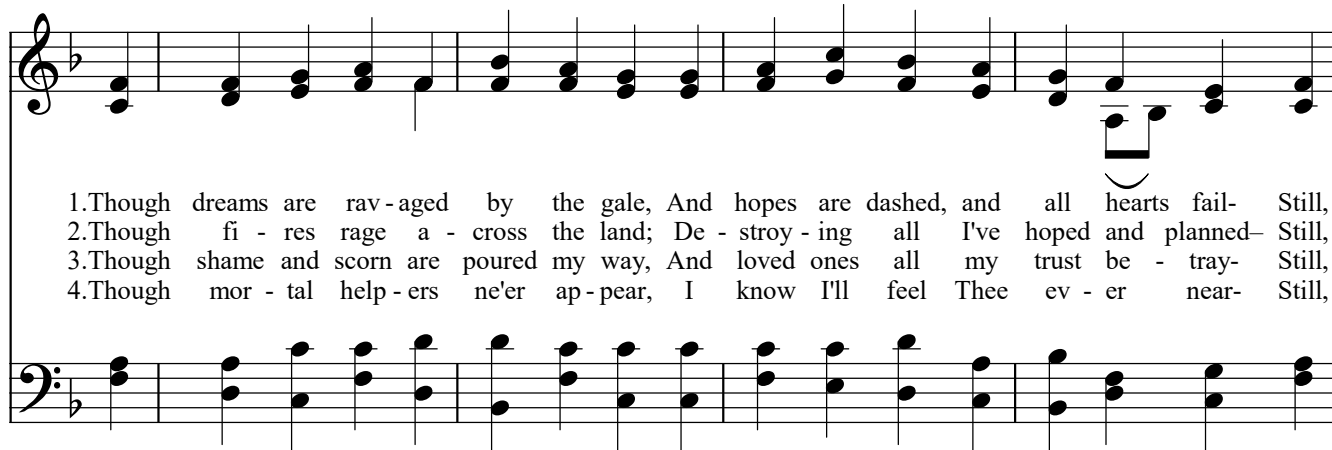


Though Dreams are Ravaged by the Gale

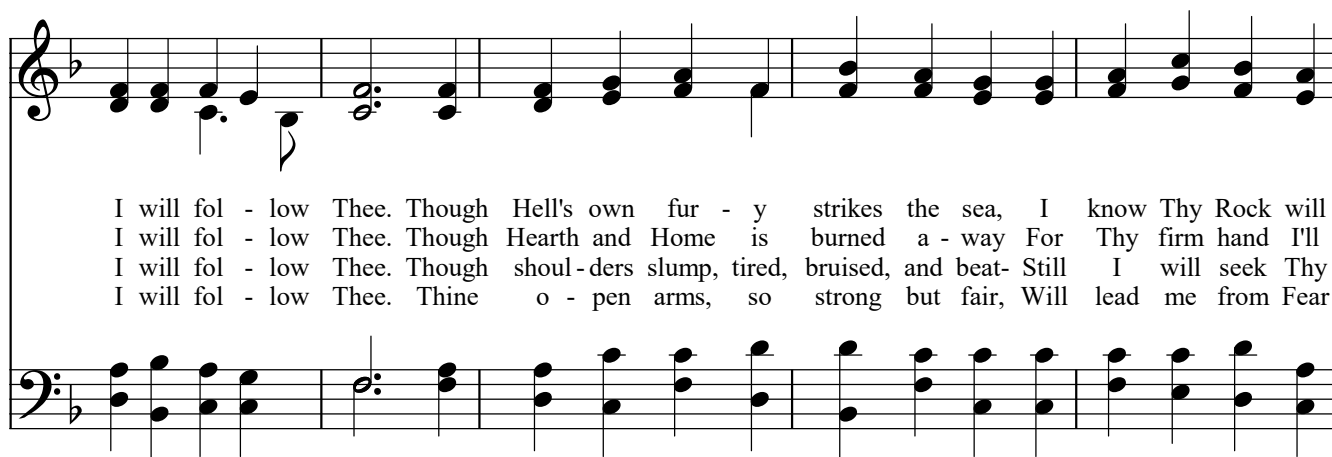
'Bridehead', Arthur Henry Dyke Troyte, 1860

Bruce T. Forbes

♩=110



1. Though dreams are rav- aged by the gale, And hopes are dashed, and all hearts fail- Still,
2. Though fi - res rage a - cross the land; De - stroy - ing all I've hoped and planned- Still,
3. Though shame and scorn are poured my way, And loved ones all my trust be - tray- Still,
4. Though mor - tal help - ers ne'er ap - pear, I know I'll feel Thee ev - er near- Still,



I will fol - low Thee. Though Hell's own fur - y strikes the sea, I know Thy Rock will
I will fol - low Thee. Though Hearth and Home is burned a - way For Thy firm hand I'll
I will fol - low Thee. Though shoul - ders slump, tired, bruised, and beat- Still I will seek Thy
I will fol - low Thee. Thine o - pen arms, so strong but fair, Will lead me from Fear



shel-ter me! And I will fol - low Thee.
e - ver pray, And I will fol - low Thee.
mer cy seat! And I will fol - low Thee.
and De - spair! And I will fol - low Thee.