Hague
Isaac Watts, 1709
Hymn 28, Book 2
86. 86. (C. M.)

Transcribed from *Harmonia Americana*, 1791;

D minor
Samuel Holyoke, 1791

1. Stoop down, my thoughts, that use to rise, Converse awile with death; Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath.
2. His quiv'ring 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 triumphant 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.

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