Alarm

Transcribed from *The American Compiler*, 1803.

Tr.

1. Why do we mourn de – par – ting friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends To call them to his arms.
2. Are we not ten – ding up – ward too As fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the hours more slow To keep us from our love.

C.

3. Why should we tremble to con–vey Their bodies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Jesus lay, And left a long perfume.
4. The graves of all his saints he blessed, And softened every bed; Where should the dying members rest, But with the dy – ing Head?

T.

5. Thence he a–rose, a – scen – ding high, And showed our feet the way; Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the great ri – sing day.
6. Then let the last loud trum – pet sound, And bid our kindred rise; A – wake, ye nations under ground; Ye saints, a – scend the skies.

B.