

# RAYMOND. C.M.

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John G. McCurry

1. My soul, come med - i - tate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands,  
 2. And you, mine eyes look down and view The hol - low gap-ing tomb, This gloom-y pris-on waits for you, When e'er the sum-mons come.

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands,  
 This gloom-y pris-on waits for you, When e'er the sum-mons come.

fly to un-known lands, And fly to un-known lands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands.  
 e'er the sum-mons come, When e'er the sum-mons come, This gloom-y pris-on waits for you, When e'er the sum-mons come.

house of clay, And fly to un-known lands, And fly to un-known lands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands.  
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 sum-mons come, When e'er the sum-mons come, This gloom-y pris-on waits for you, When e'er the sum-mons come.

And fly to un-known lands, When e'er the sum-mons come, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands.  
 This gloom-y pris-on waits for you, When e'er the sum-mons come.