

Elegy on Robert Jones (1742)¹

[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.

2nd Bristol: Farley, 1748.

2nd 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 received 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.

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

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But soon the morning vapour passed away,
His goodness melted at the blaze of day;
By pleasures² charmed he leaped the sacred fence,
The youth outlived his childish innocence;

²“Pleasures” changed to “pleasure” in 2nd edn. (1748).

Plunged in a world of fashionable vice,
 And left his God, and lost his paradise.
 Dead while he lived, in sin and pleasure dead,
 Long o'er the world's wide wilderness he strayed, 20
 Eager imagined pleasures to pursue,
 Tired with the old, yet panting after new,
 He hurried down the broad frequented road, }
 Unconscious in the shade of death abode, }
 Forgot, but never dared to scorn his God.

Ah! what availed him then the gentle mind,
 By schools instructed, and by courts refined!
 The winning mien, the affable address,
 And all his nature, all his art to please!
 In vain he shone with various gifts endowed, 30
 Friend to the world, and enemy to God;
 In vain he stooped in trifles to excel,
 (Gay withering flowers that strew the way to hell!)
 Generous, alas! In vain, and just, and brave,
 While awed by man, and to himself a slave;
 A steward to his fellow-servants just,
 But still he falsified his Master's trust;
 To them their several dues exact t' afford,
 Their own he rendered them, but robbed his Lord,
 O'erlooked the *Great Concern*, the better part, 40
 Lived to himself, and gave the world his heart.

Who then the gracious wonder shall explain,
How could a man of sin be born again?
Roused 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 turned his face to heaven.
The Saviour-God by tender pity moved,
Observed his wand'ring sheep, and freely loved,
Him blind and lost with gracious eye surveyed, 50
And gently led him to the secret shade;
Led him a way that nature never knew,
And from the busy careless crowd withdrew,
To serious solitude his heart inclined
Tired with the noise and follies of mankind, }
Impatiently resolved to cast the world behind.

The power unseen which bade his wand'ring cease,
Followed, 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 opened for a world of sin)
Called 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 pursued, his fugitive to seize,
 And stopped 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,
 Received 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 reached, and saved my happy friend!
 He felt th’ atoning blood by FAITH applied,
 And freely was the sinner justified,
 Saved by a miracle of grace divine—
 And O! my God, the ministry was mine! 80
 I spake through³ thee the reconciling word,
 Meanest forerunner of my glorious Lord:
 He heard impartial: for himself he heard;
 And weighed th’ important truth with deep regard:
 The sacred leaves, where all their God may find,
 He searched with noble readiness of mind,
 Listened, and yielded to the gospel-call,
 And glorified the Lamb that died for ALL;
 Gladly confessed our welcome tidings true,
 And waited for a power he never knew, 90
 The seal of all his sins, through Christ forgiven,
 With God the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

³“Through” changed to “from” in 2nd edn. (1748).

The Lord he sought allowed 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,)
 Breathed on his raptured soul: the sinking clay
 O'erwhelmed beneath the mighty comfort lay;
 While all-dissolved the powers of nature fail,
 Entered his favoured soul within the vail, 100
 The inner court with sacred reverence trod,
 And saw th' invisible, and talked with God.

Constrained by ecstasies too strong to bear,
 His soul was all poured out in praise and prayer;
 He heard the voice of God's life-giving Son,
 While Jesus made th' eternal Godhead known,
 Received *the living faith* by grace bestowed,
 "And verily,^[17] he cried, [¹⁸there is a God,
 I know, I feel the word of truth divine,
 Lord, I believe thou art—for thou art mine!^[19] 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; received her word,
 But hung upon their dear redeeming Lord;
 "Now we believe,^[20] they cried, [²¹but not through 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 childlike 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 forever lost and gone,
 Gay youthful days of vanity and vice
 Thou seest confounded—vile in thy own eyes;
 Pardon'd, yet still persisting to lament
 Thy fortune, time, and talents all misspent;
 A sinner self-condemned, and self-aborred,
 But wond'ring at the goodness of thy Lord; 150
 He saw thee in thy blood and bade thee live;
 Yet still thyself thou never could'st forgive.

