

The Precious Seed of Weeping

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Am Grabe steh'n wir stille

Svenska koralboken, 1697

$\text{♩} = 80$

B♭ Cl.

Piano

Am D Em B5 Em Am E5 Am Am D Em

The pre-cious seed of weep-ing to-day we sow once more, the form of one now
He has what we are want-ing, he sees what we be-lieve; the sins on earth so
The crown of life he wear-eth, he bears the shin-ing palm, the "Ho-ly, ho-ly,"

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B5 Em Am E5 Am Em E5 Dm C

sleep-ing, whose pil-gri-mage is o'er. Ah, death but safe-ly land him where
haunt-ing have there no pow'r to grieve; safe in his Sav-ior's keep-ing who
shar-eth, and joins the an-gels' psalm; but we poor pil-grims wan-der still

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Am G C Em Am E Em C Am E5 Am

we too would at-tain; our Fa-ther's voice de-mands him, and death to him is gain.
sent him calm re-lease; 'tis on-ly we are weep-ing, he dwells in per-fect peace.
thru' this land of woe, 'til we shall meet him yon-der, and all his joy shall know.