

# The Years Must Come and Go

Charles Walker Ray, 1893, alt.

Charles Walker Ray

♩=104

1. Swift-ly the years, with their hopes and fears, With their share of joy and  
2. Hap - pi - est hours, like the bloom-ing flowers, Pass a - way we know not  
3. Hap - py the days which in grate - ful praise, We re - joic - ing spend to-

sor - row, Ev - er haste a - way, and the part - ing day Seems to  
whi - ther; And with ach - ing heart, with the loved we part, Earth - ly  
- ge - ther; But a hap - pier time in a bright - er clime Shall be

sigh for the com-ing mor-row. Hearts may ache, and hearts may break, Friends may  
hopes like the blos-soms wi - ther. While the days shall come and go, Let us  
ours, and be ours for - ev - er. And the time is draw - ing nigh, As the

die and ter - rors wake, And our vi - sions seem ap - pall - ing; While the  
ban - ish hu - man woe, Let us dry the tears of an - guish; Let us  
days are go - ing by, Days that find no fond re - turn - ing; Let us

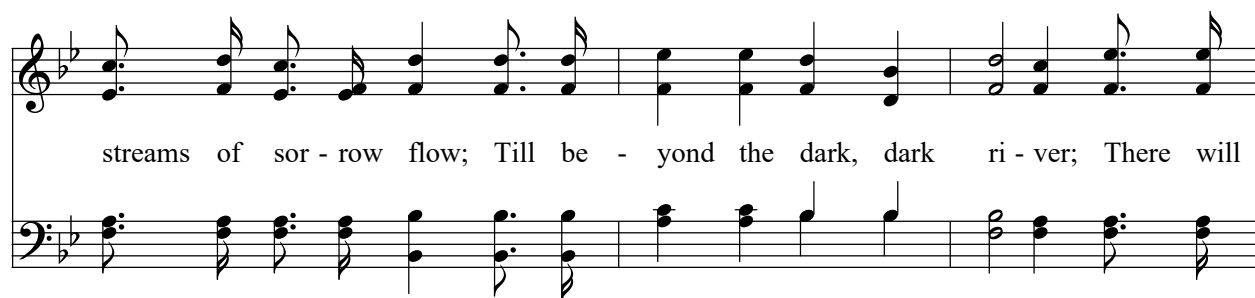


tide of time shall roll, Pangs of grief may overwhelm the soul, 'Midst the  
 com - fort those who grieve, Dai - ly striv - ing to re - lieve, Faint and  
 haste the heav'n - ly way, Let us ev - er watch and pray, While the

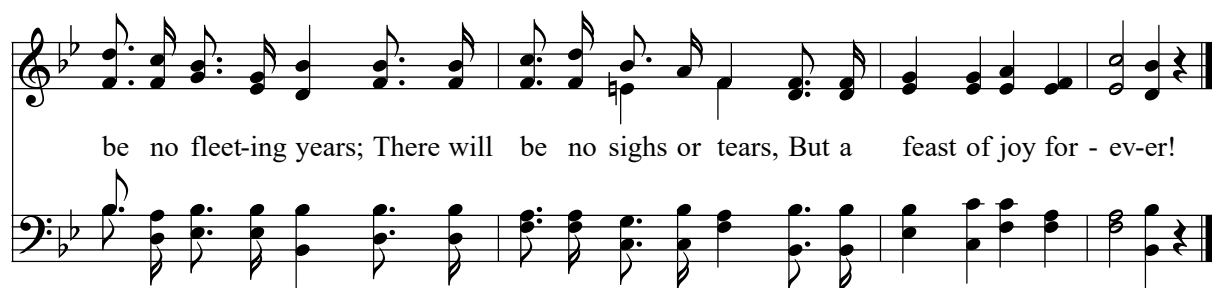
*Refrain*



dark - ness 'round us fall - ing,  
 wea - ry ones who lan - guish. For the years must come and go, And the  
 lamp of life is burn - ing.



streams of sor - row flow; Till be - yond the dark, dark ri - ver; There will



be no fleet - ing years; There will be no sighs or tears, But a feast of joy for - ev - er!