

Since our good friend is gone to rest

Gordon

"Albrighton", F. R.

Anon.

p Since our good friend is gone to rest, With - in the si - lent grave,

p Since our good friend is gone to rest, With - in the

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With - in the si - lent grave, With - in the si - lent grave,

si - lent grave, With - in the si - lent grave, the si - lent grave,

si - lent grave, With - in the si - lent grave, the si - lent grave,

si - lent grave, With - in the si - lent grave, the si - lent grave,

We hope his soul's a - mong the blest, *cresc.* We hope his soul's a - mong the

We hope his soul's a - mong the blest, *cresc.* We hope his soul's a - mong the

cresc. We hope his soul's a - mong the blest,

cresc. We hope his soul's a - mong the blest,

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16

S blest, *f* Let fruit-less sor-row wave, Let fruit-less sor-row wave.

A blest, *f* Let fruit-less sor-row wave, Let fruit-less sor-row wave.

T *f* Let fruit-less sor-row wave, Let fruit-less sor-row wave.

B *f* Let fruit-less sor-row wave, Let fruit-less sor-row wave.

Kbd.

21

S Our loss is now his great-est gain, Let no rude hand an-noy.

A Our loss is now his great-est gain, Let no rude hand an-noy.

T Our loss is now his great-est gain, Let no rude hand an-noy.

B Our loss is now his great-est gain, Let no rude hand an-noy.

Kbd.

26

S *p* His dust now sleeps ex-empt from pain, His dust now sleeps ex-empt from

A *p* His dust now sleeps ex-empt from pain, His dust now sleeps ex-empt from

T *p* His dust now sleeps ex-empt from pain,

B *p* His dust now sleeps ex-empt from pain,

Kbd.

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31

S
pain, In hopes of fu - ture_ joy, *p* In hopes of fu - ture joy.

A
pain, In hopes of fu - ture_ joy, *p* In hopes of fu - ture joy.

T
In hopes of fu - ture joy, *p* In hopes of fu - ture joy.

B
In hopes of fu - ture joy, *p* In hopes of fu - ture joy.

Kbd.

2. We at the great and joyful day,
Shall all together meet,
And there our awful homage pay
At our kind master's feet.

Then the great judge from his high throne
Bright crowns of gold shall give
To such as have his precepts known
And studied well to live.

3. O let us then our hearts prepare
For that uncertain hour,
Lest death should end our pain and care
In sin, by Satan's power.

Lord, give us grace our time to spend
In virtue's prudent way,
That when our mortal lives shall end
No guilt may us dismay.

Circled numbers correspond with lines of text;
underlined text is to be repeated by alto tenor and bass in bars 8-10.