

The Old Churchyard (1883 Hymnal <https://hymnary.org/hymnal/CRHP1883?page=0> with a couple of word changes)

C F C G
O Come, come with me to the old church yard
C F
For I well know the path through the soft greensward
C G
I've friends slumbering there, whom I wish to regard,
C F
And we'll trace out their names in the old church yard.
C Em
O mourn not for them, their trials are over
Am F C G
Weep not for them, they weep no more
F C G
For deep is the sleep, though cold and hard
C F
Their pillows may be in the lone grave yard

F C G
I know it seems hard when friends depart
C F
To breathe our kind words to the broken heart
C G
I know that the joy of life seems marred
C F
When we follow our friends to the old church yard.
C
I've friends slumbering there in the calmest repose
Am F C G
Released from this world's sad bereavements and woes
F C G
And who would not rest with the friends they regard
C F
In the quietude sweet in the old church yard?

F C G
We'll rest in the hope of that bright day,
C F
When beauty shall spring from the prison of clay
C G
When Gabriel's voice and the trump of the Lord
C F
Shall waken the dead in the old church yard.