

It Singeth Low In Every Heart

D \flat /F - MI

Andante con moto

1. It sing - eth low in ev - 'ry heart, We hear it, each and all,
2. 'Tis hard to take the bur - den up, When these have laid it down;
3. More home - like seems the vast un - known Since they have en - tered there;

A song of those who an - swer not, How - ev - er we may call.
They bright - ened all the joy of life, They sof - tened ev - 'ry frown;
To fol - low them were not so hard, Wher - ev - er they may fare.

They thron the si - lence of the breast, We see them as of yore -
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them When we are trou - bled sore;
They can - not be where God is not On an - y sea or shore

The kind, the brave; the true, the sweet, Tho' they are here no more.
Thanks be to God that such have been, Tho' they are here no more.
Whate'er be - tides, Thy love a - bides, Our God for ev - er - more.