

Middlesex

Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

E minor
Jacob French, 1802

1. Death! 'Tis a me - lan-cho-ly day To those that have no God, When the poor soul is forced a - way To seek her last a - bode.
2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes, But guilt, a heavy chain, Still drags her downward from the skies To dark - ness, fire, and pain.

3. Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell, Let stubborn sinners fear; You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell A long for - ev - er there.
4. See how the pit gapes wide for you, And flashes in your face: And thou, my soul, look down - wards too, And sing re - cov'-ring grace.

5. He is a God of sovereign love, That promised heav'n to me, And taught my thoughts to soar a - bove, Where hap - py spirits be.
6. Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand, Then come the joyful day, Come, death, and some ce - les - tial band, To bear my soul a - way.