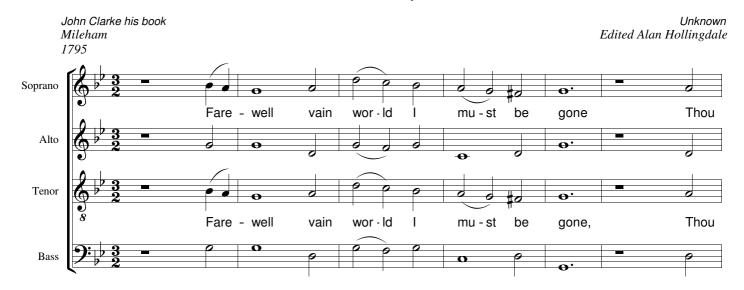
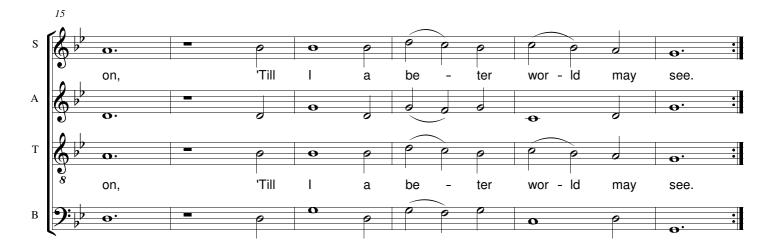
A Funeral Hymn







- 1 My body to this world must dye, The grave must be its bed &say, When in the dust there it must lie, Until the resurrection day.
- 2 When at the trumpets sound it shall, Arise from this my dusty bed, Resoleving at the voice that call, Saying aloud Come forth yea dead.

- 3 Blest advocate he will not fail But at his time he will appear, O let my shaking faith prevail So that my evidence be clear.
- 4 With saints and angels sacred mirth Sing praises to our God & king, O may we all that dwell on earth Eternal Hallelujahs sing.