

There are tears that fall upon our cheeks like rain.
They are heavy and they come now and again
From the ocean shores of sorrow,
And no softness do they borrow
From the hardened, salty rocks of bitter Pain
Over which they flow. This vast and throbbing main
Each one of us here has sailed, ah! not in vain.
But God gives the tears—so take them,
For He makes not hearts to break them!
But into each life sometime must come the rain.