

# Hope and Tears

Words and Music by Keith Sanford

Cm7 Fm Cm7 Fm

On the trail I hear them weep-ing. — On the fro - zen ground they sleep.  
Heav - y bags up - on her shoul-ders, there're no shoes up - on her feet.  
Like a glim-mer in the dark-ness like a whis-per in the night.

5 Cm7 Fm Cm7 Fm

From the stock-ades to O - kla - ho - ma, wind is cold and snow is deep. But I hope  
There is a ba - by dy - ing in her arms, noth - ing more for them to eat.  
It's not too late to hear the call - ing. Not to late to make it right.

9 Bb/C Eb/C Fm Bb/C Eb/C Fm

— in a song — to be sung — like a sav - ior that says

13 Ab Eb Fm Bb

When the shad-ows fall a light shines out a call for com-pas - sion and sor - row.

17 Ab Eb Fm Bb Fm

May-be we can be the peo - ple with hope for to - mor-row.