

to my grandmother, Frances Ross

Faith

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Kyle Gann
1984

$\text{♩} = 84$ (long)

Voice

I will not doubt though all my ships at sea come drift- ing

Piano

mp



5

home with bro- ken masts and sails I will be- lieve the hand that ne- ver fails from seem- ing



10

e- vil wor- keth good to me. And though I weep be- cause those sails are



13

bat tered still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shat tered I trust in

Slower

16

thee. I will not doubt though sor - rows fall like rain and trou - bles swarm like bees a - bout a

Tempo

21

hive I shall be - lieve the heights for which I strive are on - ly reached by an - guish and by

25

pain. And though I groan and trem - ble with my cros - ses, I still shall

28

see through my se - ve - rest los - ses the grea - ter gain. *f* I will not

32

doubt, an - chored in the faith, like some staunch ship, my soul braves ev' - ry

36

gale. So strong its cou - rage that it can - not fail to breast the

39 *ff*

migh - ty un - known sea of death Oh, may I cry, when bo - dy parts with

42 *pp* *Slow*

spi rit, "I do not doubt" so list' - ning worlds will hear it with my last breath.