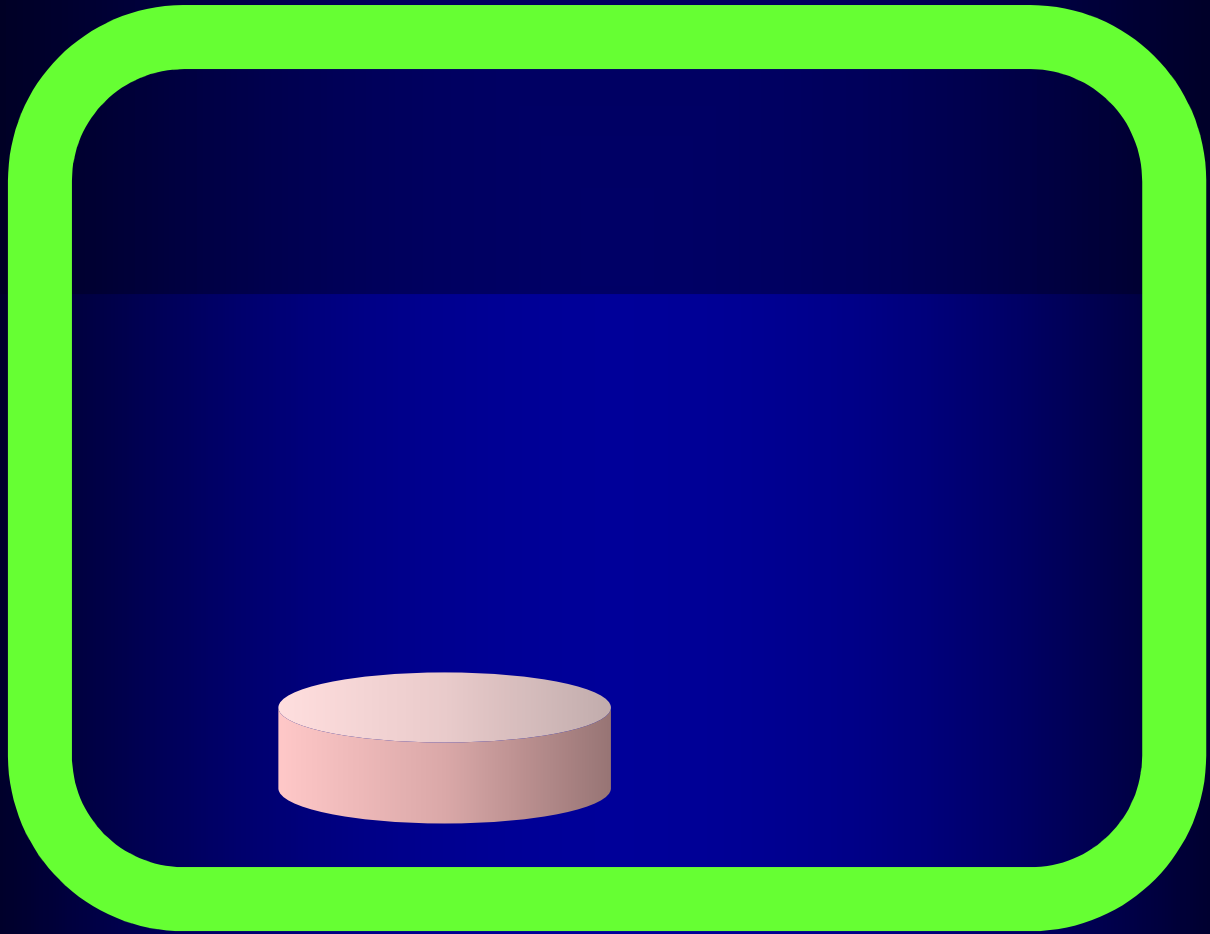
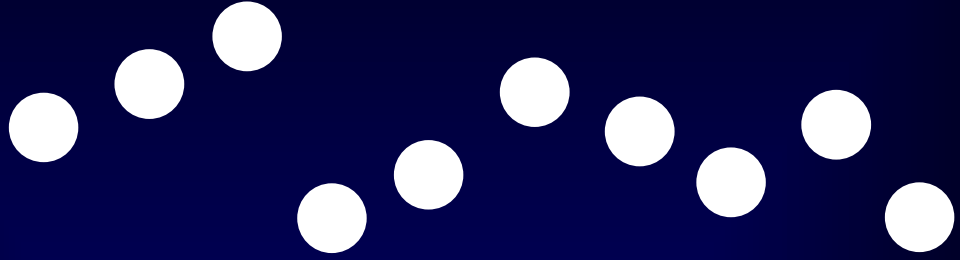
Du bist's allein, Herr, der stets wacht,



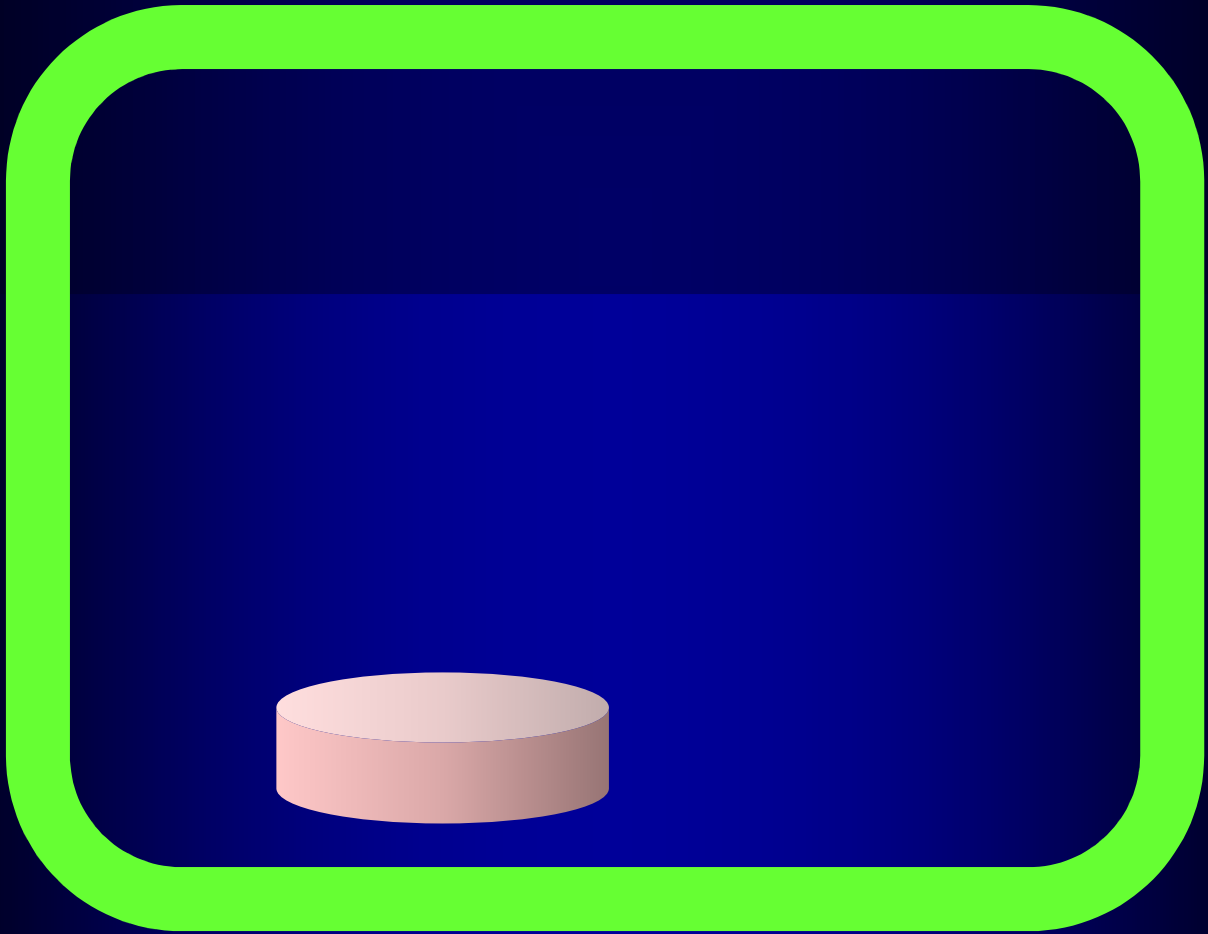
zu helfen und zu stillen,

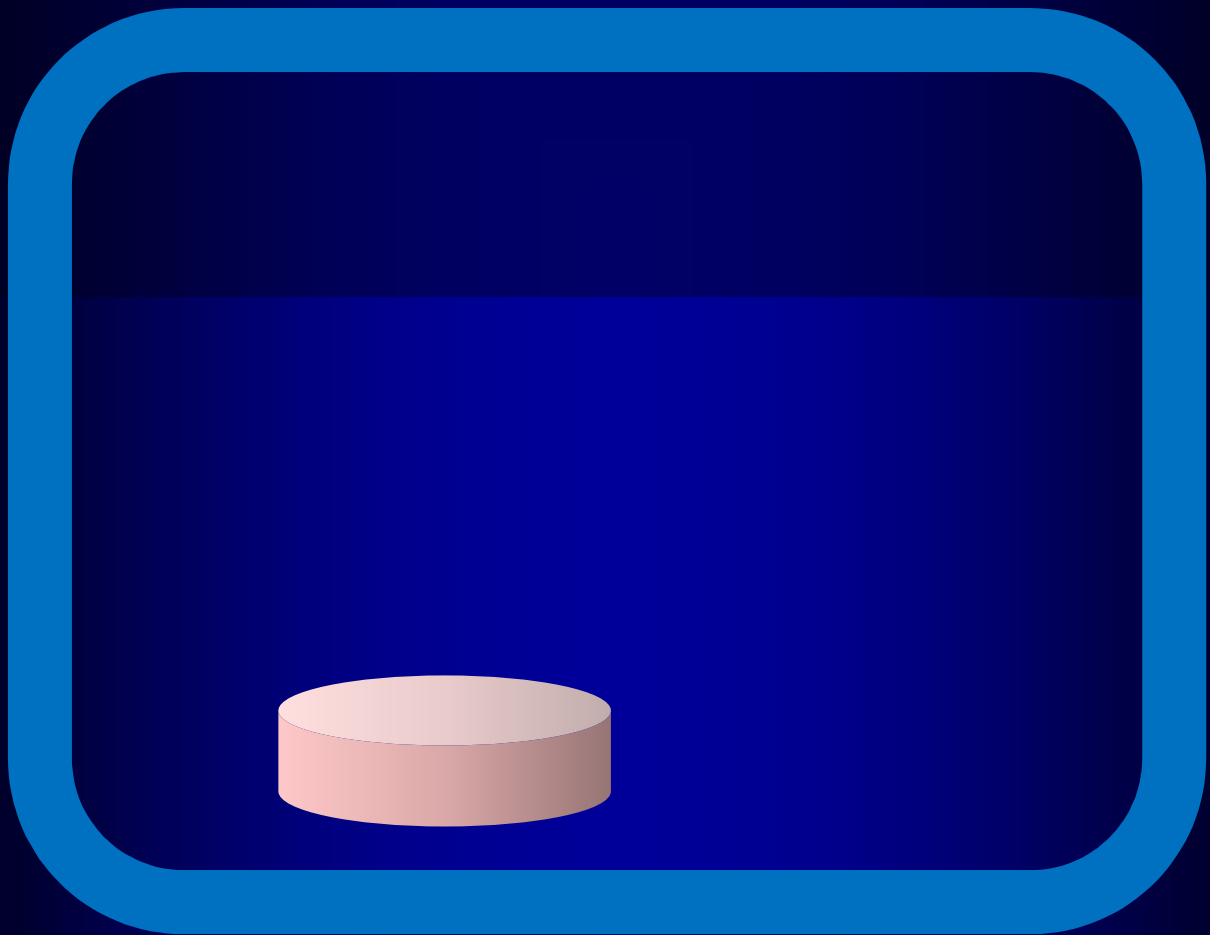
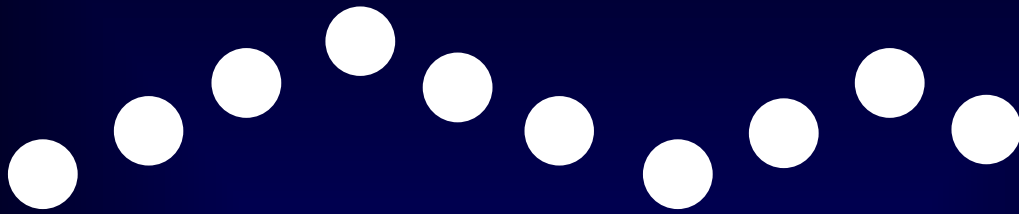


wenn mich die Schatten finstrier Nacht

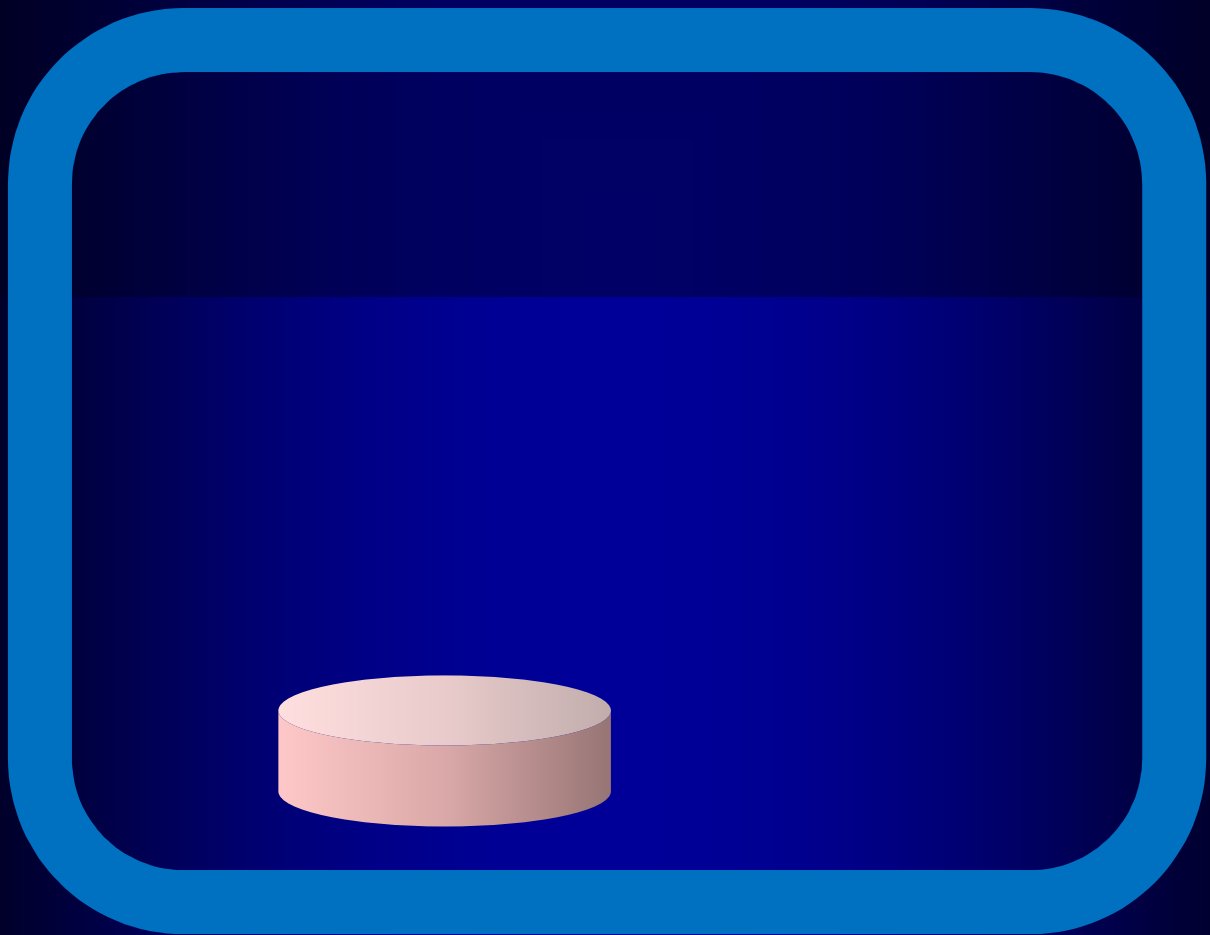
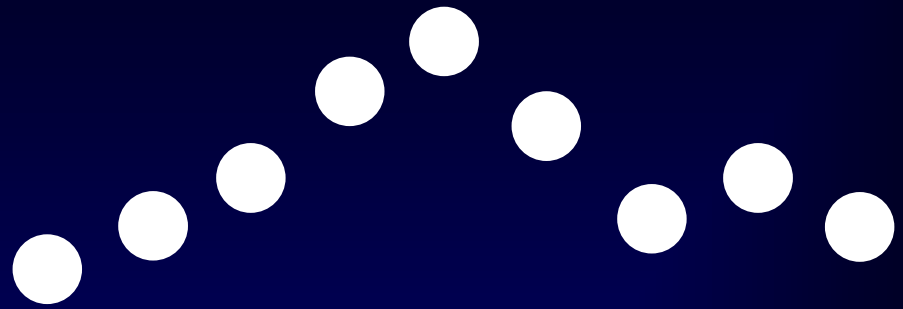


mit jäher Angst erfüllen.

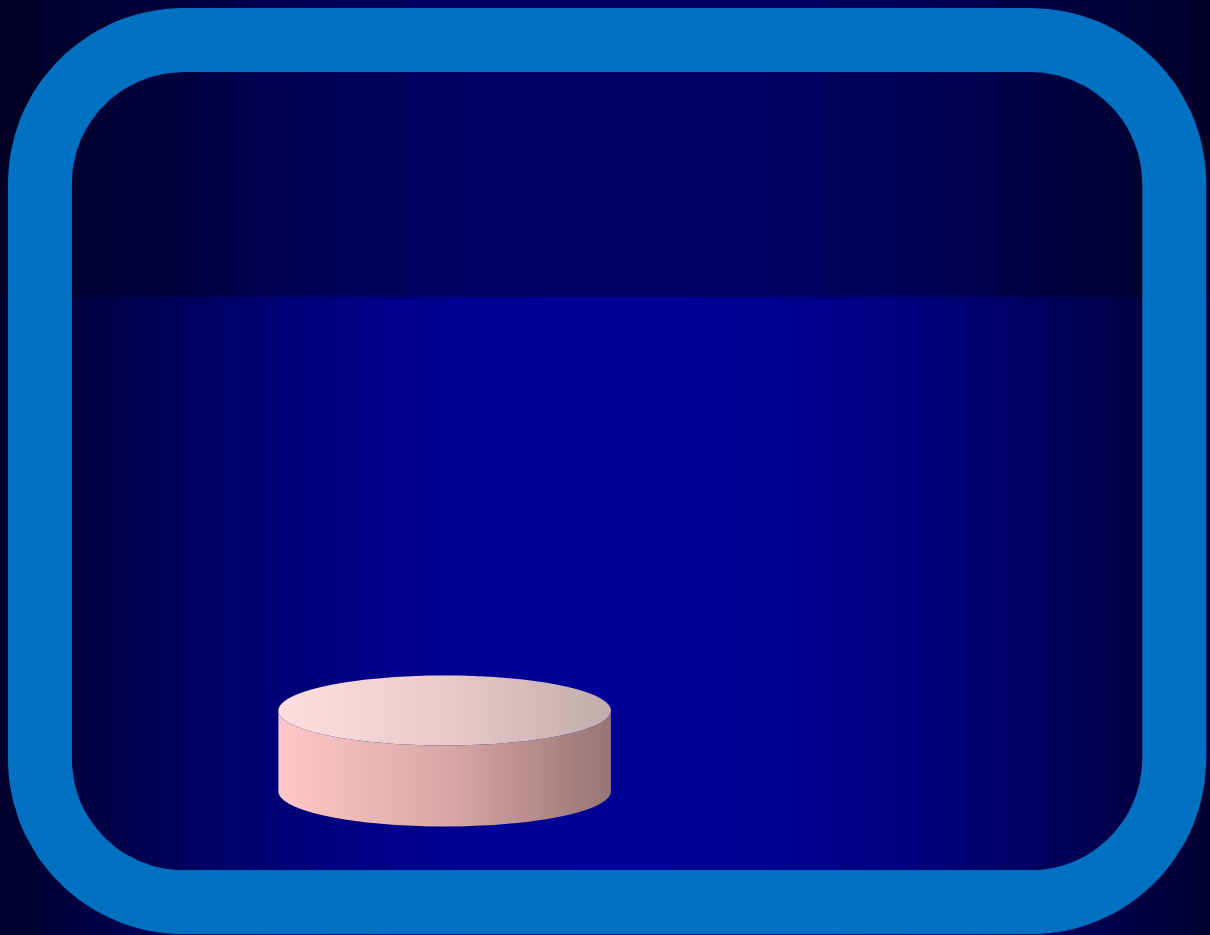
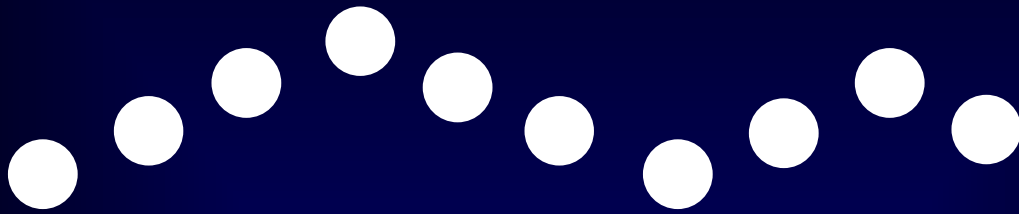




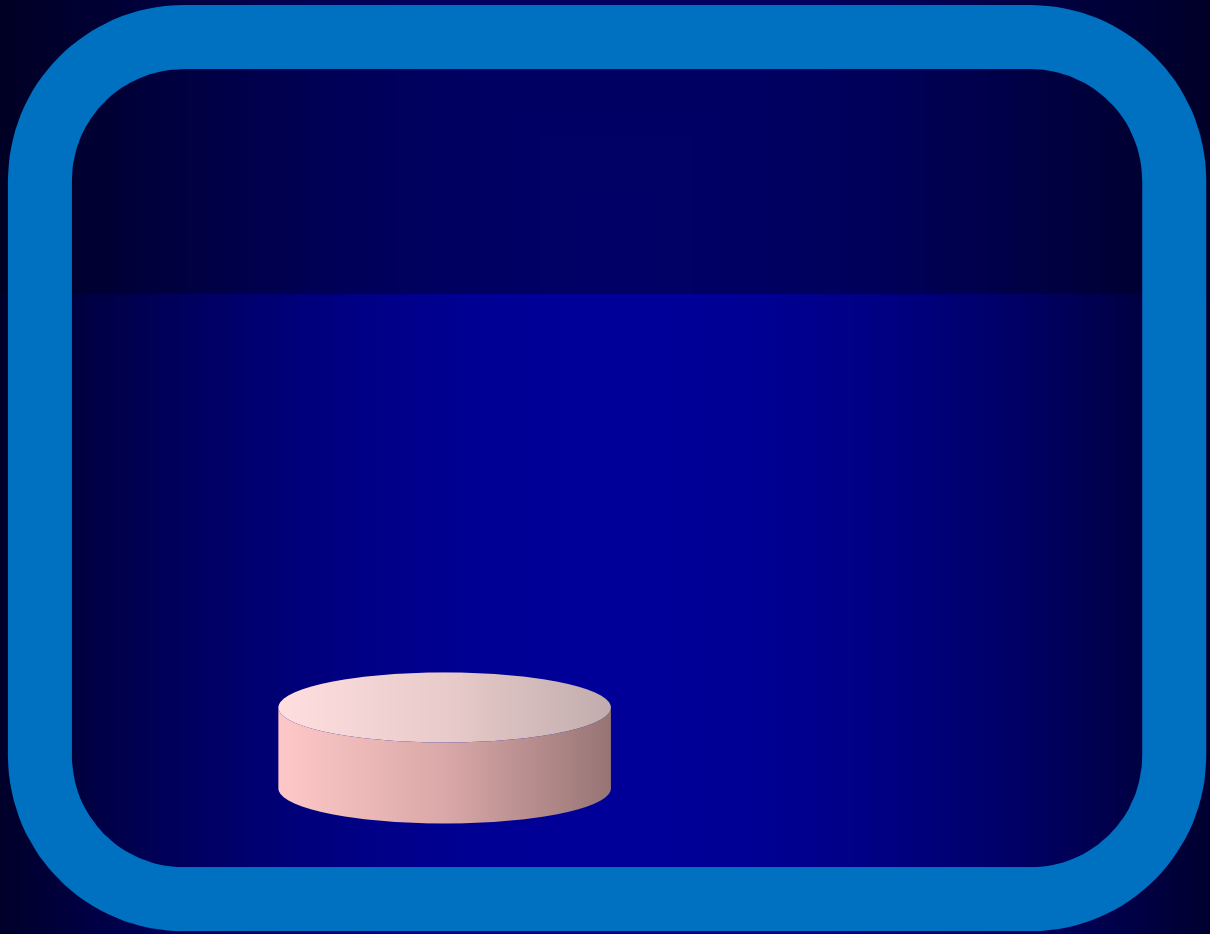
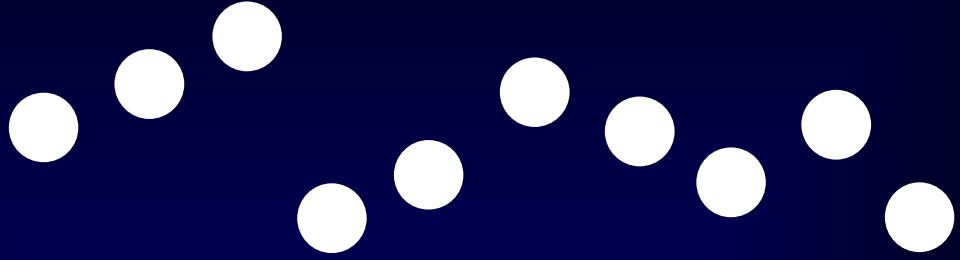
Dein starker Arm ist ausgestreckt,



