

E Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Robert Boyd, 1816.

1. Why do we mourn de - parting friends, Or shake at death's a-larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.
2. Thence he a-rose, as - cended high, And show'd our feet the way; Up to the Lord our souls shall fly, At the great ris - ing day.

Are we not tend - ing up - ward too, As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow To keep us from our love.
Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kin - dred rise; A - wake, ye na - tions un - der ground; Ye saints, as - cend the skies.