

George Whitefield, 1753
(Hymn 48) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Savannah

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C minor
William Billings, 1778

1. Ah! Lovely appearance of death; No sight upon earth is so fair. Not all the gay pageants that breathe can with a dead body compare.

2. How blest is our brother, bereft of all that could burden his mind, How easy the soul that hath left this wearisome body behind.

3. This earth is affected no more with sickness, or shaken with pain. The war in the members is o'er, And never shall vex him again.

4. No anger henceforward, or shame, shall redden this innocent clay; Extinct is the animal flame, and passion has vanished away.

3 6 9 12