

No. 396. Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely.

Samuel F. Smith.

(8's & 7's.)

John S. Lewis.

(♩ = 69.)



1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle
2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace - ful
3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When death's



as the sum - mer breeze, Pleas - ant as the
in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt
loss we deep - ly feel; But 'tis God that
gloom - y night has fled; Then on earth with



air of eve - ning When it floats a - mong the trees.
join our num - ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
hath be - reft us, He can all our sor - rows heal.
joy to greet thee, Where no bit - ter tears are shed.



No. 397. Now He's Gone, We'd Not Recall Him.

Eliza R. Snow.

Music No. 396.

1 Now he's gone, we'd not recall him
From a paradise of bliss,
Where no evil can befall him,
To a changing world like this.

2 His loved name will never perish,
Nor his mem'ry sleep in dust;
For the Saints of God will cherish
The remembrance of the just.