

## The Rainy Day

H. W. LONGFELLOW

*p Andante*

WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER

*cres.*

1. The day is cold, and dark, and drear-y; It rains, and the  
 2. My life is cold, and dark, and drear-y; It rains, and the  
 3. Be still, sad heart! and cease re - pin - ing; Be - hind the

wind is nev - er wea - ry; The vine still clings to the  
 wind is nev - er wea ry; My thoughts still cling to the  
 clouds is the sun still shin - ing; Thy fate is the com - mon

moul - der - ing wall, But at ev - 'ry gust the dead leaves fall, And the  
 moul - der - ing past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast, And the  
 fate of all, In - to each life some rain must fall, Some

day is dark and drear-y, . . . . . And the day is  
 days are dark and drear-y, . . . . . And the days are  
 days must be dark and drear-y, . . . . . Some days must be

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dark and drear-y, . . . . . And the day is dark and drear - y.  
 dark and drear-y, . . . . . And the days are dark and drear - y.  
 dark and drear-y, . . . . . Some days must be dark and drear - y.

Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee

E. CASWALL

J. B. DYKES

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee Withsweet-ness fills my breast;  
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find  
 3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek!

But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.  
 A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man - kind!  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!