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1. Why do we mourn de - par - ting friends, Or shake at death's a -

12

larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus

16

sends To call them to His arms.

2. Are we not tend - ing up - ward, too, As fast as

3. Why should we trem - ble to con - vey Their bod - ies

5. Thence He a - rose, as - cend - ing high, And showed our

6. Then let the last loud trum - pet sound, And bid our

22

time can move? Nor would we wish the

to the tomb? There the dear flesh of

feet the way; Up to the Lord our

kind - red rise; A - wake, ye nat - ions

26

hours more slow To keep us from our love.

Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.

flesh shall fly, At the great ris - ing day.

un - der ground; Ye saints, as - cend the skies.