Funeral Hymn

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E minor Oliver Holden, 1792



- Are we not tending upward too
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow
 To keep us from our love.
- 3. Why should we tremble to convey Their bodies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Jesus lay, And left a long perfume.
- 4. The graves of all his saints he blessed, And softened every bed; Where should the dying members rest,
- 5. Thence he arose, ascending high, And showed our feet the way; Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the great rising day.

But with the dving Head?

6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rise; Awake, ye nations under ground; Ye saints, ascend the skies.