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1851

## A Mound Is In The Graveyard

I. B Woodhury  
*Composer*

Mrs Judson  
*Lyricist*

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A MOUND IS IN THE GRAVEYARD  
OR THE  
MISSIONARY-MOTHER'S LAMENT

*Written by*

Mrs Judson

*addressed to a missionary friend in Darmah, on the death of her little  
boy thirteen months old, in which allusion is made to the previous death  
of his little brother.*

*Music Composed*

AND INSCRIBED TO HIS FRIEND

REV. J. W. OLMSTED

*by*

J. B. WOODBURY.

BOSTON.

*Published by G. P. REED & CO. 17 Tremont Row.*

Entered according to act of Congress in 1851 by J. B. Woodbury in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court of Mass.

Walter B. Smith

Vp. 013543

1851

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A MOUND IS IN THE GRAVEYARD

3

-OF-

THE MISSIONARY MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Addressed to a missionary friend in Burmah on  
the death of her little boy, thirteen months old, in  
which allusion is made to the previous death of his  
little brother


Poetry by Mrs Judson .

Music by I. B. Woodbury .

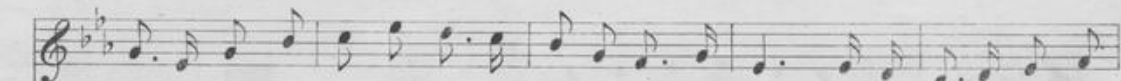
Voice. 

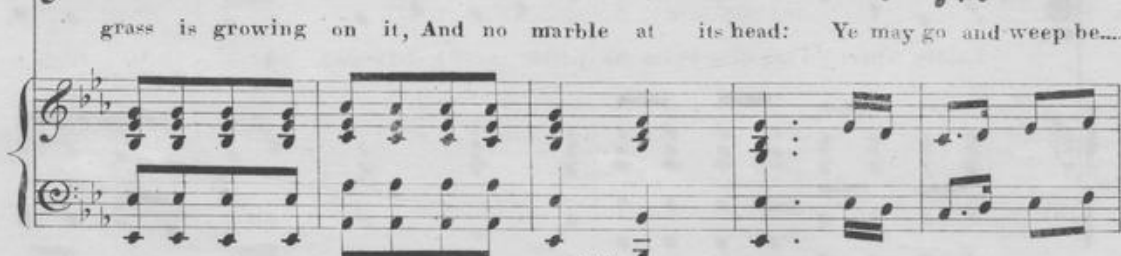
Piano. 

Andante

  
A mound is in the graveyard, A short and narrow bed; No

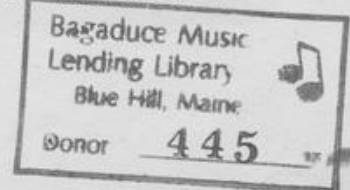


  
grass is growing on it, And no marble at its head: Ye may go and weep be...



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.....side it, Ye may kneel and kiss the sod..... But ye'll find no balm for

sorrow, In the cold and si...lent clod.

There's anguish in the household, Its des.....late and lone, For a

fondly cherish'd nursling From the parent nest has flown; A little form is

missing, A heart has ceased to beat;..... And the chain of love lies

shattered At the desolator's feet

3

4

Remove the empty cradle,  
 His clothing put away;  
 And all his little playthings  
 With your choicest treasures lay;  
 Strive not to check the tear drops,  
 That fall like summer rain,  
 For the sun of hope shines thro' them—  
 Ye shall see his face again.

Oh! think where rests your darling,  
 Not in his cradle bed;  
 Not in the distant graveyard,  
 With the still and mouldering dead;  
 But in a heavenly mansion,  
 Upon the Saviour's breast,  
 With his brother's arms about him,  
 He takes his sainted rest.

5

He has put on robes of glory  
 For the little robes ye wrought;  
 And he fingers golden harp-strings  
 For the toys his sisters brought.  
 Oh! weep, but with rejoicing;  
 A heart gem have ye given,  
 And behold its glorious setting  
 In the diadem of heaven.