

Let the dead and the beautiful rest

Maud Irving

Martin

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2. Let the dead and the beautiful rest! For the Spring - time is coming with its
3. Let the dead and the beautiful rest! Where the long, drooping willow branches

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stream, flow'rs wave, Where the When the While the wind - harps will whis-per o'er the wild - rose will blos-som o'er each moon, slow - ly sink-ing in the blest, breast, West, Like the As the Leaves the song of some an - gel in our song - birds will while a - way the stars keep-ing vi - gils o'er their

dream. hours. grave. Oh, so dear and fair, 'Mid joys beyond com - pare. Let them sleep, let them

