1. Stoop down, my thoughts, that use to rise, Converse aw-hile with death; Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath.

2. His quivering lip hangs feebly down, His pulses faint and few; Then, speechless, with a doleful groan He bids the world adieu.

3. But O! the soul that never dies! At once it leaves the clay! Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies, And track its wondrous way.

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

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

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