

1. Hail! ye sigh - ing sons of sor - row, Learn from me your cer - tain doom;  
Learn from me your fate to - mor - row, Dead - per - haps laid in the tomb! See all na - ture fad - ing, dy - ing!

2. See! in yon - der for - est stand - ing, Lof - ty ce - dars, how they nod!  
Scenes of na - ture how sur - pris - ing Read in na - ture na - ture's God! Whilst the an - nu'l frosts are crop - ping

3. Hol - low winds a - bout me roar - ing, nois - y wa - ters round me rise;  
Whilst I sit, my fate de - plor - ing, Tears fast stream - ing from my eyes. What to me is au - tumn's trea - sure,

Si - lent all things seem to pine; Life from veg - e - ta - tion fly - ing, Brings to mind "the mould - 'ring vine."

Leaves and ten - drils from the trees, So our friends are ear - ly droop - ing, We are like to one of these.

Since I know no earth - ly joy? Long I've lost all youth - ful plea - sure. Time must youth and health de - stroy.