Our Pathway Oft Is Wet with Tears

Doh is Bb · 4/4 Tune: ALL SAINTS, NEW

| s - | m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
Our pathway oft is wet with tears, Our

| r' - m' - f' - m' - | r' - - - - - r' - |
sky with clouds o'er- cast, And

| m' - - r' d' - t - | t - - l l - l - |
worldly cares and worldly fears Go

| s - d' - t - - d' | d' - - - - - d' - |
with us to the last; Not

| d' - d' - t - t - | l - - l l - l - |
to the last! God's word hath said, Could

| s - s - s - s - | s - - - - - f - |
we but read a- right: O

| m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
pilgrim! lift in hope thy head, At

| m' - r' - d' - t - | d' - - - - - |
eve it shall be light!

The other verses

2 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Our toilsome path a while,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
If we but trust in living faith,
His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
His light shall round us shine.

3 When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
Token that storms shall cease.
Then keep we on, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own his word fulfilled, —
"At eve it shall be light."

Tune ALL SAINTS, NEW by Henry Stephen Cutler (1825–1902); words by Bernard Barton (1784–1849). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.