

Dr. William Hauser

1. O Thou who dri'st the mourn-er's tear, How dark this world would be, If pierced by sins and sor-rows here, We could not fly to Thee.

2. But Thou wilt heal that bro - ken heart, Which like the plants that throw Their fra-grance from the wound-ed part, Breathes sweet-ness out of woe.

3. O who could bear life's storm-y doom, Did not Thy wing of love Come bright-ly waft-ing thru the gloom, Our peace branch from a - bove.

The friends who in our sun-shine live, When win-ter comes, are flown; And he who has but tears to give Must weep those tears a - lone.

When joy no lon-ger soothes or cheers, And e'en the hope that threw A mo-ments spar-kle o'er our tears, Is dimmed and van-ished too.

Then sor-row, touched by Thee, grows bright With more than rap-ture's ray; As dark-ness shows us worlds of light We nev - er saw by day.