

# Dissolution

Treble

1. Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise, — Con - verse a - while with death; — Think how a gas - ping

Tenor

2. But O! the soul that ne - ver dies! At once it leaves the clay! Ye thoughts, pur - sue it

Bass

3. And must my bo - dy faint and die? And must this soul re - move? O for some guar - dian



Tr.

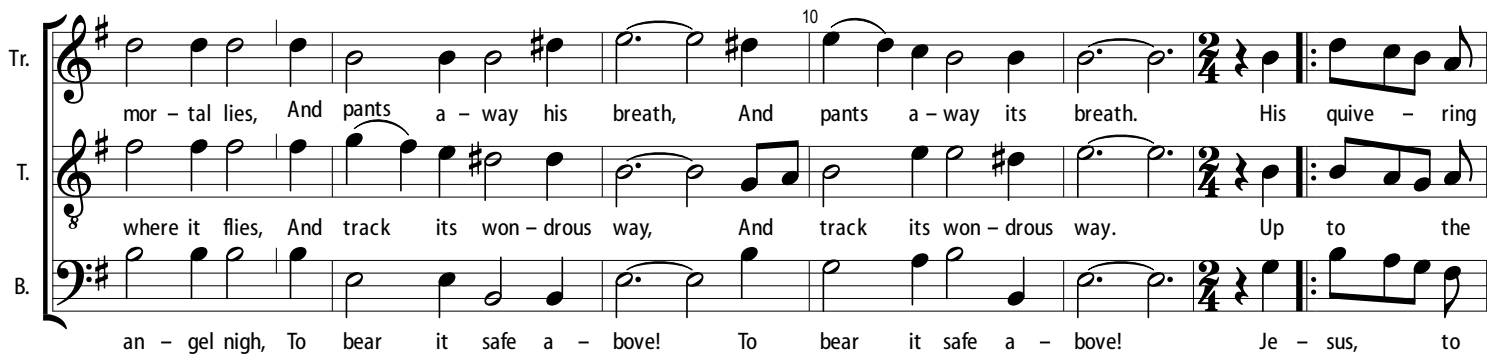
mor - tal lies, And pants a - way his breath, And pants a - way its breath. His quive - ring

T.

8 where it flies, And track its won - drous way, And track its won - drous way. Up to the

B.

an - gel nigh, To bear it safe a - bove! To bear it safe a - bove! Je - sus, to



Tr.

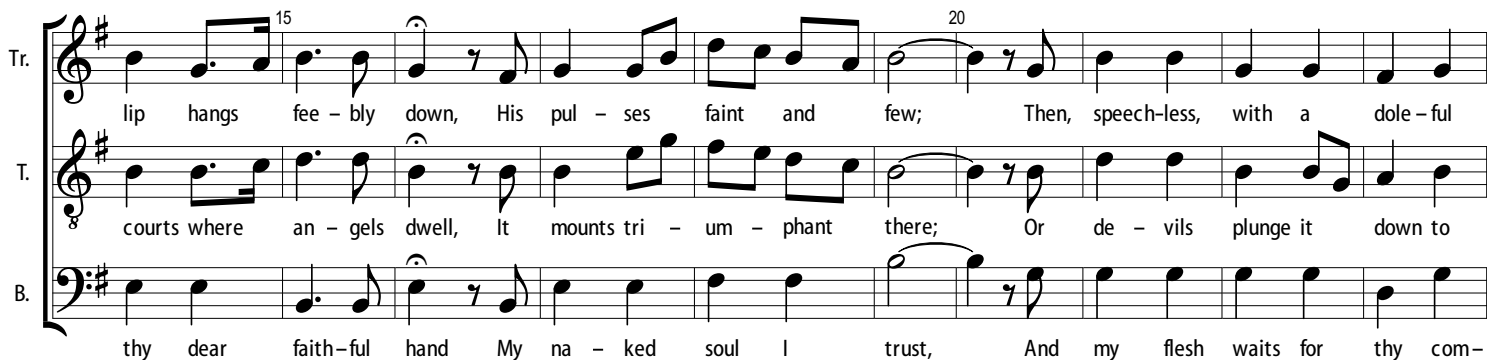
15 lip hangs fee - bly down, His pul - ses faint and few; Then, speech-less, with a dole - ful

T.

8 courts where an - gels dwell, It mounts tri - um - phant there; Or de - vils plunge it down to

B.

thy dear faith - ful hand My na - ked soul I trust, And my flesh waits for thy com -



Tr.

25 groan, He bids the world a - dieu, He bids the world a - dieu. His

T.

8 hell, In in - fi - nite des - pair, In in - fi - nite des - pair. Up

B.

mand To drop in - to my dust, To drop in - to my dust. Je -

