

Isaac Watts, 1709

(Hymn 61, Book 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

# Dryden

No copyright. Transcribed from *The Columbian Harmonist*, 1807. Alto by B. C. Johnston, 2014.

G minor

Daniel Read, 1807

Tr. 1. My soul, come med - i - tate the day, And think how near it stands, When you must  
2. And you, mine eyes, look down and view The hol - low, ga - ping tomb; This gloo - my

A. 3. O could we die with those that die, And place us in their stead, Then would our  
4. Then should we see the saints a - bove In their own glo - rious forms; And won - der

T. 5. How we \_\_\_\_\_ should scorn these clothes of flesh, These fet - ters, and this load! And long for  
6. We should al - most for - sake our clay Be - fore the sum - mons come, And pray and

B. quit this house of clay, and fly to un - known lands, And fly \_\_\_\_\_ to un - known lands.  
pri - son waits for you, When - e'er the sum - mons come, When - e'er \_\_\_\_\_ the sum - mons come.

A. spi - rits learn to fly, And con - verse with the dead, And con - verse with the dead.  
why our souls should love To dwell with mor - tal worms, To dwell with mor - tal worms.

T. eve - ning, to un - dress, That we may rest with God, That we \_\_\_\_\_ may rest with God.  
wish our souls a - way To their e - ter - nal home, To their \_\_\_\_\_ e - ter - nal home.

B.