Resolved each precious moment to redeem,
 To serve thy God, and only live to him,
 Through all at once thy constant virtue broke,
 Cast off the world, and sin, and Satan's yoke,
 The steadfast purpose of thy soul avowed,
 Confessed the Christian, and declared for God.

O what a change was there! The man of birth
 Sinks down into a clod of common earth: 160
 The man of polished 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 washed 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:
 Quickened with Christ he sought the things above,
 And evidenced the faith which works by love,
 Which quenches Satan's every fiery dart,
 O'ercomes 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 burden of his Lord, and died
 A daily death with Jesus crucified.
 He cheerfully⁴ took up his Master's yoke,
 Nor e'er the sacred ordinance forsook,
 Nor dared to cast the hallowed cross away,
 Or plead his liberty to disobey:
 Under the law to Christ, he laboured still
 To do, and suffer all his Father's will: 190

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

Herein his glorious liberty was shown,
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
Lived 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 good-natured 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 deplored,
 And cursed the men that called 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 engrossed 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 profaned the hallowed place,
 No voice was heard, but that of prayer and praise. 230

Divinely taught to make the sober feast,
 He passed the rich, and called a nobler guest;
 He called the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind,
 He called in these the Saviour of mankind;
 His friends and kinsmen these for Jesu's sake,
 Who no voluptuous recompense could make,
 But God the glorious recompense hath given,
 And called 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 grieved 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, } 250
 Pursue the way of peace ye have not known,
 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 through Jesus given,
 And turn, and gladden all the host of heaven!

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

With these he humbly searched the written word,
Talking with these, he communed 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 domestic let his consort tell
Of one who loved so wisely and so well;
Who helped her all for Jesus to forego,
And cherished her as Christ his church below,
Explained 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 rendered 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 through the fire.

Watchful the heavenly wisdom to instill,
 He gently bent their soft unbiased will,
 Wooed 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 walked with God while sojourning with men;
 His filial awe, and whole deportment showed
 He saw th' invisible, and walked 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 adored,
 In smallest trivial things his watchful eye
 Designs of heavenly wisdom could descry; 310
 Nothing he deemed beneath his guardian care
 In whom we always live, and move, and are, }
 Who screens our naked head, and numbers every hair.

Such was the man by men and fiends abhorred!
 A true disciple of his much-loved Lord,
 A valiant soldier in his Captain's cause,
 A cheerful 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 dared the world of Jesu's enemies,
 Satan and all his powers at once defied;
 Who feared his God could nothing fear beside.

Against the storm he turned his steady face,
 And calmly triumphed, and enjoyed 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;
 Though Pharisees and Sadducees combined,
 And all his friends, and all his kinsmen joined
 To scoff the man who *meanly feared* his God;
 He knew not to confer with flesh and blood,
 But cheerfully took up, nor ever felt the load:
 Harder than flint or adamant his brow,
 Unruffled then, and unconcerned as now,

On all their vain contempt he still looked 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 despised, superior rose the more.

'Twas thus the royal saint, by God approved,
 His Master owned, and honoured whom he loved,
 Stripped of his robes, and in his handmaid's sight,
 He danced before the ark with all his might;
 He danced, unawed by Michal's⁵ scornful eye,
 And calm returned 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 appeared, their blasphemies forbore,
 And silently confessed him conqueror.
 Nor less resolved '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.

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

With deep concern and bleeding heart he viewed 360
 The general dire apostasy from God;
 He heard the rod divine, with sacred fear,
 And trembling foresight of destruction near;
 Longed that we all might see the outstretched hand,
 The sword impending o'er 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,] 370
 Do the first works, and feel the former love.

