In Vain My Fancy Strives to Paint

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

```
| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
  In      vain my fancy          strives to paint The

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
  moment after          death The

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
  glories that sur-       round the saint, When

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  yielding up its       breath.
```

The other verses

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, "They're gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Savior rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us follow'rs be of them,
That we may praise him too.

6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their memory dear;
And, Lord, do thou the prayers fulfil,
They offered for us here

7 While they have gained, we losers are,
We miss them day by day;
But thou canst every breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

8 We pray, as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went,
May double portions of thy grace,
To us who stay, be sent.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.