

# Middlesex

Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

1. Death! 'Tis a mel - an - cho - ly day, To those who have no God,  
2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes, But guilt, a hea - vy chain,

3. A - wake and mourn, ye heirs of hell, Let stub - born sin - ners fear;  
4. See how the pit gapes wide for you, And fla - shes in your face:

5. He is a God of sove - reign love, That pro - mised heav'n to me,  
6. Pre - pare me, Lord, for thy right hand, Then come the joy - ful day,

10  
When the poor soul is forced a - way To seek her last a - bode.  
Still drags her down - ward from the skies To dark - ness, fire, and pain.

You must be driv'n from earth and dwell A long for - ev - er there.  
And thou, my soul, look down - wards too, And sing re - cov' - ring grace.

And taught my thoughts to soar a - bove, Where hap - py spi - rits be.  
Come, death, and some ce - les - tial band, To bear my soul a - way.