

Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise

John Massey

Text: Isaac Watts

Meditation C.M.

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Stoop down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise, Con - verse a - while with death:
His quiv - 'ring lip hangs fee - bly down, His pul - ses faint and few,
But oh, the soul that ne - ver dies! At once it leaves the clay!

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9

Think how a gasp - ing mor - tal lies, And pants a - way his breath.
Then, speech-less, with a dole - ful groan, He bids the world a - dieu.
Ye thoughts, pur - sue it where it flies, And track its wond - rous way.

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Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there:
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

And must my body faint and die?
And must my soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

Notes: The original order of staves is Tenor - Alto - Air - Bass, with
the Alto part printed in the treble clef an octave above sounding pitch.
Only the first verse of text is given in the source: subsequent verses
have here been added editorially.