

# A Funeral Hymn

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anon

Matthew Wilkins, Gt.Milton, Oxon (1704-72)

1. Since our good friend has gone to rest, With- in the si- lent grave,  
 2. *Our loss is now his grea- test pain,* *Let no rude hand a- nnoy;*  
 4. Then the great judge from his high throne, Bright crowns of gold shall give,  
 6. *Lord, give us grace our time to spend,* *In vir- tue's pru- dent way;*

10

We hope his soul's a- mong the blest, Let fruit- less sor- rows wave.  
*His dust now sleeps (ex- cempt from pain),* *In hopes of fu- ture joy.*  
 To such as have his pre- cepts known, And stu- died well to live.  
*That when our lat- ter days do end,* *No guilt may us dis- may.*

(3)

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

(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.

Trans/ed. Tony Singleton, February 1992 from *The Psalmist's New Companion* by Abraham Adams of Shoreham, Kent. (\*bar 8: treble part had F sharp in original) The book ran to 12 editions between 1750 and 1795 and this funeral hymn gained widespread popularity in Kent and Sussex. The tune was first published in 1723 by Matthew Wilkins of Gt.Milton, Oxfordshire.