

A Funeral Hymn

anon

Matthew Wilkins, Oxfordshire

Since our good friend has gone to rest, Within the silent grave,

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We hope his soul's among the blest; Let fruitless sorrows wave.

(1)

Since our good friend is gone to rest,
 Within the silent grave,
 We hope his soul's among the blest,
 Let fruitless sorrows wave.

(2)

Our loss is now his greatest gain,
 Let no rude hand annoy,
 His dust now sleeps (exempt from pain),
 In hopes of future joy.

(3)

We at the great and joyful day,
 Shall altogether meet,
 And there our awful homage pay,
 At our kind master's feet.

(4)

Then the great judge from his high throne,
 Bright crowns of gold shall give,
 To such as have his precepts known,
 And studied well to live.

(5)

Oh! let us then our hearts prepare,
 For that uncertain hour,
 Lest death should end our pain and care,
 In sin, by Satan's power.

(6)

Lord, give us grace our time to spend,
 In virtue's prudent way,
 That when our latter days do end,
 No guilt may us dismay.