

CHINA. C. M. [♯]

Swan.

Ain. 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.

*Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.*

*Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.*

56

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CHINA. L. M. [♯]

Cuzens.

Ain. O, what a - - mazing joys they feel, While to their golden harps they sing, And sit on ev' - ry

heav'n - ly hill, And sit on ev' - ry heav'nly hill, And sing the triumphs of their King.

Two versions of the hymn for which China was named