

A Death's Bed Reflection

Hasten ye sprightly and attend ye vain ones
Pause in your midst I verily consider
Learn from a friend's pain Thrills are most painful
In sick bed reflection

Healthful and gay like you I spent my moments
Society my heart said joy shall last forever
But I, forgotten man has no enjoyment
But by permission

Sudden and awful from the height of pleasure
By pain and sickness thrown upon a death bed
Vain is its softness to assuage the pain of
A Raging Disorder

Blindest attention of my friend's most human
With the profound skill of a kind physician
All skill is baffled while distress and anguish
Torture my whole frame

Vain are my groanings all complaints are fruitless
Changing my place does not abate my fever
Held like a reptile on a bed of embers
Tortured I languish

Hopes of recovery my fond heart indulged
Till my physician to my great amazement
Kindly informed me that case was desperate
Death was approaching

Wonders on wonders to my view now appear
Life is receding to the grave I haste
Now I prepared this dreadful moment must I
Meet my Creator?

Twenty five years I spent without considering
Man was mortal dependent on a moment
Life but a shadow time a flying arrow
Quick to dispell it

Often have I listened while death bells were tolling
Seen the graves open with spectators mourning
But for myself in spite of all this warning
A long life expecting

Counsels I slighted warnings I rejected
I my gay moments thoughts of death I banished
When grown gray headed I have oft resolved
Death to prepare for

Time in advanced to me seemed moving slowly
Days with out numbering I proposed for pleasure
But they are all blasted now behold the end of
Procrastination

Tortured in body not a limb escapes it
No sweet repose to direct one prayer
All is disorder yet my state eternal
Now is depending

Now hastily death pray stop one moment longer
Till I give warning to my gay companions
No time is granted for expostulation
Shun my example

To the Lord whose awful voice
Heathen sea and air obey
This humble house of prayer we raise
And here our homage pay

We've seen thy works upon the sea
Thy wonders in the deep
When thou didst loose the stormy winds
O'er raging waves to sweep

We've sunk in oceans fearful depths
Then rose on mountain waves
We've hung on brink of dread abyss
That gawned like watery graves

When from the deep we call'd on god
The raging winds to stay
The raging winds were hushed to sleep
At his Almighty sway

Our perils o'er, our ship at rest
With joy we tread these courts
Here let us raise our songs of praise
Where god himself resorts

And when again we spread our sails
And o'er the billows roll
We'll bear the gospel's joyful light
Till seen from pole to pole