

Idumea

SACRED HARP SINGERS

And am I born to die?
To lay this body down!
And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown
 A land of deepest shade
 Unpierced by human thought
 The dreary regions of the dead
 Where all things are forgot
 Soon as from earth I go
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be!
Waked by the trumpet sound
 I from my grave shall rise
And see the Judge with glory crowned
 And see the flaming skies

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