

## *Elegy on Robert Jones (1742)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #60]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

Robert Jones of Fonmon Castle, Glamorganshire, was born there in 1706 and died June 8, 1742. He had been a contemporary of Charles Wesley at Christ Church, Oxford, though they were not acquainted at the time. This was in part because Jones was wealthy and chose not to finish his studies. He went on the typical “grand tour” of Europe, then returned to his estate, was married, and became a local magistrate. In 1741 he came under the preaching of Howell Harris and began to support the Methodists. It was through this contact that Charles Wesley was welcomed to Fonmon Castle for the first of many visits on July 15, 1741. Wesley and Jones quickly became close friends, making it a great blow when Jones died a year later, at the age of 36.

This lengthy poem was clearly designed as a personal tribute and biography in verse. However, Charles also used it as a weapon in the ongoing doctrinal disputes with the Calvinistic Methodists (cf. Ins. 432ff below). This threatened to strain relationships with Howell Harris and others, so the Countess of Huntingdon tried to prevent publication of the elegy. But Charles was not deterred, having it issued by Felix Farley in 1742 (likely in August). John Wesley subsequently included it in the *Moral and Sacred Poems* (1744), 3:210–32.

### **Editions:**

Charles Wesley. *Elegy on the Death of Robert Jones, Esq. of Fonmon Castle in Glamorganshire, South Wales*. Bristol: Farley, 1742.

2<sup>nd</sup> Bristol: Farley, 1748.

2<sup>nd</sup> London: New Chapel, 1789.

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**On the Death of  
Robert Jones, Esq.**

And is he gone to his eternal rest!  
So suddenly receiv'd among the blest?  
Yet will I make his fair memorial stay,  
Bring back his virtue into open day,  
The sinner, convert, friend, and dying saint display.

Soon as the morn of opening life begun,  
His simpleness pursu'd a God unknown;  
Giver of life, the all-alluring Dove,  
Did on his soul with early influence move,  
Brooding he sat; infus'd the young desire, 10  
Kindled the ray of pure ethereal fire,  
And bad him to his native heaven aspire.

But soon the morning vapour pass'd away,  
His goodness melted at the blaze of day;  
By pleasures<sup>2</sup> charm'd, he leap'd the sacred fence,  
The youth out-liv'd his childish innocence;

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<sup>2</sup>“Pleasures” changed to “pleasure” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1748).

Plung'd in a world of fashionable vice,  
 And left his God, and lost his paradise.  
 Dead while he liv'd, in sin and pleasure dead,  
 Long o'er the world's wide wilderness he stray'd,       20  
 Eager imagin'd pleasures to pursue,  
 Tir'd with the old, yet panting after new,  
 He hurry'd down the broad frequented road,  
 Unconscious in the shade of death abode,  
 Forgot, but never dar'd to scorn his God.

Ah! What avail'd him then the gentle mind,  
 By schools instructed, and by courts refin'd!  
 The winning mien, the affable address,  
 And all his nature, all his art to please!  
 In vain he shone with various gifts endow'd,       30  
 Friend to the world, and enemy to God;  
 In vain he stoop'd in trifles to excell,  
 (Gay withering flowers that strew the way to hell!)  
 Generous, alas! In vain, and just, and brave,  
 While aw'd by man, and to himself a slave;  
 A steward to his fellow-servants just,  
 But still he falsify'd his Master's trust;  
 To them their several dues exact t' afford,  
 Their own he render'd them, but robb'd his Lord,  
 O'er-look'd the *Great Concern*, the better part,       40  
 Liv'd to himself, and gave the world his heart.

Who then the gracious wonder shall explain,  
How could a man of sin be born again?  
Rous'd from his sleep of death, he never knew  
To fix the point from whence the Spirit blew,  
So imperceptibly the stroke was given,  
The stroke divine that turn'd his face to heaven.  
The Saviour-God by tender pity mov'd,  
Observ'd his wand'ring sheep, and freely lov'd,  
Him blind and lost with gracious eye survey'd, 50  
And gently led him to the secret shade;  
Led him a way that nature never knew,  
And from the busy careless croud withdrew,  
To serious solitude his heart inclin'd  
Tir'd with the noise and follies of mankind,  
Impatiently resolv'd to cast the world behind.

