

E Minor. Nathaniel Dwight, 1798.

Knapp & Nicholson.

1. What sor - row - ful sounds do I hear Move slow - ly a - long in the gale? How so-lemn they fall on my
 2. Sweet wood-bines will rise round his feet, And wil - lows their sor - row - ing wave; Young hy - a - cinths fresh - en and

3. O Co - ry - don! hear the sad cries Of Ca - ro - line, plain-tive and slow; O spir - it! look down from the
 4. Ye shep-herds so blithe-some and young, Re - tire from your sports on the green, Since Co - ry - don's deaf to my

5. And when the still night has un - furled Her robes o'er the ham - let a - round, Gray twi-light re - tires from the
 6. Since Co - ry - don hears me no more, In gloom let the wood-lands ap - pear, Ye o - ceans be still of your

ear, As soft - ly they pass thro' the vale. Sweet Co - ry - don's notes are all o'er, Now
 bloom, While haw - thorns en - cir - cle his grave, Each morn when the sun gilds the east, The

skies, And pi - ty the mourn - er be - low; 'Tis Ca - ro - line's voice in the grove, Which
 song, The wolves tear the lambs on the plain; Each swain round the for - est will stray And

world, And dark - ness en - cum - bers the ground, I'll leave my own gloo - my a - bode, To
 roar, Let Au - tumn ex - tend 'round the year; I'll hie me through mea - dow and lawn, There

PASTORAL ELEGY. Concluded.

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lone - ly he sleeps in the clay, His cheeks bloom with ros - es no more, Since death called his spi - rit a - way.
green grass be - span - gled with dew, He'll cast his bright beams on the west, To charm the sad Ca - ro - line's view.

Phi - lo - mel hears on the plain; Then striv - ing the mour - ner to soothe, With sym - pa - thy joins in her strain.
sor - row - ing hang down his head, His pipe then in sym - pho - ny play, Some dirge to sweet Co - ry - don's shade.

Co - ry - don's urn will I fly, There kneel - ing will bless the just God Who dwells in bright man - sions on high.
cull the bright flow' - rets of May, Then rise on the wings of the morn, And waft my young spir - it a - way.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C.M.

G Major. Isaac Watts, 1707.

F. Lewis.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.

3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, Let storms of sor - row fall, So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest, And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.