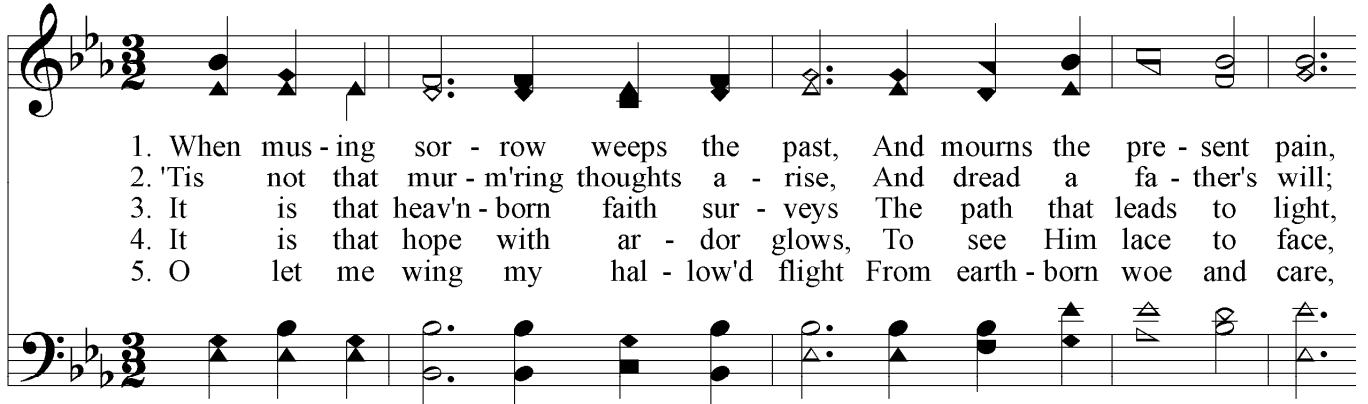
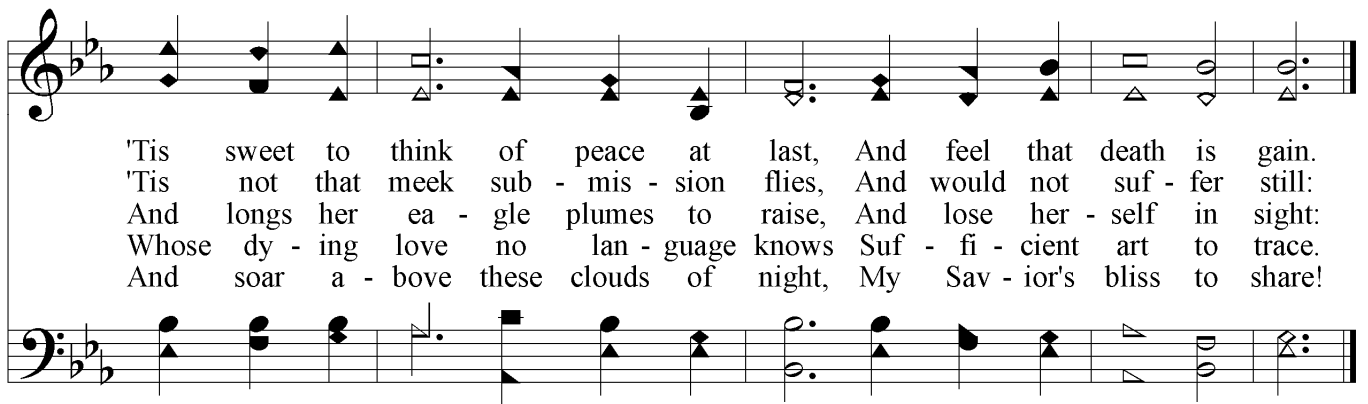


Virginia C. M.



1. When mus - ing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pre - sent pain,
2. 'Tis not that mur - m'ring thoughts a - rise, And dread a fa - ther's will;
3. It is that heav'n - born faith sur - veys The path that leads to light,
4. It is that hope with ar - dor glows, To see Him lace to face,
5. O let me wing my hal - low'd flight From earth - born woe and care,



'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.
'Tis not that meek sub - mis - sion flies, And would not suf - fer still:
And longs her ea - gle plumes to raise, And lose her - self in sight:
Whose dy - ing love no lan - guage knows Suf - fi - cient art to trace.
And soar a - bove these clouds of night, My Sav - ior's bliss to share!