

# Dissolution

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1795.

1. Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise, Converse awhile with death; Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants a - way his breath, And pants a - way his

2. But O! the soul that ne - ver dies! At once it leaves the clay! Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies, And track its wondrous way, And track its wondrous

3. And must my bo - dy faint and die? And must this soul remove? O for some guardian angel nigh, To bear it safe a - bove! To bear it safe a -

breath. His quive - ring lip hangs fee - bly down, His pul - ses faint and few; \_\_\_ Then, speechless, with a dole - ful groan, He bids the

way. \_\_\_ Up to the courts where an - gels dwell, It mounts tri - um - phant there; Or de - vils plunge it down to hell, In in - fi -

bove! Je - sus, to thy dear faith - ful hand My na - ked soul I trust, And my flesh waits for thy command To drop in -

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

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

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