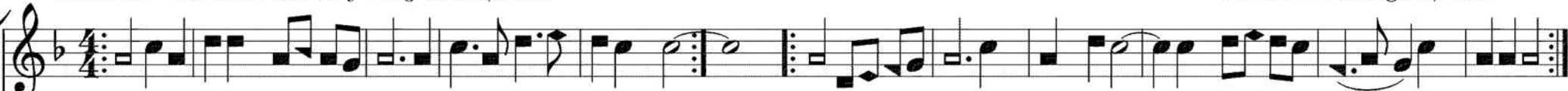


D Minor. *The Last Words of Polly Gould, 1790.*

Arr. Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805.



1. Give ear to me ye sons of men, Why stand ye gazing round my bed?
We all must die the Lord knows when, And lie among the silent dead;

Tho' now in health, you all may die, And turn to dust as soon as I.



2. Rejoice ye mourners here below, That she is gone to worlds above;
Yet mourn your loss in parting so, For she is worthy of your love.

Rejoice with grief and mourn with joy, While solemn thoughts your minds employ.

