


Charles Wesley, 1742
On the Death of a Child

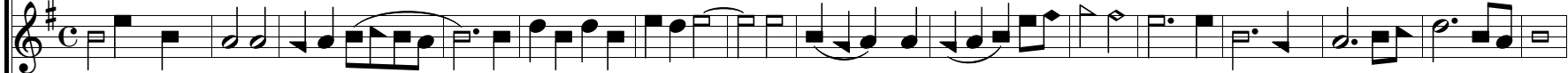
88. 88. 88.

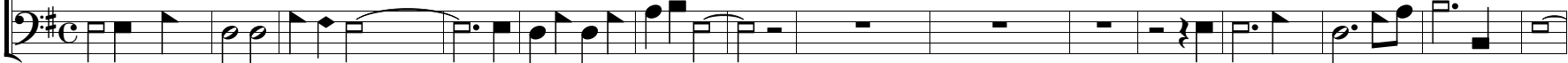
Columbia


Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.


E minor
Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

Tr. 
1. And is the love-ly shadow fled, The blooming wonder of her years, So soon enshrined a-mong the dead, She just-ly claims our pi-ous tears,
2. Her ear-ly short-lived ex-cel-lence With meek submission we bemoan, Snatch'd in a fa-tal mo-ment hence, Gone from our arms, to Je-sus gone,
3. In vain the dear de-par-ting saint For-bids our gushing tears to flow, For-bear, my friends, your fond complaint, From earth to heav'n I glad-ly go

T. 
4. O praise him, and rejoice for me So hap-py, hap-py, in my God! So soon from all my pain set free, And has-ten to that blest a-bode,
5. Meet am I for the great reward, The great reward, I know, is mine: Come, O my sweet re-dee-ming Lord, O-pen those lo-ving arms of thine,
6. The prayer is sealed, the soul is fled, And sees her Savior face to face: But still she speaks to us, tho' dead, She calls us to that heav'n-ly place,

B. 

Tr. 
20 25 30
1. Who to those heav'n-ly spi-rits join'd Hath left our wretched world behind.
2. To heighten by her swift re-move The grief be-low, and joy a-bove.
3. To glorious com-pa-ny a-bove, Bright an-gels, and the God of love. Fare-well, fare-well. A sad, a long fare-well.
4. With swift de-sire my steps pur-sue, And take the prize prepared for you.
5. And take me up thy face to see, And let me die to live with thee.
6. Where all the storms of life are o'er, And pain and par-ting is no more.

T. 
8
1. Who to those heav'nly spirits join'd Hath left our wretched world behind.
2. To heighten by her swift re-move The grief be-low, and joy a-bove.
3. To glorious com-pa-ny a-bove, Bright an-gels, and the God of love. Fare-well, fare-well. A sad, a long fare-well.
4. With swift desire my steps pur-sue, And take the prize prepared for you.
5. And take me up thy face to see, And let me die to live with thee.
6. Where all the storms of life are o'er, And pain and par-ting is no more.

B. 