He marked 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 extinguished, 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!"
 Pleaders 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 remained the same,
Untouched, and unimpeached by private blame;
Though 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 filled an apostolic chair."^[2]

This duteous son his piety retained, 400
Nor left his mother by her children stained,
Dishonoured by her base degenerate sons
The pure, and apostolic church he owns,
Her sacred truths in righteousness he held,
Her articles and creeds NOT YET repealed,
Her homilies, replete with truth divine,
Where pure religion flows in every line:

These heavenly truths while two or three maintained,
 By them he vowed 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 tossed—
 Or say, she now is dashed against the coast,
 To save a few he spent his pious pains,
 Stayed by the wreck, and gathered 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
 Forever let the charge be fixed 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 flowed, and unconfined,
 Embracing, and o'erwhelming all mankind;
 Nor sin nor error could its course preclude,
 It reached 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,^[13] who cry! ^[14]perversely free!
 For us, thou reprobate, but not for thee:
 Millions of souls the Lord of all *passed by*,
 Who died for all, for them refused 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 viewed, 440
 He loved these strangers to his Saviour’s blood,
 A restless, carnal, bold, licentious crowd,
 Bitter, implacable, perverse, and proud,
 Stubborn, stiff-necked, 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’er their folly spread,
 His candid love a just exception made,

O'erjoyed to see a few of heart sincere
 As burning, and as shining lights appear,
 To find a WHITEFIELD and an HARRIS *here!*

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True piety impartial to commend,
 He dared to call a Calvinist his friend;
 His love indifferent did to all abound,
 He bowed to Jesu's name wherever found:
 Some good he found in all, but grieved 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!

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Divinely warned to meet the mortal hour,
 And tread the path his Saviour trod before,
 Without surprise the sudden call he heard,
 Always alike for life or death prepared;
 With calm delight the summons he received,
 For well he knew in whom he had believed,
 He knew himself with Christ forever one,
 (The Lamb that died for all his sins t' atone)
 And welcomed death whose only sting was gone:
 The foe to nature, but a friend to grace,
 The king of terrors with an angel-face!
 He smiled as the swift messenger drew near,
 With steadfast faith, and love that cast out fear
 Looked through the vale, and saw his Lord appear.

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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;
 Resigned, triumphant in the mortal pain,
 He lays his earthly tabernacle down
 In confidence to grasp the starry crown, 490
 Saved 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
 Loved his own flesh, when ready to depart,
 And ling'ring 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 signed as with his blood,
 That called 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 steadfast hope again to find
 The dear-loved relatives he left behind,
 Children and wife he back to Jesus gave,
 His Lord, he knew, could to the utmost save:
 Himself experienced now that utmost power, 510
 And clapped his hands in death's triumphant hour,
 "Rejoice my friends,^[7] he cries, [⁶]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 escaped into eternal day!^[7] }

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 earthly⁶ clod, }
 Dies, and receives the crown by Christ bestowed,
 Dies into all the life and plenitude of God! }

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

O glorious victory of grace divine! 530
 Jesu, the great redeeming work is thine:
 Thy work revived, as in the ancient days,
 We now with angels and archangels praise:
 Thine hand unshortened in our sight appears,
 With whom a day is as a thousand years;
 We see and magnify thy mercy's power
 That called the sinner at th' eleventh hour,
 Cut short the work, and suddenly renewed,
 Sprinkled and washed him in thy cleansing blood,
 And filled in one short year with all the life of God. } 540
 Received on earth into thy people's rest,
 He now is numbered with the glorious blest,
 Called 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 show,
 The last poor efforts of a vanquished foe,

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

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Or rather now, while lingering justice stays,
 And God in Jesus grants a longer space,
 Repent repent; a better path pursue,
 Choose life, ye *madmen*, with the happy few,
 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 choose 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,
 Heaven without price, and without money buy,
 And as the righteous live, and as the righteous die. ↓

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