The power unseen which bad his wand'rings cease,  
Follow'd, and found him in the wilderness,  
Gave him the hearing ear, and seeing eye,  
And pointed to the blood of sprinkling nigh, 60  
(That blood divine which makes the conscience clean,  
That fountain open'd for a world of sin)  
Call'd him to hear the name to sinners given,  
The only saving name in earth or heaven.

So when the first degenerated man  
Far in the woods from his Creator ran,

Mercy pursu'd, his fugitive to seize,  
 And stop'd his trembling flight among the trees;  
 "Where art thou, man?" he heard his Maker say,  
 Calm-walking in the cool decline of day, 70  
 Aghast he heard; came forth with guilty fear,  
 And found the bruiser of the serpent near,  
 Receiv'd the promise of his sin forgiven,  
 And for an Eden lost an antepast of heaven.

Hail Mary's Son! Thy mercies never end,  
 Thy mercies reach'd, and sav'd my happy friend!  
 He felt th' atoning blood by FAITH applied,  
 And freely was the sinner justified,  
 Sav'd by a miracle of grace divine—  
 And O! My God, the ministry was mine! 80  
 I spake thro'<sup>3</sup> thee the reconciling word,  
 Meanest forerunner of my glorious Lord:  
 He heard impartial: for himself he heard;  
 And weigh'd th' important truth with deep regard:  
 The sacred leaves, where all their God may find,  
 He search'd with noble readiness of mind,  
 Listen'd, and yielded to the gospel-call,  
 And glorified the Lamb that died for ALL;  
 Gladly confess'd our welcome tidings true,  
 And waited for a power he never knew, 90  
 The seal of all his sins, thro' Christ forgiven,  
 With God the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

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<sup>3</sup>"Thro'" changed to "from" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1748).

The Lord he sought allow'd his creature's claim,  
 And sudden to his living temple came;  
 The Spi'rit of love, (which like a rushing wind  
 Blows as he lists, but blows on all mankind,)  
 Breath'd on his raptur'd soul: the sinking clay  
 O'rewhelm'd beneath the mighty comfort lay;  
 While all-dissolv'd the powers of nature fail,  
 Enter'd his favour'd soul within the veil, 100  
 The inner court with sacred reverence trod,  
 And saw th' invisible, and talk'd with God.

Constrain'd by extasies too strong to bear,  
 His soul was all pour'd out in praise and prayer;  
 He heard the voice of God's life-giving Son,  
 While Jesus made th' eternal Godhead known,  
 Receiv'd *the living faith* by grace bestow'd,  
 "And verily," he cried, "there is a God,  
 I know, I feel the word of truth divine,  
 Lord, I believe thou art—for thou art mine!" 110

So when the woman did of Jesus tell,  
 The God of Jacob found at Jacob's well,  
 Eager the common benefit t' impart,  
 "Come see a man that told me all my heart;"  
 The men of Sychar came; receiv'd her word,  
 But hung upon their dear redeeming Lord;  
 "Now we believe," they cry'd, "but not thro' thee,  
 Our ears have heard th' incarnate deity,

“The glorious truth assuredly we find,  
This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of mankind!” 120

Thrice happy soul, whom Jesus gave to know  
Eternal life, while sojourning below!  
Thou *didst* the gift unspeakable receive,  
And humbly in the Spirit walk and live;  
Thou *didst* the hidden life divine express,  
And evidence the power of godliness;  
Thou *didst* with all thy soul to Jesus turn,  
His gospel-truth with all thy life adorn,  
Thy goods, thy fame, thine all to Jesus give,  
Sober and righteous here, and godly live; 130  
With utmost diligence his gifts improve,  
And labour to be perfected in love.

His word subdued at once the carnal will,  
The sea subsided, and the sun stood still;  
No more in thee the waves of passion roll,  
Or violate thy calm unruffled soul:  
The leopard fierce is with the kid laid down,  
The gentle child-like spirit leads thee on;  
Intent on God thy single heart and eye,  
And Abba Father, now is all the cry! 140  
Yes, thou hast chose at last the better part,  
And God alone hath all thy simple heart.

