

Windham

Transcribed from *Select Harmony*, 1783.

1. Death! 'Tis a me - lan-cho - ly day To those that have no God, When the poor soul is forced away To seek her last a - bode.
2. In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes, But guilt, a heavy chain, Still drags her downward from the skies To darkness, fire, and pain.

3. A - wake and mourn, ye heirs of hell, Let stub-born sin - ners fear, You must be driven from earth, and dwell A long forever there.
4. See how the pit gapes wide for you, And fla - shes in your face: And thou, my soul, look downwards too, And sing recov'ring grace.

5. He is a God of sove - reign love That promised heaven to me, And taught my thoughts to soar above, Where happy spirits be.
6. Pre-pare me, Lord, for thy right hand, Then come the joy - ful day, Come, death, and some celestial band, To bear my soul away.