

THE WANDERER'S GRAVE. C.M.D.

139

D.C.

1. A - way from home, a - way from friends, And all the heart holds dear,
 A wea - ry wan - d' rer laid him down, Nor kind - ly aid was near. And sick - ness preyed up - on his frame, And told its tale of woe,
D.C. While sor - rows marked his pal - lid cheek, And sank his spir - it low.

2. Nor wait - ing friends stood near his couch, A heal - ing to im - part;
 Nor hu - man voice spoke sym - pa - thy To soothe his ach - ing heart; The stars of night his watch - ers were, His fan the wide wind's breath;
D.C. And while they sighed their hol - low moans, He closed his eyes in death.

3. No will - ing grave re - ceived the corpse, Of this poor lone - ly one;
 His bones, a - las, were left to bleach And mould - er 'neath the sun. The wild wolf howled his re - qui - em, The rude wind danced his dirge;
D.C. And e'er a - non, in mourn - ful chime, Sighed forth the mel - low surge.