

We Have Hope

Music: Paul Stetsenko
Text: Job 14:7-16

Voice

Piano

p

Voice

Pno.

Voice

Pno.


p

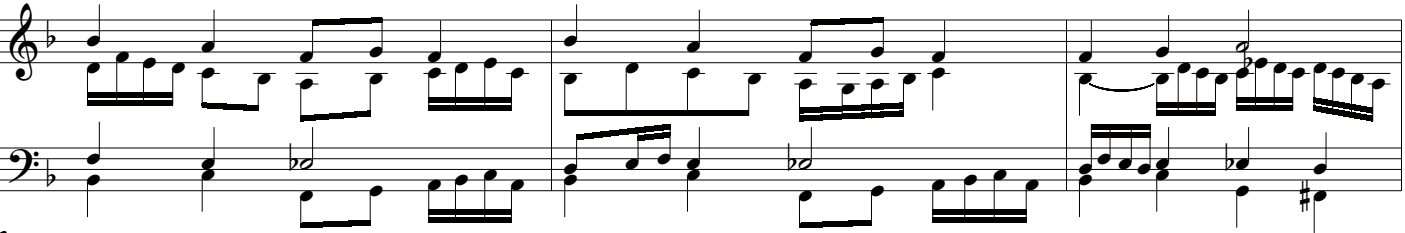
Wood has hope. When it's cut, it grows— green a - gain, it's

Voice

Pno.

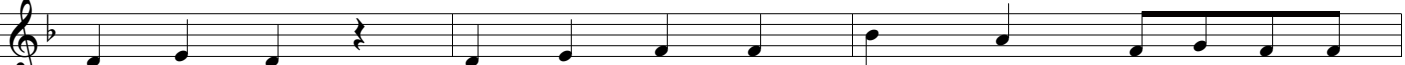
boughs sprout— clean a - gain. Wood has hope. Root and stock, al-though

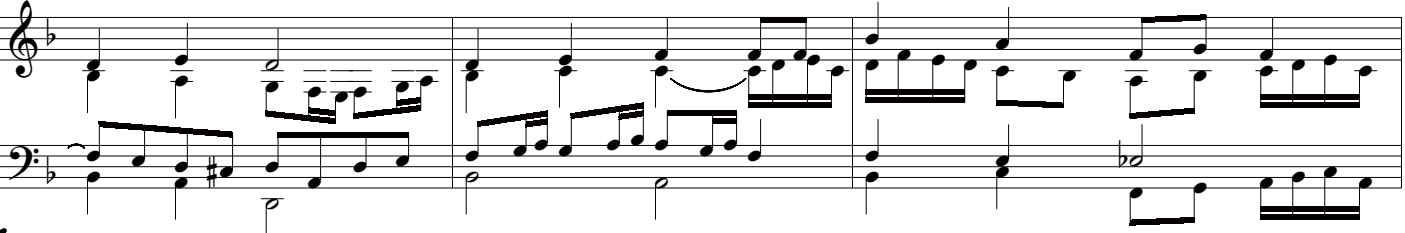
Voice  old and with-ered up, all sunk in earth cor - rupt, will re - vive.

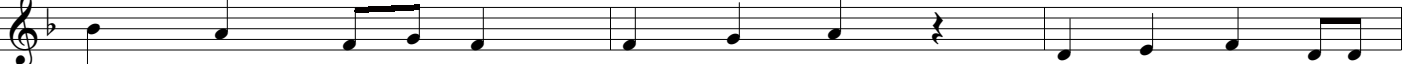
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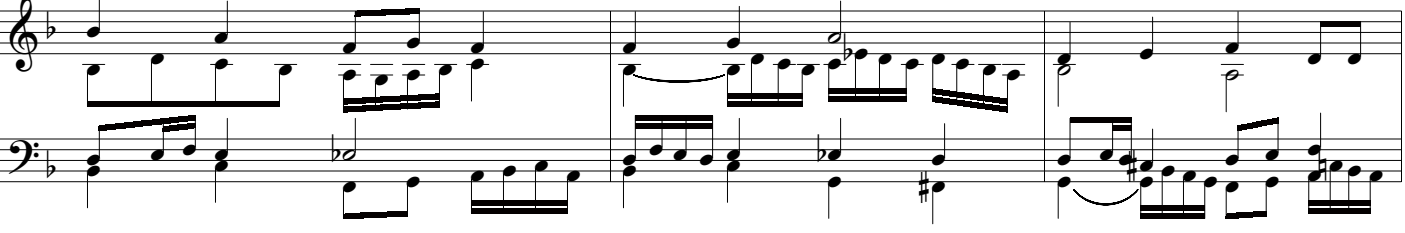
Voice  Leaves re - turn. Wa - ter pure brings life to them, and the tree lives young a - gain.

Pno. 

Voice  Wood has hope. But for flesh waits death to strip the soul, and

Pno. 

Voice  breathe life out, be - hold: all things end. Mor - tal life's like a

Pno. 

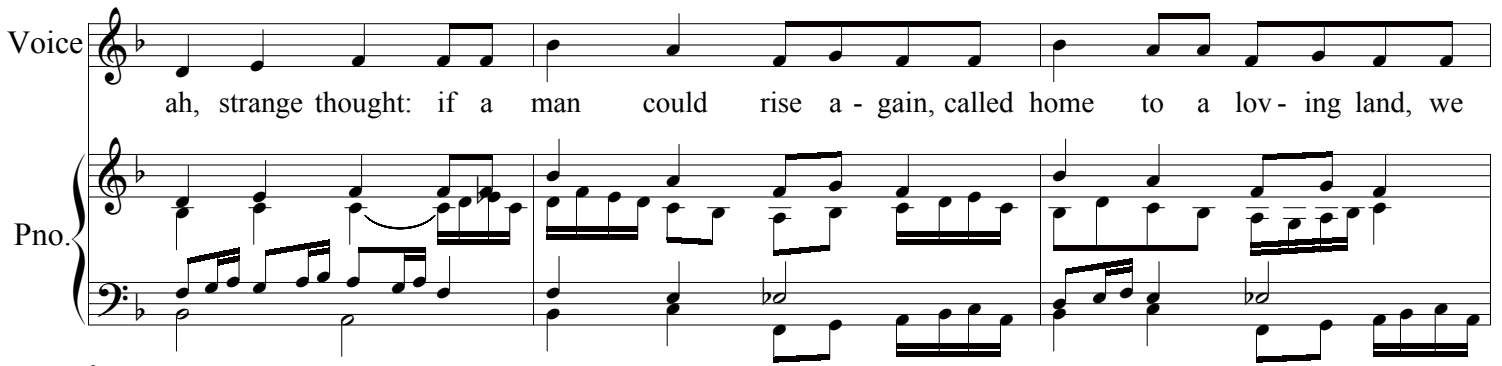
Voice
dried up— ri-ver bed, we sleep, lay— down our heads, to rise no more. But

Pno.



Voice
ah, strange thought: if a man could rise a - gain, called home to a lov - ing land, we

Pno.



Voice
would have hope. We have hope. Like a tree we'll grow— green a - gain, our

Pno.



Voice
boughs will sprout— clean a - gain. We have hope.

Pno.

