

SONS OF SORROW. 8s, 7s..

"The earth mourneth and fadeth away, the world languisheth and fadeth away." -- Isa. 24:4.

E Minor Anonymous

Arr. - William Houser, 1848.

1. Hail ye sigh- ing sons of sor- row; Learn with me, your cer- tain doom; See all na- ture fad- ing, dy- ing,
Learn with me your fate to- mor- row —Dead, per- haps, laid in the tomb!

2. Oft the au- tumn temp- est ris- ing, Makes the loft- y for- est nod; And our sov- reign sole Cre- at- or
Scenes of na- ture, how sur- pris- ing, Read in na- ture, Na- ture's God.

3. Fast my sun of life's de- clin- ing, Soon 'twill set in dis- mal night; Cease then trem- bling, fear- ing, sigh- ing,
But my hopes, pure and re- fin- ing, Rest in fu- ture life and light.

Si- lent, all things seem to mourn; Life from veg- e- ta- tion fly- ing, Calls to mind the moul- d'ring urn.

Lives e- ter- nal in the sky, While we mor- tals yield to na- ture, Bloom a- while, then fade and die.

Death will break the sul- len gloom; Soon my spir- it, flut- t'ring, fly- ing, Shall be borne be- yond the tomb.