

Hague

Isaac Watts, 1709
Hymn 28, Book 2

86. 86. (C. M.)

Transcribed from *Harmonia Americana*, 1791;
Counter by B. C. Johnston, 2020.

D minor

Samuel Holyoke, 1791

Tr. 5 10 15

1. Stoop down, my thoughts, that use to rise, Con - verse aw - hile with death; Think how a gasping mor - tal lies, And pants a - way his breath.
2. His quivring lip hangs feeb - ly down, His pul - ses faint and few; Then, speechless, with a doleful groan He bids the world a - dieu.

C.

3. But O! the soul that ne - ver dies! At once it leaves the clay! Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies, And track its wondrous way.
4. Up to the courts where an - gels dwell, It mounts tri - um - phant there; Or devils plunge it down to hell, In in - fi - nite des - pair.

T.

5. And must my bo - dy faint and die? And must this soul re - move? O for some guardian angel nigh, To bear it safe a - bove!
6. Je - sus, to thy dear faith - ful hand My na - ked soul I trust, And my flesh waits for thy command To drop in - to my dust.

B.