

tremb - - ling

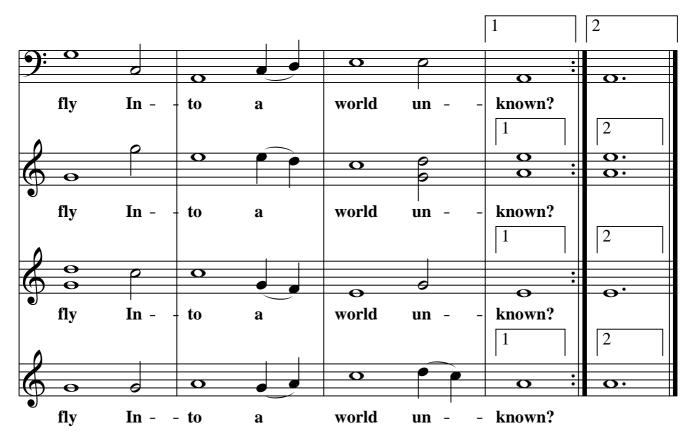
spir -

- it

And

must

my



And I am I born to die. To lay this body down. And must my trembling spirit fly, Into a world unknown?

A land of deepest shade. Un-pierced by human thought; The dreary regions of the dead, Where all things are forgot!

Soon as from earth I go, What will become of me? Eternal happiness of woe Must then my portion be.

Waked by the trumpet sound, I from my grave shall rise; And see the Judge with glory crowned, And see the flaming skies!