

# O Loving Heart, Trust On

*Andante moderato*

1. There are  
2. That happy

tho'ts which seem to come from heav'n . . . To calm all pain, all pain and strife ; As dew falls  
tho't . . . shed o'er my life . . . A bright, a bright and joy - ful ray, As sun-light

on gilds the parch-ed flower To nur-ture it, to nourish it to  
the night's dim clouds Ere breaks, ere breaks the glo-rious

*cres.*

life . . . . There came to me a hap - py thought, One morn when hope seem'd  
day . . . . My soul is bath'd in sun - shine, All gloom - y dreams are

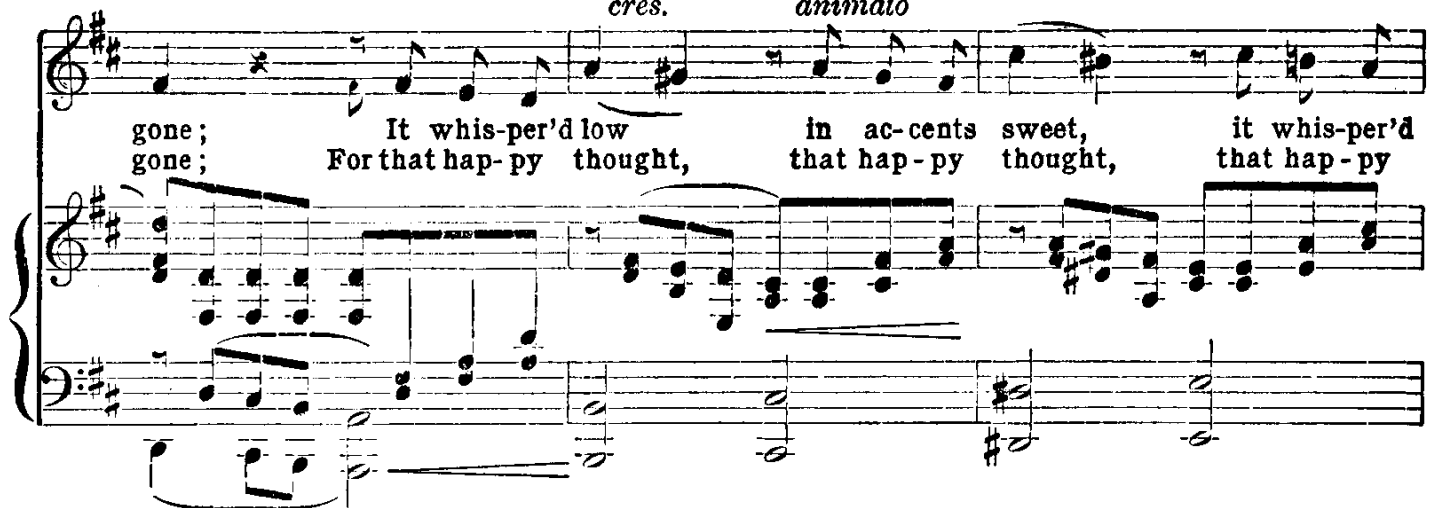
*f espress.*

*dim.*

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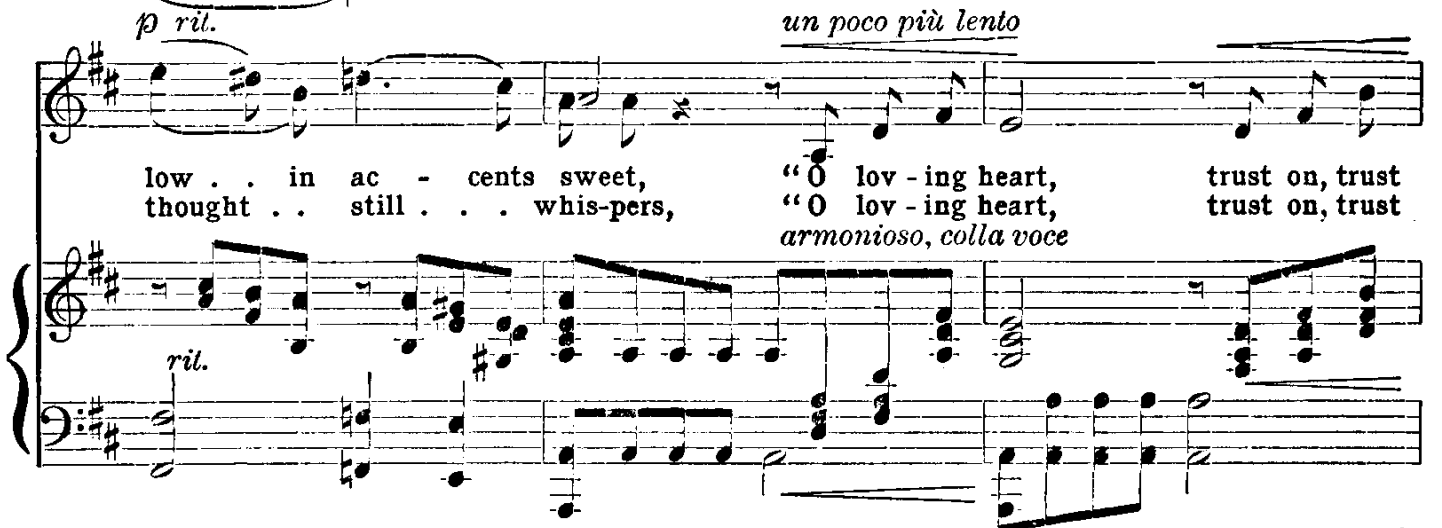
*cres.* *animato*

gone; gone; It whis-per'd low in ac-cents sweet, it whis-per'd  
For that hap-py thought, that hap-py thought, that hap-py



*p rit.* *un poco più lento*

low . . in ac - cents sweet, "O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust  
thought . . still . . . whis-pers, "O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust  
*armonioso, colla voce*



on, One true heart beats for you a - lone; O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust



*f rit.*

on, O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust on." on."

*f rit.* *p*

