





- 2. Why shouldst thou fear to die, when death is but to yield thy mortal breath, and lay this frame aside, "fearfully, wonderfully made" – yet now, enfeebled, worn, decayed, and oft with suffering tried?
- 3. Death must dissolve it; flesh and blood can enter not that pure abode where Christ his face unveils: then since by death, and death alone, can be attained that bliss unknown, shrink not when death assails.
- 4. To Nature his approach seems sad, but Faith rejoices, and is glad his coming step to hear: she knows that though the hand be rough that strikes the soul's hard fetters off, each blow brings freedom near.

- 5. Then when the captive is set free, what life, what joy, what liberty will heaven's bright gates unfold! The last pang felt, the last sigh heaved, Faith's great reward will be received, Christ Jesus to behold!
- 6. Christ in his glory! oh, the thought with bliss ineffable is fraught; and when the soul holds fast that blessed hope which he has given, of endless life with him in heaven, aside all fears are cast.
- 7. Then, much beloved! fear not to die! Lift up by faith thy tearful eye; and see, in heaven prepared, a place where near him thou shalt be, where by thyself, eternally, his glory shall be shared.

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