

SLOW AND SOFT

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone, When I am gone, Smile if the slow tolling bell you should hear, When I am gone, I am gone.

2. Plant ye a tree which may wave o-ver me, When I am gone, When I am gone; Sing ye a song if my grave you should see, When I am gone, I am gone.

3. Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed, When I am gone, When I am gone; Breathe not a sigh for the blest ear-ly dead, When I am gone, I am gone.

Weep not for me when you stand round my grave; Think who has died his be-lov - ed to save; Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have, When I am gone, I am gone.

Come at the close of a bright summer day, Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray, Come and re-joyce that I thus pass'd a -way, When I am gone, I am gone.

Praise ye the Lord that I'm free from all care, Serve ye the Lord that my bliss you may share, Look ye on high and be-lieve I am there, When I am gone, I am gone.