There Are Lonely Hearts To Cherish

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY

1. There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by;
2. There's no time for idle scorn, While the days are going by;
3. All the lowing links that bind us, While the days are going by;

There are weary souls who perish,
Let your face be like the morning,
One by one we leave behind us,

If a smile we can renew,
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
But the seeds of good we sow,

Oh, the good we all may do,
Help your fallen brother rise,
And will keep your hearts a-glow,

Words: F. Whitfield
Music: W. H. Havergal
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