

**M**Y soul, the final hour will come,  
Quickly it hastens on,  
To bear this body to the tomb,  
And thee to scenes unknown.

- 2 My frame, from striving here with woes,  
Shall sigh and sink away,  
And you, my eyelids, then shall close  
On this world's long-loved ray.
- 3 Where—in that hour—shall I receive  
Relief for all my pain?  
Though all earth's rulers were my friends,  
They all would help in vain!
- 4 Great King of nature and of grace,  
To Thee my spirit flies  
From the deep pangs of death's distress  
Before Thy pitying eyes.
- 5 O seal me by that mighty power,  
Which to Thy love belongs;  
May darkness veil my eyes no more,  
And sight be turned to songs.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*