Wholly devoted now to God alone,  
 Thou mourn'st the days for ever lost and gone,  
 Gay youthful days of vanity and vice  
 Thou see'st confounded—vile in thy own eyes;  
 Pardon'd, yet still persisting to lament  
 Thy fortune, time, and talents all mispent;  
 A sinner self-condemn'd, and self-abhor'd,  
 But wondring at the goodness of thy Lord;           150  
 He saw thee in thy blood and bad thee live;  
 Yet still thyself thou never couldst forgive.

Resolv'd each precious moment to redeem,  
 To serve thy God, and only live to him,  
 Thro' all at once thy constant virtue broke,  
 Cast off the world, and sin, and Satan's yoke,  
 The stedfast purpose of thy soul avow'd,  
 Confess'd the Christian, and declar'd for God.

O what a change was there! The man of birth  
 Sinks down into a clod of common earth:           160  
 The man of polish'd sense his judgment quits,  
 And tamely to a *madman's* name submits:  
 The man of curious taste neglects his food,  
 And all is pleasant now, and all is good:  
 The man of rigid honour slights his fame,  
 And glories in his Lord and Master's shame:

The man of wealth and pleasure all foregoes,  
 And nothing but the cross of Jesus knows:  
 The man of sin is wash'd in Jesu's blood,  
 The man of sin becomes a child of God! 170

Throughout his life the new creation shines,  
 Throughout his words, and actions, and designs:  
 Quicken'd with Christ he sought the things above,  
 And evidenc'd the faith which works by love,  
 Which quenches Satan's every fiery dart,  
 O'recomes the world, and purifies the heart.

Not as uncertainly the race he ran,  
 He fought the fight, nor spent his strength in vain:  
 Foes to the cross, themselves let others spare,  
 At random run, and idly beat the air, 180  
 As bondage each divine command disclaim;  
 A truer follower of the bleeding Lamb  
 He bore the burthen of his Lord, and died  
 A daily death with Jesus crucified.  
 He chearfully<sup>4</sup> took up his Master's yoke,  
 Nor e'er the sacred ordinance forsook,  
 Nor dar'd to cast the hallow'd cross away,  
 Or plead his liberty to disobey:  
 Under the law to Christ, he labour'd still  
 To do, and suffer all his Father's will: 190

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<sup>4</sup>Ori., "carefully"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1748).

Herein his glorious liberty was shewn,  
Free to deny himself, and live to God alone!

In fastings oft the hardy soldier was,  
Patient and meek, he grew beneath the cross,  
He kept his body down, by grace subdued,  
The servant to his soul, and both to God:  
No delicate disciple he, to shun  
The cross, and say, "My Saviour all hath done!"  
No carnal Esau to despise his right,  
And damn his soul to please his appetite: 200  
Suffice the season past, that dead to God  
He glided down the easy spacious road;  
A willing alien from the life divine  
Liv'd to himself, and fed on husks with swine:  
The times of ignorance and sin are past,  
The son obeys his Father's voice at last,  
All heaven congratulates his late return,  
Angels and God rejoice, and men and devils mourn.

Mourn the goodnatur'd soft voluptuous crowd,  
Whose shame their boast, whose belly is their God, 210  
Who eat, and drink, and then rise up to play,  
And dance, and sing their worthless lives away,  
Harmless; of gentle birth; and bred so well—  
They here sleep out their time,—and wake in hell.

