Oft as the Bell, with Solemn Toll

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
Oft as the bell, with solemn toll, Speaks

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
the departure of a soul; Let

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
each one ask him- self; "Am I Pre-

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
pared, should I be called to die?"

The other verses

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plunged into a world unknown.

3 Then, leaving all I loved below,
To God'S tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 But could I bear to hear him say,
"Depart, accursed, far away!
With Satan, in the lowest hell,
Thou art for ever doomed to dwell."

5 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee.
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and in me live.

6 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

7 Rather, my spirit would rejoice,
And long, and wish, to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine.

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