The Mourner's Prayer

Words by Thomas Moore
Music by Keyes

Oh Thou who dries the mourner's tear, how dark this world would be, if
The friends who in our sunshine live when winter comes are flown; and
Oh who could bear life's stormy doom, did not Thy wing of love come
Then sorrow touch'd by Thee grows bright as more than rapture's ray re-

pierced by sins and sorrows here we could not fly to Thee!
he who has but tears to give must weep those tears alone.
brightly wafting through the gloom, our Peace Branch from above.
veal the glorious shades of light we never saw by day!

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