

A Minor. Truman Wetmore, 1805.

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Let mu - sic roll in mourn - ful strains, While death his pris'n-er binds in chains; Each harp-er

dress'd in grief's at - tire, While sor-row tunes her mourn - ful lyre. A - wake, a - wake each si - lent string, A - wake, a-wake each si - lent string, dress'd in grief's at - tire, While sor-row tunes her mourn - ful lyre. A - wake, a - wake each si - lent string, A - wake, a-wake each si - lent string,

string, With dole-ful notes new sor - rows bring, Till forc'd by grief my spir-it flies To the dark shades where Syl-via lies. lies. string, With dole-ful notes new sor - rows bring, Till forc'd by grief my spir-it flies To the dark shades where Syl-via lies. lies.