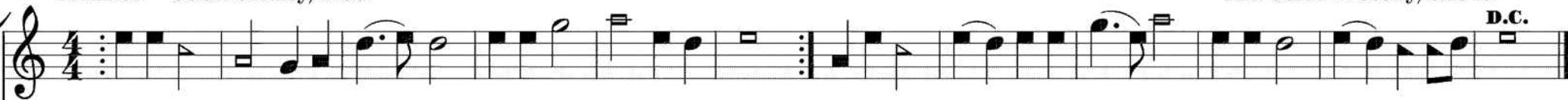
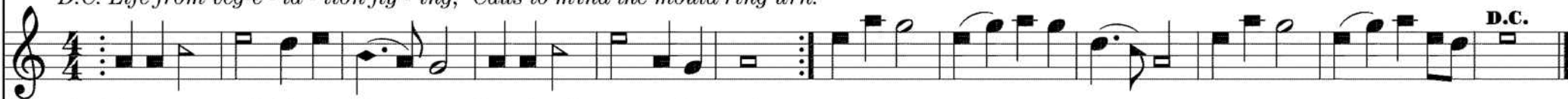


A Minor. Selah Gridley, 1795.

Arr. John W. Steffy, c.1840.



1. Hail ye sighing sons of sor - row, Learn with me your certain doom;
 Learn with me your fate tomorrow, Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb. See all na - ture fading, dy - ing, Silent, all things seem to mourn,
D.C. Life from veg-e - ta - tion fly - ing, Calls to mind the mould'ring urn.



2. Fast my sun of life's de - clin - ing, Soon 'twill set in endless night,
 But my hopes, pure and reviv - ing, Rise to fairer worlds of light. Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing, Death shall burst this sullen gloom;
D.C. Then my spirit, flutt'ring, fly-ing, Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

