

# THE BRIGHT SIDE.

D. COLVILLE.

Key A.

{ :s<sub>1</sub> | m :re :m | s :f :m | r :de :r | l :f :r | s :l :s | s :fo :s :l :t :d' | r' : - : | d' : - : | s<sub>1</sub> | m :f :m | r :m :r

VOICE.

1. There's ma - ny a rest in the  
2. 'Tis bet - ter to hope tho' the  
3. There's ma - ny a gem in the  
4. 'Tis bet - ter to weave in the

ACCOMP.

{ d :t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : s<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> :d | r :m :f | f : - : | m : - : s<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> | m :f :m | r :m :r | d :t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : s<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> }

road of life, If on - ly we'd stop to take it, And ma - ny a chord from the bet - ter land, If  
clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lift - ed; For the sweet blue sky will soon peep thro', When the  
path of life, Which we pass in our i - dle plea - sure, That is rich - er far than the jew - el'd crown, Or the  
web of life A bright and a gold - en fill - ing, And to do God's will with a rea - dy heart, And

{ d :m :s | m : - : r | r : - : | d : - : m :f | s :l :s | s :f :m | f :s :f | f :m :r | m :d :s | s :f :m }

down - cast hearts would make it. To the sun - ny soul that is full of hope, And whose beau - ti - ful trust ne'er  
dark - ning clouds are rift - ed. There ne'er was a night with - out a day, Or an ev - ning with - out a  
mi - ser's hoard - ed trea - sure: It may be the love of a lit - tle child, Or a mo - ther's prayers to  
hands that are swift and will - ing, Than to snap the de - li - cate slen - der threads Of our cu - ri - ous lives a -

{ m : - : | r : - : s<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> | m :re :m | s :f :m | r :de :r | l :f :r | s :m :d | s<sub>1</sub> :d :m | r : - : | d : - : | D.C. }

fail - - eth, 'The grass is green, and the flowers are bright, Tho' the win - try storm pre - vail - - eth.  
morn - ing; And the dark - est hour, as the pro - verb says, Is the hour be - fore the dawn - ing.  
hea - ven, Or on - ly a beg - gar's grate - ful thanks For a cup of cold wa - ter gi - ven.  
sun - der, And then blame Heaven for the tan - gled ends, And..... sit..... and grieve and won - der.

D.C.