These thoughtless souls his happy change deplor'd,  
 And curs'd the men that call'd him to his Lord;  
 (The troublers of a quiet neighbourhood,  
 The cruel enemies to flesh and blood,  
 Who vex the world, and turn it upside down,  
 And make the peer as humble as the clown.) 220  
 His bleeding Lord engross'd his whole esteem,  
 Where Jesus dwells there is no room for them:  
 His house no more the scene of soft excess,  
 Of courtly pleasures, and luxurious ease:  
 No longer doth their friend like Dives fare,  
 No *drunken hospitality* is there,  
 No revellings that turn the night to day,  
 (*Harmless diversions*—from the narrow way!)  
 No midnight dance prophan'd the hallow'd place,  
 No voice was heard, but that of prayer and praise. 230

Divinely taught to make the sober feast,  
 He pass'd the rich, and call'd a nobler guest;  
 He call'd the poor, the maim'd, the lame, the blind,  
 He call'd in these the SAVIOUR of mankind;  
 His friends and kinsmen these for Jesu's sake,  
 Who no voluptuous recompence could make,  
 But God the glorious recompence hath given,  
 And call'd him to the marriage-feast in heaven.

Ye men that live in riotous excess,  
 And loosely take your pleasurable ease, 240  
 Rich to yourselves; the bright example view  
 Of one, who once forgot his God like you,  
 But wisely griev'd for sins and follies past,  
 Sprang from the world, and won the race at last.  
 How did his soul for you in secret mourn,  
 And long, and pray, and weep for your return!  
 How did he supplicate the throne above,  
 That you, even you might taste the Saviour's love,  
 Might listen to the truth, your vileness own,  
 Pursue the way of peace ye have not known, 250  
 Renounce the world, and live to God alone.  
 O might the scales fall from your blinded eyes,  
 O that some prodigal would now arise,  
 Accept the pard'ning grace thro' Jesus given,  
 And turn, and gladden all the host of heaven!

Sinners, regard your friend who speaks tho' dead;  
 In his, as he in Jesu's, footsteps tread:  
 After the Lamb he still rejoic'd to go,  
 He liv'd a guardian angel here below,  
 A father of the poor, he gave them food, 260  
 And fed their souls, and labour'd for their good;  
 The little church in Jesus who believ'd  
 Into his house, his arms, his heart receiv'd:

With these he humbly search'd the written word,  
Talking with these, he commun'd with their Lord,  
Studied the sacred leaves, by day and night,  
His faithful counsellor, and sole delight.  
He made them all his own with happy art,  
And practice copied them into his heart:  
Still in the steps of Abraham's faith he trod, 270  
He and his house would only serve their God.

The worth domestick let his consort tell  
Of one who lov'd so wisely and so well;  
Who help'd her all for Jesus to foregoe,  
And cherish'd her as Christ his church below,  
Explain'd the glorious mystery divine  
How God and man may in one spirit join,  
How man the joys of heaven on earth may prove;  
The sacred dignity of nuptial love,  
Clearly in him the sameness all might see 280  
Of nuptial love and spotless purity.

Nor less the exemplary father shone:  
Freely to God he render'd back his own,  
Devoted all to him, his children, wife,  
Goods, fame, and friends, and liberty, and life.  
He taught his children in their earliest days  
To love their God, and lisp their Saviour's praise.

No modern parent he, their souls to sell,  
 In sloth and pride to train them up for hell,  
 T' infuse the stately thought of rank and birth,           290  
 And swell the base-born potsherds of the earth,  
 The lust of praise, and wealth, and power t' inspire;  
 To raise their spirit, and their torment higher,  
 And make them pass to Molock thro' the fire.

Watchful the heavenly wisdom to instill,  
 He gently bent their soft unbias'd will,  
 Woo'd them to seek in God their happiness;  
 Loving, yet wise, and fond without excess;  
 Simple like them, and innocent, and mild:  
 The father is himself a little child.                       300  
 He saw himself by his great Maker seen,  
 And walk'd with God while sojourning with men;  
 His filial awe, and whole deportment show'd  
 He saw th' invisible, and walk'd with God:  
 Trembled his soul at the minutest fault,  
 And felt the torture of an idle thought.  
 Still he beheld the presence of his Lord,  
 In all events the hand divine ador'd,  
 In smallest trivial things his watchful eye  
 Designs of heavenly wisdom could descry;               310  
 Nothing he deem'd beneath his guardian care  
 In whom we always live, and move, and are,  
 Who skreens our naked head, and numbers every hair.

