

THE MOULDERING VINE. 8, 7.

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

2. See! in yon - der for - est stand - ing, Lof - ty ce - dars, how they nod!
Scenes of na - ture how sur - pris - ing Read in na - ture na - ture's God! Whilst the an - nual frosts are crop - ping

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

Si - lent all things seem to pine; Life from veg - e - ta - tion fly - ing, Brings to mind "the mould - 'ring vine."

Leaves and ten - drils from the trees, So our friends are ear - ly droop - ing, We are like to one of these.

Death will break the sul - len gloom, Soon my spir - it flut - t'ring, fly - ing, Shall be borne be - yond the tomb.