



BURY ME IN THE MORNING, MOTHER.

DUETT OR QUARTETTE. COMODO

Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1 Lay me down where the grass is green mother, Be-neath the wil-low shade,

Where the murmuring winds will mourn mother, The wreck that death has made,

CHORUS  
Bu-ry me in the morn-ing, And mourn not at my loss, For I'll

BURY ME IN THE MORNING. Concluded.

join . the beau-ti-ful ar-my That car-ried the Saviour's cross.

2. Never sorrow or sigh for me, mother, Who fell in early years,  
For I'll be in the pleasant land, mother, That's free from grief and tears.  
Cho. Bury me in the morning, &c.
3. I have heard the songs of the blest, mother, And death is drawing near,
4. To ferry me o'er the stream, mother, That mortals dread and fear.  
Cho. Bury me in the morning, &c.
5. You must promise to come to me, mother, When life and hope shall fade,  
For there's room for you in the home, mother, That's far from the greenwood shade.  
Cho. Bury me in the morning, &c.

ETERNITY! L. M.

- 1 Eternity is just at hand!  
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,  
And careless view departing day,  
And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!  
To guilty souls a dreadful wound;  
But, O, if Christ and heaven be mine,  
How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,  
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer—  
An interest in the Saviour's blood,  
My pardon sealed, my peace with God.
- 4 Search, Lord, O, search my inmost heart,  
And light and hope, and joy impart:  
From guilt and error set me free,  
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.