

GWINNETT PLACE. 8,9

G Major. The Social Harp, 1849.

Steve Brett, 2023

1. My bur - ied friends, can I for - get, Or must the grave e - ter - nal se - ver?
They lin - ger in my mem - ory yet And in my heart they live for - ev - er. They loved me once with love sin -

2. I fain would weep - but what of tears? No tears of mine could e'er re - call them;
Nor would I wish that grov'ling cares, No cares like mine, should e'er be - fall them. They rest in realms of light and

3. I heard them bid the world a - dieu, I saw them on the roll - ing bill - ow;
Their far-off home ap - peared in view, While yet they pressed a dy - ing pill - ow. I heard the part - ing pil - grim

4. O how I long to join their wing, And range their fields of blooming flow - ers;
Come, ho - ly wat - chers, come and bring A mour - ner to your bliss - ful bow - ers. I'd speed with rap - ture on my

cere; And nev - er did their love de - ceive me; But of - ten in my conflicts here, They rall - ied quick - ly to re - lieve me.

love, They dwell up - on the Mount of Glo - ry; They bask in beams of bliss a - bove, And shout to tell their ha - ppy sto - ry.

tell While pass - ing Jordan's stor - my riv - er, "A - dieu to earth, for all is well, Now all is well with me for - ev - er."

way; Nor would I pause at Jor - dan's riv - er; With songs I'd en - ter end - less day, And live with my loved friends for - ev - er.