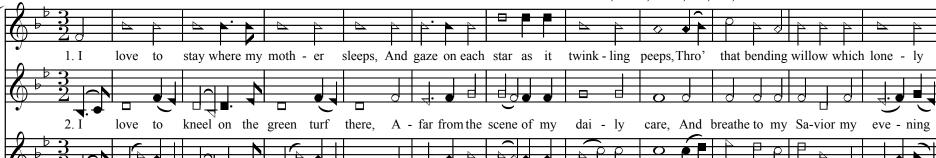
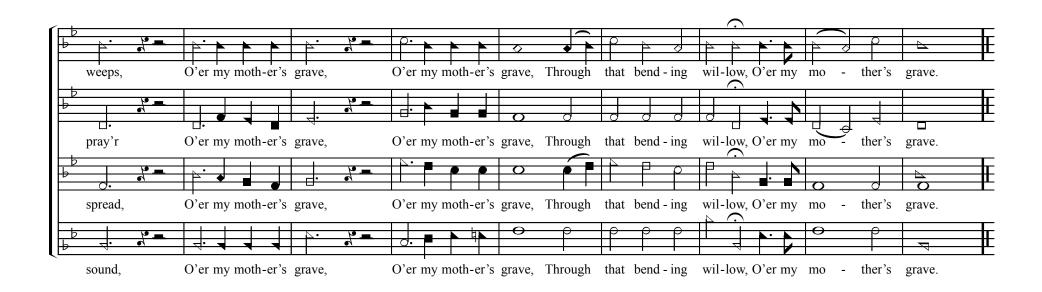
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I might be his when the clod was



4. I love to think how be - neath the ground, She slumbers in death as a cap - tive bound, She'll slum-ber no more when the trump shall

led. And knelt me by her as with God she plead. That



Metre 4

still re - mem-ber how oft she