

SONS OF SORROW 8s, 7s.

"The earth mourneth and fadeth away, the world languisheth and fadeth away." – Isa. 24:4

Key of E Minor

Arranged by William Houser

1. { Hail ye sigh - ing sons of sor - row; Learn with me, your cer - tain doom: } See all na - ture fad - ing, dy - ing,
{ Learn with me your fate to - mor - row - Dead, per - haps, laid in the tomb! }

2. { Oft the au - tumn tem - pest ris - ing, Makes the loft - y for - est nod; } And our sov - 'reign sole Cre - a - tor
{ Scenes of na - ture, how sur - pris - ing, Read in na - ture, Na - ture's God. }

3. { Fast my sun of life's de - clin - ing, Soon 'twill set in dis - mal night; } Cease then trem - bling, fear - ing, sigh - ing,
{ But my hopes, pure and re - fin - ing, Rest in fu - ture life and light. }

Si - lent, all things seem to mourn; Life from veg - e - ta - tion fly - ing, Calls to mind the mould - 'ring urn.
Lives e - ter - nal in the sky, While we mor - tals yield to na - ture, Bloom a - while, then fade and die.
Death will break the sul - len gloom; Soon my spir - it, flut - t'ring, fly - ing, Shall be borne be - yond the tomb.