

Come, come with me to the old church- yard, I so well know those paths 'neath the
 soft green sward. Friends slum- ber there that we once did regard; we will
 trace out their names in the old church- yard. Mourn not for them, for their
 trials are o'er and why weep for those who would weep no more? Sweet is their
 sleep though cold and hard their pil- lows may be in the old church- yard.