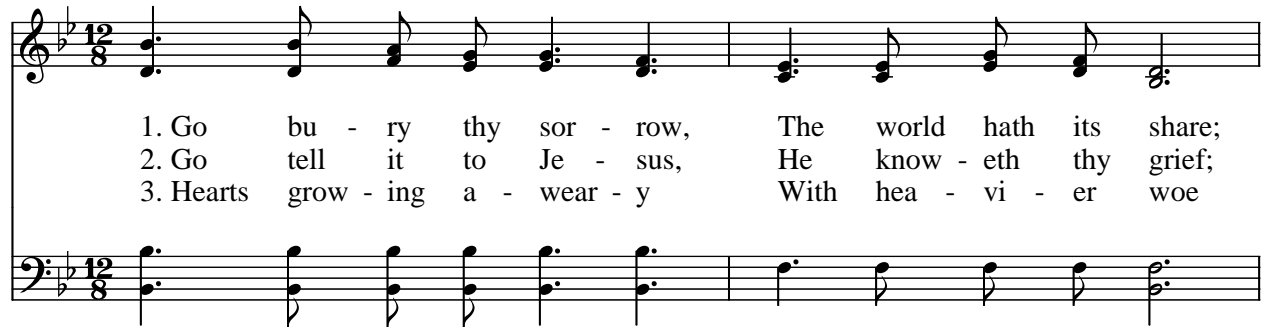


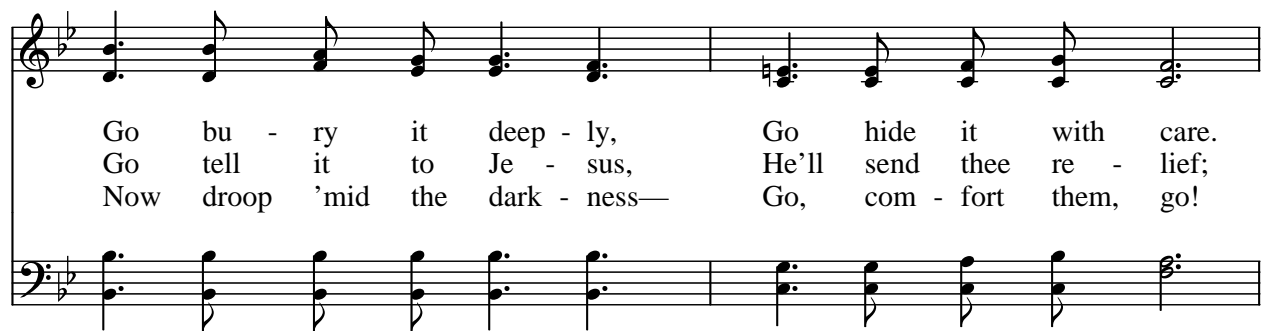
# Go Bury Thy Sorrow

Mary A. Bachelor, circa 1871

Philip Paul Bliss



1. Go bu - ry thy sor - row, The world hath its share;  
2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know - eth thy grief;  
3. Hearts grow - ing a - wear - y With hea - vi - er woe



Go bu - ry it deep - ly, Go hide it with care.  
Go tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief;  
Now droop 'mid the dark - ness— Go, com - fort them, go!



Go think of it calm - ly, When cur - tained by night;  
Go ga - ther the sun - shine He sheds on the way:  
Go bu - ry thy sor - row, Let o - thers be blessed;



*rit.*  
Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.  
He'll light-en thy bur - den— Go, wea-ry one, pray.  
Go give them the sun - shine, Tell Je - sus the rest.