
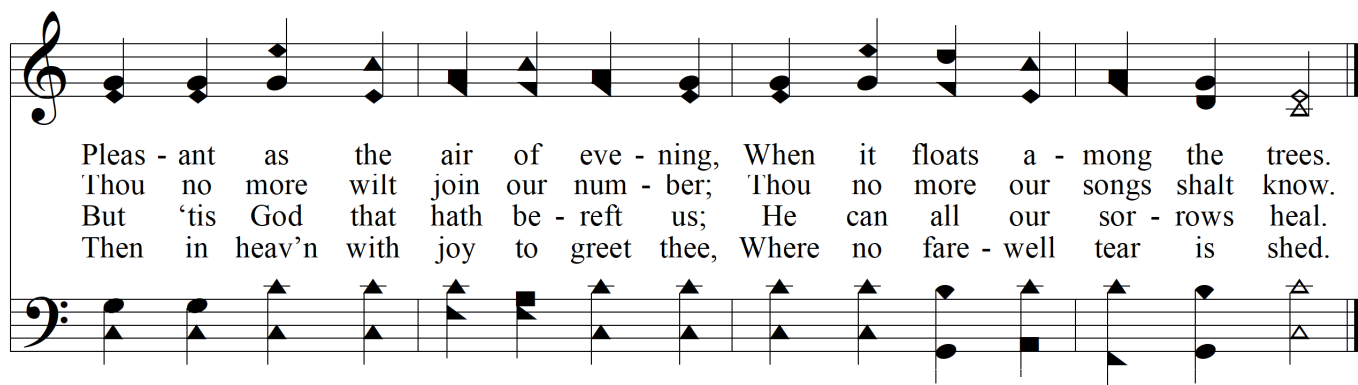


# Sister, Thou Wast Mild And Lovely

MOUNT VERNON



1. Sis - ter thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze,  
2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber— Peace - ful in the grave so low.  
3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep - ly feel;  
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;



Pleas - ant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.  
Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.  
But 'tis God that hath be - reft us; He can all our sor - rows heal.  
Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.