

# Columbia


Charles Wesley, 1742

On the Death of a Child 88. 88. 88.


Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

E minor

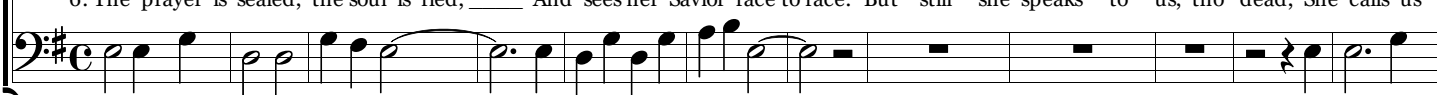
Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805


Tr. 

1. And is the love-ly shadow fled, \_\_\_ The blooming wonder of her years, So soon \_\_\_ enshrined \_\_\_ among the dead, She just - ly  
2. Her ear - ly short-lived ex-cel-lence \_\_\_ With meek submission we bemoan, Snatch'd in a fa - tal moment hence, Gone from our  
3. In vain the dear de-par-ting saint \_\_\_ For-bids our gushing tears to flow, For-bear, \_ my friends, your fond complaint, From earth to


T. 

8 4. O praise him, and rejoice for me \_\_\_ So hap-py, hap-py, in my God! So soon \_\_\_ from all \_\_\_ my pain set free, And has - ten  
5. Meet am I for the great reward, \_\_\_ The great reward, I know, is mine: Come, O \_\_\_ my sweet re-dee-ming Lord, O -pen those  
6. The prayer is sealed, the soul is fled, \_\_\_ And sees her Savior face to face: But still she speaks to us, tho' dead, She calls us

B. 

Tr. 

1. claims our pi - ous tears, Who to those heav'n-ly spi - rits join'd Hath left \_\_\_ our wretched world behind.  
2. arms, to Je - sus gone, To heighten by her swift re - move The grief \_\_\_ be - low, and joy a -bove.  
3. heav'n I glad - ly go To glorious com - pa - ny a - bove, Bright an - gels, and the God of love.  
4. to that blest a - bode, With swift de-sire my steps pur - sue, And take \_\_\_ the prize prepared for you.  
5. lo - ving arms of thine, And take me up thy face to see, And let \_\_\_ me die to live with thee.  
6. to that heav'n-ly place, Where all the storms of life are o'er, And pain and par-ting is no more.

T. 

8 1. claims our pi - ous tears, Who to those heav'nly spirits join'd \_\_\_ Hath left \_\_\_ our wretched world behind.  
2. arms, to Je - sus gone, To heighten by her swift re - move \_\_\_ The grief \_\_\_ be - low, and joy a -bove.  
3. heav'n I glad - ly go To glorious com - pa - ny a - bove, Bright an - gels, and the God of love.  
4. to that blest a - bode, With swift desire my steps pur - sue, \_\_\_ And take \_\_\_ the prize prepared for you.  
5. lo - ving arms of thine, And take me up thy face to see, \_\_\_ And let \_\_\_ me die to live with thee.  
6. to that heav'n-ly place, Where all the storms of life are o'er, \_\_\_ And pain and par-ting is no more.

B. 

Tr. 

Fare - well, fare - well. A sad, a long fare - well.

T. 

8 Fare - well, fare - well. A sad, a long fare - well.

B. 