

# Bright be the Place of Thy Soul

H-U 318

Text by Byron

**Adagio largamente**

*f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

Bright be the place of thy soul!

No lov' - li - er spi - rit than thine e - ver

burst from its mor - tal con - trol in the orbs

of the bles - - - - -

*cresc.*

*cresc.* *f*

- sed to shine. On earth thou went all but di-

*p*

vine as thy souls shall im-mor-tal-ly be and our sor - row may cease to re-

pine, when we know that thy god, that thy god is with

thee.

*p* *f* *p* *f*

Light be the turf of thy tomb! May its verdure like em'ralds

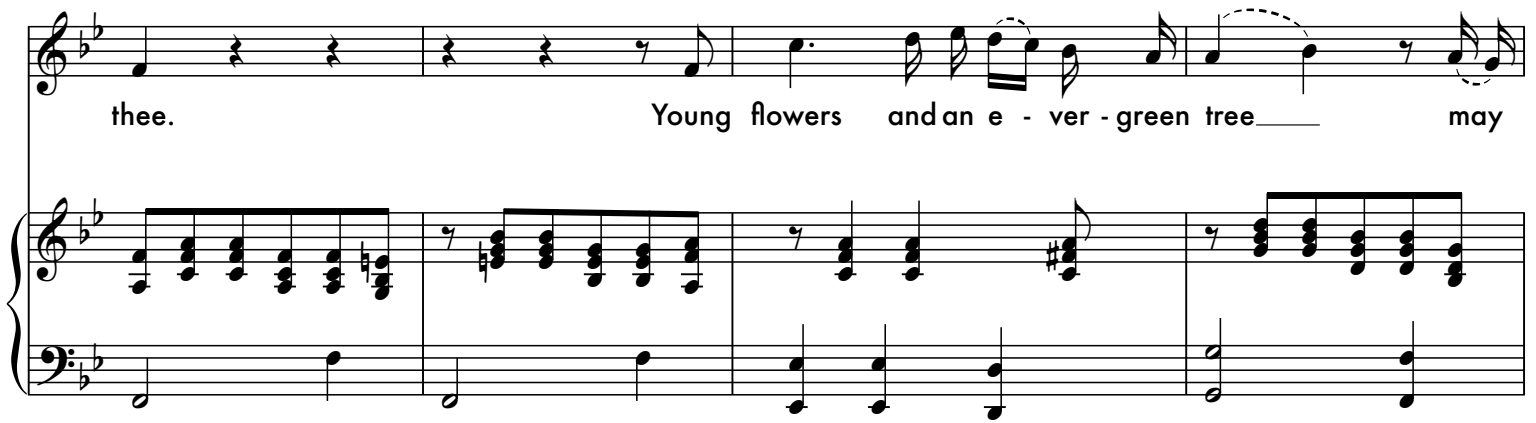
*f* *dim.*

be, there should not be the shadow of gloom, in aught that re -

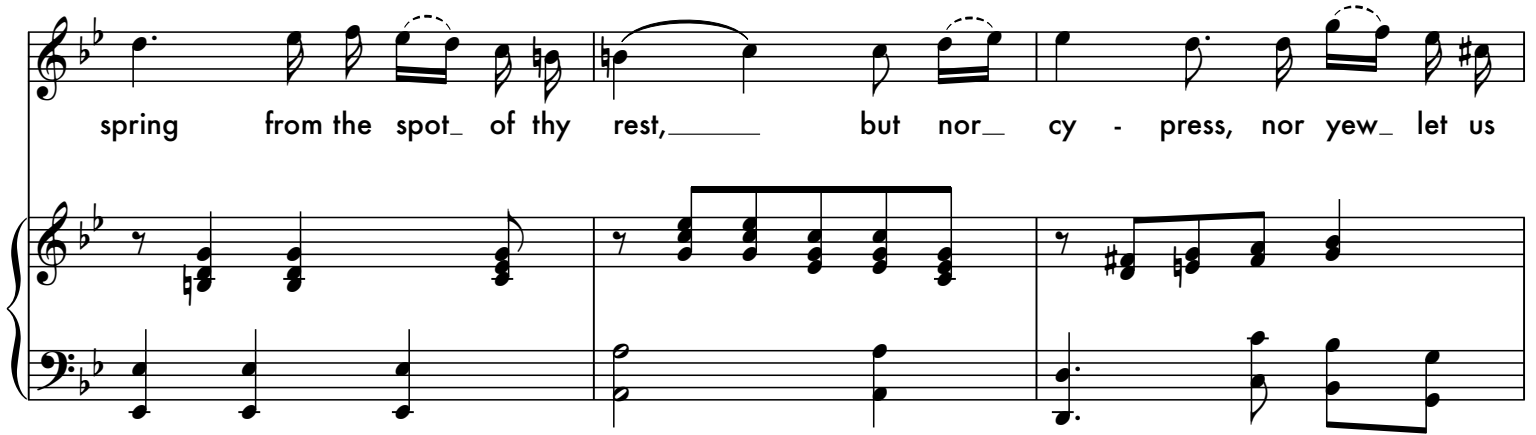
minds, that re - minds us of

*cresc.* *p* *cresc.* *f*

thee. Young flowers and an e - ver - green tree may



spring from the spot of thy rest, but nor cy - press, nor yew let us



see, for why should we mourn, why mourn for the



blest.