Such was the man by men and fiends abhor'd!  
 A true disciple of his much-lov'd Lord,  
 A valiant soldier in his Captain's cause,  
 A chearful sharer of his Saviour's cross,  
 A faithful follower of the bleeding Lamb,  
 A glad partaker of his glorious shame,  
 A confessor and witness for his God, 320  
 Against the world, th' intrepid champion stood;  
 Bold in the faith his Master to confess,  
 He dar'd the world of Jesu's enemies,  
 Satan and all his powers at once defied;  
 Who fear'd his God could nothing fear beside.

Against the storm he turn'd his steady face,  
 And calmly triumph'd, and enjoy'd disgrace;  
 A gazing-stock to the lewd godless throng,  
 The fool's derision, and the drunkard's song.  
 Yet neither smiles nor frowns his soul could shake, 330  
 Or move the *madman* for his Master's sake;  
 Tho' Pharisees and Sadducees combin'd,  
 And all his friends, and all his kinsmen join'd  
 To scoff the man who *meanly fear'd* his God;  
 He knew not to confer with flesh and blood,  
 But chearfully took up, nor ever felt the load:  
 Harder than flint or adamant his brow,  
 Unruffled then, and unconcern'd as now,

On all their vain contempt he still look'd down,  
From faith to faith, from strength to strength went on, 340  
And bore the cross that led him to the crown;  
The scandal of his Lord with joy he bore,  
And still the more despis'd, superior rose the more.

'Twas thus the royal saint, by God approv'd,  
His Master own'd, and honour'd whom he lov'd,  
Stript of his robes, and in his handmaid's sight,  
He danc'd before the ark with all his might;  
He danc'd, unaw'd by Michal's<sup>5</sup> scornful eye,  
And calm return'd the resolute reply,  
"To serve my God, to do my Maker's will 350  
If this be vile, I will be viler still."

The horrid crew that dare their Lord deny,  
Bold to dethrone the filial deity,  
Where Jones appear'd, their blasphemies forbore,  
And silently confess'd him conqueror.  
Nor less resolv'd 'gainst those the champion stood  
Who scorn the purchase of their Saviour's blood,  
Deny the Spirit now to sinners given,  
The life begun on earth that ends in heaven.

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<sup>5</sup>Ori., "Michael's"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1748).

With deep concern and bleeding heart he view'd      360  
 The general dire apostacy from God;  
 He heard the rod divine, with sacred fear,  
 And trembling foresight of destruction near;  
 Long'd that we all might see the out-stretch'd hand,  
 The sword impending o're a guilty land,  
 Might timely all remember whence we fell,  
 Return with contrite heart and earnest zeal,  
 Confess the faith which God vouchsafes t' approve,  
 Before his wrath our candlestick remove,  
 Do the first works, and feel the former love.      370

He mark'd the city of our God laid low,  
 And wept in deep distress for Sion's woe:  
 It pitied him to see her in the dust,  
 Her lamp extinguish'd, and her gospel lost;  
 Lost to the rich, and great, and wise, and good,  
 Poor guilty enemies to Jesu's blood,  
 Who quench the last faint spark of piety,  
 Yet cry "The temple of the Lord are we!"  
 Pleadors for order they who all confound,  
 Pillars who bear our Zion—to the ground,      380  
 Her doctrines and her purity disclaim,  
 Our church's ruin and our nation's shame;  
 Leaders, who turn the lame out of the way,  
 Shepherds, who watch to make the sheep their prey,

Preachers, who dare their own report deny,  
Patrons of Arius' or Socinus' lie,  
Who scoff the gospel truths as idle tales,  
*Heathenish priests*, and MITRED INFIDELS!

Nor did he let his censure wildly fall,  
Or for the sake of some reproach them all: 390  
He knew with wiser judgment to revere,  
And vindicate the sacred character;  
The sacred character remain'd the same,  
Untouch'd, and unimpeach'd by private blame;  
Tho' deists blind, and sectaries agree  
To brand the heaven-descended ministry;  
Nor God nor man the bold revilers spare,  
T' accuse the followers with their Lord they dare,  
"For Judas fill'd an apostolick chair."