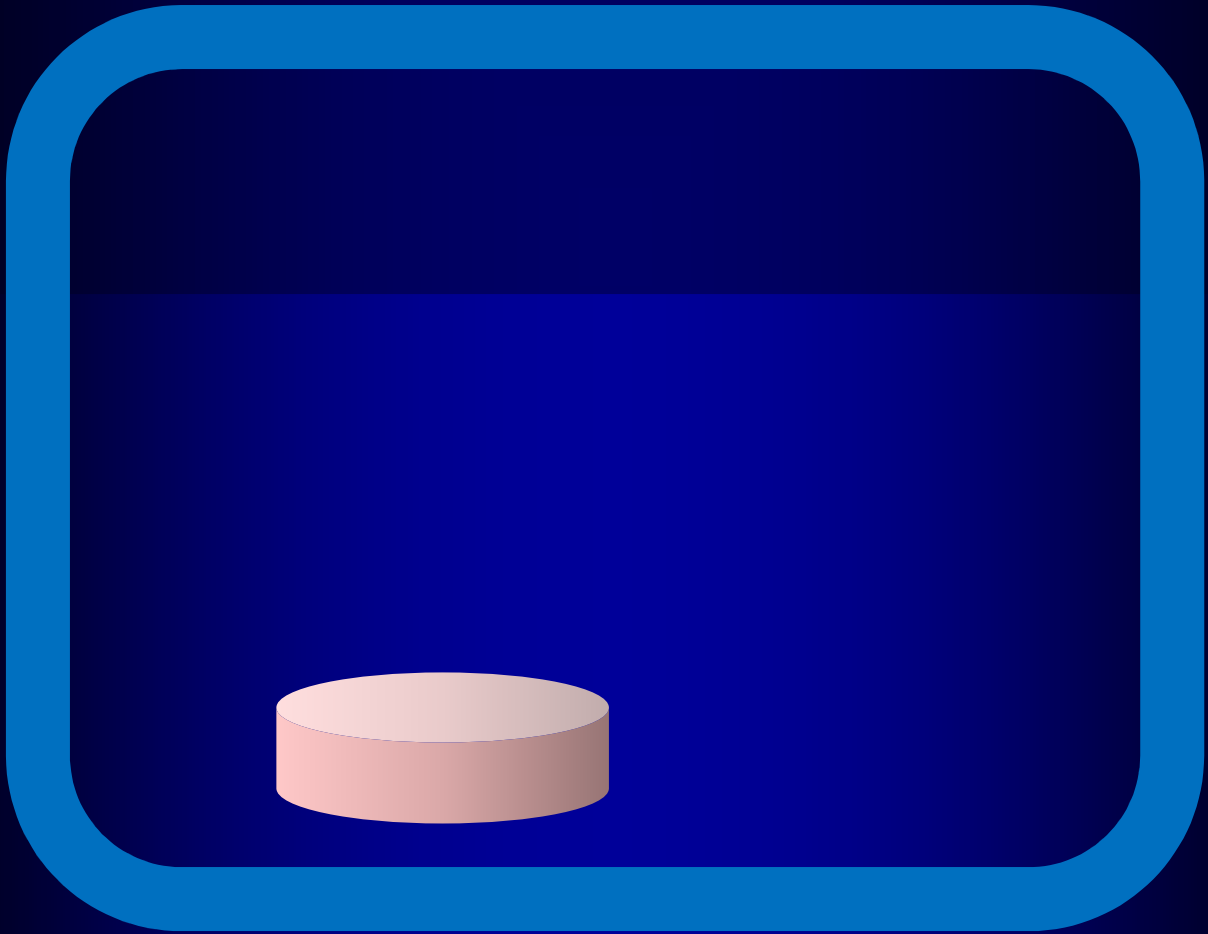
dass Unheil mich verschone

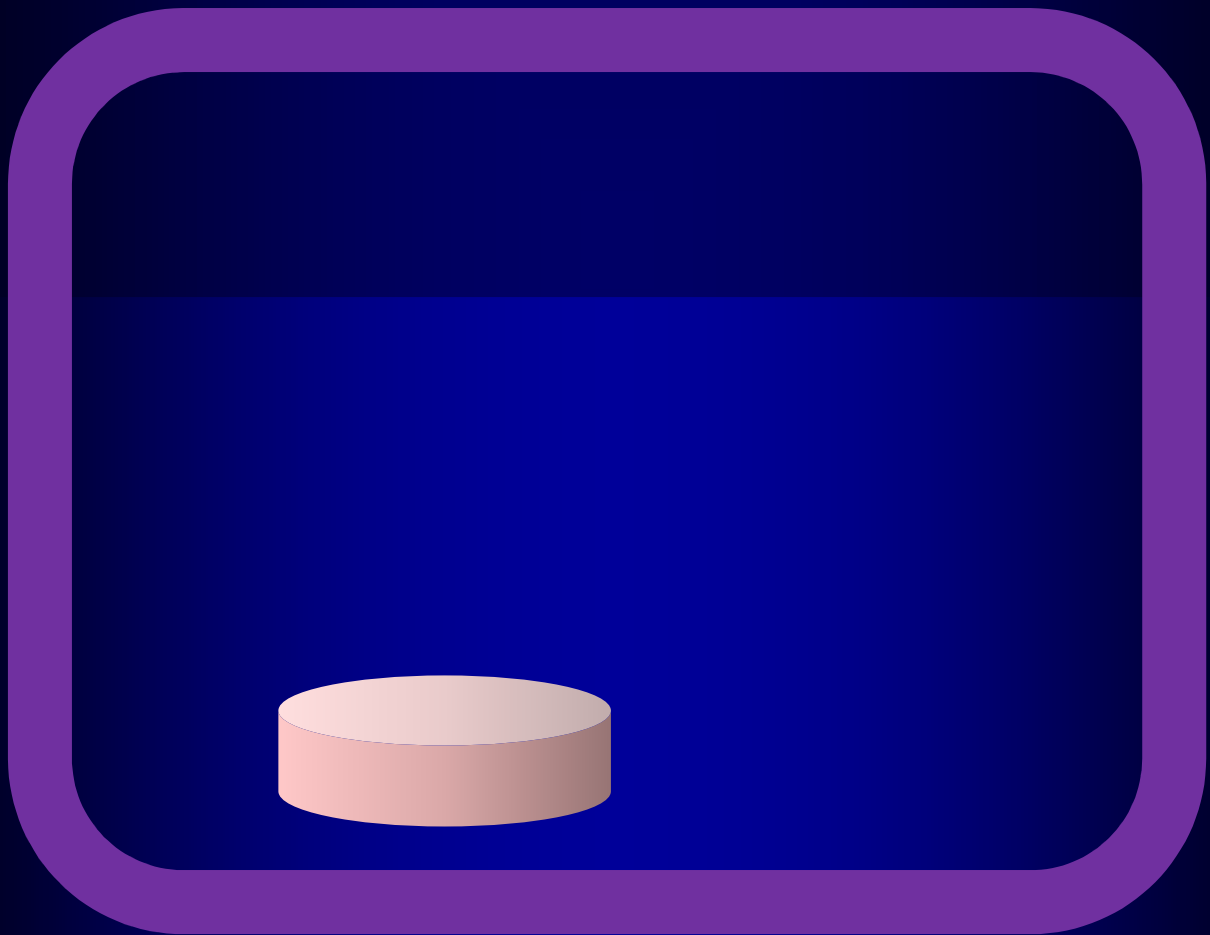
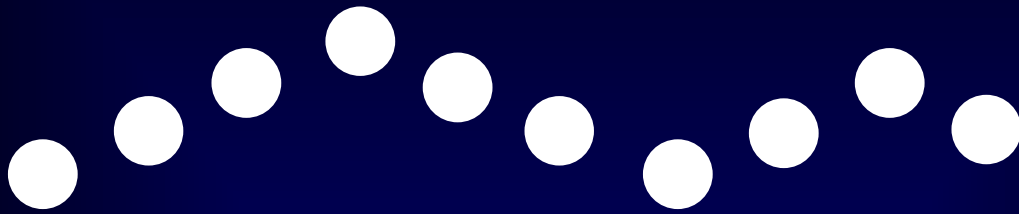


und ich, was auch den Schlaf noch schreckt,

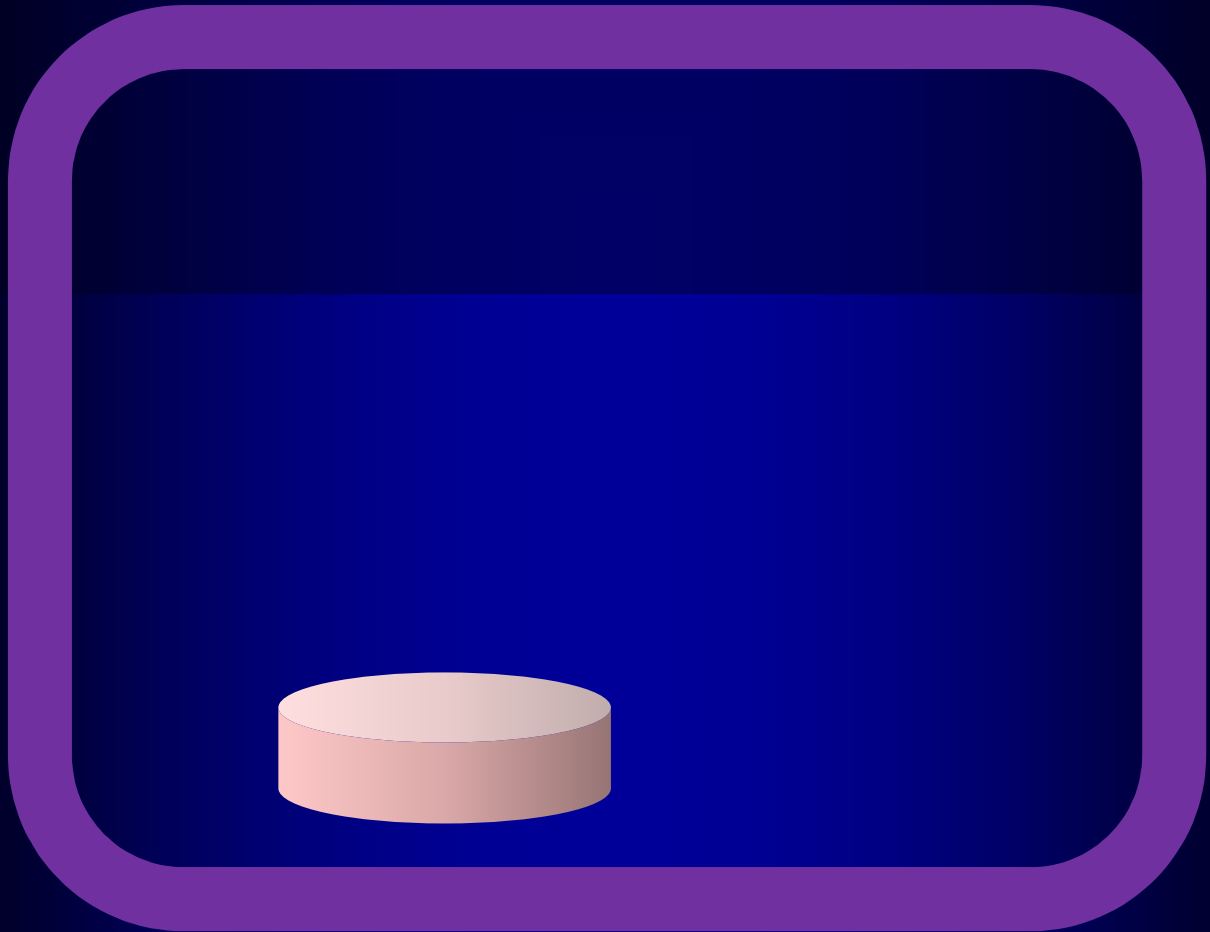
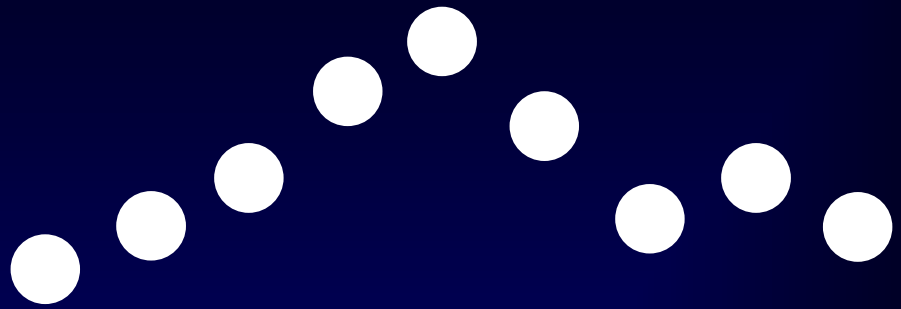


beschirmt und sicher wohne.

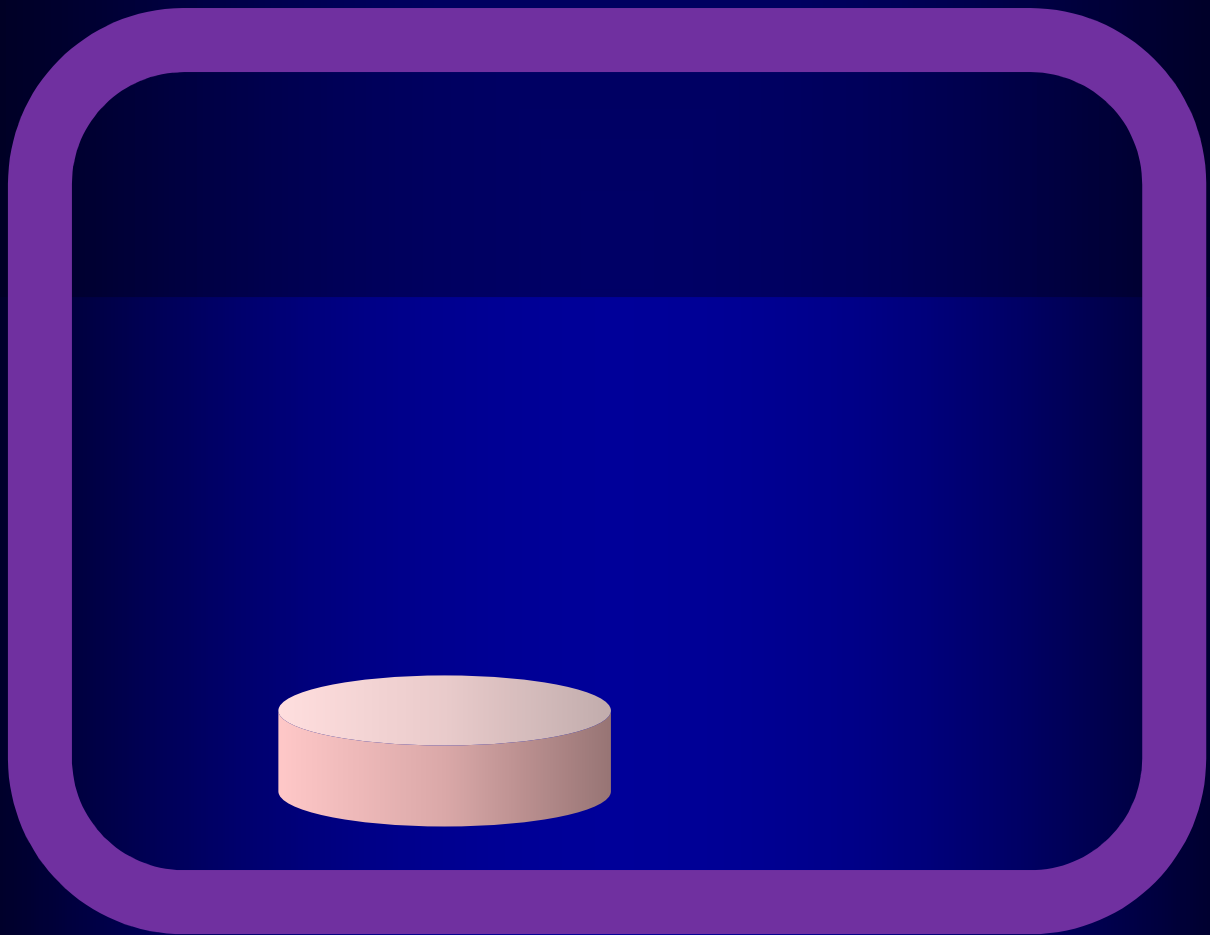
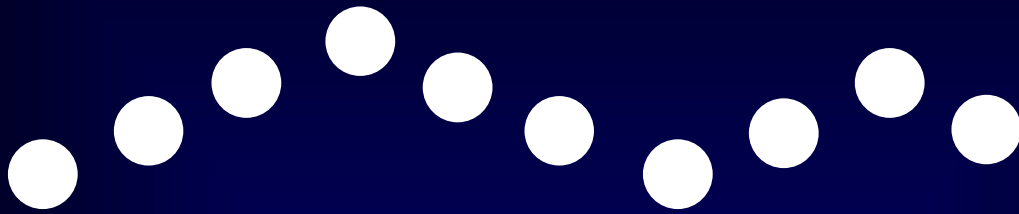




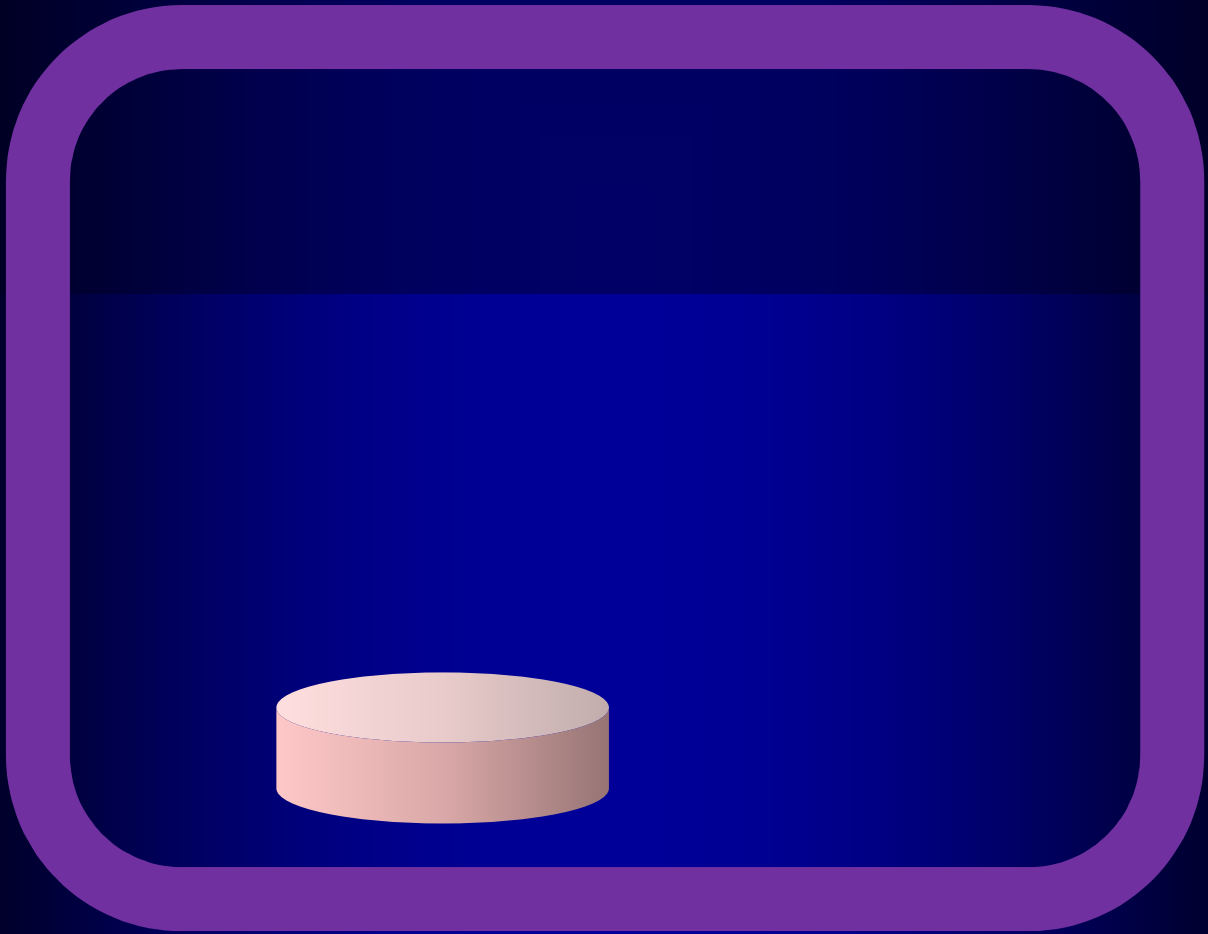
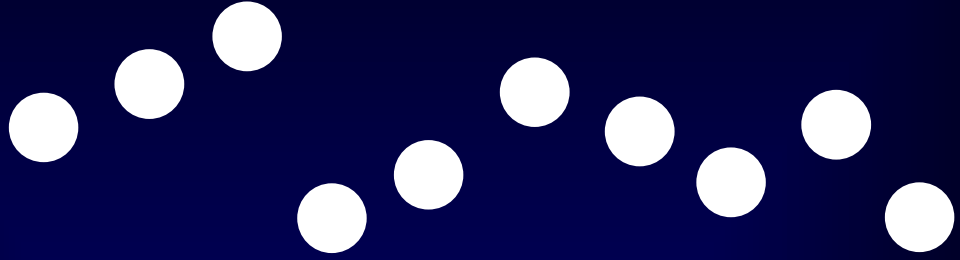
So will ich, wenn der Abend sinkt,



