

METRE 9 in Broaddus's *The Dover Selection*, 1828 **MOURNER 6,6,6,6,8,8**

1. Where is my Sa - vior now, Whose smiles I once pos - sess'd?

2. Where can the mourn - er go, And tell his tale of grief;

3. Je - sus thy smiles im - part. My dear - est Lord, re - turn

MOURNER—Continued

203

Till he re - turn I bow By heav-iest grief op-press'd; My days of hap - pi - ness are gone, And I am left to weep a - lone.

Ah! who can soothe his woe, And give him sweet re - lief? Earth can-not heal the wound-ed breast, Or give the troub - led sin - ner rest.

And ease my wound-ed heart, And bid me cease to mourn; Then shall this night of sor - row flee, And peace and heav'n be found in thee.