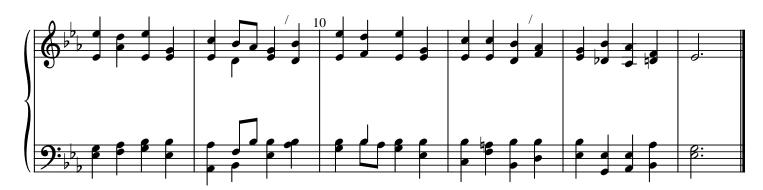
And am I only born to die?





And am I only born to die? And must I suddenly comply With nature's stern decree? What after death for me remains? Celestial joys, or hellish pains, To all eternity?

How then ought I on earth to live, While God prolongs the kind reprieve And props the house of clay? My sole concern, my single care, To watch, and tremble, and prepare Against the fatal day.

No room for mirth or trifling here, For worldly hope, or worldly fear, If life so soon is gone: If now the Judge is at the door, And all mankind must stand before The inexorable throne! Nothing is worth a thought beneath But how I may escape the death That never, never dies; How make mine own election sure, And, when I fail on earth, secure A mansion in the skies.

Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray, Be Thou my guide, be Thou my way To glorious happiness; Ah, write the pardon on my heart, And whensoe'er I hence depart, Let me depart in peace.

Charles Wesley