

Funeral

Tr. 5

1. Stoop down, my thoughts, that use to rise, Converse awhile with death; Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath.
2. But O! the soul that nev-er dies! At once it leaves the clay! Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies, And track its wondrous way.
3. And must my body faint and die? And must this soul re-move? O for some guardian angel nigh, To bear it safe a - bove!

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B.

Tr. 10 15

1. His quiv'r - ing lip hangs feebly down, His pulses faint and few; Then, speechless, with a doleful groan He bids the world a - dieu.
2. Up to _____ the courts where angels dwell, It mounts triumphant there; Or devils plunge it down to hell, In in - fin - ite des - pair.
3. Je - sus, _____ to thy dear faithful hand My naked soul I trust, And my flesh waits for thy command To drop in - to my dust.

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