This duteous son his piety retain'd, 400  
Nor left his mother by her children stain'd,  
Dishonour'd by her base degenerate sons  
The pure, and apostolick church he owns,  
Her sacred truths in righteousness he held,  
Her articles and creeds NOT YET repeal'd,  
Her homilies, replete with truth divine,  
Where pure religion flows in every line:

These heavenly truths while two or three maintain'd,  
 By them he vow'd in life and death to stand:  
 By them in life and death he nobly stood, 410  
 Tenacious of the faith, and obstinately good.  
 He never left the ship by tempest tost—  
 Or say, she now is dash'd against the coast,  
 To save a few he spent his pious pains,  
 Stay'd by the wreck, and gather'd her remains—  
 My brother here, my friend indeed thou wert,  
 A man—a Christian after my own heart!  
 For this I envy thee, while others blame,  
 And strangers brand thee with a bigot's name:  
 Glorious reproach! If this be bigotry, 420  
 For ever let the charge be fixt on me,  
 With pious Jones, and royal Charles may I  
 A martyr for the Church of England die!

Nor did his zeal for her his love restrain,  
 His love descending like the genial rain,  
 And shining, like the sun, on every soul of man.  
 Free as its source it flow'd, and unconfin'd,  
 Embracing, and o'whelming all mankind;  
 Nor sin nor error could its course preclude,  
 It reach'd to all, the evil and the good, 430  
 His Father's children all, and bought with Jesu's blood.

The men of narrow hearts, who dare restrain  
 The grace their Saviour did for all obtain,  
 (“Free sovereign grace,” who cry! “perversely free!  
 For us, thou reprobate, but not for thee:  
 Millions of souls the Lord of all *pass’d by*,  
 Who died for all, for them refus’d to die;  
 To us, and none but us he had respect,  
 He died for the whole world—of—us elect.”)  
 These wretched men of sin with grief he view’d,       440  
 He lov’d these strangers to his Saviour’s blood,  
 A restless, carnal, bold, licentious crowd,  
 Bitter, implacable, perverse, and proud,  
 Stubborn, stiff-neck’d, impatient of restraint,  
 A tribe of priests unholy and unsent,  
 Whose lives their arrogant conceit disprove;  
 Vain sinful boasters of electing love;  
 To evil sold they *will* believe a lie,  
 And advocates for sin they live, and die.

Yet these, even these his pity knew to bear,       450  
 With all their long impertinence of prayer,  
 Their factious party-zeal, their teaching pride,  
 Their fierce contempt of all mankind beside;  
 His love the mantle o’re their folly spread,  
 His candid love a just exception made,

O'rejoy'd to see a few of heart sincere  
 As burning, and as shining lights appear,  
 To find a Whitefield and an Harris *here!*

True piety impartial to commend,  
 He dar'd to call a Calvinist his friend; 460  
 His love indifferent did to all abound,  
 He bow'd to Jesu's name wherever found:  
 Some good he found in all, but griev'd to see  
 The world combine, the brethren disagree:  
 Ah! Lord, regard in him thy Spirit's groan,  
 And haste to perfect all thy saints in one!

Divinely warn'd to meet the mortal hour,  
 And tread the path his Saviour trod before,  
 Without surprize the sudden call he heard,  
 Always alike for life or death prepar'd; 470  
 With calm delight the summons he receiv'd,  
 For well he knew in whom he had believ'd,  
 He knew himself with Christ for ever one,  
 (The Lamb that died for all his sins t' atone)  
 And welcom'd death whose only sting was gone:  
 The foe to nature, but a friend to grace,  
 The king of terrors with an angel-face!  
 He smil'd as the swift messenger drew near,  
 With stedfast faith, and love that cast out fear  
 Look'd thro' the vale, and saw his Lord appear. 480

But O! What words the mighty joy can paint,  
 Or reach the raptures of a dying saint!  
 See there! The dying saint with smiling eyes  
 A spectacle to men and angels lies!  
 His soul from every spot of sin set free,  
 His hope is full of immortality:  
 To live was Christ to him, and death is gain;  
 Resign'd, triumphant in the mortal pain,  
 He lays his earthly tabernacle down  
 In confidence to grasp the starry crown, 490  
 Sav'd to the utmost *here* by Jesu's grace,  
 "I *here*," he cries, "have seen his glorious face."

