
T.

B.

1. -mong the dead,
2. moment hence, $\qquad$
$\qquad$

She justly claims our pi - ous Gone from our arms, to Je - sus She calls us to that heav'n - ly
tears. Who, new to heav'nly spirits joined, Hath gone, To heighten by her swift remove The place, Where all the storms of life are o'er, And


Tr.
T.

1. new to heav'nly spirits joined, Hath left our wretched world behind, Hath left our wretched world
be - hind. 2. heighten by her swift re-move The grief below, and
joy above, The grief below and joy $\qquad$ a - bove. 3. all the storms of life are o'er, And pain and parting are no more, And pain and parting are $\qquad$ no more.

