



2. How quickly flee our joys away, when cruel Death appeareth, and leave poor feeble man a prey to that which most he feareth!

Delusive pleasures quickly flee before the stern reality of death, the grave, and judgment.

3. Guilt now appears without disguise, and fills us with confusion, while falls the bandage from our eyes of pride and self-delusion; our steadfast gaze now turned within, we see our misery and sin in all their hateful colours.

4. Wert thou not, Lord, in that dread hour my joy and consolation; didst thou not bring to me with power the tidings of salvation, that death has lost his power and sting for those who to thy cross do cling, my heart would sink within me.

5. But now, since thou art mine, I thine, I may have peace in dying, thy holy merit is made mine, from all things justifying; thou hast atonement wrought for me, and thereby made my death to be a rest and peaceful slumber.

6. Therefore, my Saviour and my God, be thou in death beside me, nor let the comfort of thy rod be in that hour denied me; that thus the hour I yield my breath be not a sickness unto death, but unto life eternal.

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