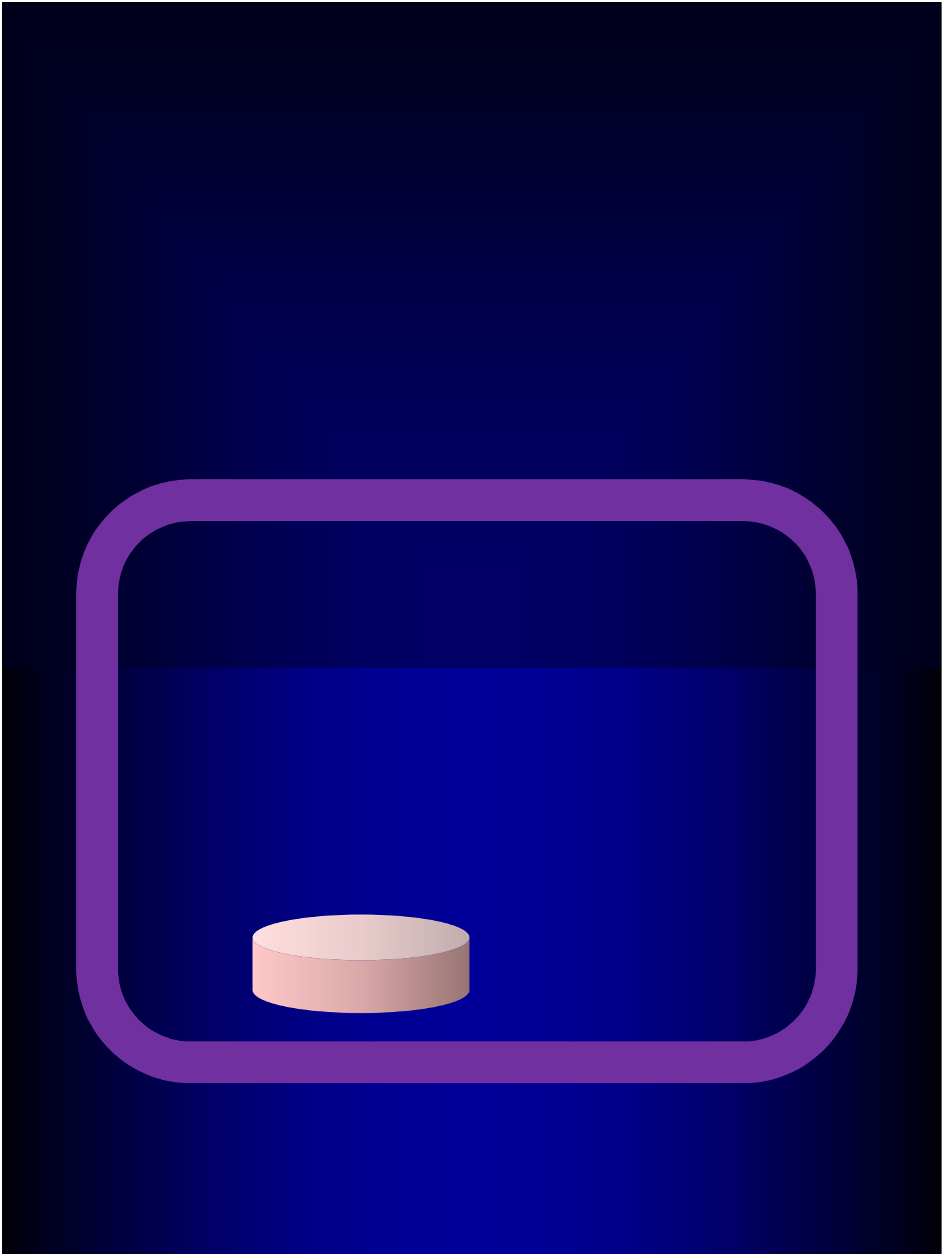
des Leides nicht gedenken,

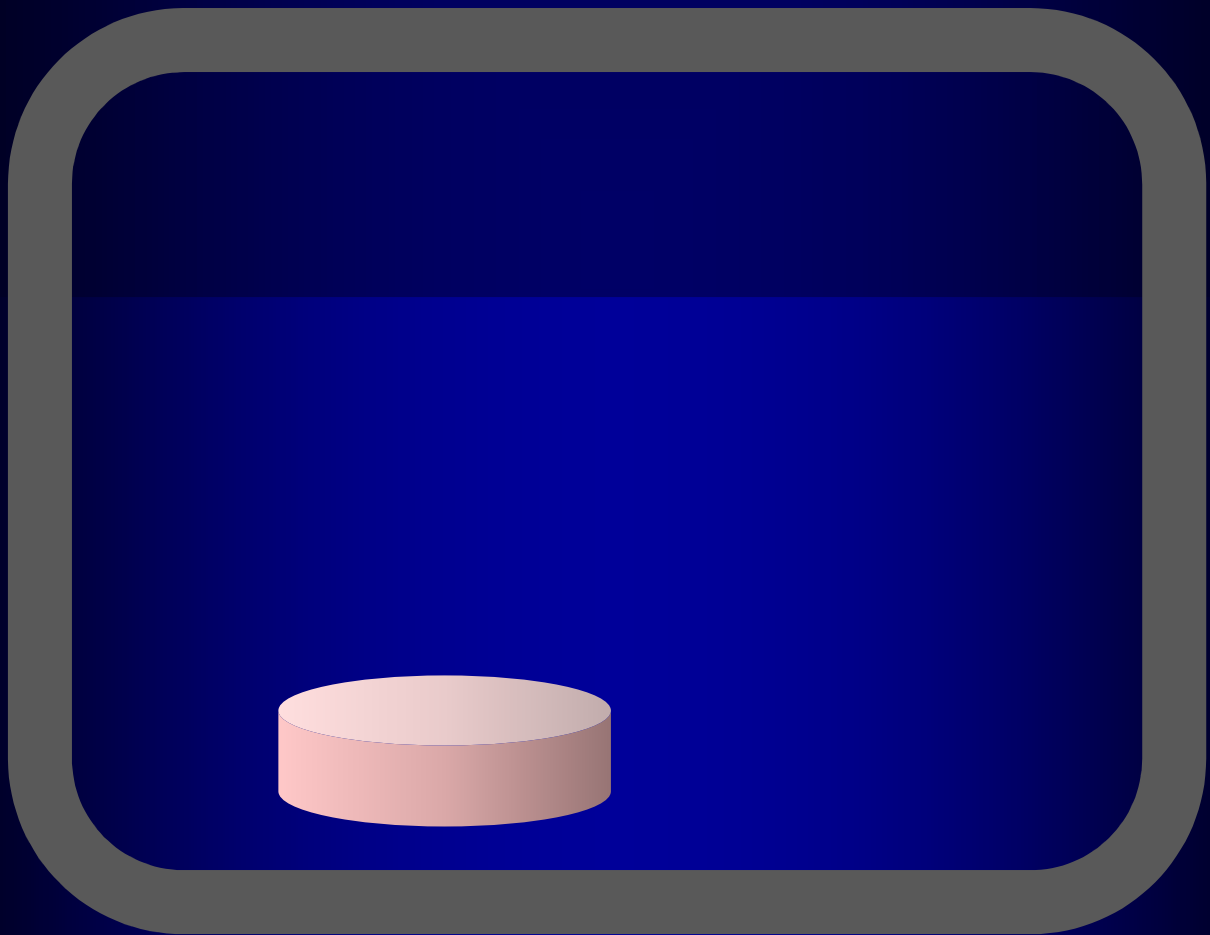
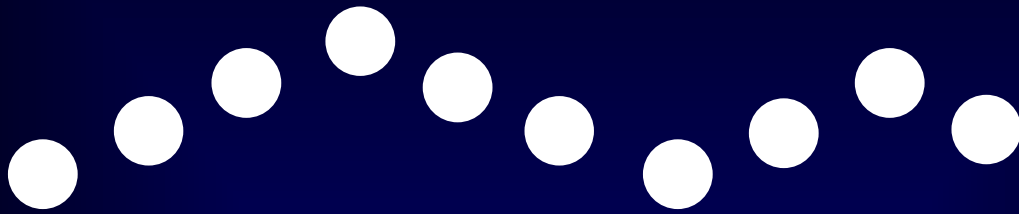


das mancher Erdentag noch bringt,

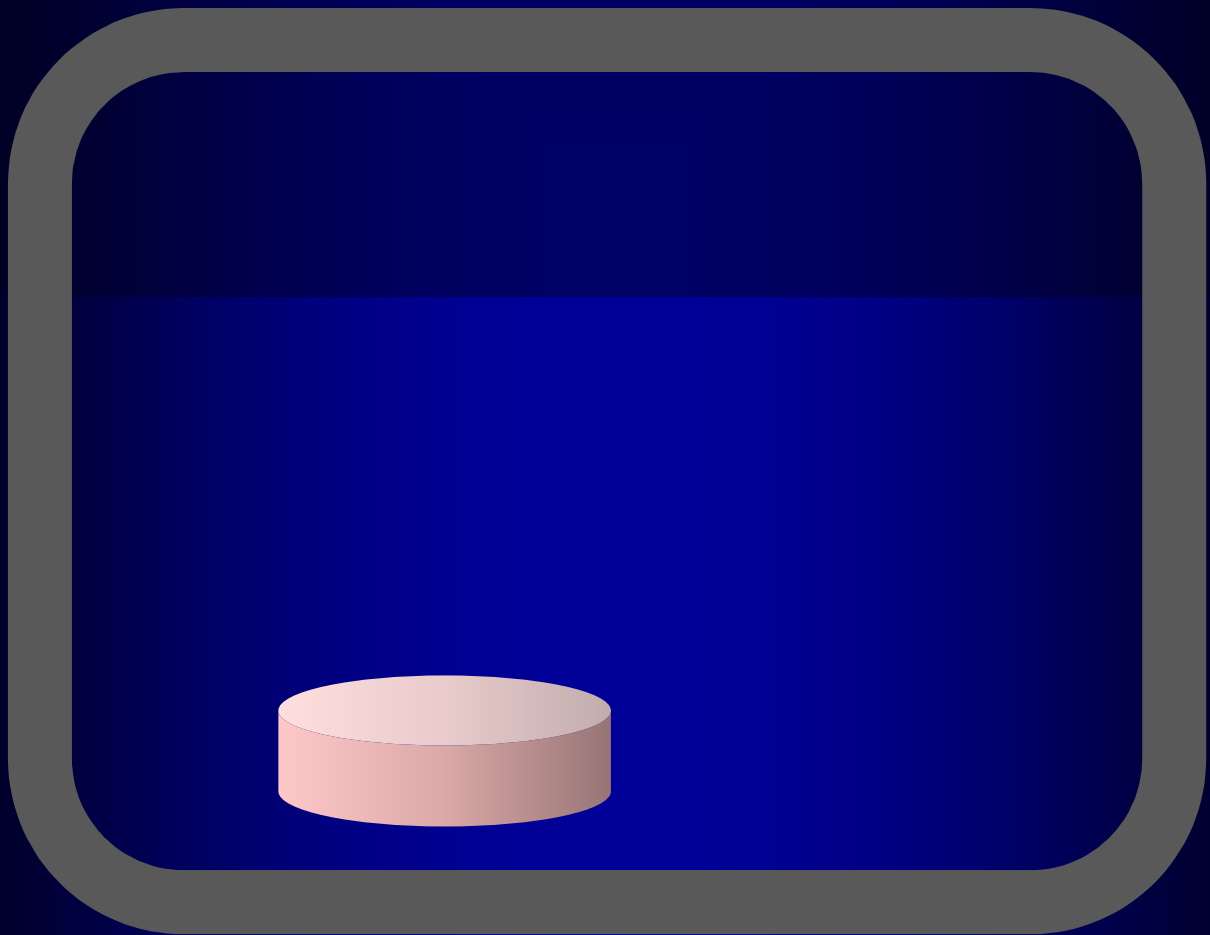
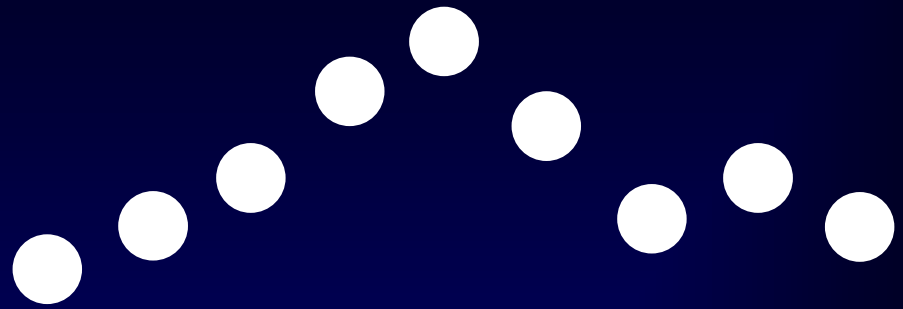


und mich darein versenken,

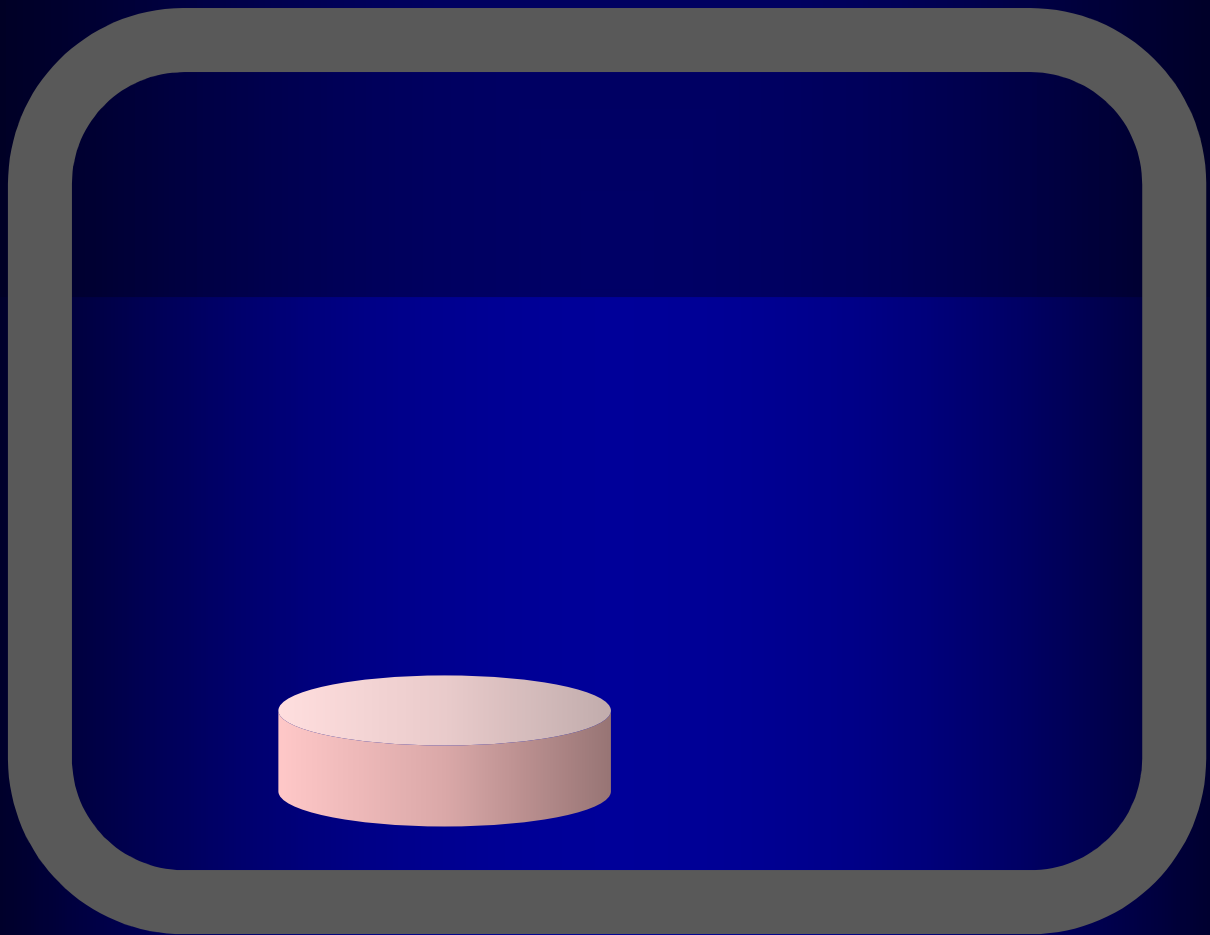
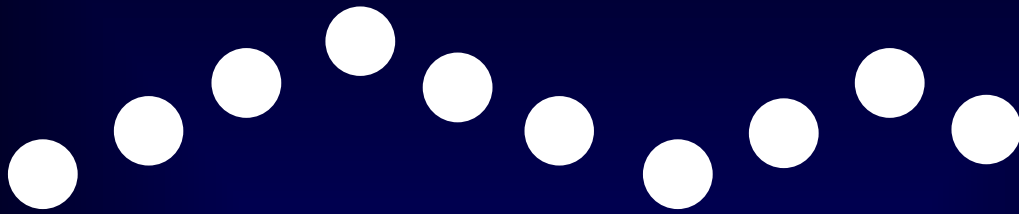




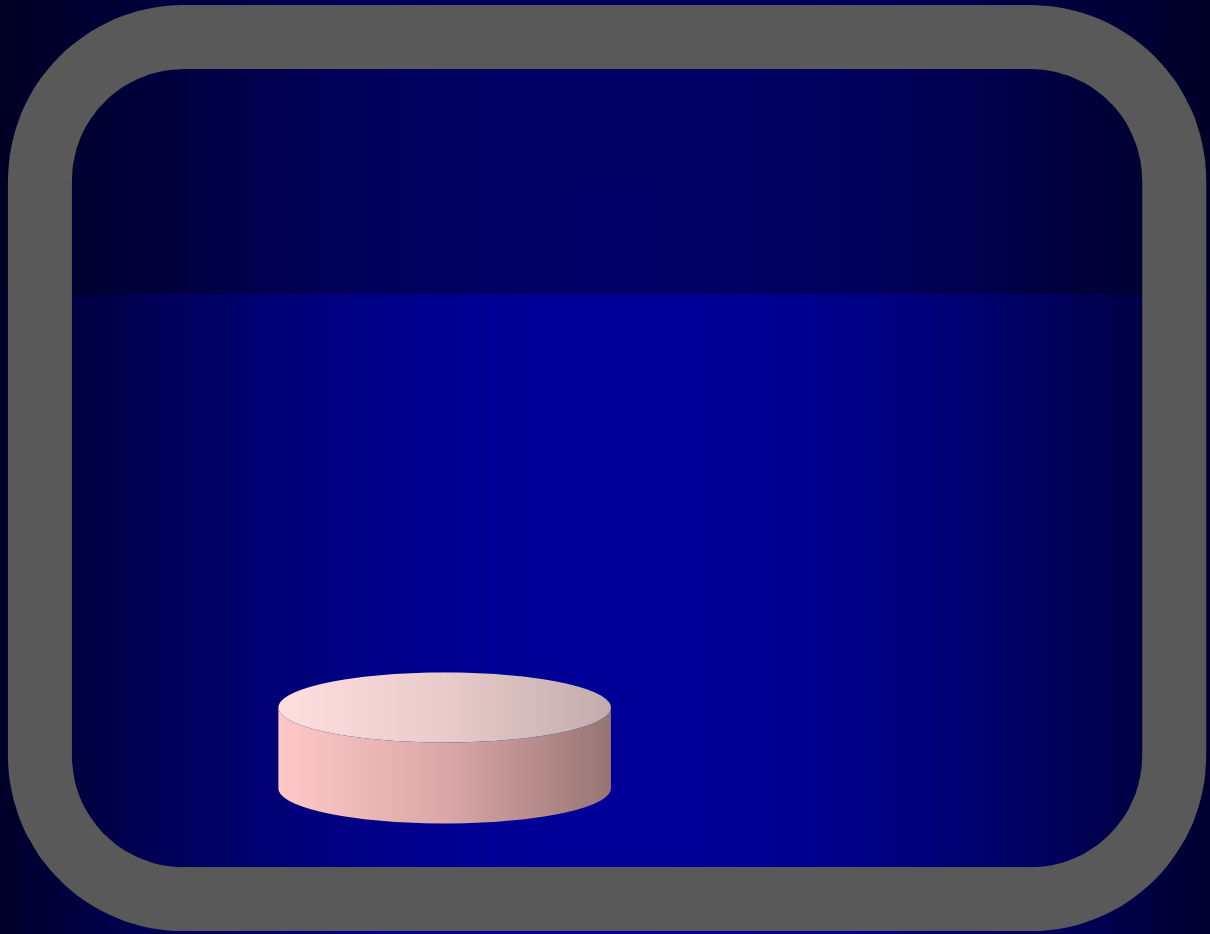
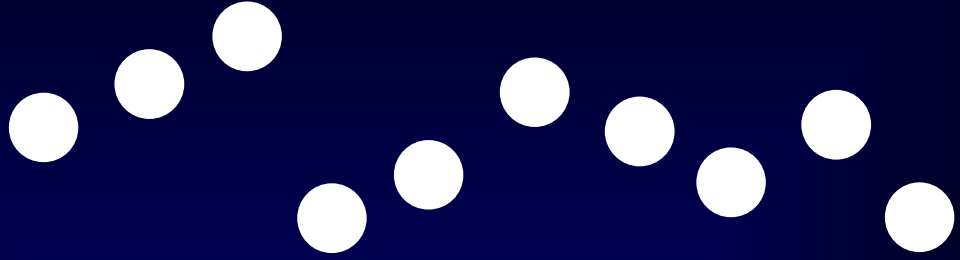
wie du, dem alles nichtig war,



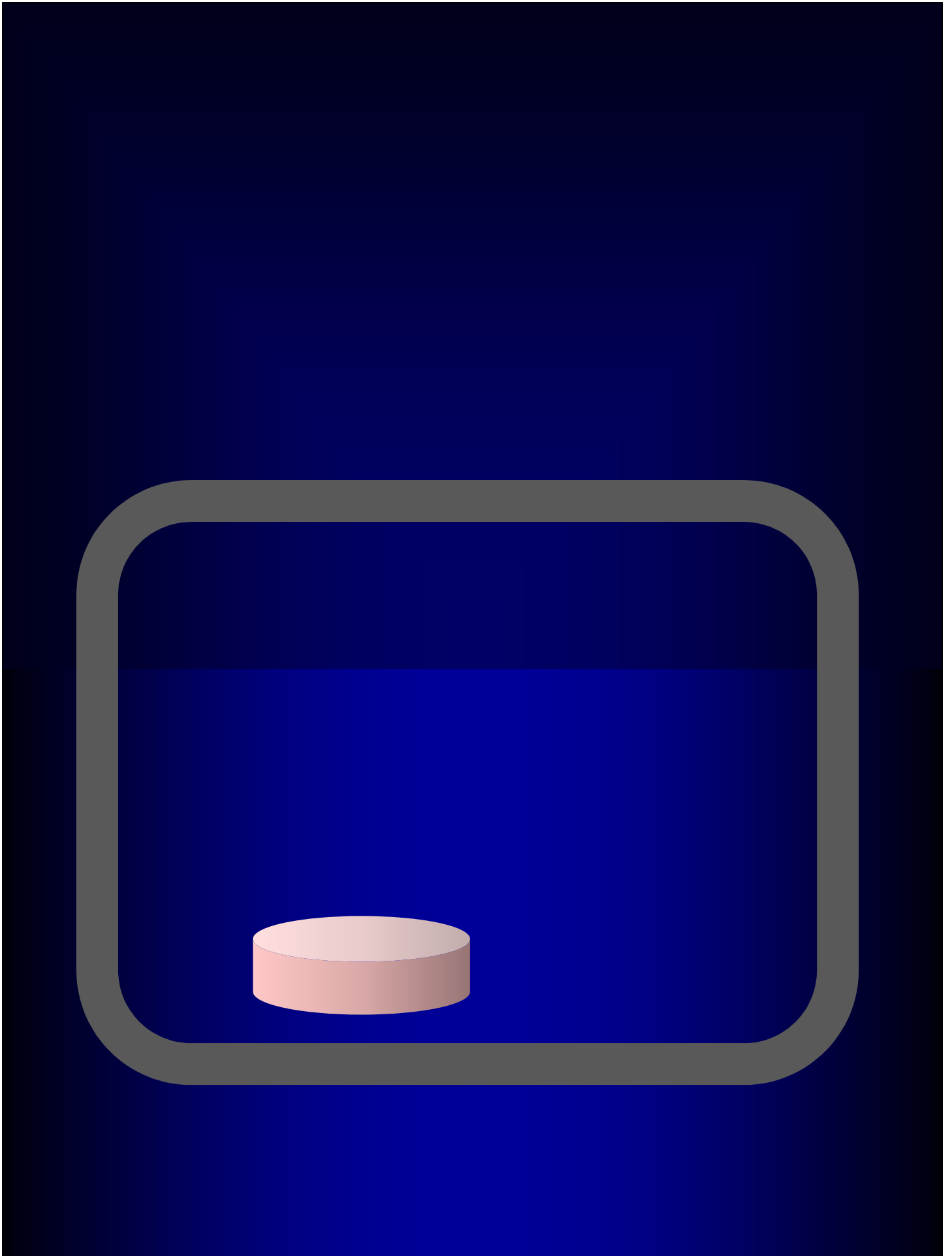
worauf die Menschen hoffen,

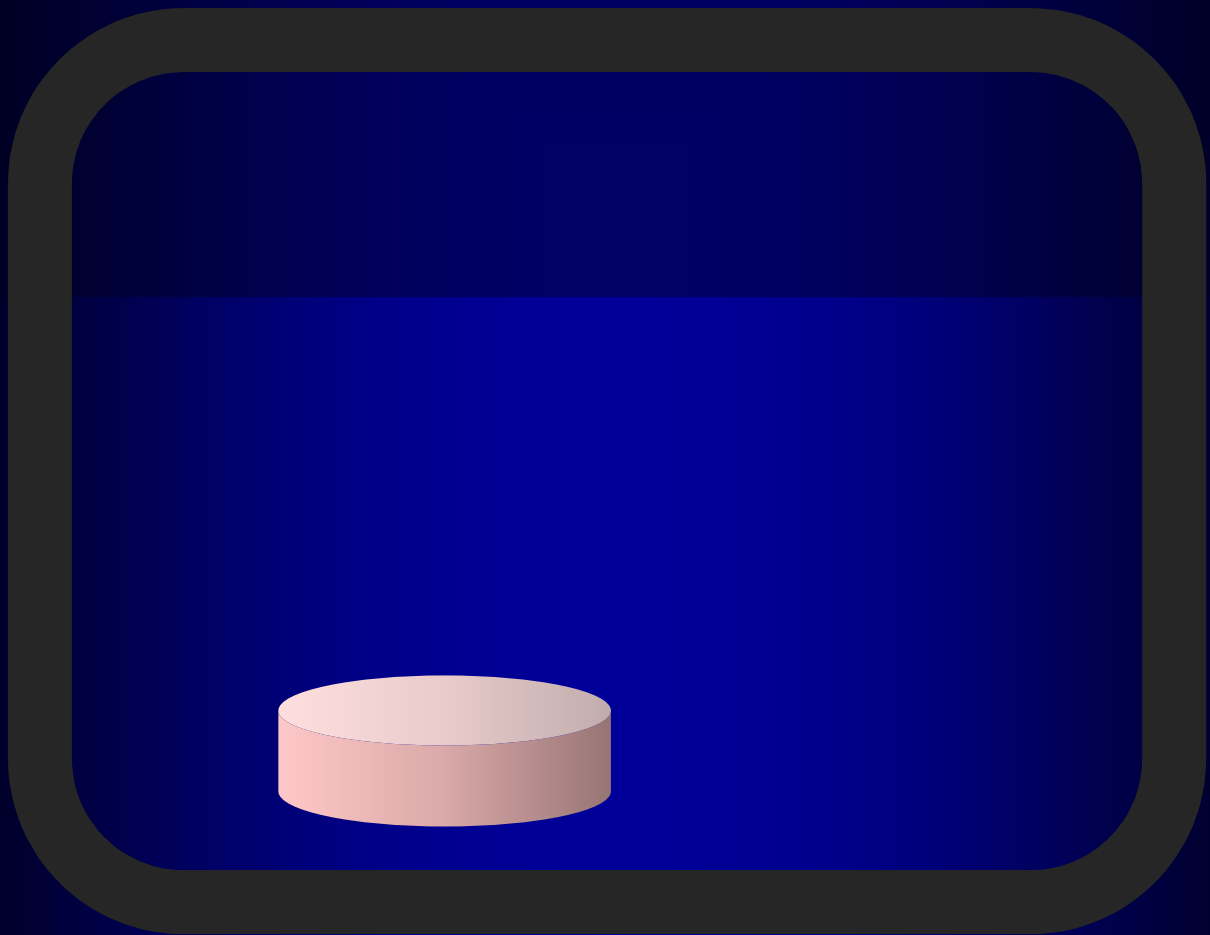
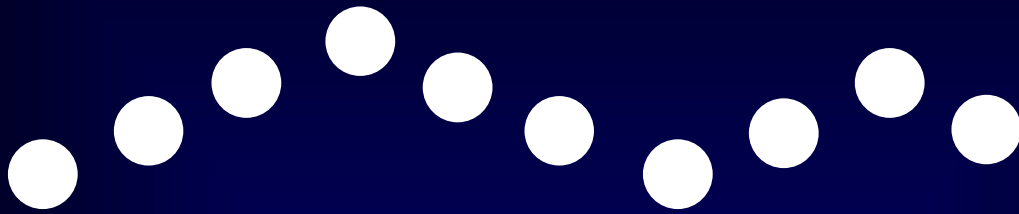


