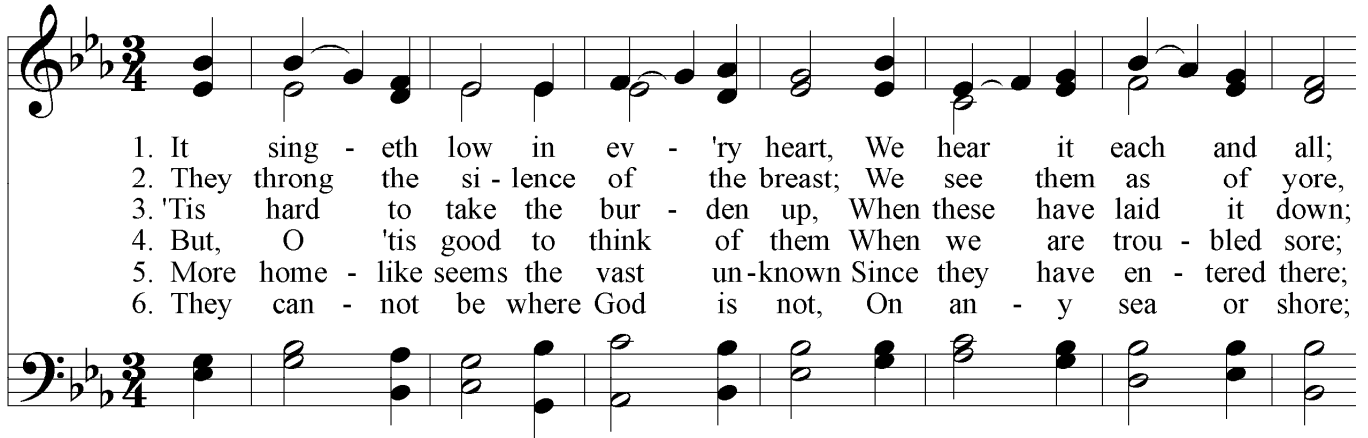
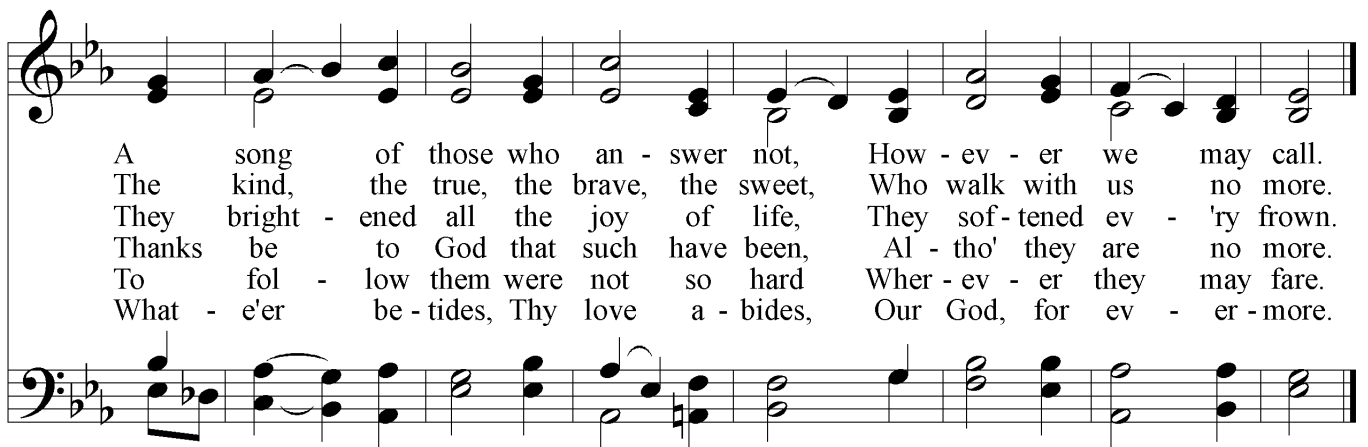


It Singeth Low In Every Heart



1. It sing - eth low in ev - 'ry heart, We hear it each and all;
2. They thron - g the si - lence of the breast; We see them as of yore,
3. 'Tis hard to take the bur - den up, When these have laid it down;
4. But, O 'tis good to think of them When we are trou - bled sore;
5. More home - like seems the vast un - known Since they have en - tered there;
6. They can - not be where God is not, On an - y sea or shore;



A song of those who an - swer not, How - ev - er we may call.
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.
They bright - ened all the joy of life, They sof - tened ev - 'ry frown.
Thanks be to God that such have been, Al - tho' they are no more.
To fol - low them were not so hard Wher - ev - er they may fare.
What - e'er be - tides, Thy love a - bides, Our God, for ev - er - more.