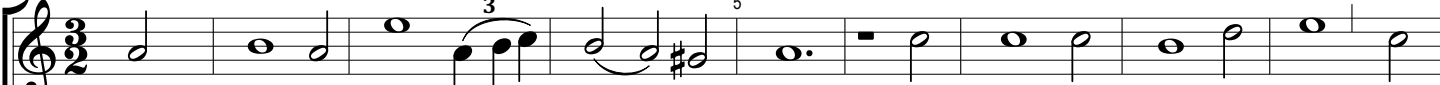




Alarm

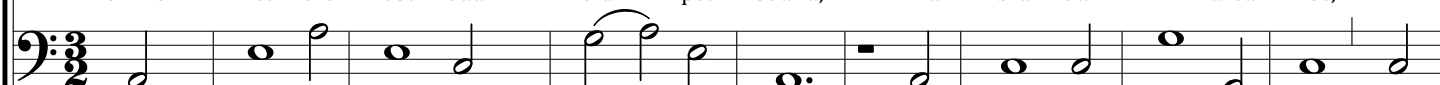
Transcribed from *The American Compiler*, 1803.


A minor
Stephen Jenks, 1803


Tr. 
1. Why do we mourn de - par - ting friends, Or shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis
2. Are we not ten - ding up - ward too As fast as time can move? Nor


C. 
3. Why should we trem - ble to con - vey Their bo - dies to the tomb? There
4. The graves of all his saints he blessed, And sof - tened eve - ry bed; Where

T. 
5. Thence he a - rose, a - scen - ding high, And showed our feet the way Up
6. Then let the last loud trum - pet sound, And bid our kin - dred rise; A -

B. 

Tr. 
but the voice that Je - sus sends To call _____ them _____ to _____ his arms.
would we wish the hours more slow To keep _____ us _____ from _____ our love.

C. 
the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.
should the dy - ing mem - bers rest But with the dy - ing head?

T. 
to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the _____ great _____ ri - sing day.
wake, ye na - tions un - der ground; Ye saints, _____ a - scend _____ the skies.

B. 