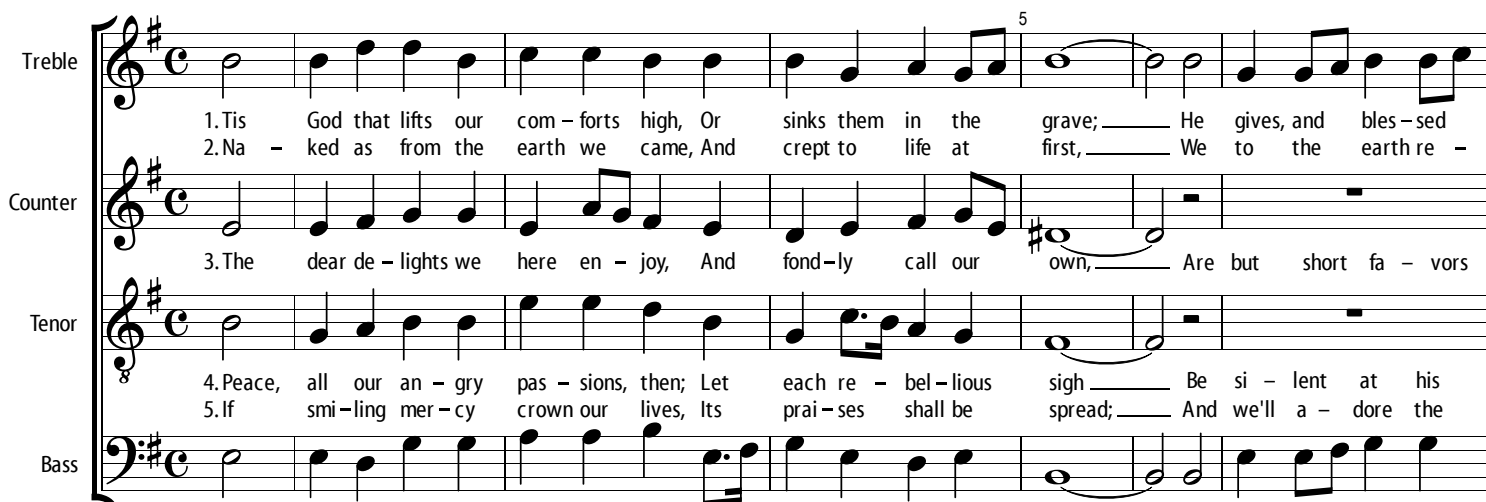


Wilmington

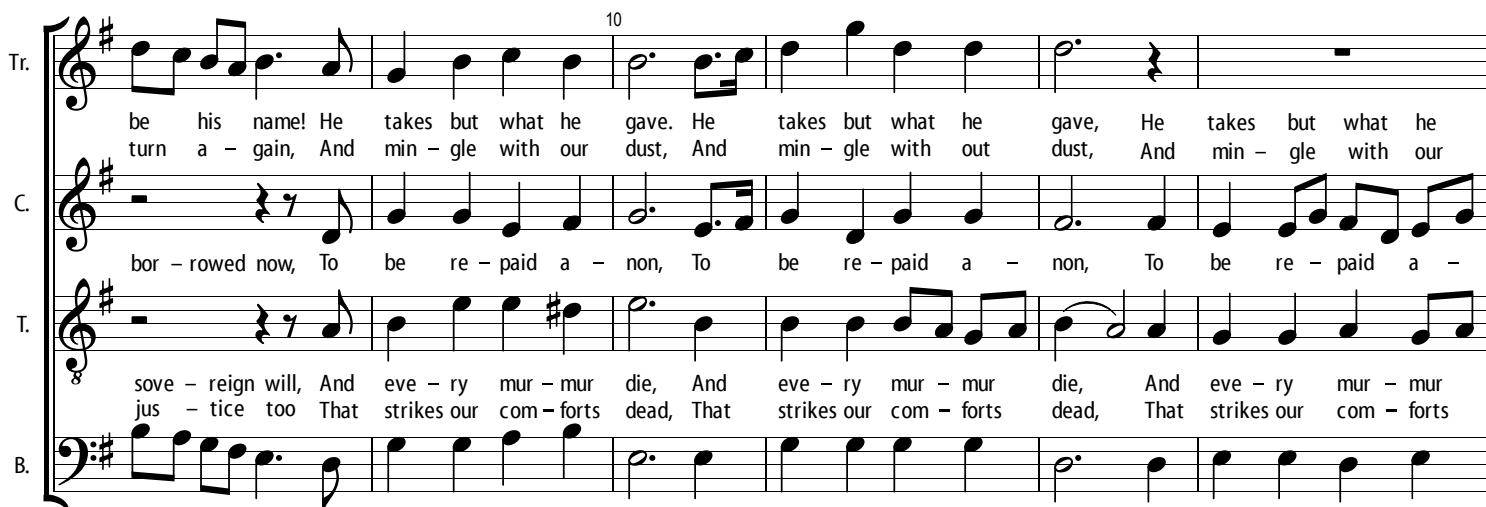
Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1803.



