

To the memory of

P.P. Bliss.

THE
SINGER

A Descriptive Song,

BY

GEO. R. LEWIS.



CINCINNATI.

JOHN CHURCH & CO.

CHICAGO.

ROOT & SONS MUSIC CO.

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THE SINGER.

Composed by

G. E. Lewis.

Moderato.

pianof.

Heav-en-ly strains, thro' the gath-er-ing gloom,
 Floated so soft-ly from the Sing-er's room; The sun had gone down,'twas the
 close of the day; And words of sweet trust we heard him say:—“I

know not the hour when my Lord will come To take me a-way to His
 own dear home; But I know that His presence will light-en the gloom, And
 that will be glo-ry for me." 'Twas a cold win-ter night, and
 fierce the wind blew, And deep were the snow-drifts the engine passed through; And the

ff roar of the tempest was heard far and near, While pleading in prayer these

Moderato.

words we hear:— "More ho - li-ness give me, More stri-ingswith - in;

More pa-tience in suf - f'ring, More sor-row for sin; More faith in my Sa-viour,

Rit.

More sense of his care, More joy in his ser - vice, More pleasure in prayer."

Rit.

Adagio.

Slow moves the train o'er the chasm so deep, While many a trav'ler is

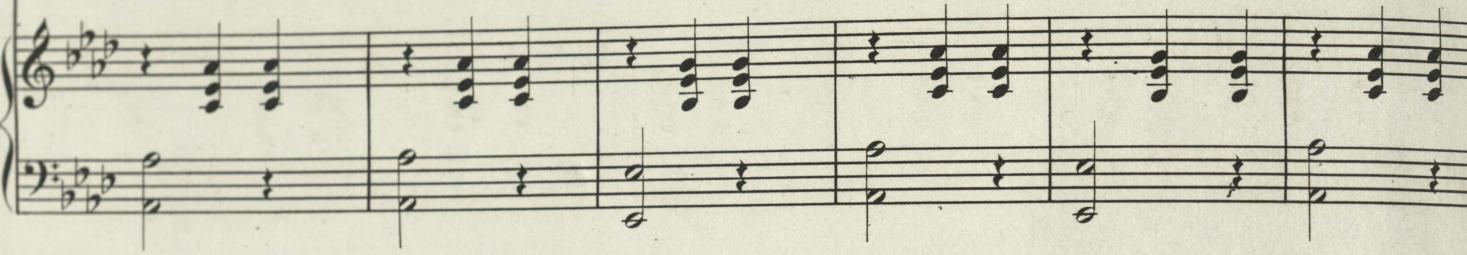
si-lent in sleep; But hark! there's a crash as down they go! 'Mid'

cries of des-pair, and an-guish, and woe! The bright, lurid flames rise

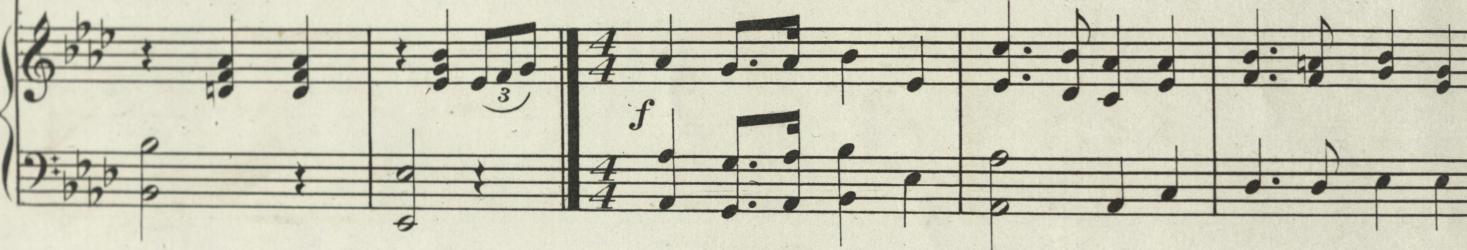
higher and higher, And make for the dy-ing a fun'ral pyre; But



Hark! mid the groans that fall on the ear, The Singer is heard, in



tones loud and clear:— “Up with thy hands to Je - sus, He hears thy piteous

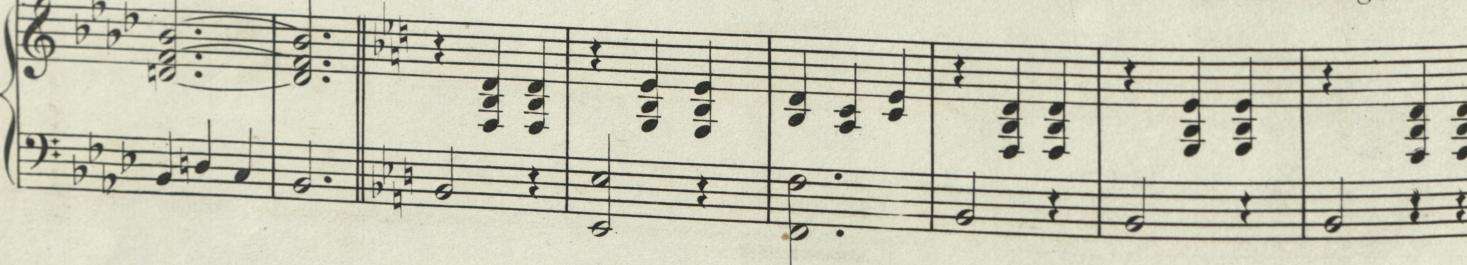


cry; Up with thy hands to Je - sus, No other help is nigh.”



Lento e Piano.

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust; The voice of the Singer in



Cres.

death is now hushed; But lo! as we listen, we hear this sweet song Come echoing back from the glo-ri-fied throng: "Go bury thy sor-row, The world hath its share; Go bu-ry it deep-ly, Go hide it with care; Go think of it calm-ly, When curtained by night; Go tell it to Je-sus, And all will be right."