No, I'll Repine at Death No More

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
No, I'll repine at death no more, But

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
with a cheerful gasp resign To

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
the cold dungeon of the grave These

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
dying, withering limbs of mine.

The other verses

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day,
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!

4 Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.

5 Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

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