

Windham

Transcribed from *Select Harmony*, 1783.

Oliver Brownson, 1784

Treble

1. Death! 'Tis a me - lan - cho - ly day, To those that have no
2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes, But guilt, a hea - vy

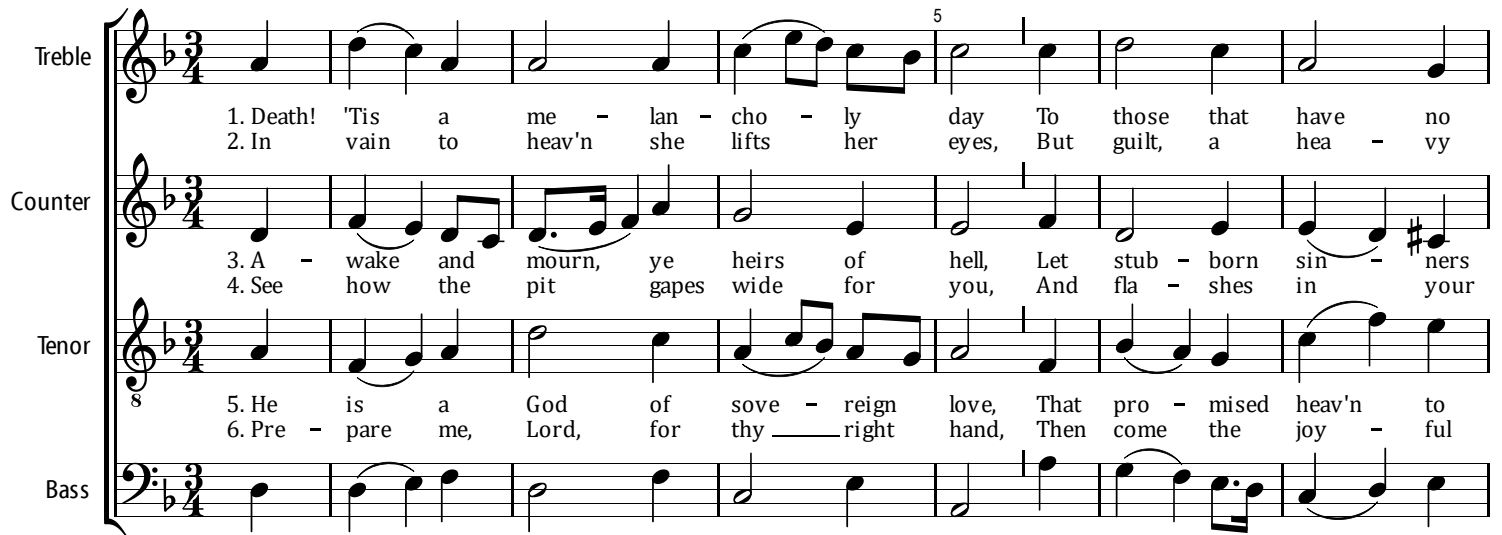
Counter

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

Tenor

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

Bass



Tr.

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

C.

15 fear; You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell A long for - ev - er there.
face: And thou, my soul, look down - wards too, And sing re - co - vering grace.

T.

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

B.

