

# Death's Alarm

Transcribed from *The American Harmony*, 1793.

D minor

Elisha West, 1793

1. The rising morning can't assure That we shall end the day; For death stands ready at the door, For death stands ready at the door To snatch our lives away. For  
2. Our breath is forfeited by sin To God's avenging law; We own thy grace, immortal King, We own thy grace, immortal King, In ev ery gasp we draw. We  
3. God is our sun, whose daily light Our joy and safety brings; Our feeble flesh lies safe at night, Our feeble flesh lies safe at night Beneath his shady wings. Our

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