Isaac Watts, 1709 (Hymn 3, Book 2)

Funeral Hymn

E minor Oliver Holden, 1792



- 2. 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, 6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And softened every bed; Where should the dying members rest, But with the dying Head?
- 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.
- And bid our kindred rise; Awake, ye nations under ground; Ye saints, ascend the skies.