

E Minor. Joel Barlow, 1785.

*Sacred Harmony*, 1792.

Thy wrath lies heav-y on my soul, And waves of sor-row o'er me roll, While dust and si-lence spread the gloom:

De - scend a - round me to the tomb.

The dear com-pan-ions of my ways,

My friends, be-lov'd in hap - pier days, The dear com-pan-ions of my ways, De - scend a-round me to the tomb.

My friends, be-lov'd in hap-pier days, The dear com - pan-ions of my ways, De-scend a - round me to the tomb.

My friends, be-lov'd in hap-pier days, The dear com - pan-ions of my ways, De-scend a - round me to the tomb.