

# Oh Yet We Trust

Alfred Lord Tennyson

[Unison Chorus & Piano]

Paul F. Page  
ASCAP

$\bullet = 60$

*mp*

Andante ( $\bullet = c. 80$ )

Piano

*mp*

*pedal harmonically*

*legato sempre*

*And.*

Oh, yet we trust that

6

some - how good will be the fin - al goal of ill. to

6

10

pangs of na - ture, sins of will, de-fects of doubt, and taints of blood; \_\_\_\_\_

10

*ten.*

14

*mf*

\_\_\_\_\_ That no - thing walks with aim - less feet; \_\_\_\_\_ not one

14

*mf* *poco animato*

17

*no breath*

life shall be des - troyed, or cast as rub-bish to the void, — when

17

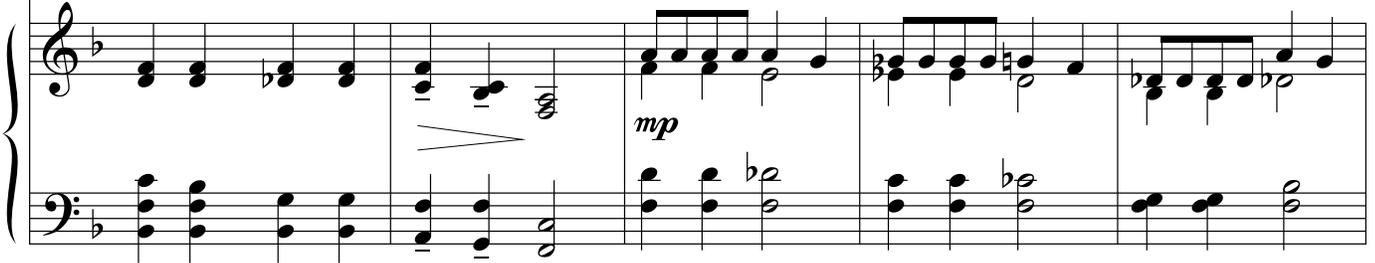
*mf*

21



God hath made the pile com-plete.

21



26



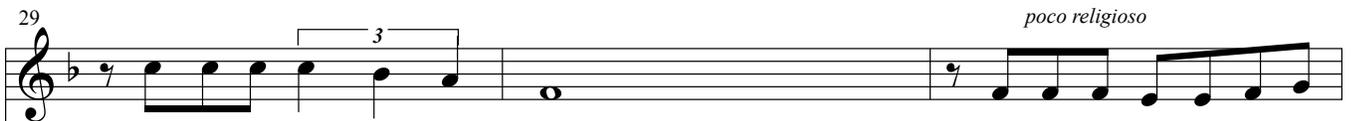
*mf*

That not a worm is clo - ven in vain; -

26



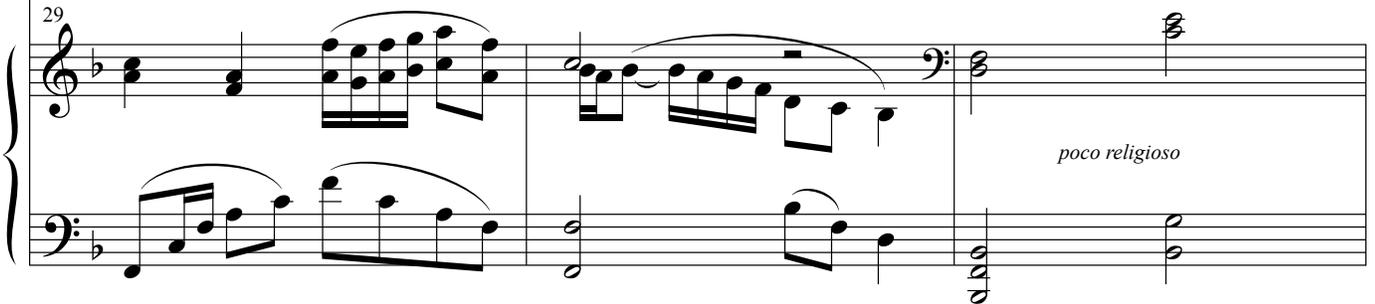
29



that not one life is des - troyed

or cast as rub-bish to the

29



32

void when God has made the pile com-plete;

*mp*

32

*f*

*mp*

35

that not a moth with vain de-sire is shri-veled in a fruit-less fire, or but sub-serves an-oth-er's

*mf*

35

*mf*

39

gain. Be-hold, we know not an-y-thing; but

*mf*

39

*mp*

3

43

trust that good shall fall and e - v'ry win - ter change to spring, e - v'ry

47 *poco rall.* *a tempo*

win - ter change to spring.

*legiero*

*poco rall.* *a tempo*

52 *mf* *f*

*mf* *f*

So runs my dream. But what am I? An in - fant cry - ing in the

*mf* *f*

55

night; an in-fant cry-ing for the light, and with no lan-guage

*mf*

55

*mf*

59

but a cry.

59

62

62

*rallentando*

*mp*

*leg.*