

# The Moldering Vine

Transcribed from *Songs of Zion*, 1821.

Tr. 1. { Hail, ye sighing sons of sorrow, Learn from me your cer-tain doom; } See all nature fading, dying!  
C. 2. { See! in yon-der forest standing, Lof-ty ce-dars, how they nod! } While the annual frosts are cropping  
T. 3. { Hol-low winds about me roaring, Noi-sy wa-ters round me rise; } What to me is autumn's treasure  
B. 4. { Former friends, how oft I've sought them, Just to cheer a trou-bled mind. } When a few more days are wasted,  
10 Si-lent all things seem to pine; Life from ve-ge-ta-tion fly-ing, Brings to mind the moldering vine.  
C. Leaves and tendrils from the trees, So our friends are early drooping, We are like to one of these.  
T. 8 Since I know no earth-ly joy, Long I've lost all youthful pleasure, Time must youth and health destroy.  
B. And a few more scenes are o'er, When a few more griefs I've tasted, I shall rise to fall no more.

5. Fast my sun of life's declining  
Soon 'twill set in endless night.  
But my hopes pure and reviving,  
Rise to fairer worlds of light.  
Cease this trembling mourning sighing,  
Death shall burst this sullen gloom,  
Then my spirit, fluttering flying,  
Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

Stanzas 1-3 from *Songs of Zion*, 1821; stanzas 4-5 from *Social and Camp-Meeting Songs*, 1822.  
This tune modified by William Hauser in *The Hesperian Harp*, 1848, and retitled *Sons of Sorrow*.  
The modified version appears in *The Sacred Harp*, no. 332 from 1860 on.