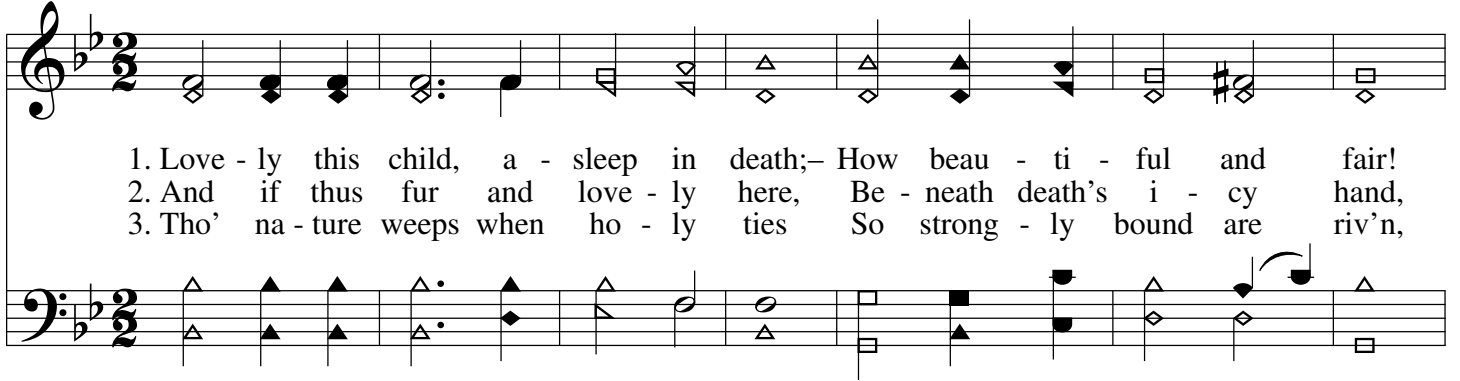
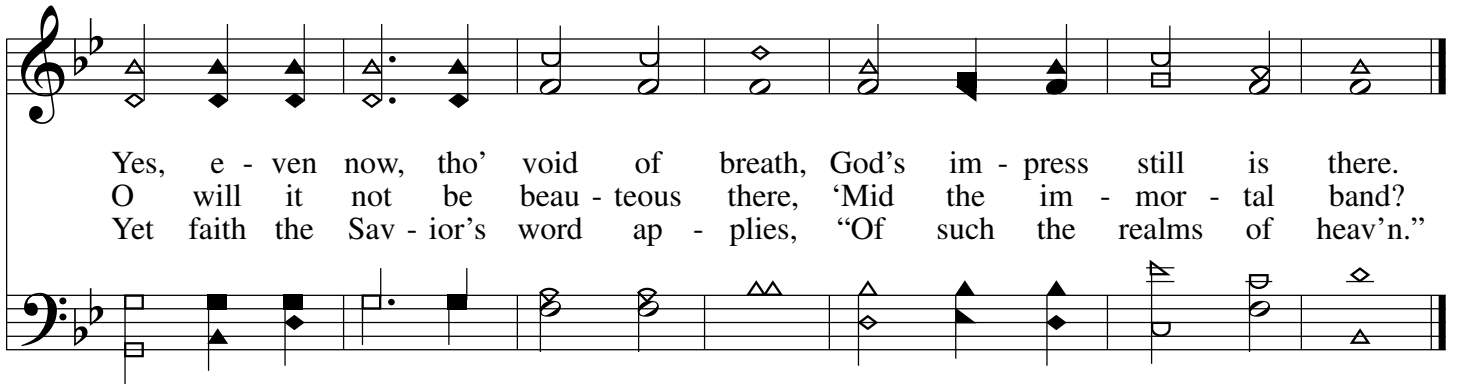


Though Nature Weeps

B \flat /F - SOL



1. Love - ly this child, a - sleep in death;— How beau - ti - ful and fair!
2. And if thus fur and love - ly here, Be - neath death's i - cy hand,
3. Tho' na - ture weeps when ho - ly ties So strong - ly bound are riv'n,



Yes, e - ven now, tho' void of breath, God's im - press still is there.
O will it not be beau - teous there, 'Mid the im - mor - tal band?
Yet faith the Sav - ior's word ap - plies, "Of such the realms of heav'n."