zur Seite warst und wunderbar

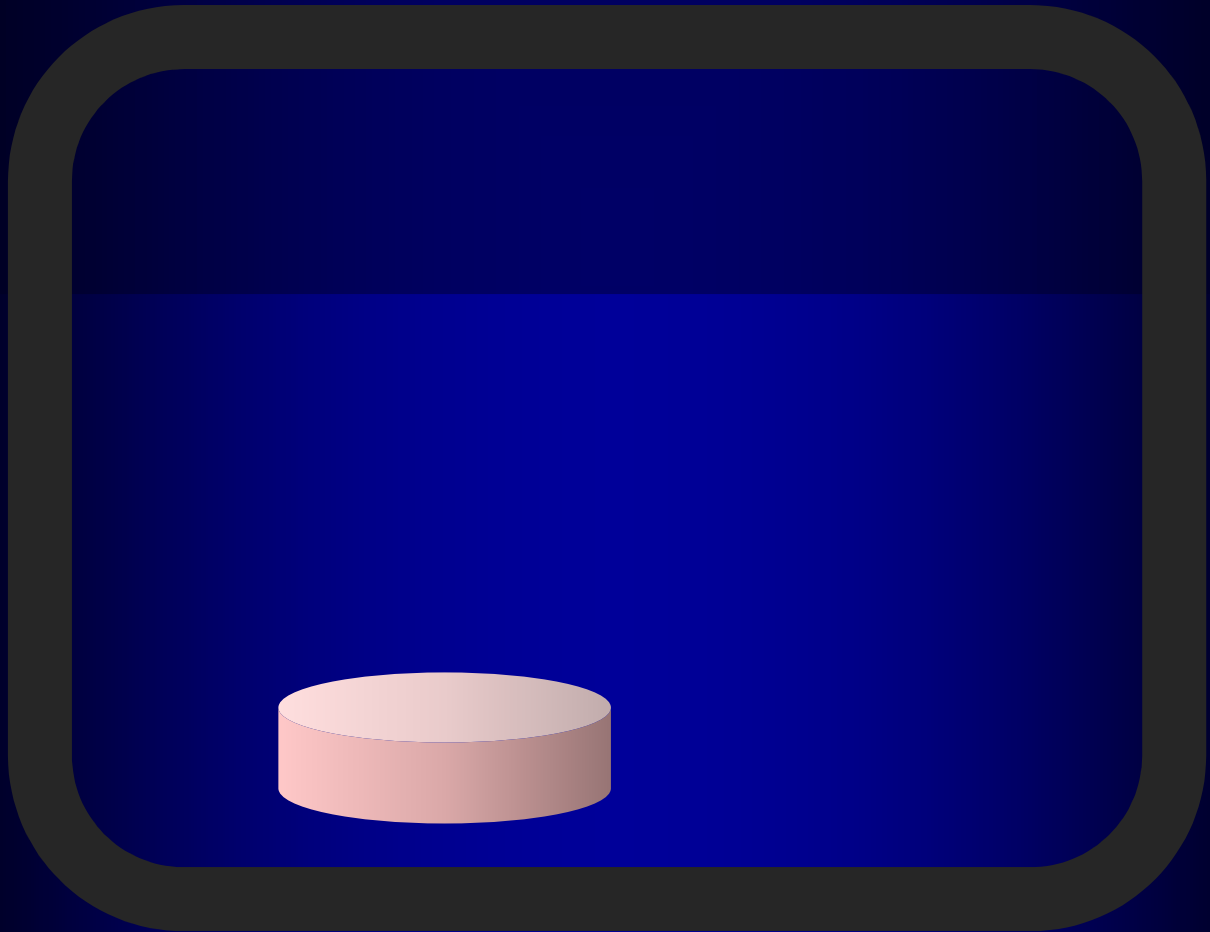
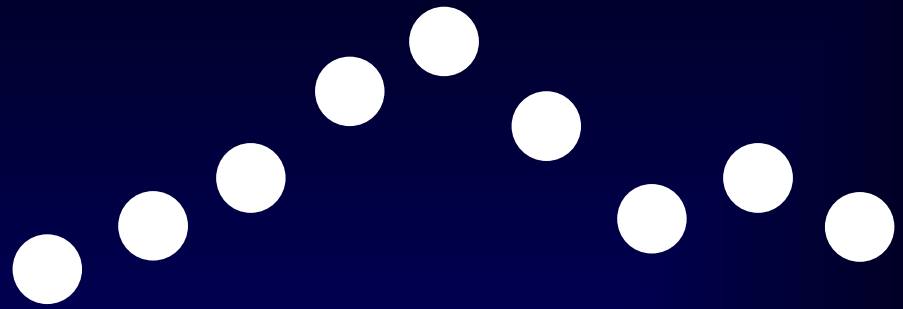


mit Plan und Rat getroffen.

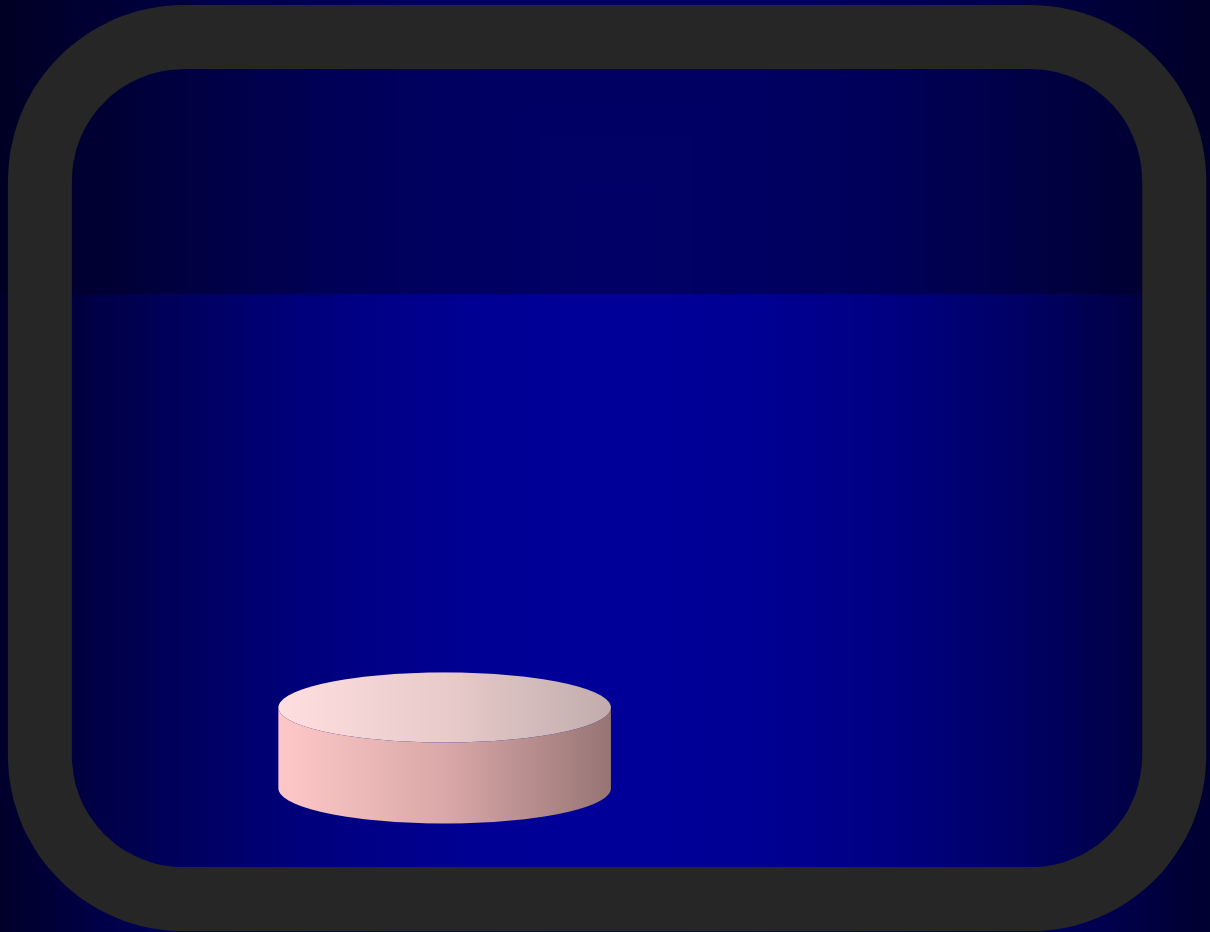
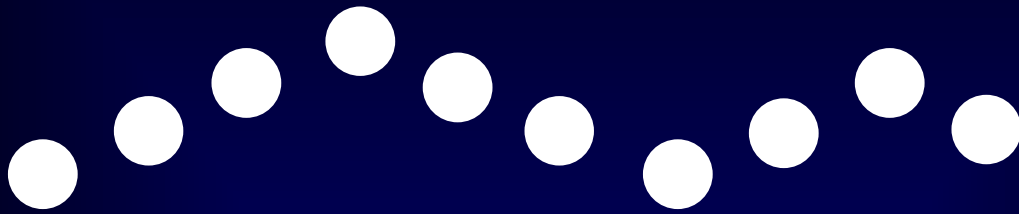




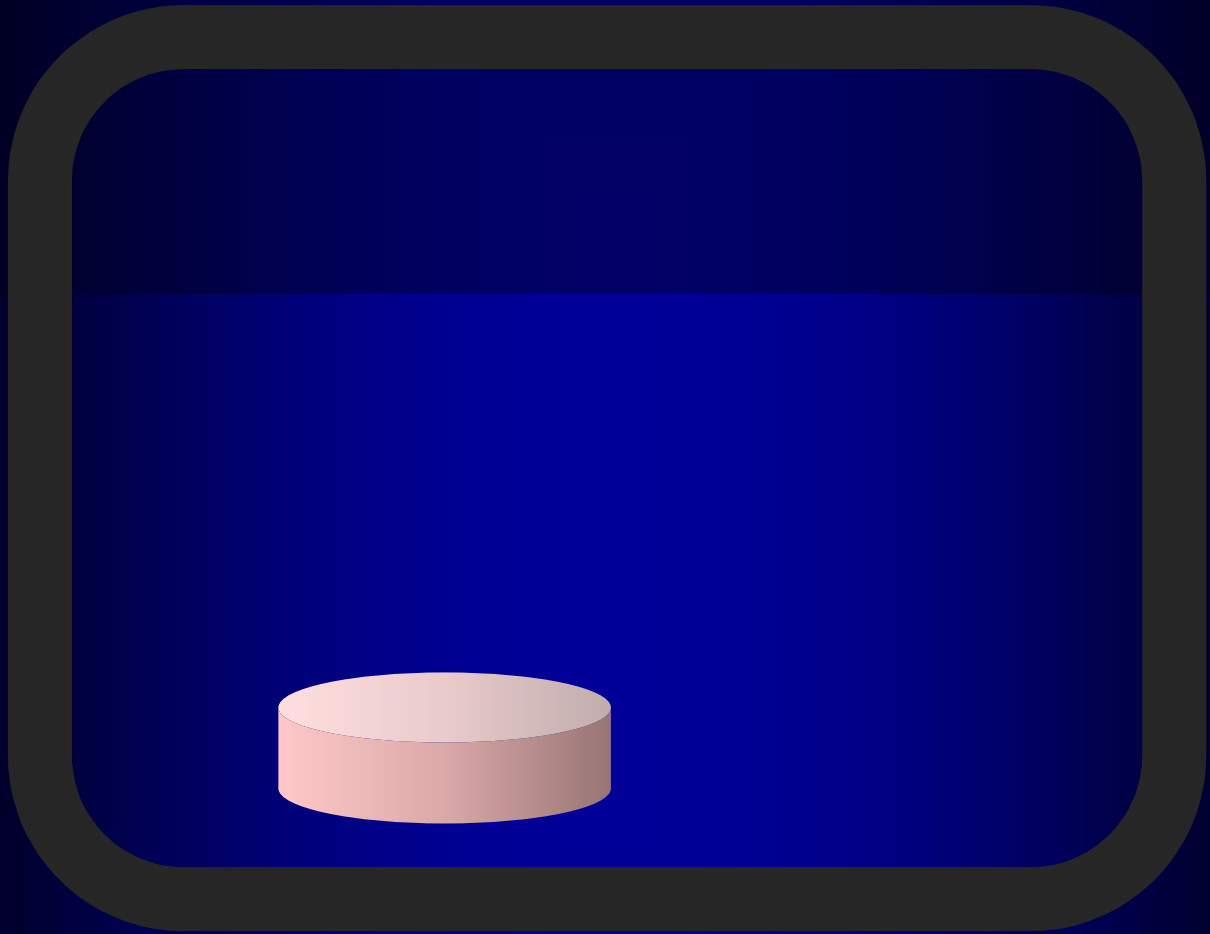
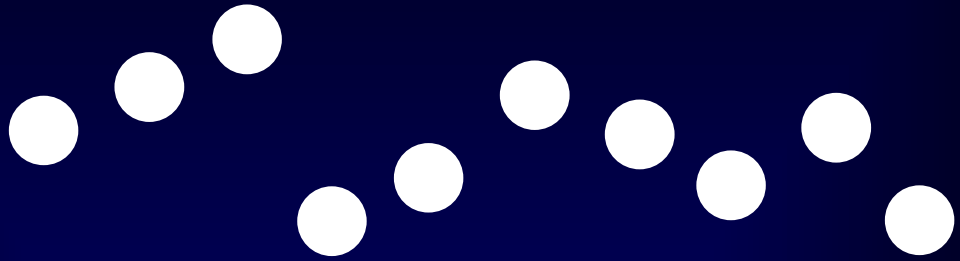
Weil du der mächtigste Helfer bist,



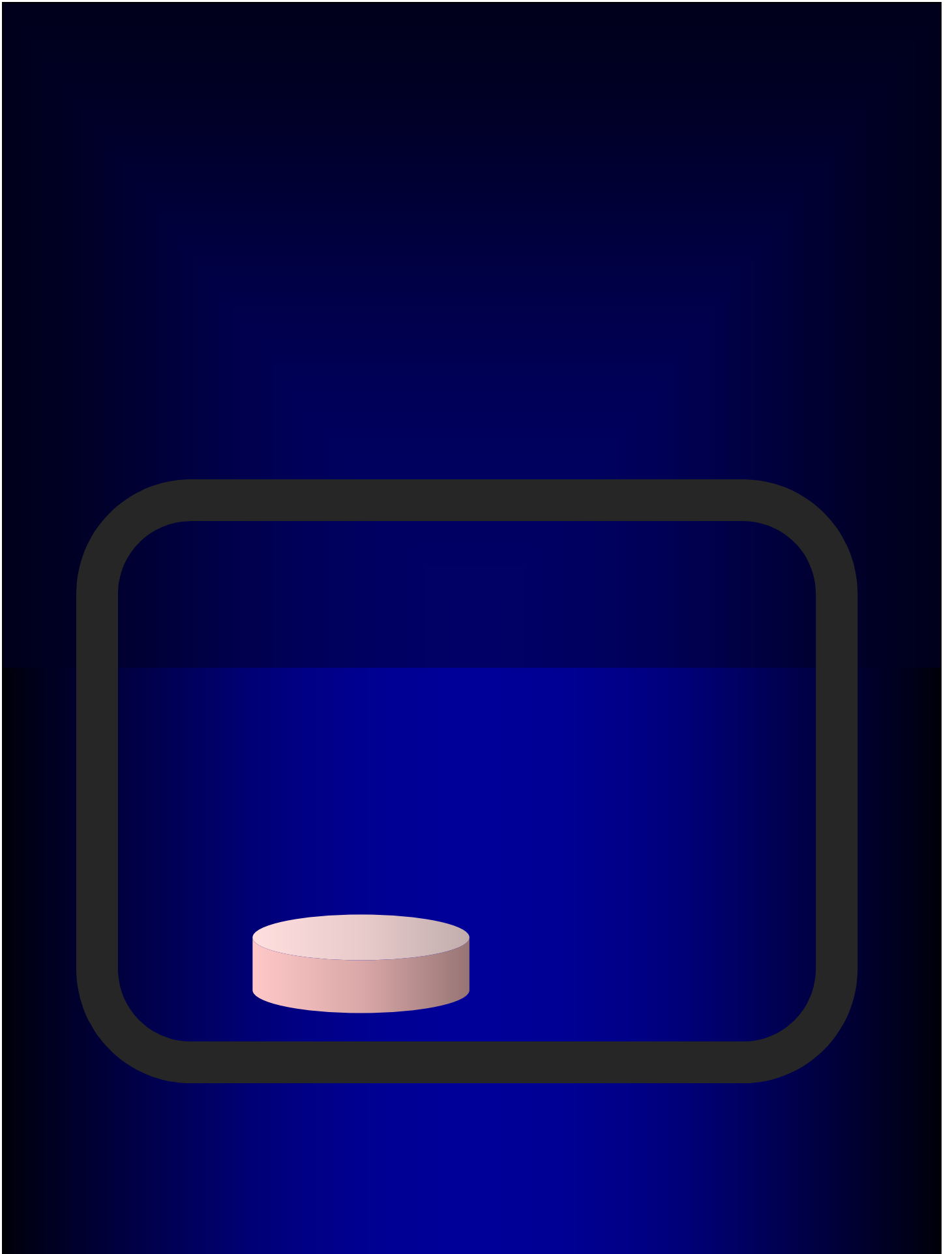
will ich mich ganz bescheiden

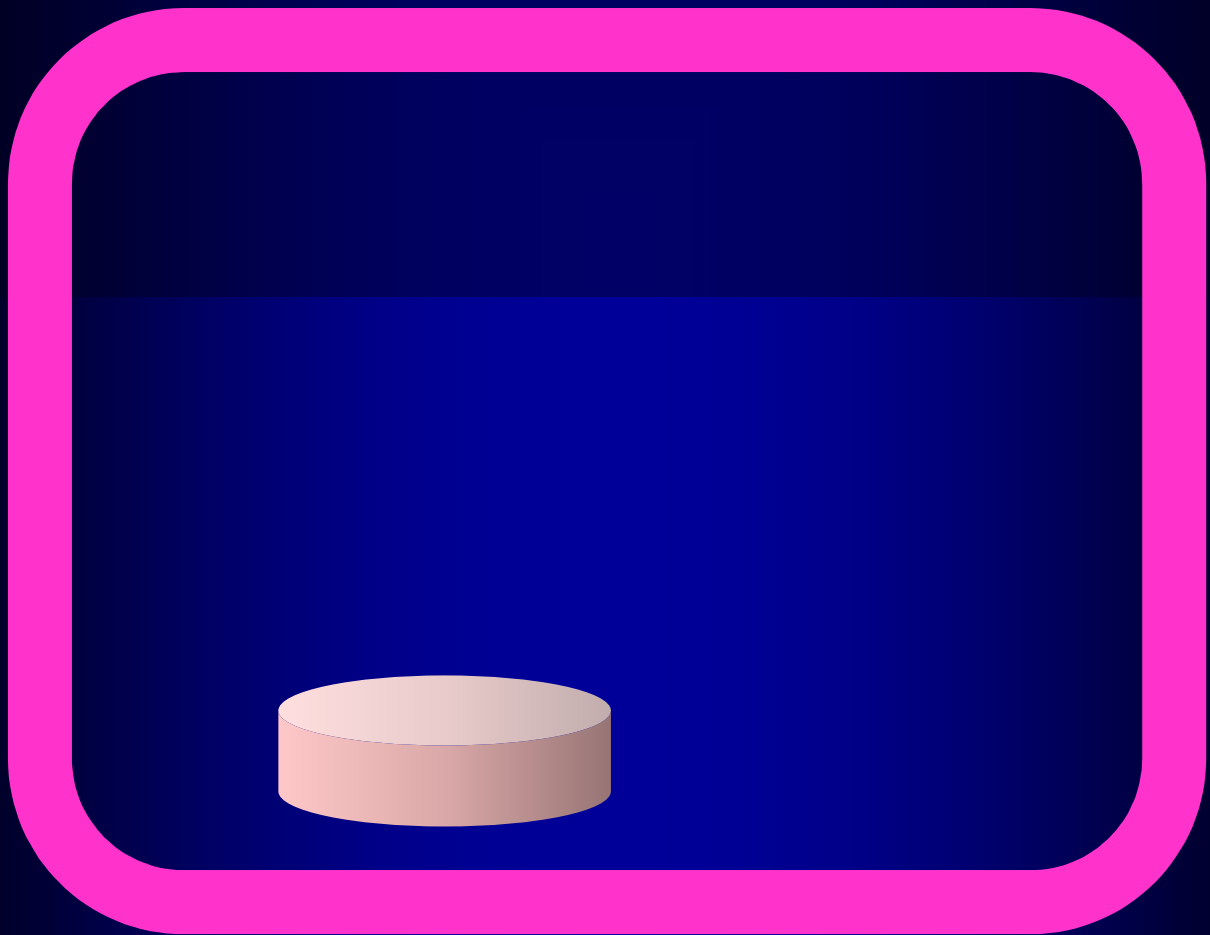
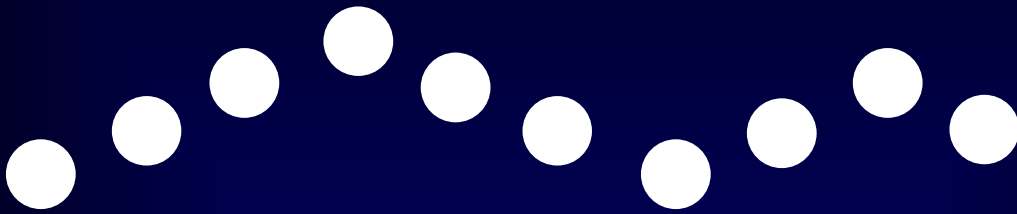


