

Empty Within

In Loving Memory of My Dad

Words & Music by
AnnMarie Murdock

8

mp

I feel

5

lost, a-lone and a fraid. I'm suff'ring from choi - ces I have

8

made. The Spi-rit's gone. Where do I be - gin? I feel so emp-ty, emp - ty with -

12

mf

in. But God's love can heal, and God's love can fill the emp-ty

15

part of my a - ching heart. He can fill the emp - ty with in.

mp

18

Emp-ty hands and emp-ty

22

heart. The sting of death will not de - part. He gives and

25

takes, mak - ing my heart break. I feel so emp-ty, emp - ty with in. But

29 *mf*
 God's love can heal, and God's love can fill the emp - ty

31
 part of my a - ching heart. He can fill the emp - ty with in. He

34 *f* *mp*
 drank that bit - ter cup. He drank it all up. Then He died on the hill, His

37 *f* *mp rit.*
 Fa - ther's will ful - filled. That cup that tomb were emp - ty with -

39

in. And God's love will heal, and God's love will

f

a tempo

41

fill the emp-ty part of my a-ching heart. He will heal And He will fill the

mf

44

emp-ty with-in. He fills the emp - ty with in.

mp

rit. *a tempo*

48

rit.