

# Meditation

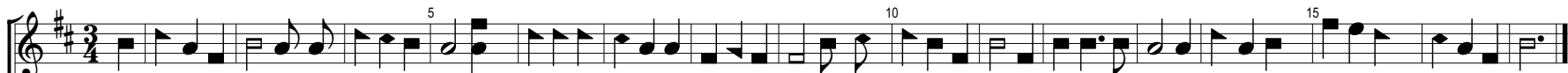
Anonymous, before 1804

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Transcribed from *The Musical Concert*, 1807.

B minor


Elisha West, 1807

Tr. 

1. Come then, O my soul, meditate on that day, When all things in nature shall cease and decay; When the trumpet shall sound, the angels appear To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tare.  
2. Then, O wretched sinners, look up and espy The glorious Redeemer marching down the sky, In chariots of fire to the earth he is bound, With a guard of angels attending him down.

T. 

3. O sinners, take warning, and seek ye the Lord, I have not been jesting, 'tis Jesus' own word, That those who believe, in glory they shall stand, While all un-be-lie-vers are sure to be damned.  
4. Now farewell, I leave you to ponder your way; May the Lord seal instruction from what I say; That our souls to God's throne are poured out in prayer, That we are prepared to meet Christ in the air.

B. 

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Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2020

Transposed down from C minor to B minor.