O Thou Who Driest the Mourner's Tear

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
O Thou who driest the mourner's tear, How

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
dark this world would be, If,

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
when deceived and wounded here, We

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
could not fly to Thee!

The other verses

2 But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too;

4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

5 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Thomas Moore (1779–1852). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.