und, was bei dir verborgen ist,

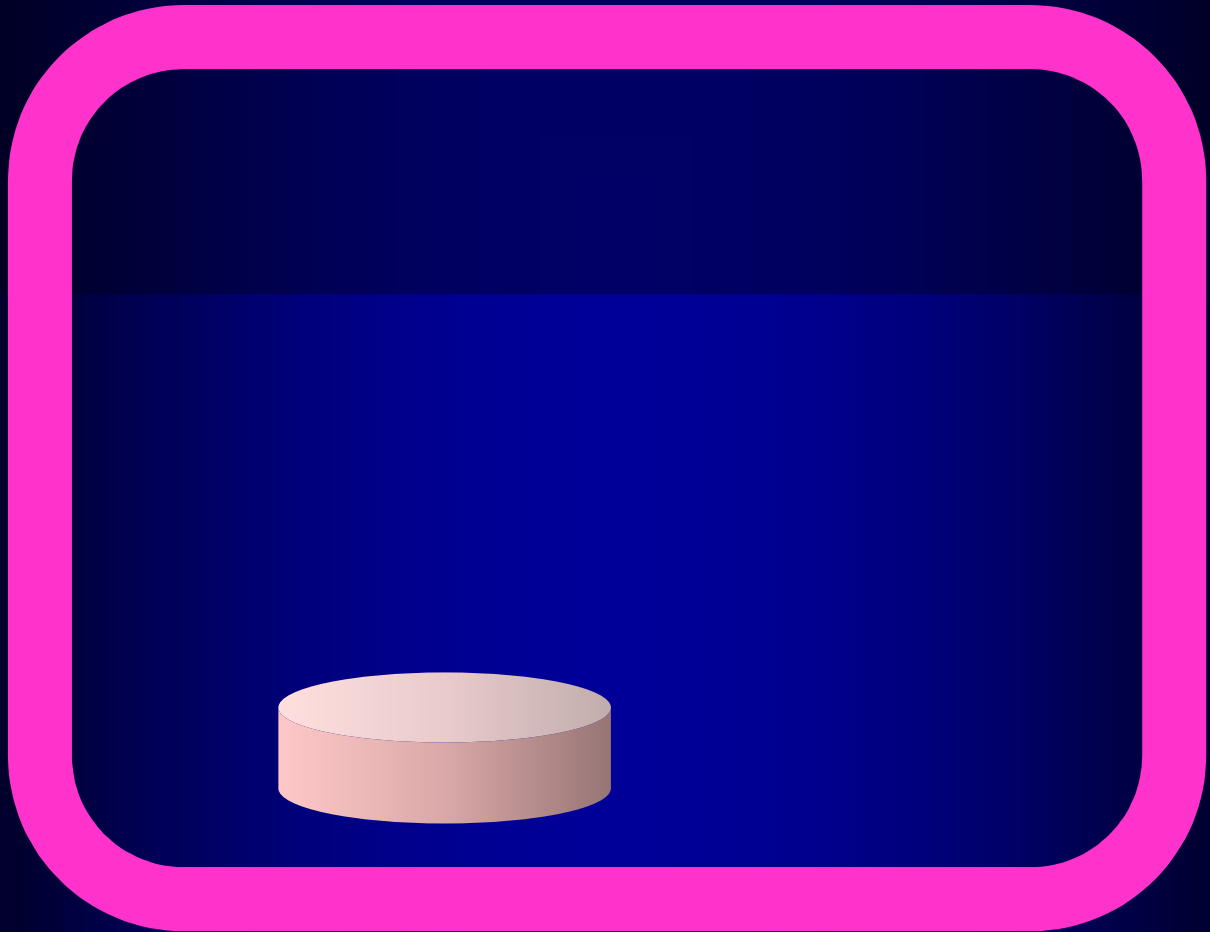
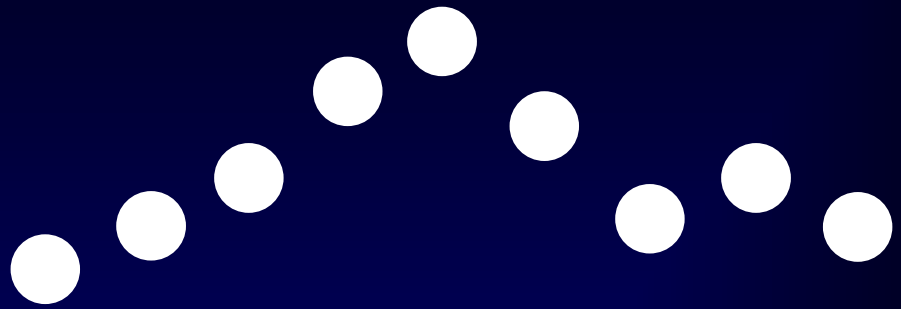


zu entreißen meiden.

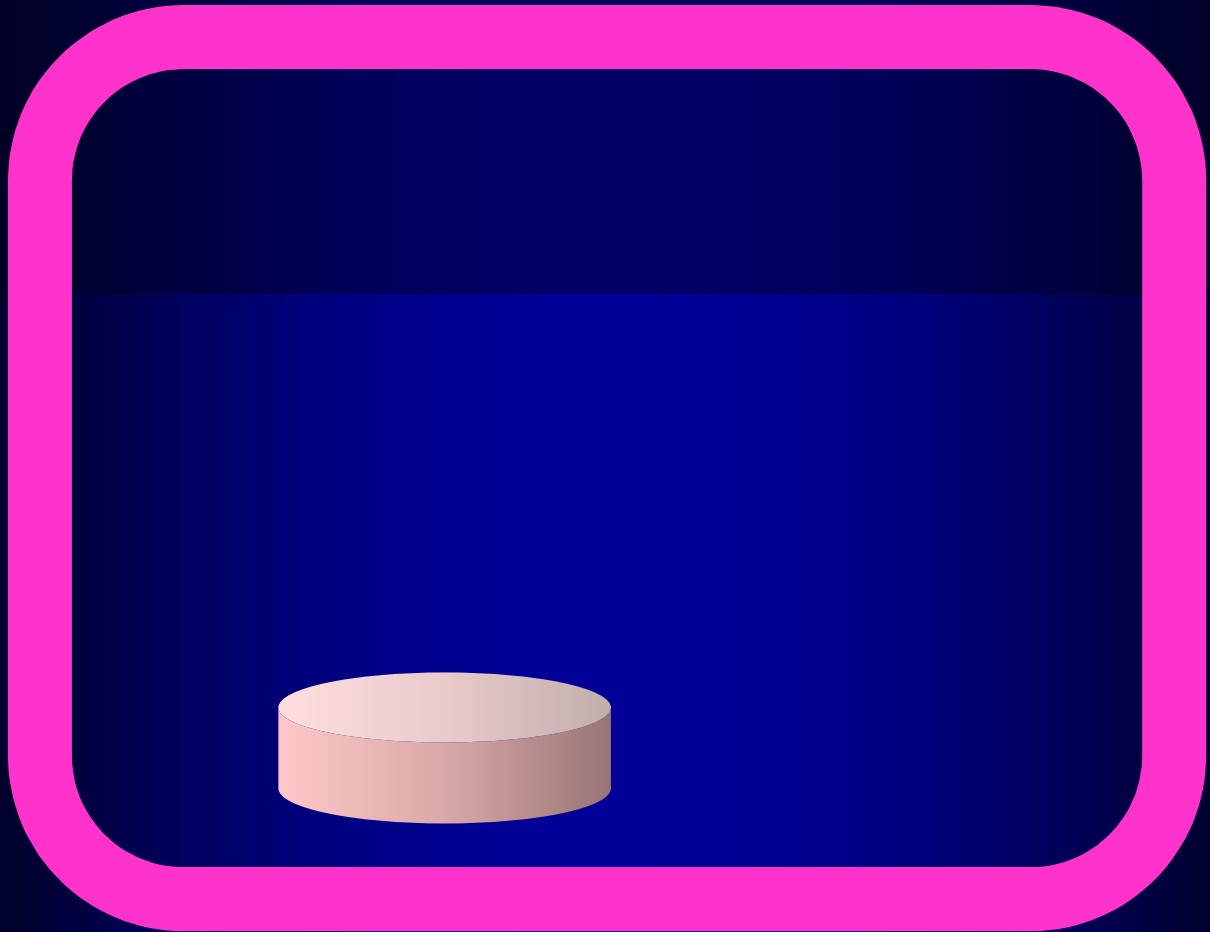
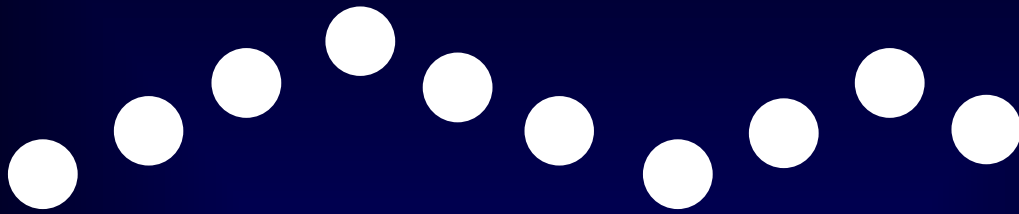




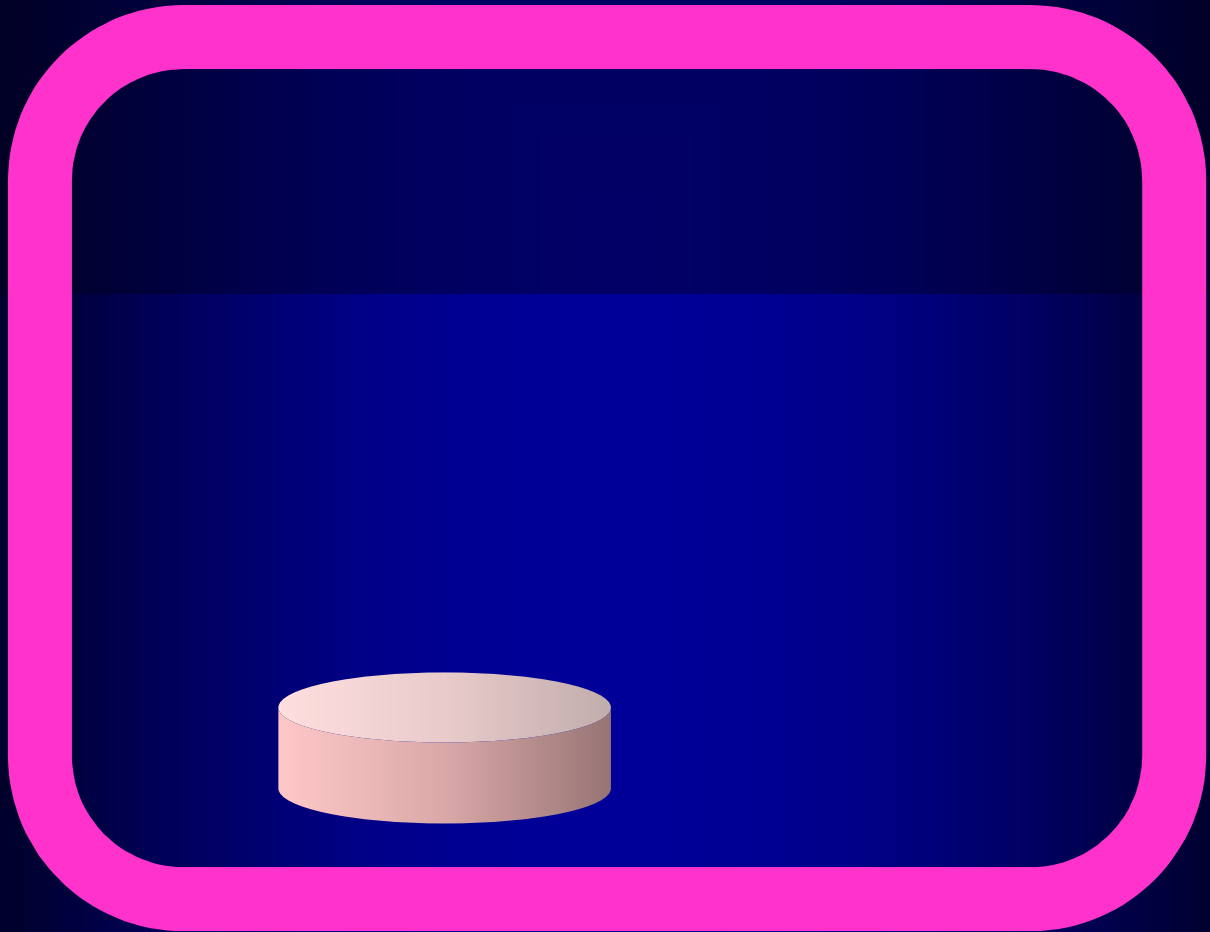
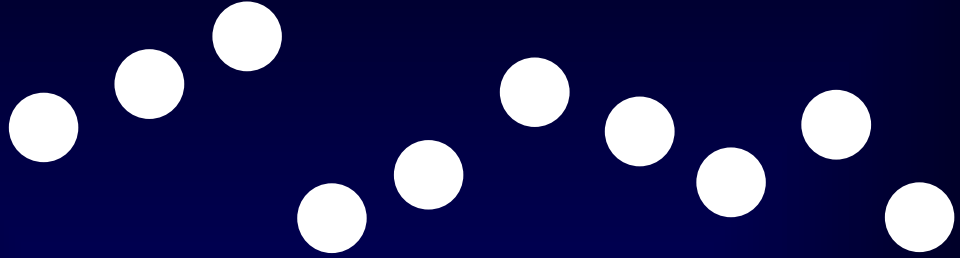
Ich achte nicht der künftigen Angst.



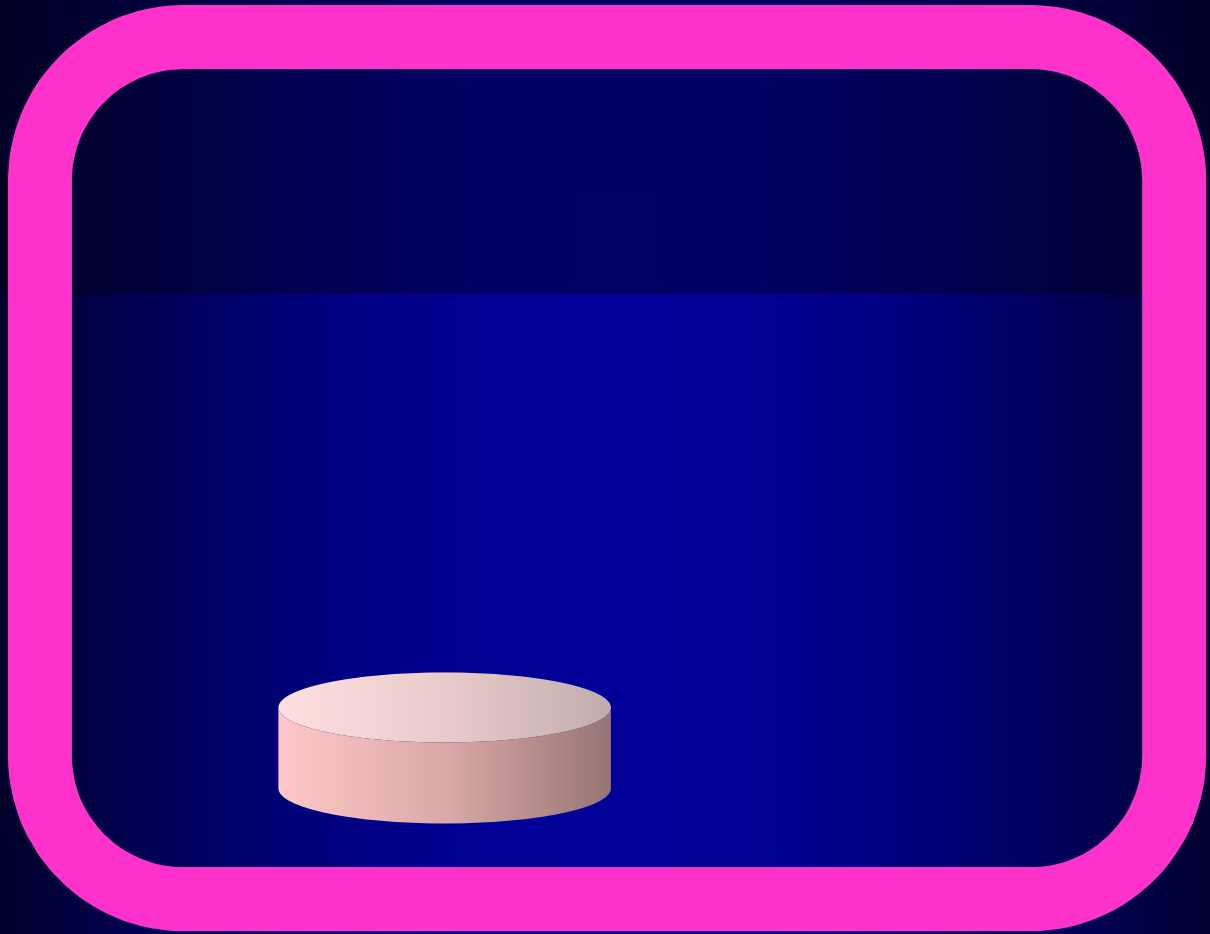
Ich harre deiner Treue,

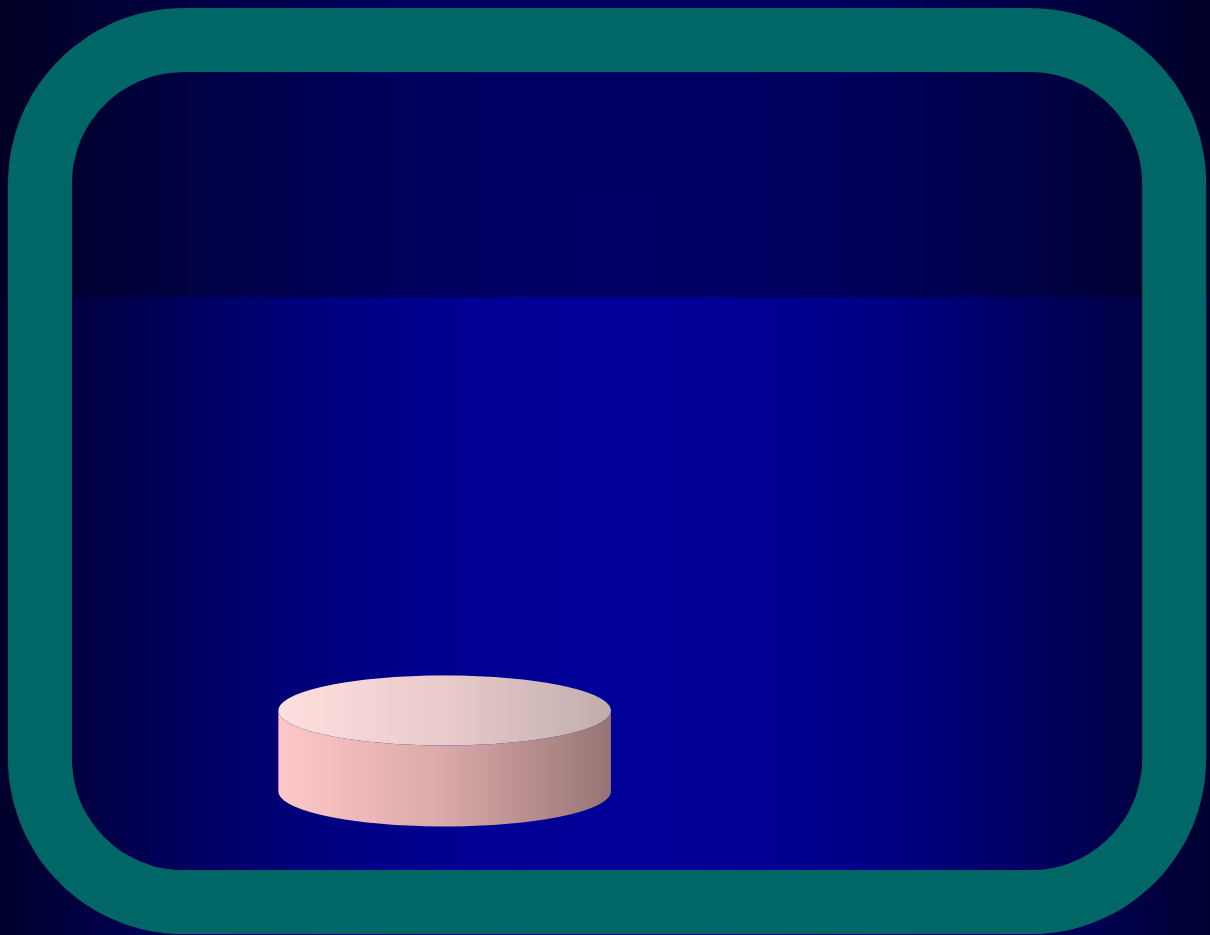
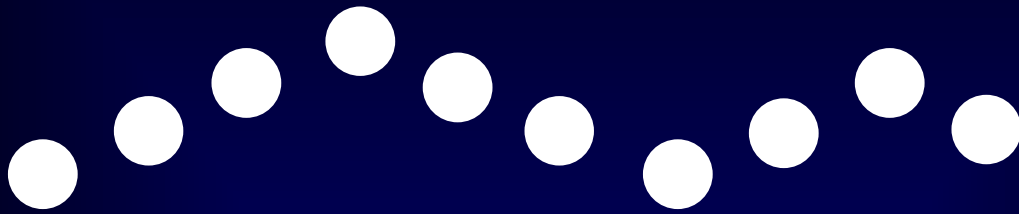


der du nicht mehr von mir verlangst,

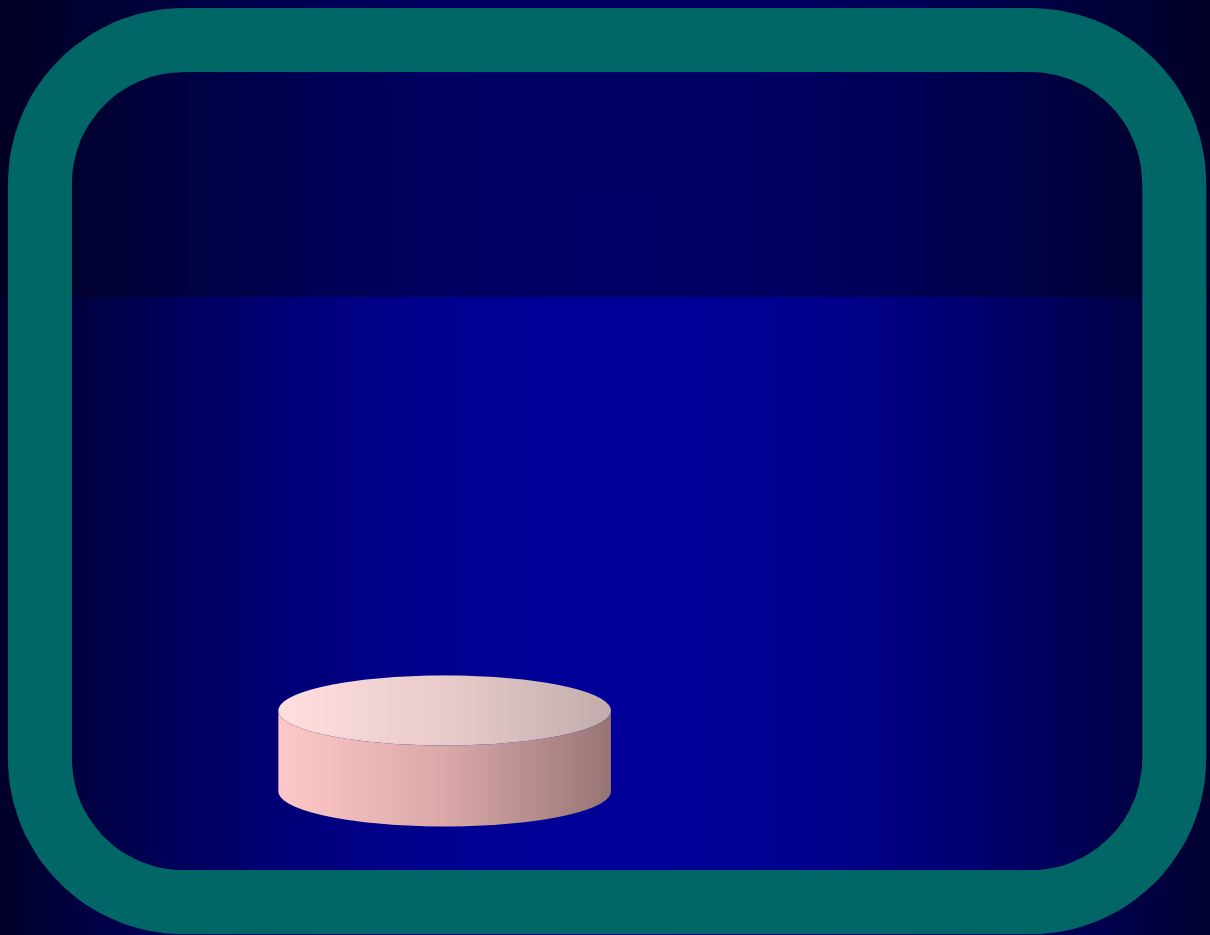
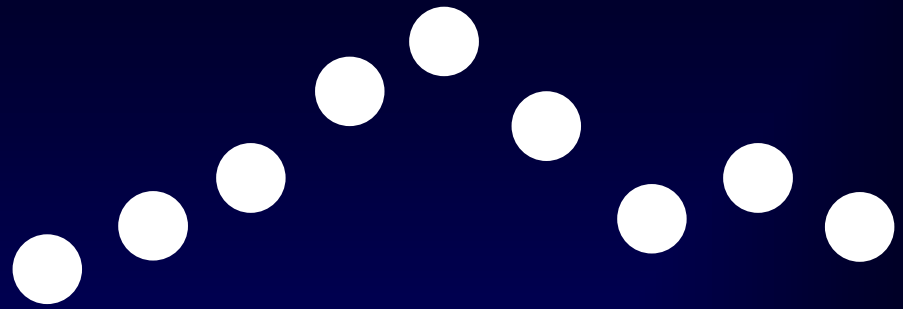


