

A Funeral Hymn

William Knapp (New Church Melody 1753)

Soprano

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

My life's a shade, my days a - pace to death de - cline: My

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8

Lord is life he'll raise my dust a - gain e'en mine; Sweet

Lord is life, he'll raise my dust a - gain, e'en mine; Sweet

15

truth to me! I shall a - rise and with these eyes My Sav - iour see.

I shall a - rise

truth to me! I shall a - rise and with these eyes My Sav - iour see.

I shall a - rise

My peaceful grave shall keep my bones till that sweet day,
I wake from my long sleep, and leave my bed of clay.

Sweet truth, &c.

My Lord his angels shall their golden trumpets sound;
At whose most welcome call my grave shall be unbound....

I said sometimes with tears, Ah me! I'm loth to die;
Lord, silence thou those fears, my life's with thee on high....

What means my trembling heart, to be thus shy of death ?
My life and I shan't part, tho' I resign my breath

Then welcome harmless grave; by thee to heav'n I'll go;
My Lord, his death shall save me from the flames below.....