Bereft of All, When Hopeless Care

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
Be- reft of all, when hopeless care Would

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
sink us to the tomb, O

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
what can save us from despair? What

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
dissipate the gloom?

The other verses

2 No balm that earthly plants distil
Can soothe the mourner's smart;
No mortal hand with lenient skill
Bind up the broken heart.

3 But One alone, who reigns above,
Our woe to peace can turn,
And light the lamp of joy and love
That long has ceased to burn.

4 Then, O my soul, to that One flee,
To God thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His hand alone can heal.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); words by William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585–1649). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.