

# Love the Lord

Andante, Molto Rubato

William Copper

Soprano *p* Love the Lord, who hath

Alto *p* Love the Lord,

Piano *p* Andante, Molto Rubato (♩=ca 112)

*ped.* *sim.*

8

S lifted my dark\_ ness,

A who hath seen in my heart.

16

S *mp* When - - - you are a\_ lone - - - ,

A *mp* When - - - you are a - lone - - - ,

*8va* *8va*

24

when sor — rows all sur — round you,

when sor — rows all sur — round you,

8va

32

then life is like a cold gray pri — son,

then life is like a cold gray pri — son,

39

is — n't it? Ev' — ry plea — sure tastes like ash\_es; ev' — ry com — fort

is — n't it? Ev' — ry plea — sure tastes like ash\_es; ev' — ry com — fort

*poco rit.* a tempo