Sister, Thou Wast Mild And Lovely

Words by S. F. Smith
Music by Lowell Mason

MOUNT VERNON

1. Sister thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze,
   Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats among the trees.
   Thou no more wilt join our number; Thou no more our songs shalt know.
   Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber—Peaceful in the grave so low.
   But 'tis God that hath bereft us; He can all our sorrows heal.
   Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deeply feel;
   Thou no more wilt join our number; Thou no more our songs shalt know.
   Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

4. Yet again we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;
   Thou no more wilt join our number; Thou no more our songs shalt know.
   Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.