Nor ev'n in death could he forget his own;  
 Still the kind brother, and the pious son  
 Lov'd his own flesh, when ready to depart,  
 And lingring bore them on his yearning heart:  
 His last desire, that they might take the prize,  
 That they might follow him to paradise.  
 Witness the prayers, in which with God he strove,  
 Witness the labour of his dying love, 500  
 The solemn lines he sign'd as with his blood,  
 That call'd and pointed to th' atoning God.  
 O Saviour, give them to his dying prayer,  
 Snatch them from earth, for heavenly joys prepare,  
 And let the son salute the mother there!

In sure and stedfast hope again to find  
 The dear-lov'd relatives he left behind,  
 Children and wife he back to Jesus gave,  
 His Lord, he knew, could to the utmost save:  
 Himself experienc'd now that utmost power, 510  
 And clap'd his hands in death's triumphant hour,  
 "Rejoice my friends," he cries, "rejoice with me,  
 Our dying Lord hath got the victory;  
 He comes! He comes! This is my bridal day,  
 Follow with songs of joy the breathless clay,  
 And shout my soul escap'd into eternal day!"

A dying saint can true believers mourn?  
 Joyful they see their friend to heaven return;  
 His animating words their souls inspire,  
 And bear them upwards on his car of fire: 520  
 His looks, when language fails, new life impart;  
 Heaven in his looks, and Jesus in his heart;  
 He feels the happiness that cannot fade,  
 With everlasting joy upon his head  
 Starts from the flesh, and gains his native skies;  
 Glory to God on high!—The Christian dies!  
 Dies from the world, and quits his earthly<sup>6</sup> clod,  
 Dies, and receives the crown by Christ bestow'd,  
 Dies into all the life and plenitude of God!

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<sup>6</sup>Ori., "earthy"; a misprint, corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1748).

O glorious victory of grace divine! 530  
 Jesu, the great redeeming work is thine:  
 Thy work reviv'd, as in the antient days,  
 We now with angels and archangels praise:  
 Thine hand unshorten'd in our sight appears,  
 With whom a day is as a thousand years;  
 We see and magnify thy mercy's power  
 That call'd the sinner at th' eleventh hour,  
 Cut short the work, and suddenly renew'd,  
 Sprinkled and wash'd him in thy cleansing blood,  
 And fill'd in one short year with all the life of God. 540  
 Receiv'd on earth into thy people's rest,  
 He now is numbred with the glorious blest,  
 Call'd to the joys that saints and angels prove,  
 Triumphant with the first-born church above,  
 He rests within thy arms of everlasting love.

Ye fools that throng the smooth infernal road,  
 And scorn the wisdom of the sons of God,  
 Censure whom angels, saints, and God commend,  
 Madness account his life, and base his end;  
 Tread on his ashes still, ye ruffians tread, 550  
 By *venal* lies defame the sacred dead,  
 With Satan still your feeble malice shew,  
 The last poor efforts of a vanquish'd foe,

T' arraign a saint deceas'd prophanely dare,  
But look to meet him at the last great bar,  
And horribly recant your hellish slanders there!

Or rather now, while lingering justice stays,  
And God in Jesus grant a longer space,  
Repent, repent; a better path pursue,  
Chuse life, ye *madmen*, with the happy few, 560  
The life your Saviour's death hath bought for you.  
Why *will* you die, when God would have you live,  
Would all mankind abundantly forgive?  
Invites you all to chuse the better part,  
And ever cries, "My son give me thy heart!"  
He bids you in his servant's footsteps tread,  
He calls you by the living, and the dead,  
Awake, and burst the bands of nature's night,  
Rise from your graves, and Christ shall give you light;  
While yet he may be found, to God draw nigh, 570  
Heaven without price, and without money buy,  
And as the righteous live, and as the righteous die.