

- 4 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name.
-

FUNERAL HYMNS.

Hymn 6. c. M.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest:
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliv'rer come;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.