

New Orleans

Tr. 1. Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends To call them to his arms. Are we not ten - ding up - ward

C. 2. Why should we tremble to convey Their bodies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Jesus lay, And left a long per - fume. The graves of all his saints he

T. 3. Thence he arose, ascending high, And showed our feet the way; Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the great ri - sing day. Then let the last loud trum - pet

B.

5 10 3

Tr. 1. too As fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the hours more slow To keep us from our love.

C. 2. blessed, And softened eve - ry bed; Where should the dying members rest, But with the dy - ing Head?

T. 3. sound, And bid our kindred rise; Awake, ye nations under ground; Ye saints, a - scend the skies.

B.

15

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2019

1. Measure 6, *Tenor*: last two notes changed from D to E, as in measure 15.

2. Measure 19, *Bass*: note changed from C to E, undoubtedly a misprint (see measure 10).

A folk hymn (Jackson 1953b, no. 139), with roots in church music of the sixteenth century or earlier. This tune was printed in many music books after 1816, including *Southern Harmony*, p. 163.