

LATHAM. C.M.

Isaac Watts, 1707

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2009

1. Not from the dust af - flic - tion grows, Nor trou - bles rise by chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes; A sad in - he - ri - tance!

2. As sparks break out from bur - ning coals, And still are up - wards borne So grief is roo - ted in our souls, And man grows lips to mourn.

3. Yet with my God I leave my cause, And trust his pro - mised grace; He rules me by his well - known laws Of love and righ - teous - ness.

4. Not all the pains that e'er I bore Shall spoil my fu - ture peace, For death and hell can do no more Than what my Fa - ther please.

AVERILL PARK. C.M.D.

William Knox, 1825

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2009

Fine *D.C.*

1. Oh weep not for the joys that fade Like eve - ning lights a - way, The clouds of sor - row will de - part, And bril - liant skies be giv'n;
For hopes that, like the stars de - cayed, Have left thy mor - tal day;

D.C. For bliss a - waits the ho - ly heart, A - mid the bow'rs of heav'n.

2. Oh weep not for the friends that pass In - to the lone - ly grave, For though thy plea - sures may de - part, And mourn - ful days be giv'n;
As bree - zes sweep the with - ered grass A - long the rest - less wave;

D.C. Yet bliss a - waits the ho - ly heart, When friends re - join in heav'n.