als dass ich stets aufs Neue

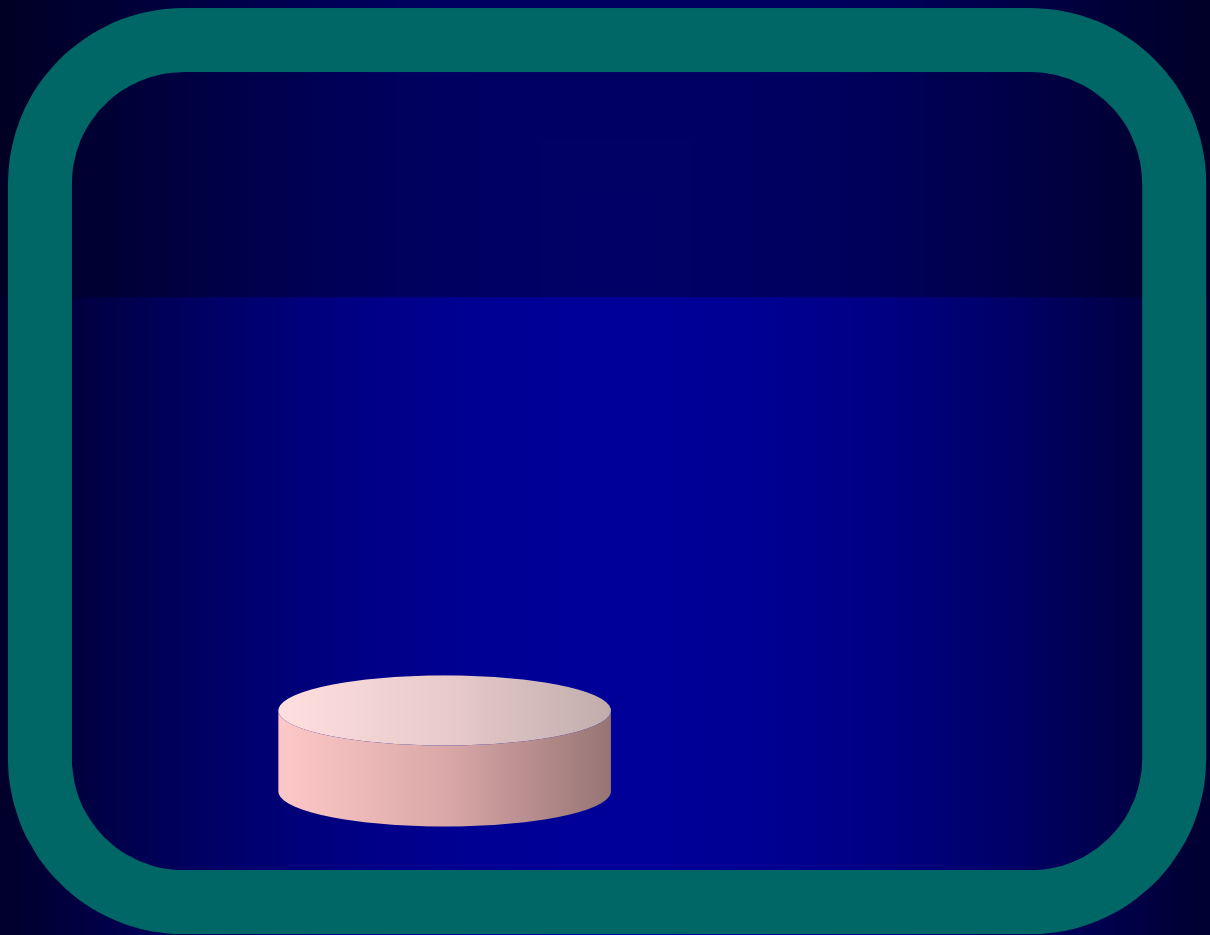
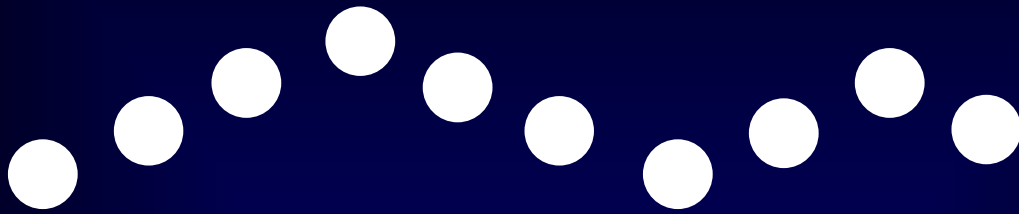




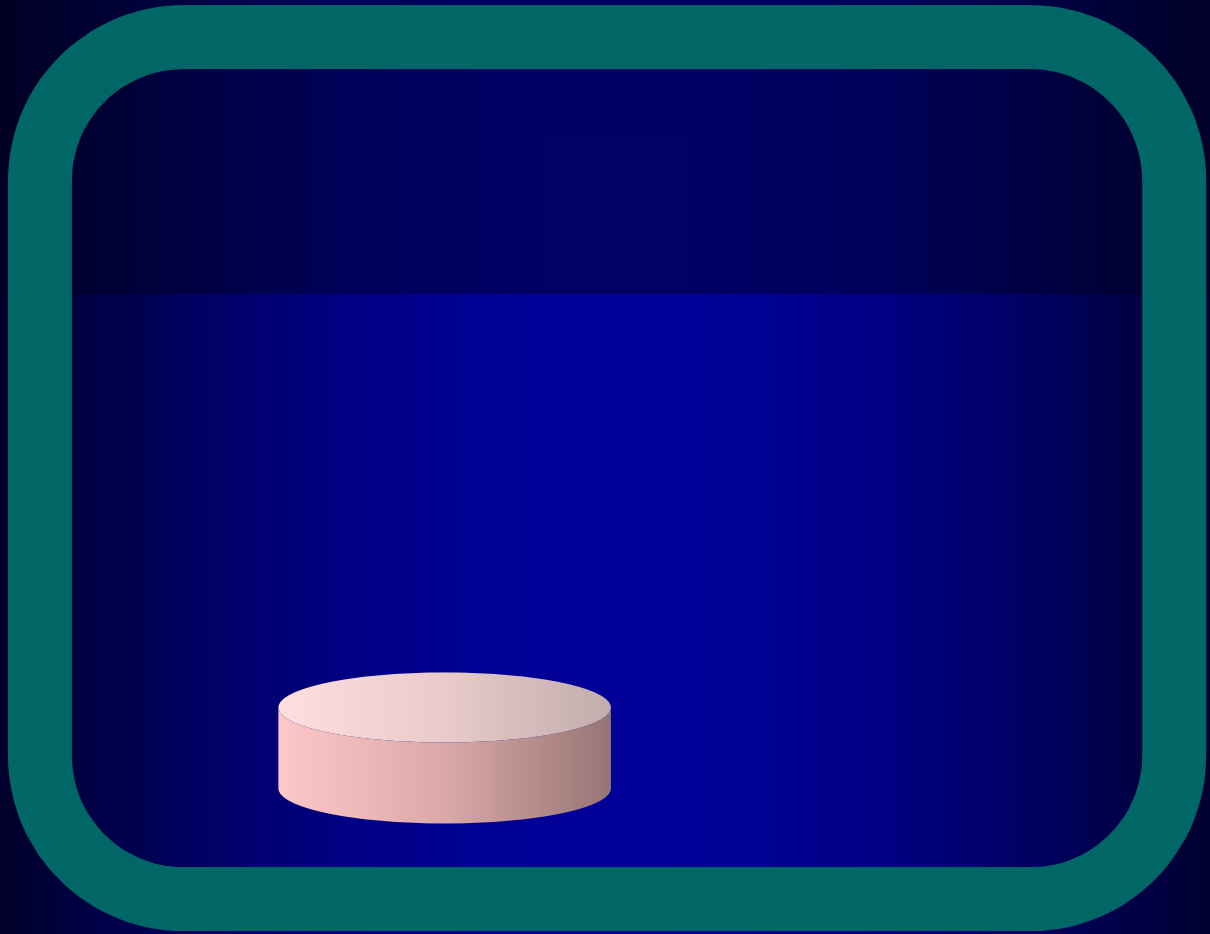
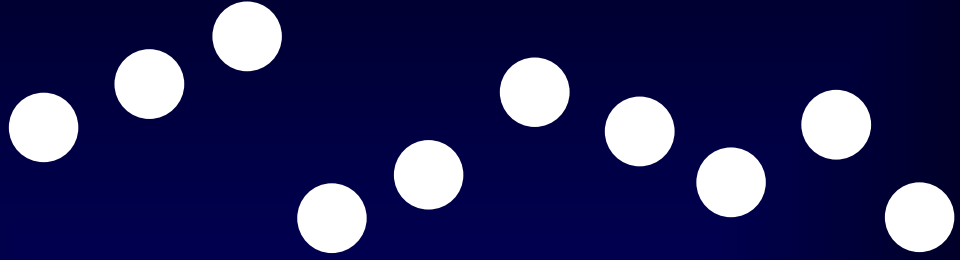
zu kummerlosen, tiefen Schlaf



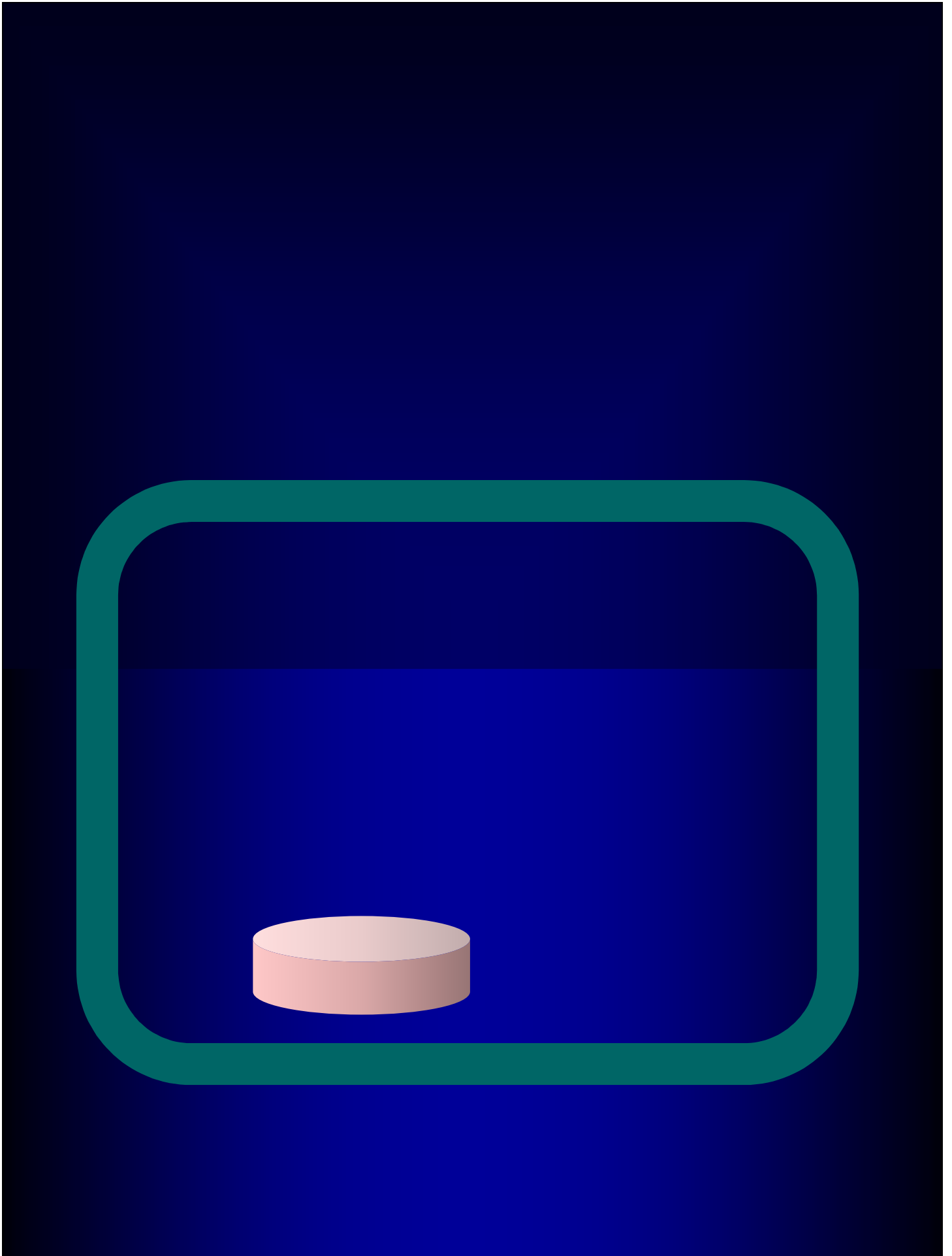
in deine Huld mich bette

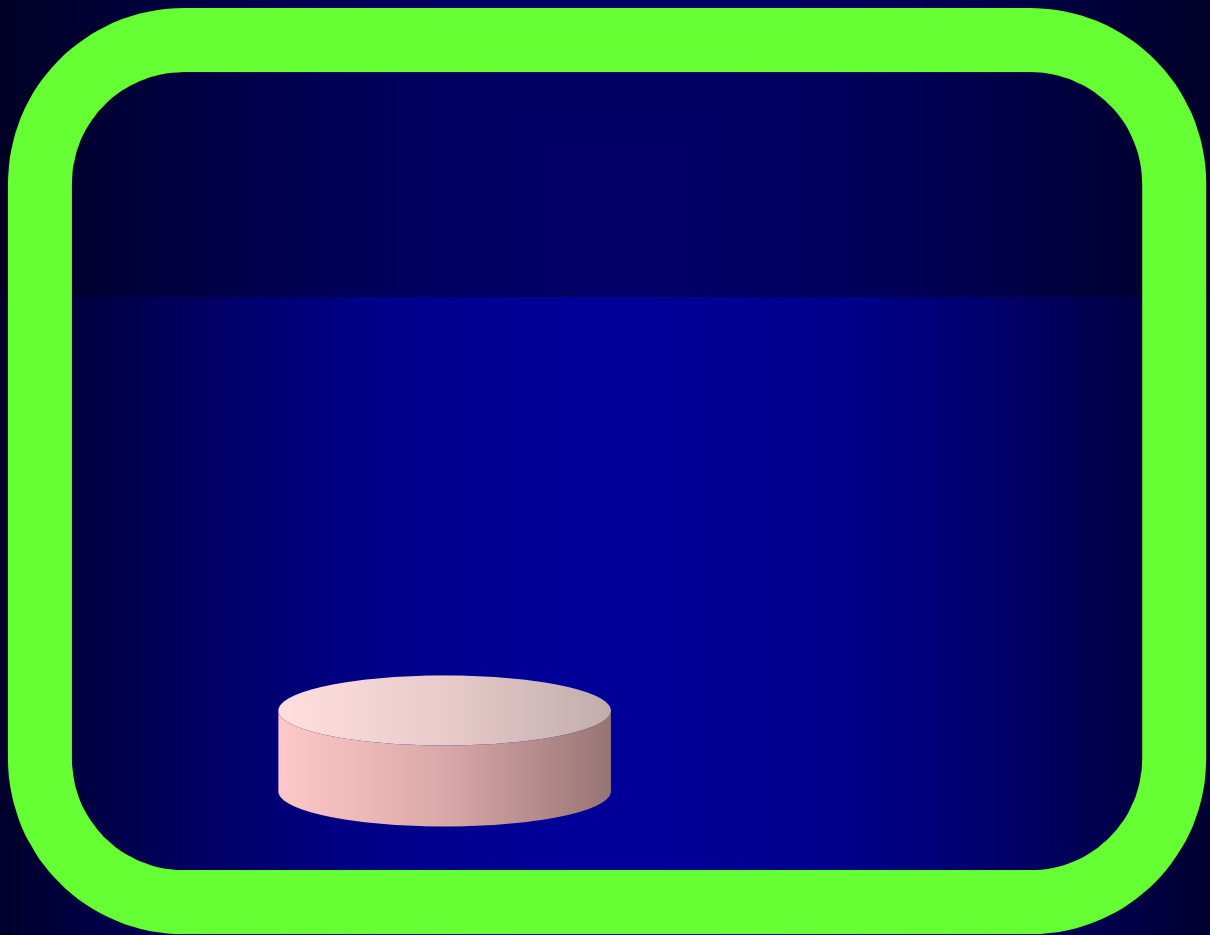
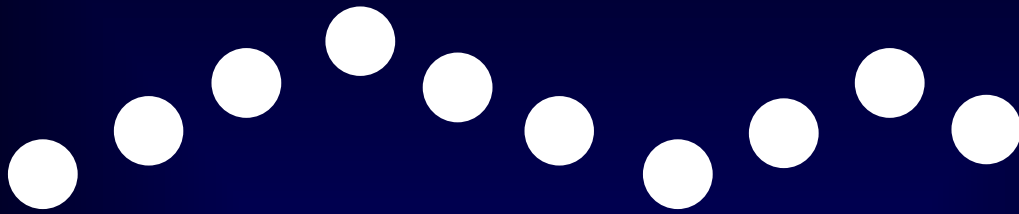


vor allem, was mich bitter traf,

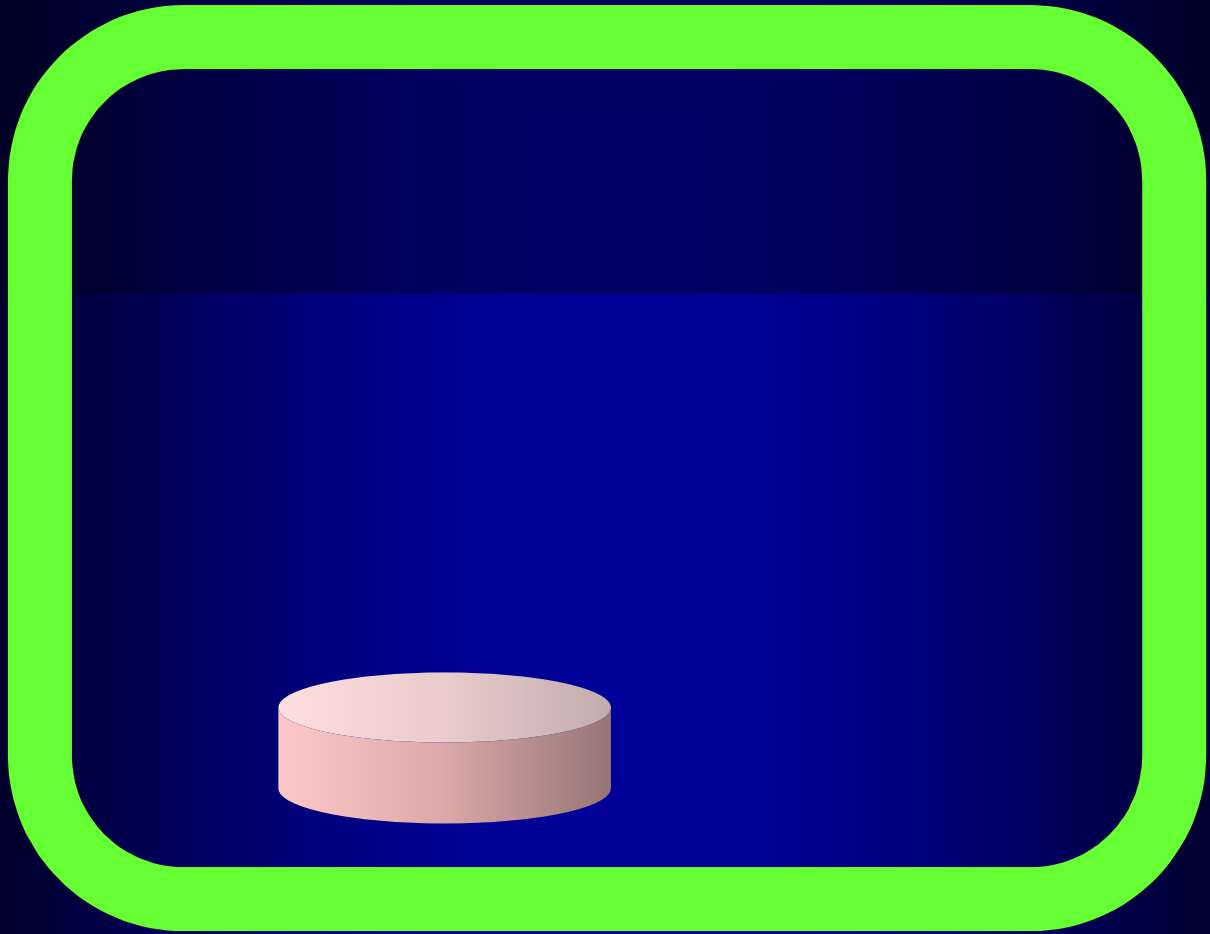
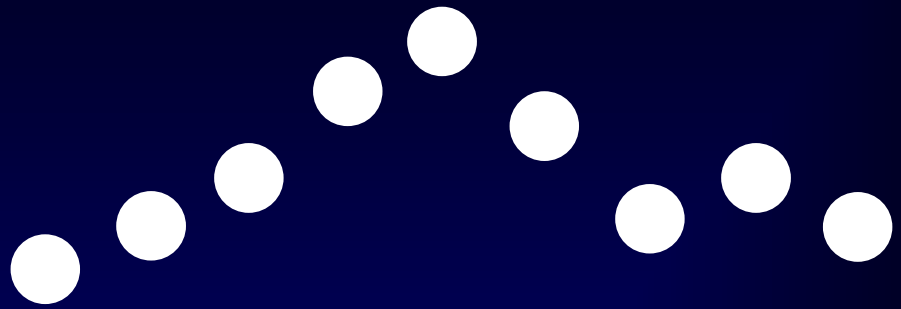


in deine Liebe rette.

