When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark.
At the end of the storm
There's a golden...
And the sweet, silver song of a lark.
Walk on, through the wind,
Walk on, through the rain,
Though your dreams be tossed and blown.
Walk on, walk on with hope

in your heart, And you'll ne - ver walk

a - lone, You'll ne -

ver walk a - lone

2.x Fine