

THE MOULDERING VINE. 8.7.

105

F Minor. *Social and Campmeeting Songs*, 1828.

Davisson.

1. Hail ye sigh - ing sons of sor - row; Learn from me, your cer - tain doom; See all na - ture fad - ing, dy - ing,
Learn from me your fate to - mor - row— Dead, per - haps, laid in the tomb!

2. See! in yon - der for - est stand - ing Lof - ty ce - dars, how they nod! Whilst the annual frosts are crop - ping
Scenes of na - ture, how sur - pris - ing, Read in na - ture, na - ture's God.

3. Hol - low winds a - bout me roar - ing, Noi - sy wa - ters 'round me rise; What to me is au - tumn's treasure,
Whilst I sit my fate de - plor - ing, Tears fast stream - ing from my eyes;

Si - lent, all things seem to pine; Life from ve - ge - ta - tion fly - ing, Calls to mind the moul - d'ring vine.

Leaves and ten - drils from the trees; So, our friends are ear - ly dropping, We are like to one of these.

Since I know no earth - ly joy, Long I've lost all youthful plea - sure, Time must youth and health de - stroy.