

# Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen

Psalm 31, an American Spiritual

## CHORUS

*E A7 E A7 E*

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen;

*E A7 B7 A7 E*

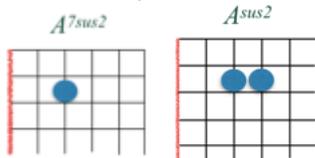
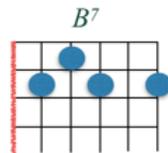
Nobody knows my sorrow.

*E A7 E E7 A7 E*

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen;

*E B A7 A7sus2 E*

Glory hallelu - i - - - ah.



*E A7 E Asus2 E*

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down;

*E F#m B7 A7 A7sus2 E*

O yes Lord.

*E A7 E A7sus2 E*

Sometimes I'm almost to the ground;

*E Asus2 E B7*

O yes Lord.



*E A7 E Asus2 E*

You hide me in Your secret place;

*E F#m B7 A7 A7sus2 E*

O yes Lord.

*E A7 E A7sus2 E*

You shelter me from the strife;

*E Asus2 E B7*

O yes Lord

*E A7 E Asus2 E*

Into Your hands I give my life;

*E F#m B7 A7 A7sus2 E*

O yes Lord.

*E A7 E A7sus2 E*

You won't ever let me down;

*E Asus2 E B7*

O yes Lord.

*E A7 E Asus2 E*

What makes Satan hate me so?

*E F#m B7 A7 A7sus2 E*

O yes Lord.

*E A7 E A7sus2 E*

'Cause Jesus made him let me go;

*E Asus2 E B7*

O yes Lord.

## CHORUS

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# *History and Scripture*

"**Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen**" is an American spiritual that originated during the period of slavery in the United States but was not published until 1867. The misery and hopelessness of slavery is echoed in despairing situation in which God's people have found themselves throughout human history. King David often testifies to this fact. Thus, we added two verses from Psalm 31 to this Spiritual.

*Wikipedia and Rick Larson*

**Psalm 31: 1-5 and 9-18 and 21-24** To the choirmaster. A Psalm of David. In you, O LORD, do I take refuge; let me never be put to shame; in your righteousness deliver me! Incline your ear to me rescue me speedily! Be a rock of refuge for me, a strong fortress to save me!

For you are my rock and my fortress; and for your name's sake you lead me and guide me; you take me out of the net they have hidden for me, for you are my refuge.

Into your hand I commit my spirit; you have redeemed me, O LORD, faithful God.

Be gracious to me, O LORD, for I am in distress; my eye is wasted from grief; my soul and my body also. For my life is spent with sorrow, and my years with sighing; my strength fails because of my iniquity, and my bones waste away. Because of all my adversaries I have become a reproach, especially to my neighbors, and an object of dread to my acquaintances; those who see me in the street flee from me. I have been forgotten like one who is dead; I have become like a broken vessel. For I hear the whispering of many—terror on every side!—as they scheme together against me, as they plot to take my life.

But I trust in you, O LORD; I say, "You are my God." My times are in your hand; rescue me from the hand of my enemies and from my persecutors! Make your face shine on your servant; save me in your steadfast love! O LORD, let me not be put to shame, for I call upon you; let the wicked be put to shame; let them go silently to Sheol. Let the lying lips be mute, which speak insolently against the righteous in pride and contempt.

Blessed be the LORD, for he has wondrously shown his steadfast love to me when I was in a besieged city. I had said in my alarm, "I am cut off from your sight." But you heard the voice of my pleas for mercy when I cried to you for help.

Love the LORD, all you his saints! The LORD preserves the faithful but abundantly repays the one who acts in pride. Be strong, and let your heart take courage, all you who wait for the LORD!

*Lent Hymns and Songs as you go*