

Gone (Funeral Dirge)

Gone the sun a- nd gone the moon. Come the night and the mor- ning's gloom.

7
Whis- per your pray- ers and toll on the bell. Sigh your sor- rows, and weep fare- well.

Gone the brave and gone the best,
Come the grave and eternal rest,
O' pierce our hearts and dwell on within,
Dead our family, dead our kin,

Gone the light and gone the flame,
Come now peace and immortal name,
A satin white cloak, and a polished black cart,
Dead our brother/sister, dead our heart.

Gone the sun and gone the moon,
Come the night and the morning's gloom,
Whisper your prayers and toll on the bell,
Sigh your sorrows, and weep farewell.