

THEY SLEEP IN. THE GRAVE TOGETHER.

Music by, Henry Kleber. Words by, Charles P. Dare. VOICE. PIANO: . In the ground near fond _ _ ly loved And her the church, sleeps my wife, falls now through the The The sun – light mourn_ful_ ly trees, of white placed at the Of the A block mar__ble is head re__ clines on her breast; To _ geth _ er their forms, e'en in babe in _ _ no _ cent ' sound, notes of wood - songsters most plain _ tive _ _ ly The once rip pling brook flows on grass cov_ered mound where my hopes are now strown, More dear to my heart is that 2433

2

life, Are consigned to the mould _ er _ _ ing I death 88 in grave where they rest. 'neath the breeze, The ' strew_ing their calm flow _ ers are leaves o'er the No ground, Than the di_ia_mond which decks an plain seeming slab, im__pe_rial crown. A And that fair form, loved, oh how dear__ly loved that babe with soul peer_ing I her bright on the hearth, And longer the fire burns qui _ _ et the kit__ten whose willow la_den with dew, Each bend o'er them, and morn _ ing its branches weep But all of İts mem _ _ brance is that out eye; re _ now gam _ _ bols cheered all, E'en the cric___kets have stilled their Near the their feet, tears Ι stand rose at and as -Which most sweet_ly ľl cher _ ish till like keeps my heart warm, them Ι die. old _ _ en time mirth, pall. And the world seems o'er spread with fu _ _ _ ne _ _ ral a breathe in tones low prayer that we'll meet in land. Mу hap__pi__er a 2433

3



* The ALTO part when taken by a male-voice to be sung an octave higher.

