

Hollis

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D minor
 Oliver Holden, 1788

Treble
 Counter
 Tenor
 Bass

1. My soul, come me-di-tate the day, And think how near it stands,

When

Tr.
 C.
 T.
 B.

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay, When
 When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands,
 thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands,

Tr.
 C.
 T.
 B.

thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands.

When

2. And you, mine eyes, look down and view
 The hollow, gaping tomb;
 This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the summons come.

3. O could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead,
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead:

4. Then should we see the saints above
 In their own glorious forms,
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms.

5. How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
 These fetters, and this load!
 And long for ev'ning to undress,
 That we may rest with God.

6. We should almost forsake our clay
 Before the summons come,
 And pray and wish our souls away
 To their eternal home.