

“Death of Thomas Hogg” (1750)¹

[cf. Baker list, #187]

Editorial Introduction:

Thomas Hogg came under the preaching of George Whitefield and Charles Wesley in 1738 in the Minories district of London. In November 1741 he wrote an account of his conversion experience, at Charles Wesley’s request (one of many such accounts that Wesley collected). Hogg became a close friend of Wesley and Charles was present at his death on June 29, 1750 (see *MS Journal*). Shortly after Hogg’s death, Charles arranged for the publication of Hogg’s conversion narrative and attached to it both a funeral hymn and an epitaph (text below).

Editions:

[Charles Wesley.] “On the Death of Mr. Thomas Hogg” and “Epitaph.” In *A Short Account of God’s Dealings with Mr. Thomas Hogg; written by himself*, 11–12. London [Strahan], 1750.

2nd Bristol: Pine, 1769.

3rd London: Hawes, [c. 1775].

4th London: New Chapel, 1789.

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**ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS HOGG,
June 29, 1750.**

- 1 Steady, faithful soul, adieu!
 Thou the mortal debt hast paid,
 Nobly fought thy passage thro';
 By the guardian hosts convey'd,
 Go to thy eternal rest,
 Go to thy Redeemer's breast.

- 2 Thee with sacred envy mov'd,
 Clean escap'd from earth we see,
 Challeng'd by thy² best belov'd,
 Him, who died to purchase thee,
 Him, who justly claims his own,
 Him, who call'd³ thee to his throne.

- 3 At the noon of life prepar'd,
 In thy strength of years and grace,
 Thou hast seiz'd the full reward,
 Thou hast won the glorious race,
 Found the bliss for saints design'd,
 Left thy weeping friends behind.

- 4 Sad, disconsolate, alone,
 By our old companion left,
 We the common loss bemoan,
 Of our dearest friend bereft,
 Friend to every child of grace,
 Friend to all the ransom'd race.

- 5 Who shall now the orphan feed,
 All the widow's wants supply?
 Who shall help the souls in need,
 Who the mourner's tears shall dry,
 Feel the tempted spirit's load,
 Bear them to the throne of God?

²“Thy” changed to “the” in 2nd edn. (1769) and following.

³Ori., “call”; changed in 4th edn. (1789).

- 6 Answer thou, who hear'st the prayer,
Thou who did'st our brother lend,
Now thy church's loss repair,
Now the equal blessing send;
Whom I view caught up to thee,
Let his spirit rest on me.
- 7 Meek like him, and just, and pure,
O might I, ev'n I arise!
Prompt to act, and strong t' endure,
Meanest, least in my own eyes,
Dead to pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All-devoted to the Lamb.
- 8 O might I, with calmest zeal
For the faith, like him, contend,
Love the men whose hate I feel,
Bear their burden to the end,
Win them by my parting breath,
Conquer all my foes in death!

EPITAPH.

Here rests in hope, beneath this humble clod
A breathless temple of the living God,
Assur'd the all-reviving trump to hear,
To see the judge on his white throne appear,
Spring from the tomb, and meet him in the air.
Body and soul shall then united rise,
The dead shall live—a life that never dies,
And I obtain my place eternal in the skies.