

- O, YE FAIR ONES -

Mournfully ♩ = 70-80 Ryan John Koch

Abinadi

Piano *mp*

O, ye fair ones, has it on - ly been a gen - er - a - tion, since ye turned from, from the

way which leads to your sal - va - tion? My eyes fill with tears, my soul fills with sor - row, be -

cause of your de - ci - sions. O, ye fair ones. O, ye fair ones. O, ye

fair ones, can it be that you've re- jec- ted Je - sus, e - ven God's son, he who'll

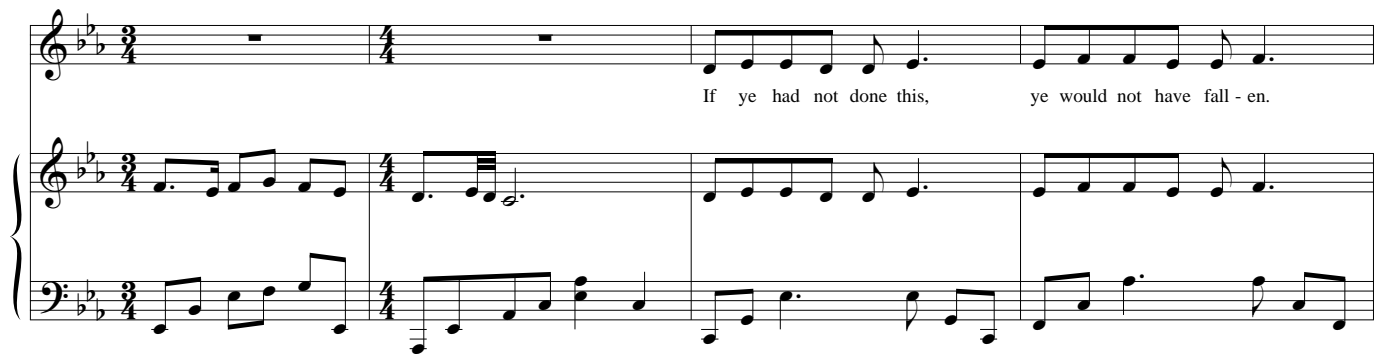
come in-to the world to save us? If ye had not done this, ye would not have fall - en.

Ye would still be here; I would not have to mourn your loss! Be - hold! Ye are gone, and my

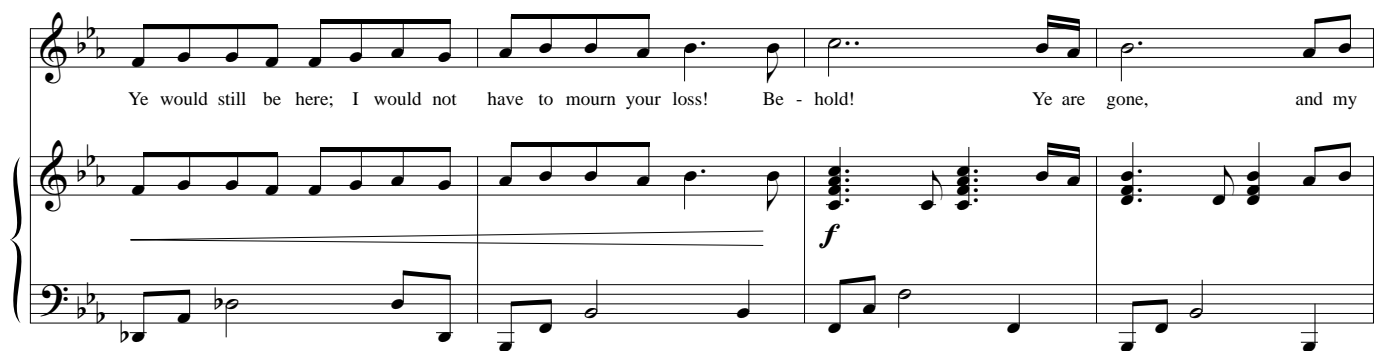
sor - - - rows can't bring you back, ye fair sons and daugh - - - ters of God.



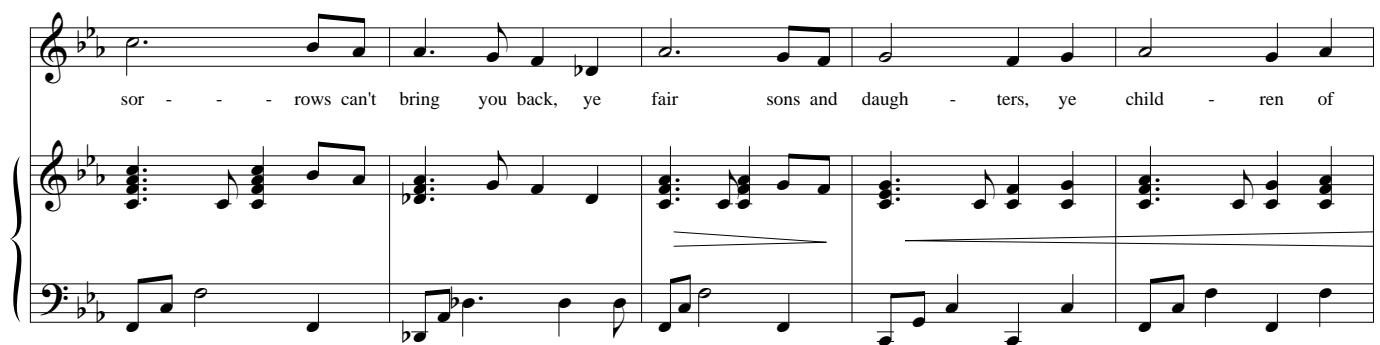
O, ye fair ones.



If ye had not done this, ye would not have fall - en.



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sor - - - rows can't bring you back, ye fair sons and daugh - - - ters, ye child - - - ren of

Rubato

God! Why have ye strayed from the ways of the Lord? O, ye

fair ones! How I wish that ye had all re - pent - ed! But, I have hope, that my

dy-ing words won't be re - ject - ed. I still have my faith, that one here might be saved; E-ven now I pray. O, ye

fair ones. O, ye fair ones. O, ye fair ones.