

AND am I born to die

Charles Wesley:

1AND am I born to die To lay this body down And must my trembling spirit fly Into a world unknown-A land of deepest shade, Unpierced by human thought, The dreary regions of the dead, Where all things are forgot

2Soon as from earth I go, What will become of me Eternal happiness or woe Must then my portion be; Waked by the trumpet's sound, I from my grave shall rise, And see the Judge with glory crowned, And see the flaming skies.

3How shall I leave my tomb With triumph or regret A fearful or a joyful doom, A curse or blessing meet Will angel-bands convey Their brother to the bar Or devils drag my soul away, To meet its sentence there

4Who can resolve the doubt That tears my anxious breast Shall I be with the damned cast out, Or numbered with the blest I must from God be driven, Or with my Saviour dwell; Must come at his command to heaven, Or else-depart to hell.

5O thou that wouldst not have One wretched sinner die, Who died'st thyself; my soul to save From endless misery! Show me the way to shun Thy dreadful wrath severe, That when thou comest on thy throne I may with joy appear.

6Thou art thyself the Way; Thyself in me reveal; So shall I spend my life's short day Obedient to thy will; So shall I love my God, Because he first loved me, And praise thee in thy bright abode, To all eternity.