

VALLEY GROVE. S.M.D.

Charles Wesley, 1763

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2008

1. And am I born to die? To lay this bo-dy down! And must my trem-bling spirit fly In-to a world un-known? Waked by the trum-pet

2. A land of dee-pest shade, The drea-ry reg-ions of the dead, Waked by the trum-pet sound,
Un-pierced by hu-man thought; 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! Waked by the trum-pet sound, I

Waked by the trum-pet sound, I from my grave shall

1. 2.

sound, I from my grave shall rise; And see the Judge with glo-ry crowned, And see the fla-ming skies! And see the fla-ming skies! skies!

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