

Broken Hearts

John Marchant Whyte, 1890

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♩=100

1. Like the mu - sic of a fount - ain Which a thirst - y trav - eler hears,
2. Tho' thy heart is crushed and brok - en, Like a storm tossed ship at sea,
3. Tho' thy song hath naught but sor - row, Like a bird's whose breast is torn,
4. Look a - way be - yond thy sad - ness, Up to Je - sus turn thy gaze;

Speaks a voice from Cal - v'ry's mount - ain, "I am more than all thy fears."
Sink - ing, dy - ing, Christ hath spok - en, "It is I, look un - to Me."
Fly to Christ, nor wait the mor - row, He hath all thy sor - rows borne.
Then thy song shall turn to glad - ness— Then thy tongue shall sound His praise.

Refrain

O ye brok - en hearts, look up - ward! Hear the an - gel voic - es call - ing,
brok - en hearts, call - ing you,

Lift your eyes to Cal - v'ry's Je - sus, Brok - en heart - ed there for you.
Lift your eyes to Je - sus