

Hark! She bids all her friends adieu

Dirge, Composed on the death of a young lady in Boston

D minor

Unknown author(s)

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Oliver Holden, 1797

Treble

Tenor

Bass

8 Hark! She bids all her friends adieu. Some an - gel calls her to the spheres, Our eyes the radiant saint pur -

Tr.

T.

B.

8 - sue Through liquid telescopes of tears. And is the lovely, lovely shadow fled? And is the lovely,

Tr.

T.

B.

8 lovely shadow fled? The blooming wonders of her years So soon enshined among the dead, So soon enshrined among the dead: She fled?

Tr.

T.

B.

8 justly claims our pious tears. Farewell, bright soul, farewell bright soul, a short farewell: 'Till we shall meet, till we shall meet again above, In

Tr.

T.

B.

8 the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love, And trees of life, And trees of life bear fruits of love.