

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 49, Book 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Summer Street

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A minor
William Billings, 1770

Tr. 1. Death cannot make our souls afraid, If God be with us there; We may walk through its darkest shade, And never yield to fear.

C. 2. I could renounce my all below, If my Cre - a - tor bid; And run, if I were called to go, And die as Moses did.

T. 3. Might I but climb to Pisgah's top, And view the promised land, My flesh itself should long to drop, And pray for the command.

B. 4. Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms, I would forget my breath, And lose my life among the charms Of so divine a death.