

SWEET HOPE. S.M.

407

Not too fast.

1. E - ter - nal truth hath said, 'Tis with the righ - teous well; What glo - rious, cheer - ing words are these, Their

2. 'Tis well when joys a - rise, 'Tis well when sor - rows flow, 'Tis well when dark - ness veils the skies, And

3. 'Tis well when Je - sus calls, Their spir - its to the skies, To join the blest from ev - 'ry clime, The

sweet - ness who can tell? What glo - rious, cheer - ing words are these, Their sweet - ness who can tell?

dread - ful tem - pests blow, 'Tis well when dark - ness veils the skies, And dread - ful tem - pests blow.

great, the good, the wise, To join the blest from ev - 'ry clime, The great, the good, the wise.