

OFTEN as death with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let us each pause, and ask—‘Am I
Should I be called, prepared to die?’

- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I’m gone,
And plunged into a world unknown.
- 3 Then, leaving all I love below,
To God’s tribunal I must go,
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in Thee;
Apply Thy blood, Thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 5 Then, when of someone’s death I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor will the thought distressing be,
‘Next it may call, perhaps for me!’

John Newton, 1725-1807