My Soul, Come Meditate the Day

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
My soul, come medi- tate the day, And

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
think how near it stands, When

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
thou must quit this house of clay, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
fly to unknown lands.

The other verses

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb,
This gloomy prison waits for you
Whene'er the summons come.

3 O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:

4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load!
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.