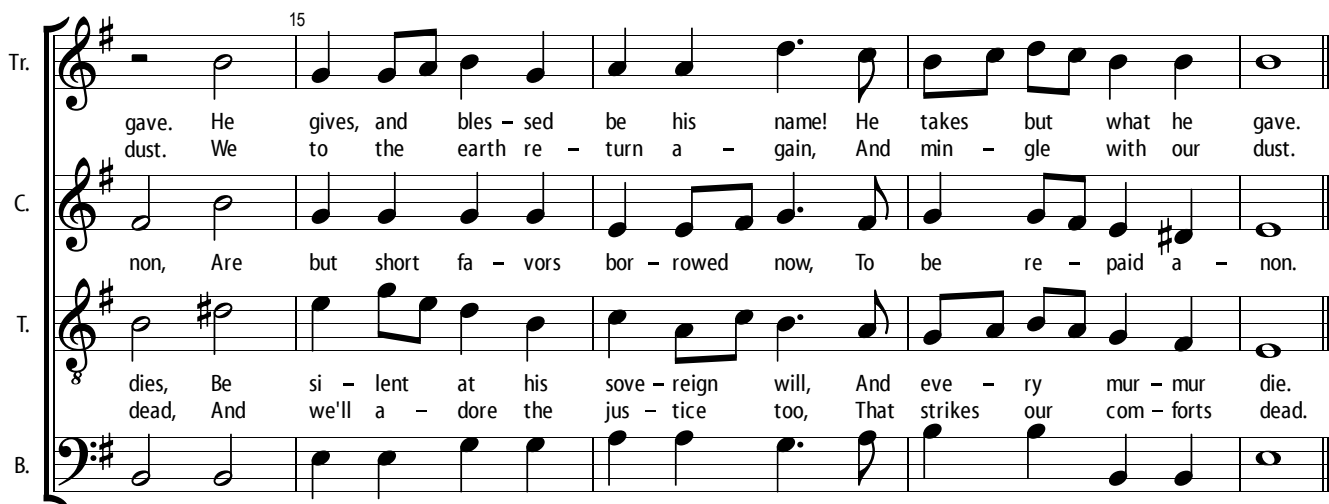
1. Tis God that lifts our com-forts high, Or sinks them in the grave; He gives, and bles-sed
2. Na-ked as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first, We to the earth re-

3. The dear de-lights we here en-joy, And fond-ly call our own, Are but short fa-vors

4. Peace, all our an-gry pas-sions, then; Let each re-bel-lious sigh Be si-lent at his
5. If smi-ling mer-cy crown our lives, Its prai-ses shall be spread; And we'll a-dore the



be his name! He takes but what he gave. He takes but what he gave, He takes but what he
turn a-gain, And min-gle with our dust, And min-gle with out dust, And min-gle with our



bor-rowed now, To be re-paid a-non, To be re-paid a-non, To be re-paid a-
gave. He gives, and bles-sed be his name! He takes but what he gave.
dust. We to the earth re-turn a-gain, And min-gle with our dust.

non, Are but short fa-vors bor-rowed now, To be re-paid a-non.

dies, Be si-lent at his sove-reign will, And eve-ry mur-mur die.
dead, And we'll a-dore the jus-tice too, That strikes our com-forts dead.