

## STOCKWOOD. 8s &amp; 7s.

*"How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spices! -- S. Sol. 4:10.*

A Minor Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

M. Mark Wynn, 1869.



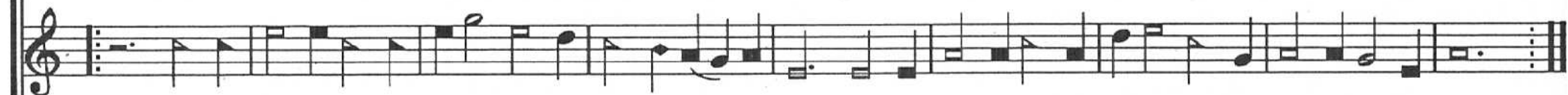
1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze, Pleas - ant as the air of ev-'ning, When it flows a-mong the trees,



2. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel, But 'tis God that hast be - rept us; He can all our sor - rows heal.



Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum-ber, Peace-ful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shall know.



Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.

