

Cedar Grove. C.M.

E Minor Isaac Watts

Paul Berry, 2008

1. Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise, Con - verse a - while with death:
2. His quiv - ering lip hangs fee - bly down His pul - ses faint and few,

3. But, O the soul that ne - ver dies! At once it leaves the clay!
4. Up to the courts where an - gels dwell, It mounts tri - umph - ing there,

5. And must my bo - dy faint and die? And must this soul re - move?
6. Je - sus, to thy dear faith - ful hand My na - ked soul I trust,

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Think how a gasp - ing mor - tal lies, And pants a - way his breath.
Then, speech - less, with a dole - ful groan He bids the world a - dieu.

Ye thoughts, pur - sue it where it flies, And track its won - drous way.
Or dev - ils plunge it down to hell In in - fin - ite de - spair.

O for some guard - ian an - gel nigh To bear it safe a - bove!
And my flesh waits for thy com - mand To drop in - to my dust.