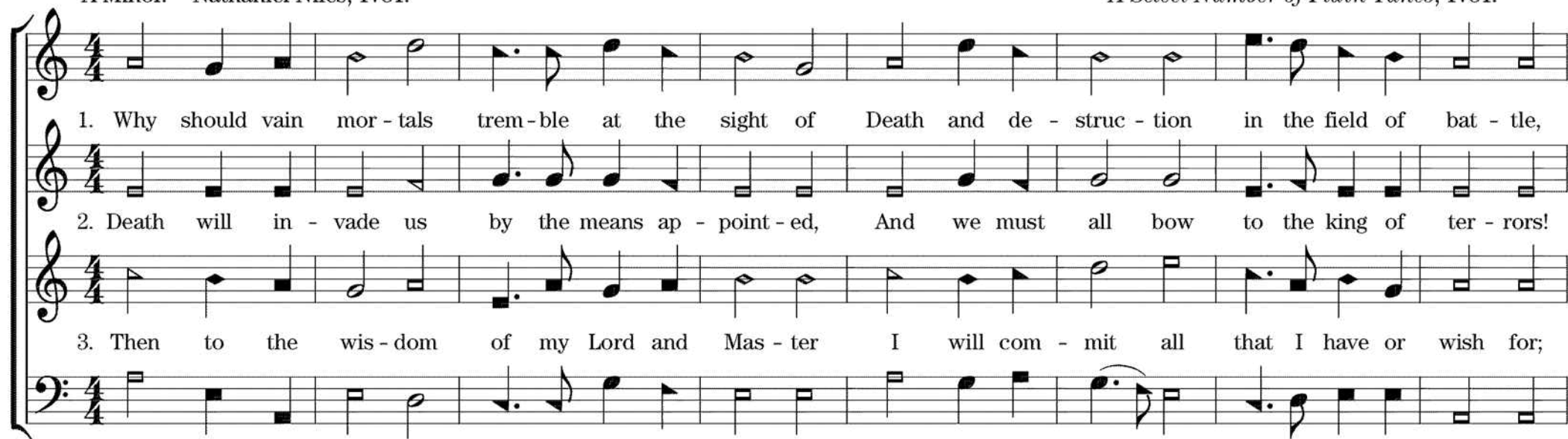


A Minor. Nathaniel Niles, 1781.

*A Select Number of Plain Tunes, 1781.*


1. Why should vain mor-tals trem-ble at the sight of Death and de- struc- tion in the field of bat- tle,

2. Death will in- vade us by the means ap- point- ed, And we must all bow to the king of ter- rors!

3. Then to the wis- dom of my Lord and Mas- ter I will com- mit all that I have or wish for;



Where blood and car- nage, Where blood and car- nage Clothe the ground in crim-son, Sound- ing with death groans?

Nor am I anx- ious, Nor am I anx- ious, If I am pre- par- ed, What shape he comes in.

Sweet- ly as babes sleep, Sweet- ly as babes sleep Will I give my life up When called to yield it.