

# Caspian

Isaac Watts

Brendan Taaffe

Why do we\_ mourn de - part - ing friends? Why\_ shake at death's a -  
Thence He a - rose As - cend - ing\_ high And\_ showed our feet the\_  
Then let the\_ last loud trum - pet\_ sound and bid our kin - dred

larm? 'Tis\_ but the voice\_ that Je - sus sends to  
way. Up to the lord\_ our flesh shall fly at\_  
rise. A - wake ye na - tions\_ un - der ground, ye

call us\_ to his\_ arms To call us to his\_ arms.  
the great ri - sing day. At\_ the great ri - sing day.  
saints as - cend the skies. Ye saints as - cend the skies.