

W.B. Collyer

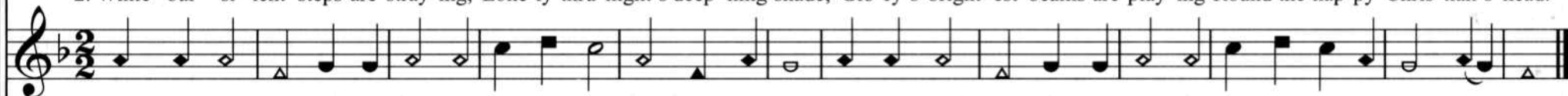
I.B. Woodbury



1. Come, ye mourn-ers, cease to lan-guish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain, and death, and night, and an-guish, En - ter not the world a - bove.



2. While our si - lent steps are stray-ing, Lone-ly thru night's deep-'ning shade, Glo-ry's bright-est beams are play-ing Round the hap-py Chris-tian's head.



3. Light and peace at once de - riv - ing From the hand of God most high, In His glo - r'ous pres-ence liv-ing, They shall nev - er, nev - er die.