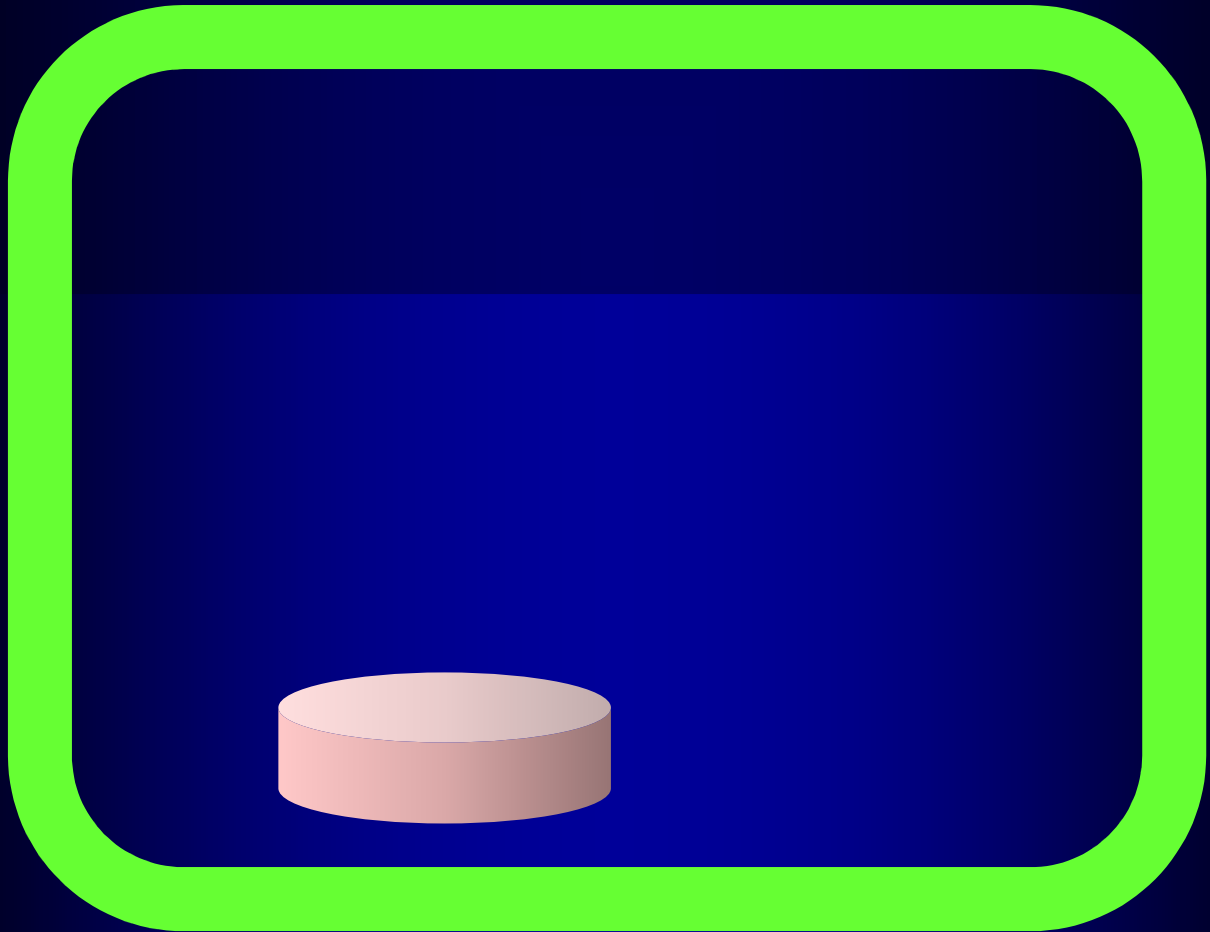
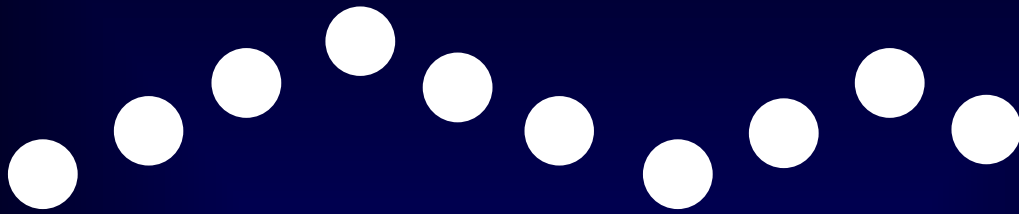




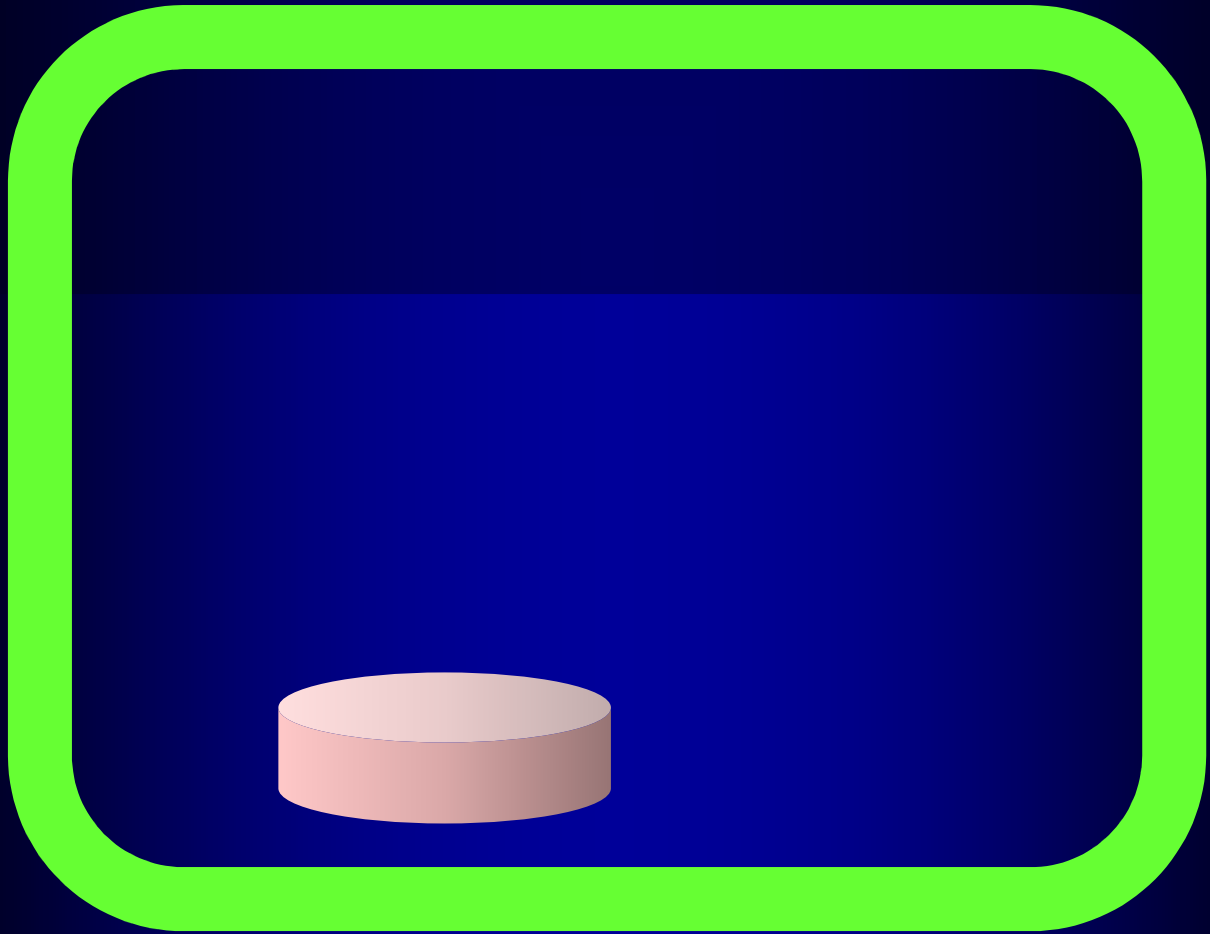
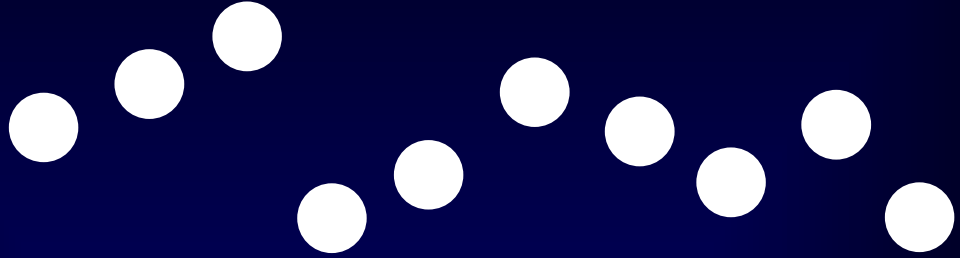
Ich weiß, dass auch der Tag, der kommt,



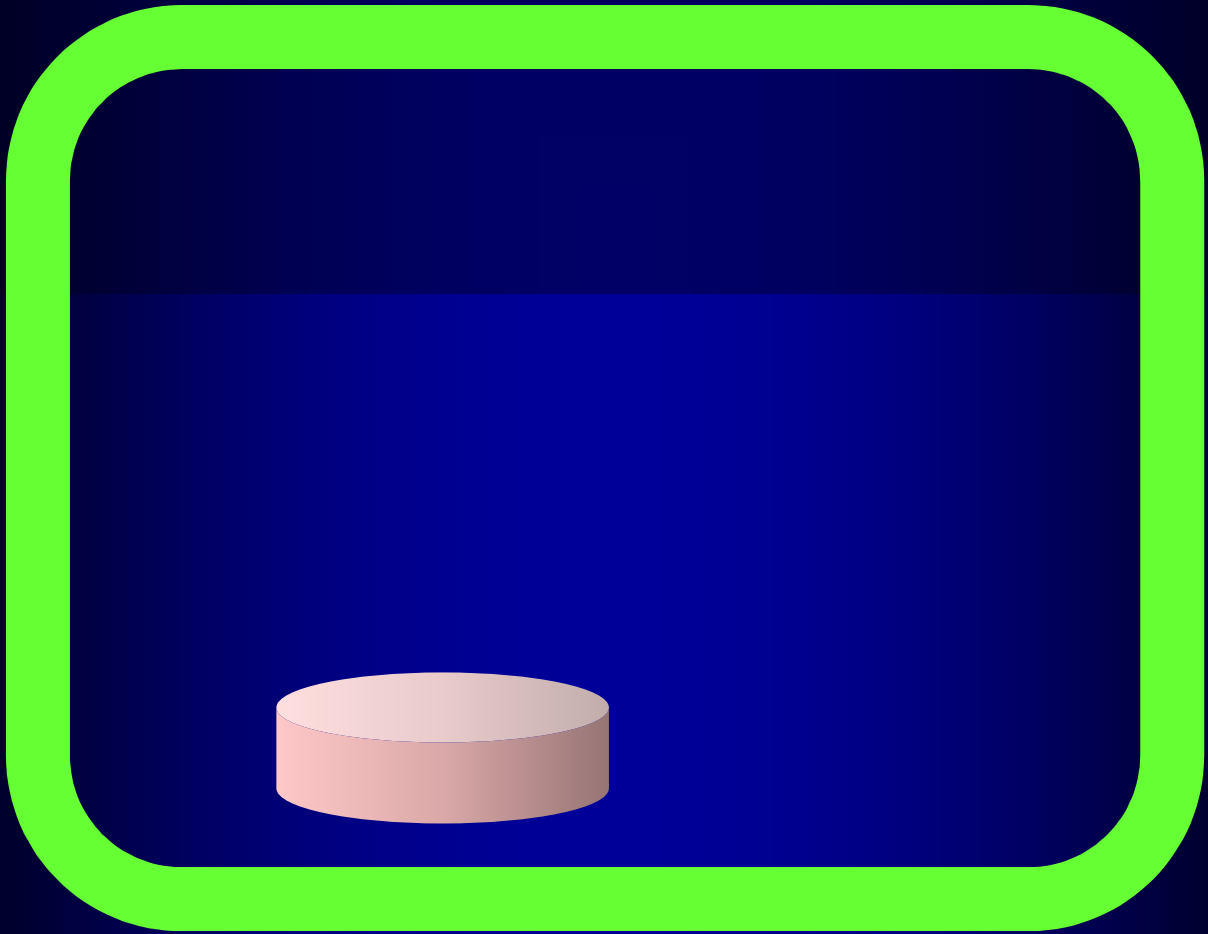
mir deine Nähe kündigt

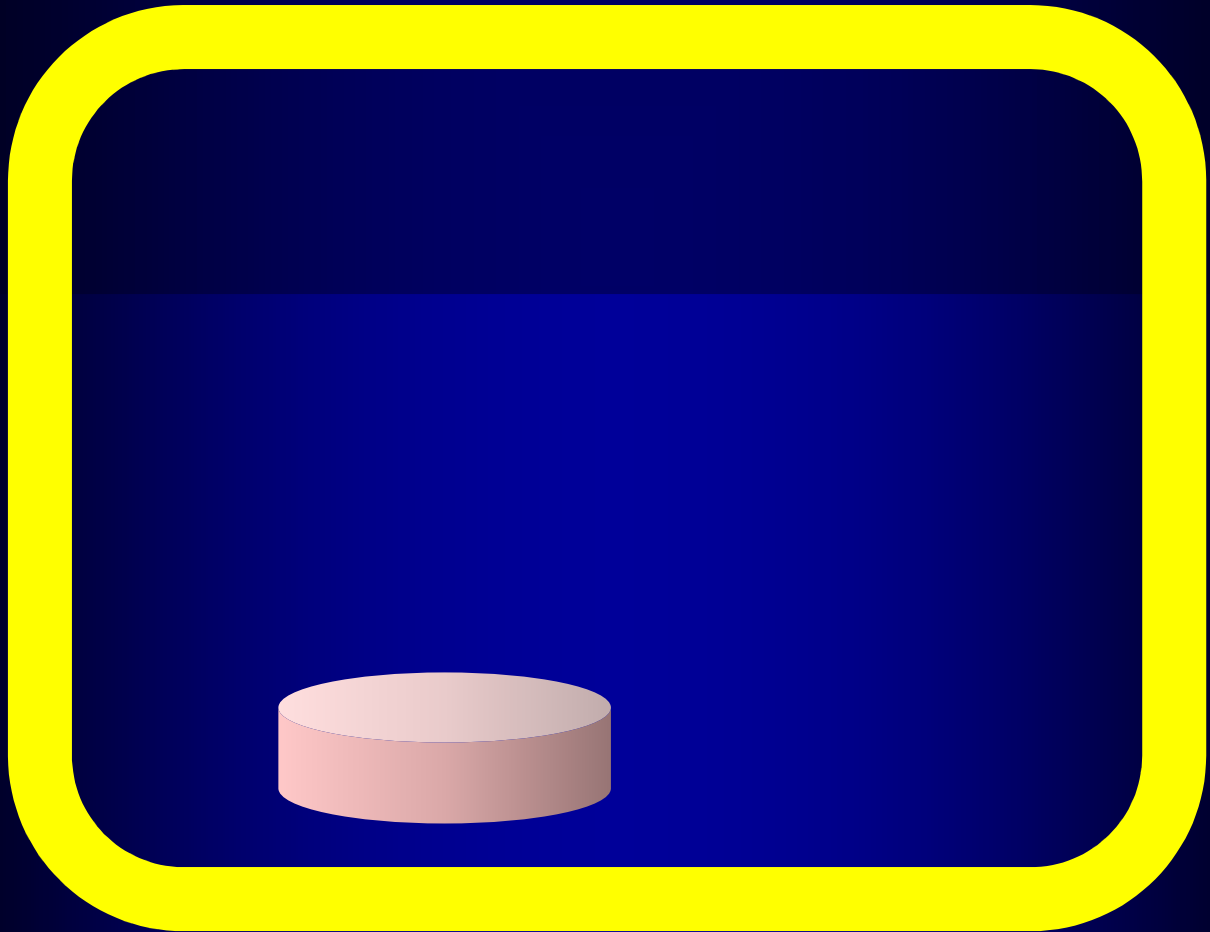
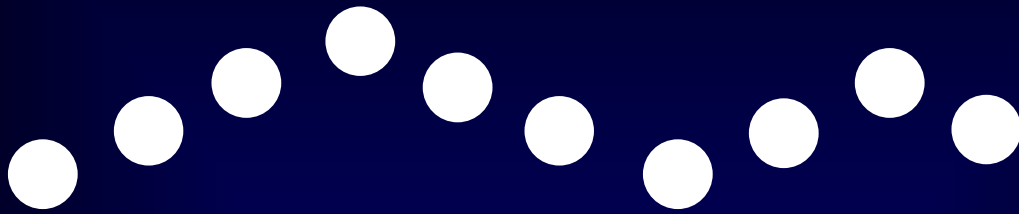


und dass sich alles, was mir frommt,

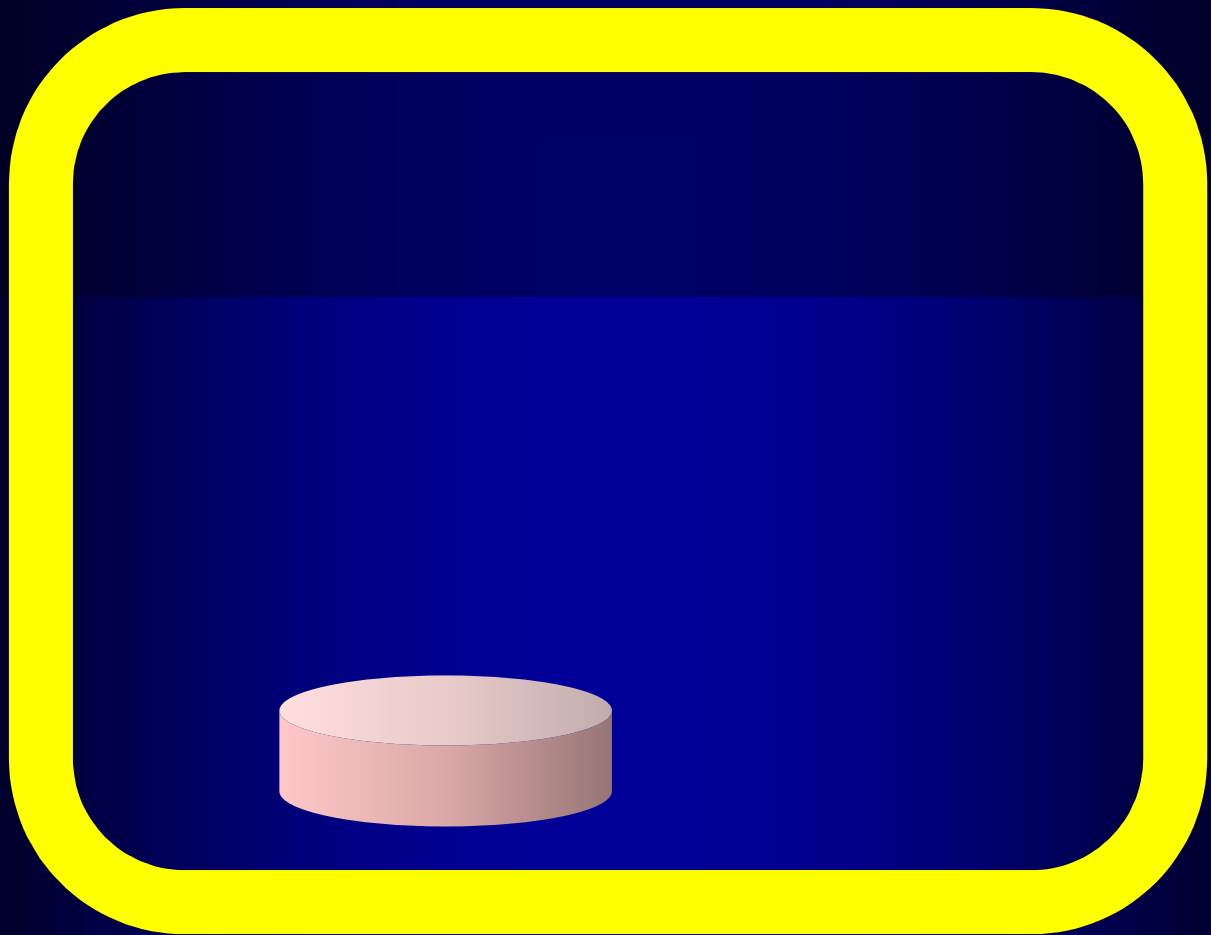
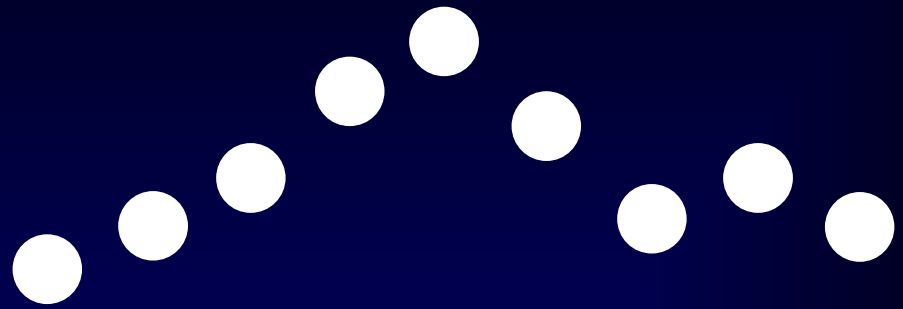


in deinen Ratschluss findet.

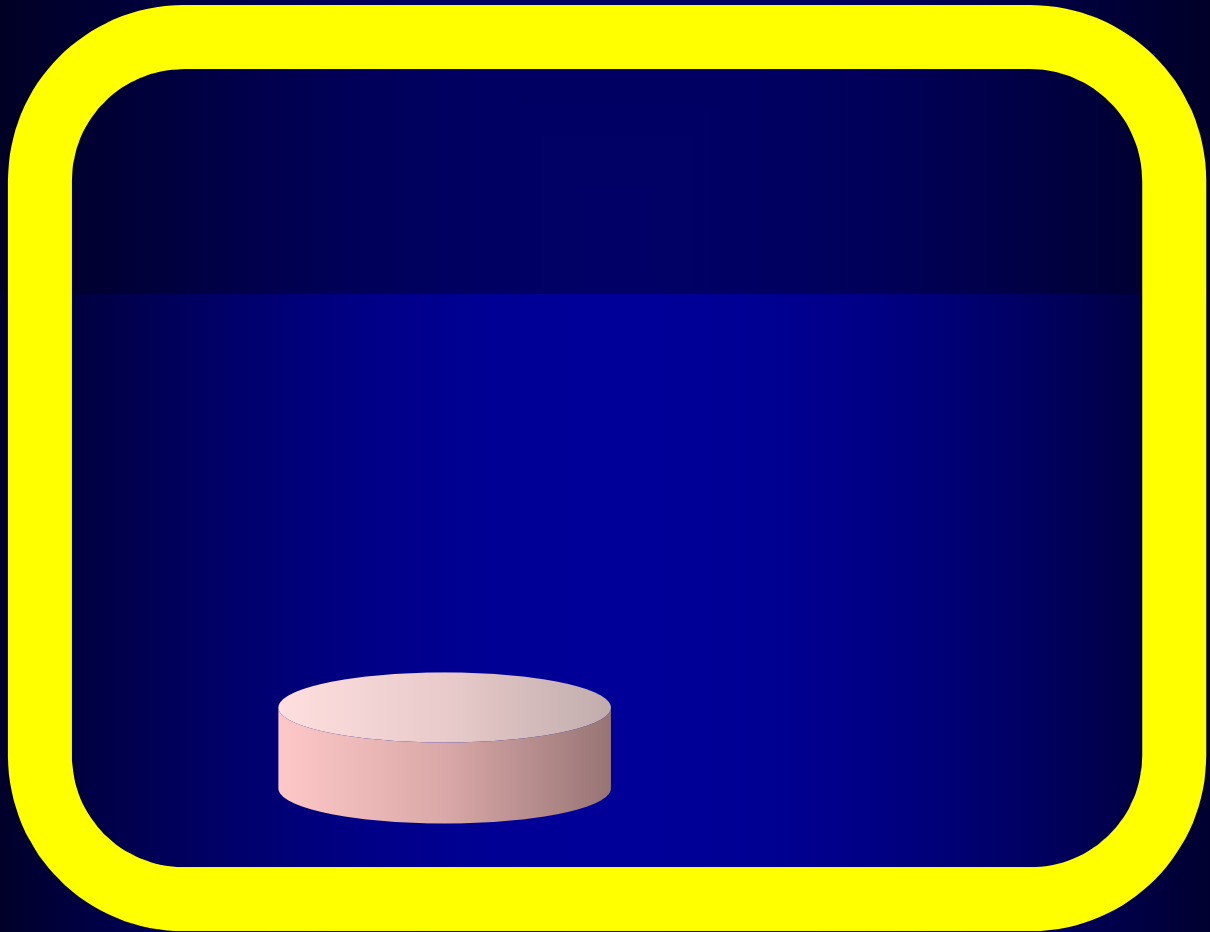
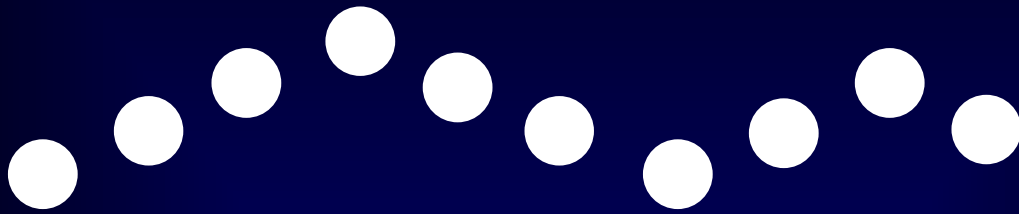




