

Idumea

Organ

And am I doomed to die? To bear this
A land of deep - est shade, un - pierced by
Soon as the ring I let go, what will be
Waked by the ea - gle cry, I from Mount

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bur - den far! And must my trem - bling bo - dy
 hu - man thought; The drea - ry re - gions of the
 come of me? E - ter - nal hap pi ness or
 Doom shall rise, and see the King by Glo - ry

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fly far from the even - ing star? And star?
damned, where all things are for - got! The got!
woe must then my por - tion be! E - be!
crowned and see the fla - ming skies! and skies!

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of the the damned, where all things are for
woe must then my port tion be! E - be!
crowned and see the fla - ming skies! and skies!