

# Sorrowful, Yet Rejoicing

by Charles E. Cowman

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*The Christian can find joy and happiness in the midst of trials and suffering by trusting in God's love and goodness and rejoicing in His will.*

**Scripture:** Psalm 30:5, 2 Corinthians 6:10, James 1:2, 1 Peter 1:8

**Topics:** "Christian Joy", "Suffering Faith"

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## Description

Charles E. Cowman preaches on the paradox of being 'As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing' as mentioned in 2 Corinthians 6:10. He emphasizes that while Christians are not forbidden to weep in times of sorrow, there is a deeper joy that can be found in God even amidst trials and profound agony of soul. The sermon encourages believers to not just endure or choose God's will, but to rejoice in it with unspeakable joy and full of glory, trusting in His love and sovereignty even in the darkest hours.

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## Transcript

"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing" (2 Cor. 6:10).

The stoic scorns to shed a tear; the Christian is not forbidden to weep. The soul may be dumb with excessive grief, as the shearer's scissors pass over the quivering flesh; or, when the heart is on the point of breaking beneath the meeting surges of trial, the sufferer may seek relief by crying out with a loud voice. But there is something even better.

They say that springs of sweet fresh water well up amid the brine of salt seas; that the fairest Alpine flowers bloom in the wildest and most rugged mountain passes; that the noblest psalms were the outcome of the profoundest agony of soul.

Be it so. And thus amid manifold trials, souls which love God will find reasons for bounding, leaping joy. Though deep call to deep, yet the Lord's song will be heard in silver cadence through the night. And it is possible in the darkest hour that ever swept a human life to bless the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Have you learned this lesson yet? Not simply to endure God's will, nor only to choose it; but to rejoice in it with joy unspeakable and full of glory. --Tried as by F ire

I will be still, my bruised heart faintly murmured,

As o'er me rolled a crushing load of woe;

The cry, the call, e'en the low moan was stifled;  
I pressed my lips; I barred the tear drop's flow.  
I will be still, although I cannot see it,  
The love that bares a soul and fans pain's fire;  
That takes away the last sweet drop of solace,  
Breaks the lone harp string, hides Thy precious lyre.  
But God is love, so I will bide me, bide me--  
We'll doubt not, Soul, we will be very still;  
We'll wait till after while, when He shall lift us  
Yes, after while, when it shall be His will.  
And I did listen to my heart's brave promise;  
And I did quiver, struggling to be still;  
And I did lift my tearless eyes to Heaven,  
Repeating ever, "Yea, Christ, have Thy will."  
But soon my heart upspoke from 'neath our burden,  
Reproved my tight-drawn lips, my visage sad:  
"We can do more than this, O Soul," it whispered.  
"We can be more than still, we can be glad!"  
And now my heart and I are sweetly singing--  
Singing without the sound of tuneful strings;  
Drinking abundant waters in the desert,  
Crushed, and yet soaring as on eagle's wings.  
--S. P. W.

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