

D Minor Christian Harmony, 1805.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805.

Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My bod - y must soon be re - moved, And mold - 'ring, lie bur - ied in dust, No more to be en - vied or

Soft and slow.

loved, No more to be en - vied or loved. Ah! what is this draw - ing my breath, And steal - ing my sens - es a - way?

Brisk

O tell me, O tell me, my soul, is it death, Re - leas - ing me kind - ly from clay?

The re - gions of pleas - ure and love, My spir - it tri - um - phant shall fly, And dwell with my Sav - ior a - bove.

cry,