

A Funeral Hymn

John Clarke his book
Mileham
1795

Unknown
Edited Alan Hollingdale

Soprano
Fare - well vain wor - ld I mu - st be gone Thou

Alto

Tenor
8
Fare - well vain wor - ld I mu - st be gone, Thou

Bass

7

S
art - no - rest nor ho - me for me. A pill - grim's pace - I tra - vell

A

T
8
art - no - rest nor ho - me for me. A pill - grim's pace - I tra - vell

B

15

S
on, 'Till I a be - ter wor - ld may see.

A

T
8
on, 'Till I a be - ter wor - ld may see.

B

1 My body to this world must dye,
The grave must be its bed & say,
When in the dust there it must lie,
Until the resurrection day.

2 When at the trumpets sound it shall,
Arise from this my dusty bed,
Resolving at the voice that call,
Saying aloud Come forth yea dead.

3 Blest advocate he will not fail
But at his time he will appear,
O let my shaking faith prevail
So that my evidence be clear.

4 With saints and angels sacred mirth
Sing praises to our God & king,
O may we all that dwell on earth
Eternal Hallelujahs sing.