

BEHOLD, the gloomy vale
Which you—my soul—must tread,
Crowded with terrors, fierce and pale,
And leading to the dead!

2 And you, my fleshly ‘clay’,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path are torn away
With pain, regret and tears.

3 But, lo, a flood of light,
With splendours all divine,
Breaks through those doleful realms of night
To make the valley shine.

4 Where death and darkness reign,
My Saviour is my stay;
He shall my trembling soul sustain,
And guard me all the way.

5 Blest Saviour, lead me on;
How can I yield to fear?
Death’s fearsome savours all are flown
When Thou, O Lord, art near.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51