

Englewood



1. Not wail - ing cries, nor bells that toll Their knell o'er yawn - ing grave;
2. Not pen - ance wound, nor dread - ful scourge, Nor ha - tred's ven - omed steel;
3. The sor - row, sad - ness, weep - ing eyes, To fall - en earth are giv'n;
4. Far bet - ter seek where na - ture blooms, In groves by sigh - ing sea,
5. Not flames that sweep, nor winds that blow, Nor earth - quake shock a - broad



'Tis notes of joy to trou - bled soul, And sounds of life that save.
But gen - tle hand and lov - ing word, And mer - cy's sweets that heal.
By joy and glad - ness 'tis we rise, From earth - ly things to heav'n.
Than con - vent cells or clois - ter's gloom, The soul from sin to free.
The sweet - est scenes on earth be - low, In them have most of God.

