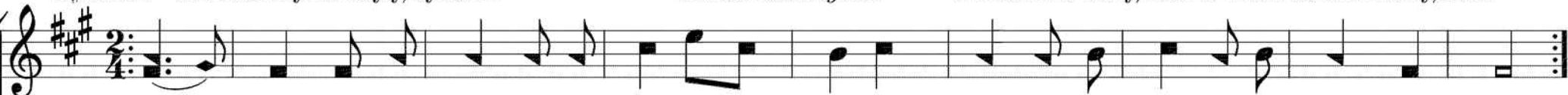


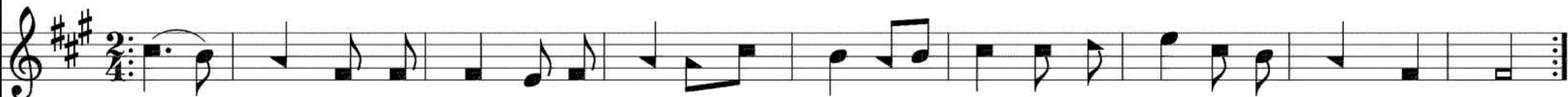
F# Minor. Thomas Haynes Bayly, by 1844.

The Old Churchyard.

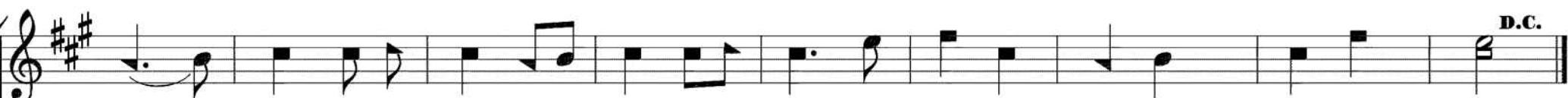
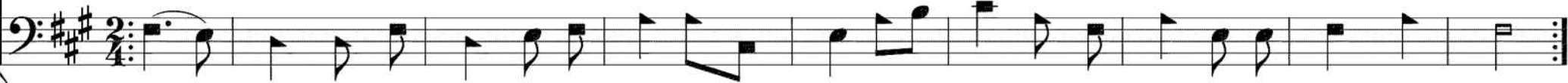
Arr. John R. Daily, 1902 & E. Stokes & N. Berry, 2012.



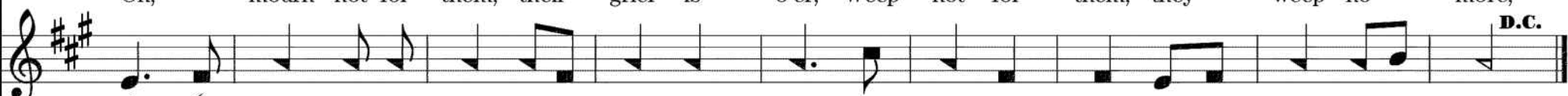
1. Oh come, come with me, to the old church - yard, I well know the path thro' the soft green sward;
 Our friends slum - ber there, we were wont to re - gard, We'll trace out their names, in the old church - yard.
D.C. For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard, Their pil - lows may be in the old church - yard.



2. Our friends lin - ger there, in the sweet - est re - pose, In qui - e - tude sweet, in the old church - yard,
 Re - leased from the world's sad be - reav - ments and woes; And who would not rest with the friends they re - gard?
D.C. When Ga - bri - el's voice and the trump of the Lord, Shall a - wak - en the dead in the old church - yard.



Oh, mourn not for them, their grief is o'er, Weep not for them, they weep no more; **D.C.**



We'll rest in the hope of that bright day, When beau - ty'll spring from the pri - son of clay, **D.C.**

