AN ELEGY

On the Death

OF CATHERINE, DAUGHTER OF GEN. MORTON.

The Words by a Young Lady. Music by J. HEWITT

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Larghetto

Ah! why A. tro pos why so soon; Oh could you not one moment stay but

cut the bud not yet in bloom and snatch it thus so soon a way

But hark! I hear a Seraphs voice that
softly whispers dry the tear and sweetly tells you all joyce nor

mourn upon the silent bier nor mourn upon the si-lent bier.

She's happier there than here below, while in the bosom of her God

freed from the world and all its woe; she sees Earth tremble at his nod.

Chorus.

While Planets rolling at her feet Myriads of Angels

round her throne raised on a high Empy-real seat she joins the Choirs in

1st time 2nd time heavenly song heavenly song 8va

Dim.