

IDUMEA. S.M.

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1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod-y down? And must my trem-bling spir - it fly, In - to a world un-known?

2. A land of deep-est shade, Un-pierced by hu-man thought; The drea-ry re-gions of the dead, Where all things are for - got.

3. Soon as from earth I go, What will be - come of me? E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness or woe, Must then my por-tion be.

4. Waked by the trum-pet's sound, I from my grave shall rise; And see the Judge with glo - ry crowned And see the flam-ing skies.