


Charles Wesley, 1759
86. 86. 86. 86. (C. M. D.)

Andover

Transcribed from *Harmonia Americana*, 1791.


A minor, C major
Samuel Holyoke, 1791

Treble




1. And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint and die, My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high: Shall
2. In hope of that im - mor - tal crown, I now the cross sus-tain. And glad-ly wander up and down, And smile at toil and pain: I

Tenor




3. I see a world of spi - rits bright, Who reap the plea - sures there; They all are robed in purest white, And conquering palms they bear: A-
4. O what are all my sufferings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet With that enraptured host t'ap-pear. And worship at thy feet! Give

Bass




Tr.



1. join the dis - em - bo - died saints, And find its long-sought rest, That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In the Re - dee - mer's breast.
2. suf - fer out my threescore years. Till my De - li - verer come, And wipe a-way his servant's tears, And take his ex - ile home.

T.



3. -dorn'd by their Re - dee - mer's grace They close pur - sue the Lamb, And eve - ry shi - ning front displays Th'un - ut - te - ra - ble name.
4. joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a - way, I come, to find them all a - gain In that e - ter - nal day.

B.

