## Funeral Hymn (1800)

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E Major Oliver Holden, 1800



- 2. Into Thy bosom, Father, friend, Our mighty griefs we pour; Thin ear of pity to us lend --Console this gloomy hour.
- 3. In Thy rich gift, O bounteous heaven, Was blessed our infant land; Now when Thou claim the favor given, We bend to Thy command.
- 4. Glory to God: His ways are just, And every purpose wise; What though our bodies sleep in dust, Th' immortal soul shall rise.
- 5. Then to Thy throne, eternal King, We'll raise our tearless eyes; In joyful notes Thy mercy sing, While time and nature dies.