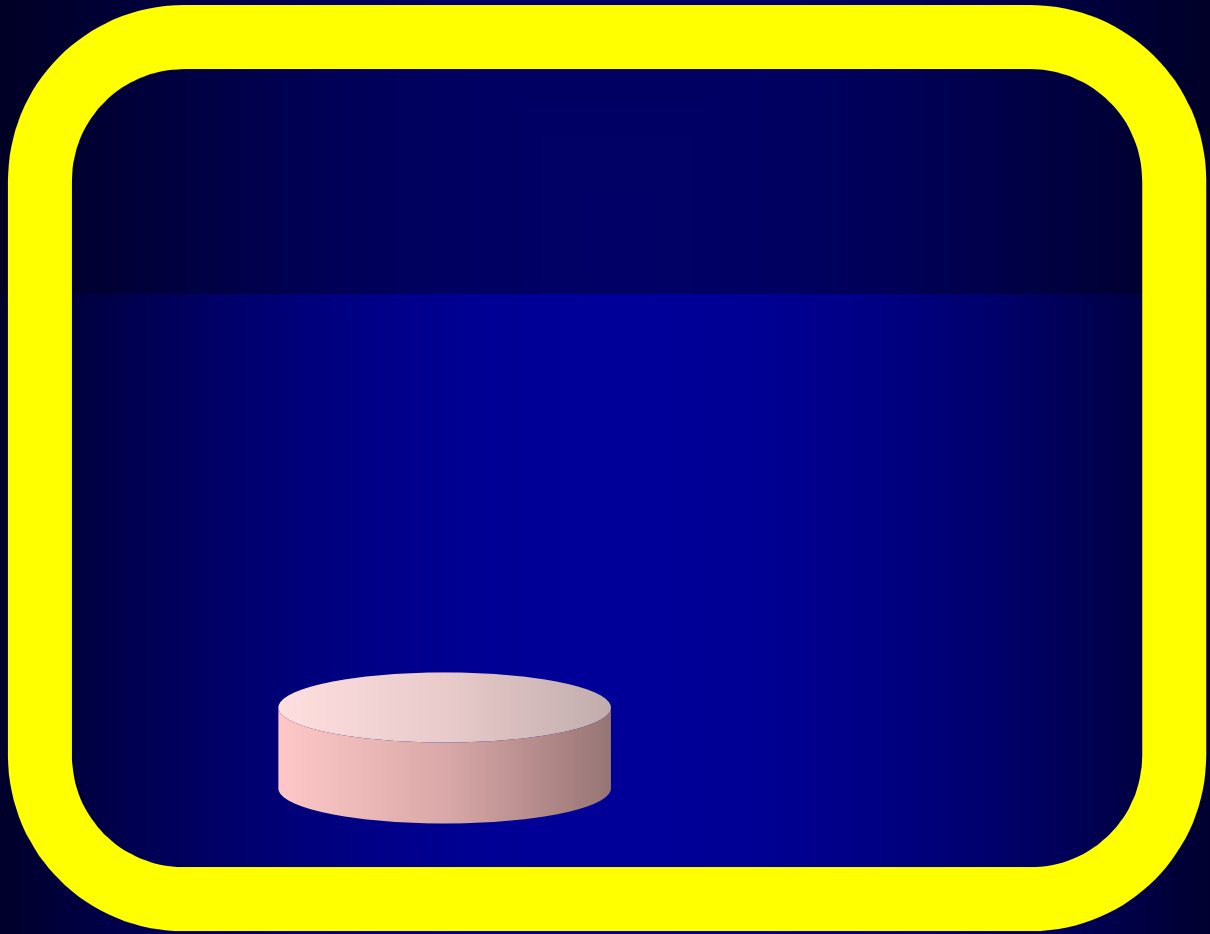
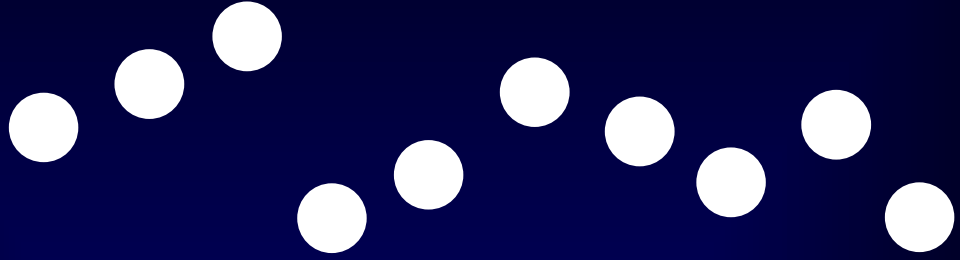
Sind nun die dunklen Stunden da,



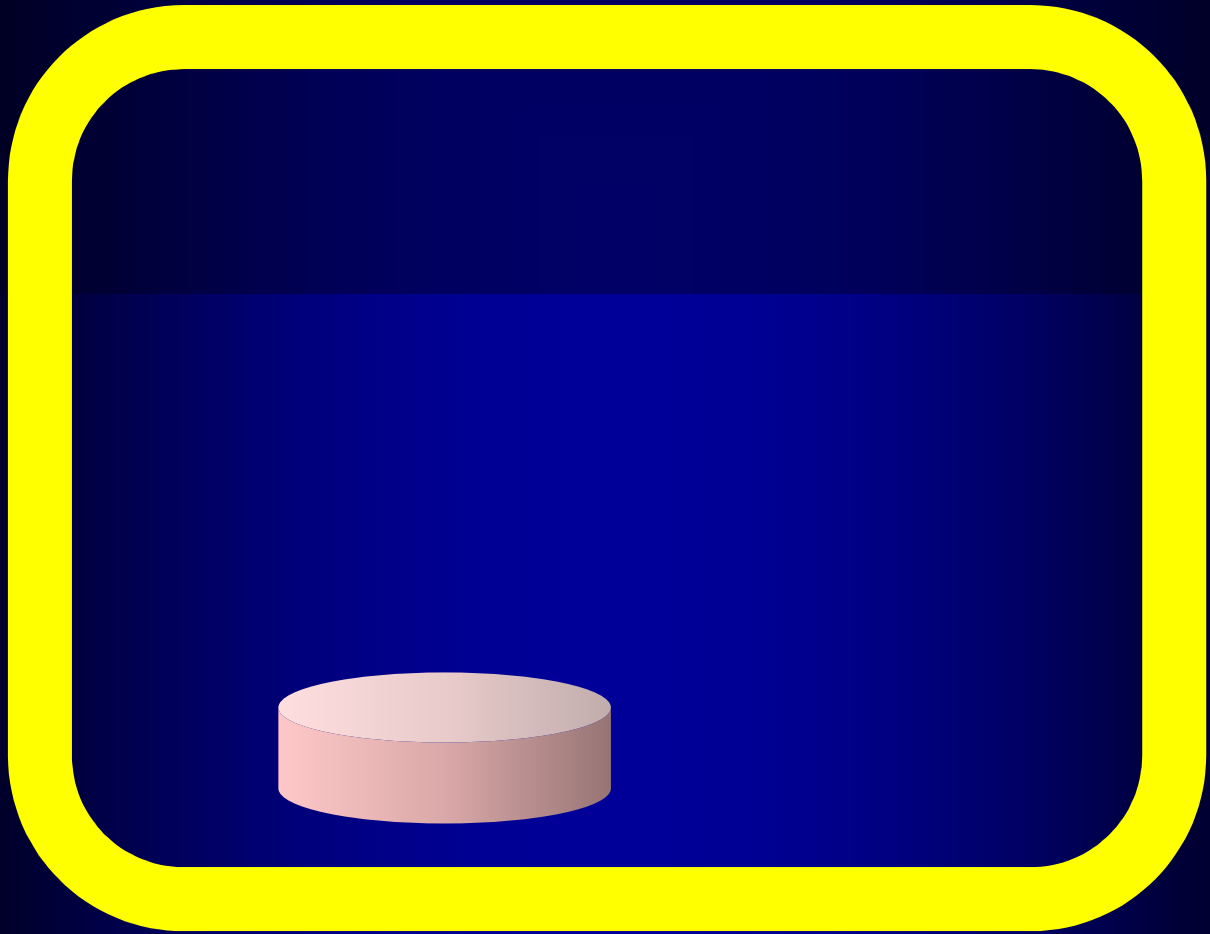
soll hell vor mir erstehen,

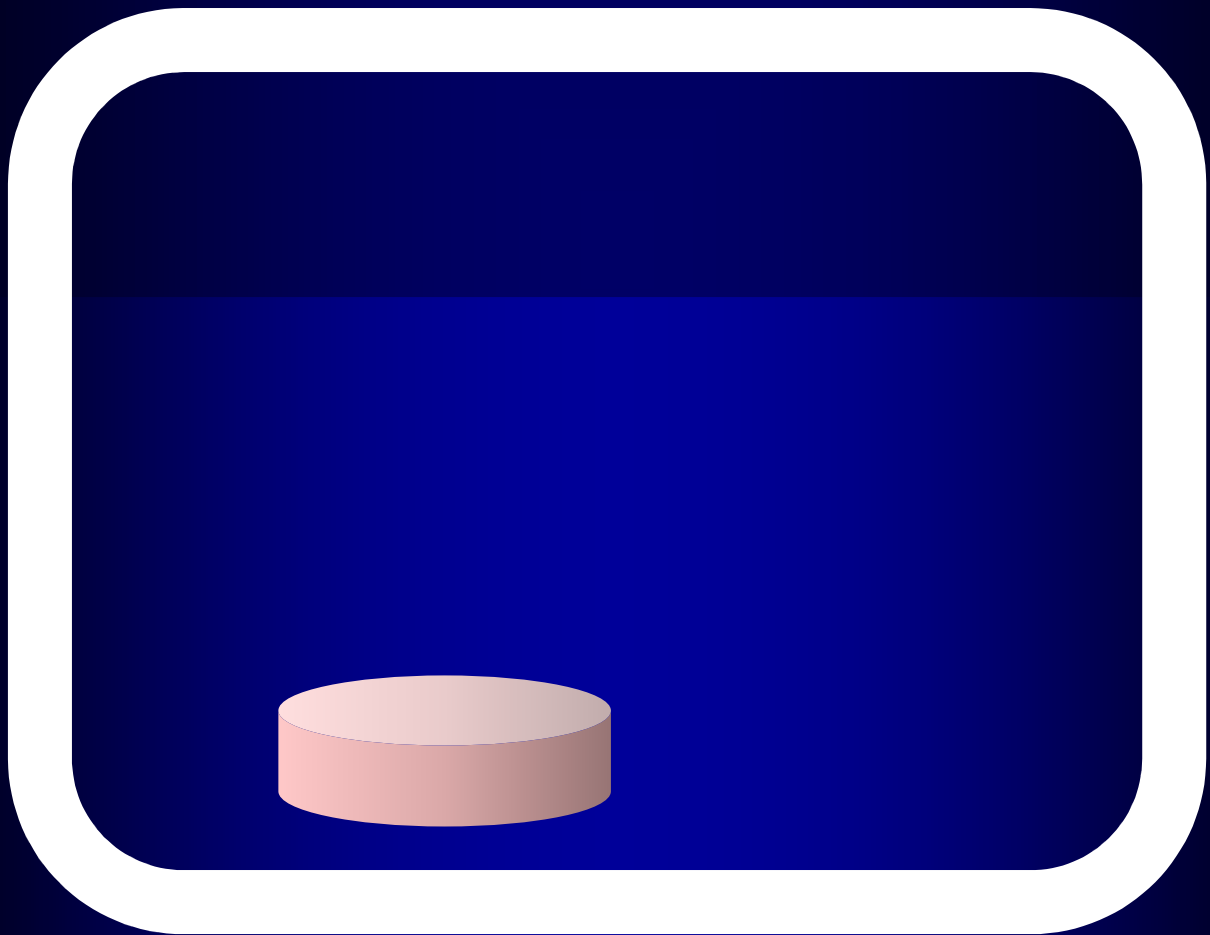
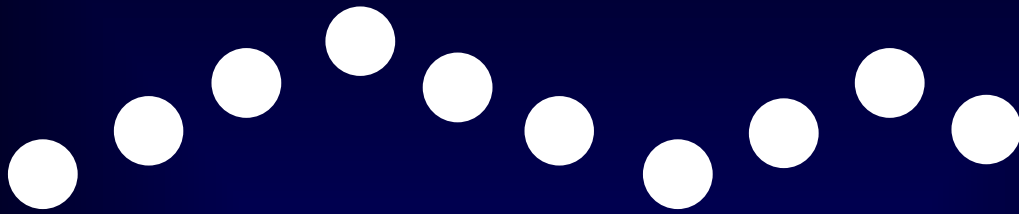


was du, als ich den Weg nicht sah,

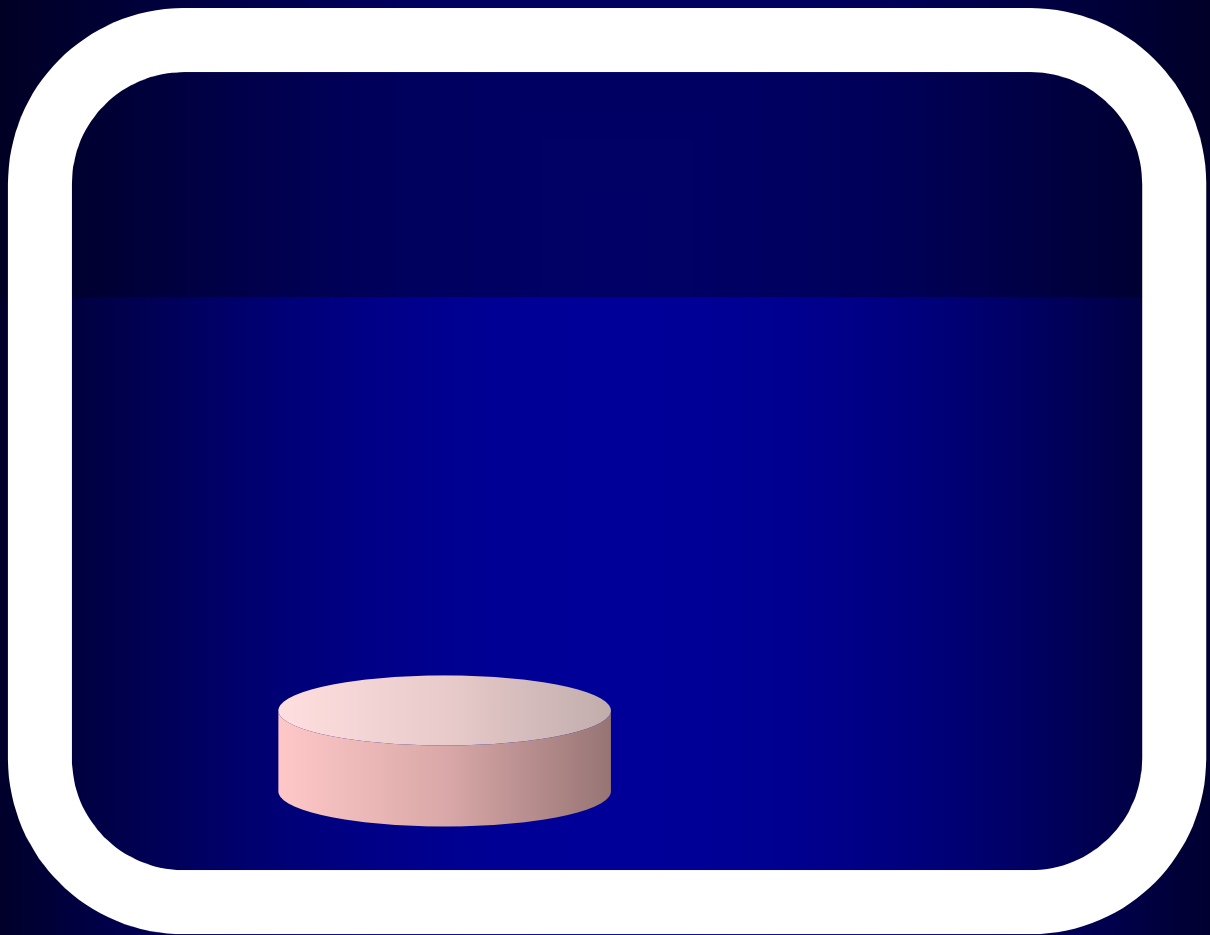
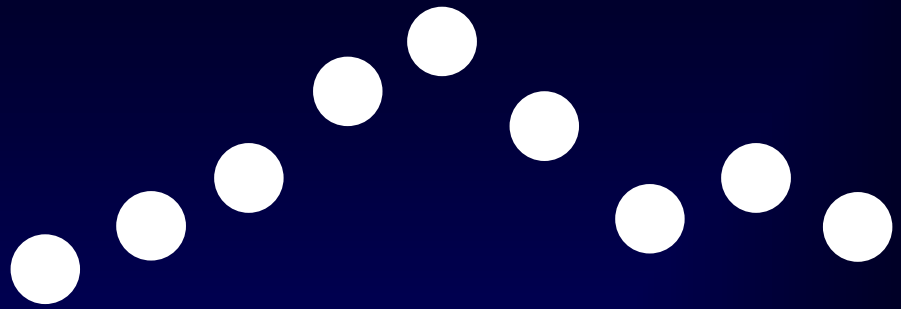


zu meinem Heil ersehen.

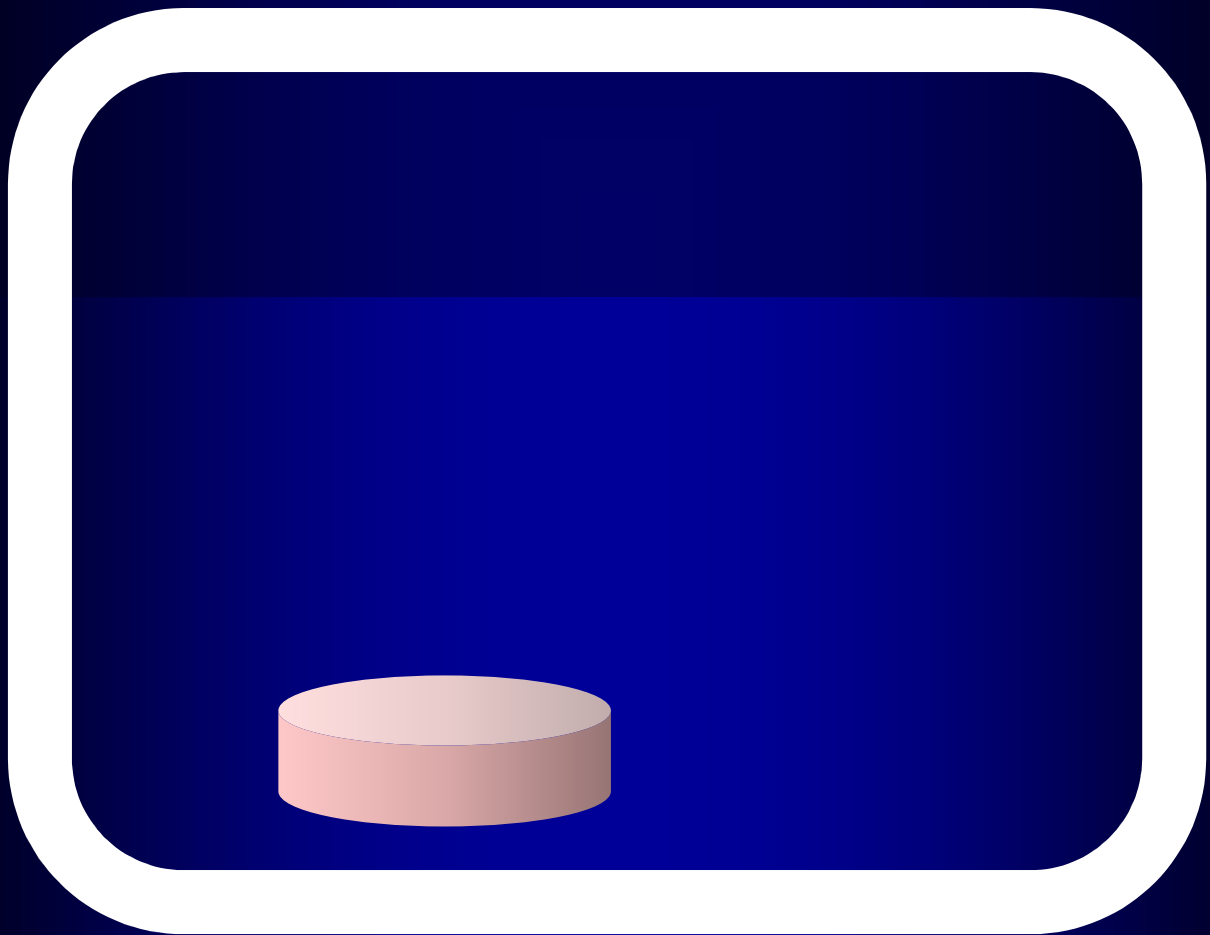
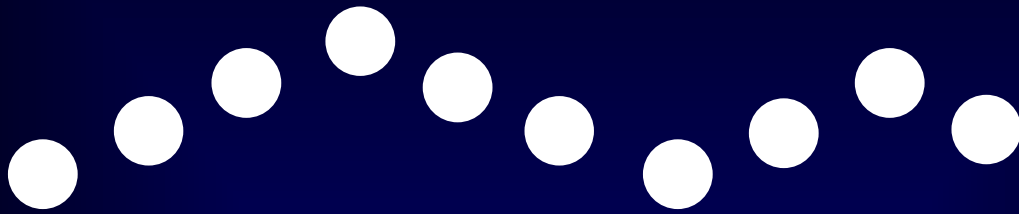




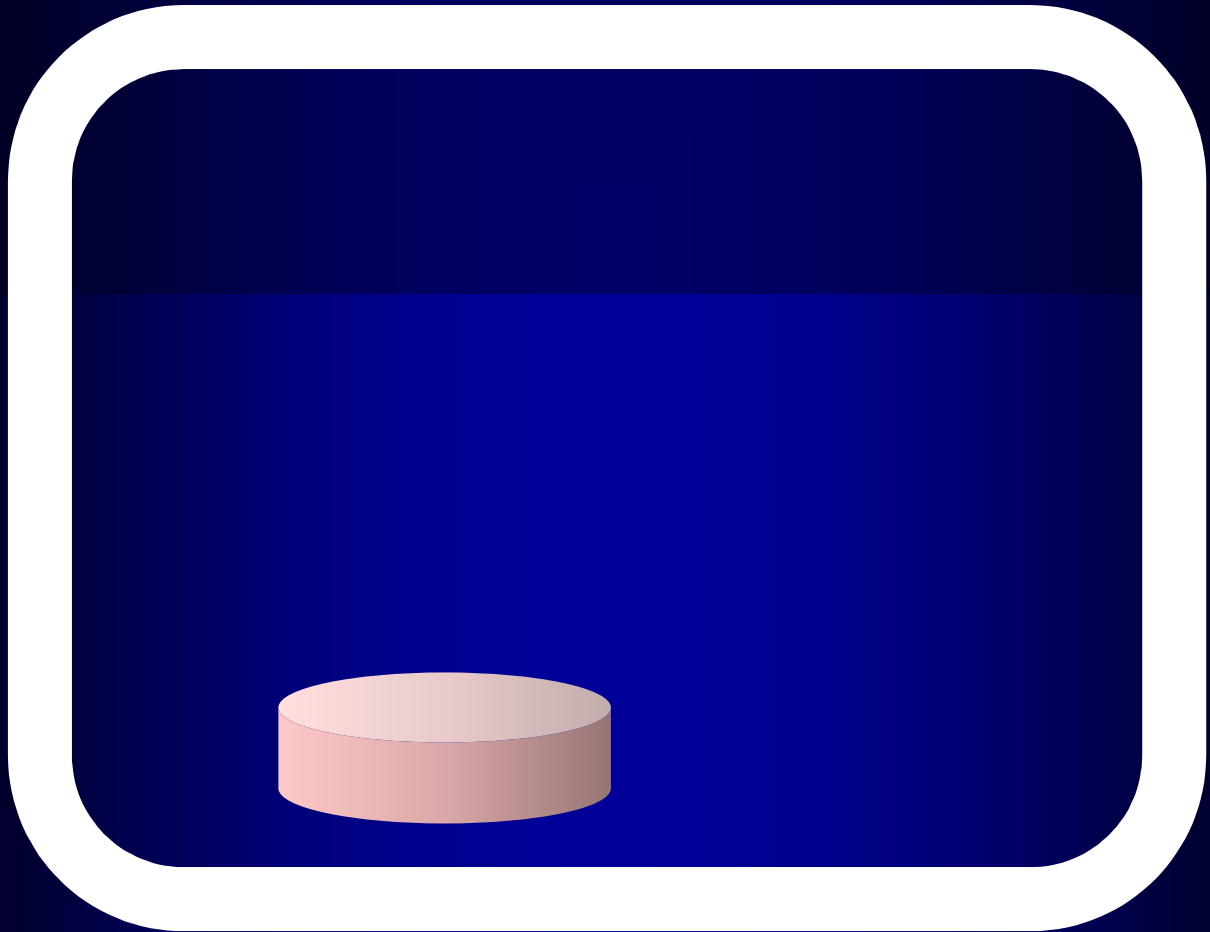
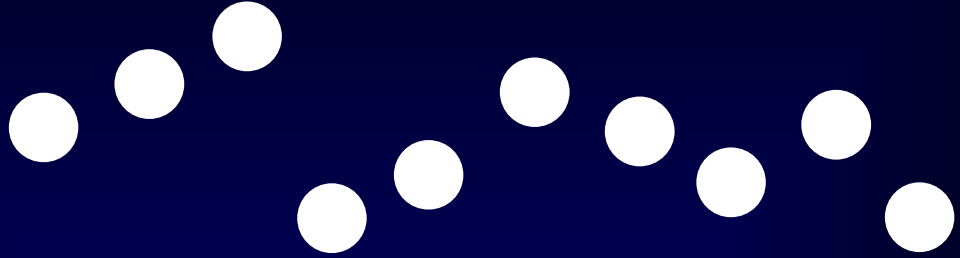
Du hast die Lieder mir beruehrt.



Ich schlafe ohne Sorgen.



Der mich in diese Nacht geführt,



der leitet mich auch morgen.

