Stoop Down, My Thoughts, That Use to Rise

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: ST ANNE

| s - | m - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - s - |
Stoop down, my thoughts, that use to rise, Con-

| d' - s - l - fe - | s - - - - - t - |
verse awhile with death: Think

| d' - l - r' - t - | d' - l - t - s - |
how a gasping mortal lies, And

| l - d' - r' - t - | d' - - - - - |
pants away his breath.

The other verses

2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down
His pulses faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, O the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into my dust.

Tune ST ANNE by William Croft (1678–1727); 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.