

Fanny Crosby

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. When si - lent falls the gush - ing tear, O'er cheeks grown  
 2. When one by one our treas - ured hopes like au - tumn  
 3. The clouds that bode the dark - est hour The pur - est

pale with care; And on the heart a cross is  
 leaves de - cay, And they who made our life most  
 light may bring; The heart that mourns its brok - en

laid that seems too hard to bear, Re - mem - ber  
 dear are borne from us a - way, O look be -  
 chords the sweet - est song may sing; Though oft a

what our Lord has said, And trust, in weal or  
 yond the veil of time, Where springs of com - fort  
 rug - ged path we tread, Yet this one thing we

woe, His ho - ly Word, that chang-eth not, Though  
 flow, And trust His Word, that chang-eth not, Though  
 know, God's ho - ly Word can nev - er change, Though

Refrain

ut - tered years a - go.  
 ut - tered years a - go. "Like as a fa - ther  
 ut - tered years a - go.

pit - i - eth His child - ren, So the Lord pit - ieth them that

*poco rit.*

fear Him, So the Lord pit - ieth them that fear Him."