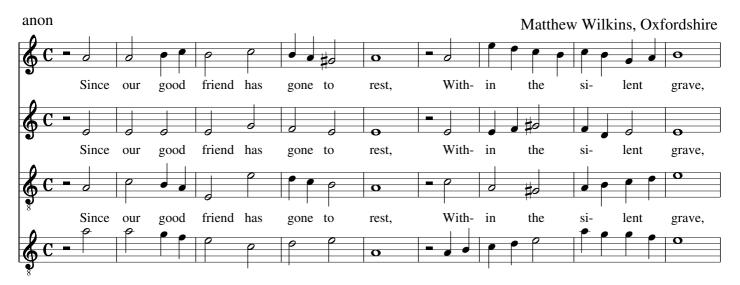
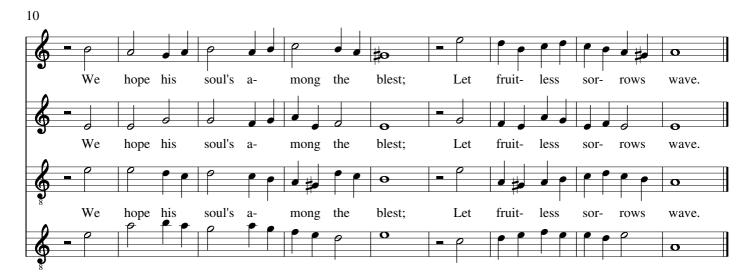
## **A Funeral Hymn**





(1)

Since our good friend is gone to rest, Within the silent grave, We hope his soul's among the blest,

Let fruitless sorrows wave.

(2)

Our loss is now his greatest gain,
Let no rude hand annoy,
His dust now sleeps (exempt from pain),
In hopes of future joy.

(3)

We at the great and joyful day,
Shall altogether meet,
And there our awful homage pay,
At our kind master's feet.

(4)

Then the great judge from his high throne,
Bright crowns of gold shall give,
To such as have his precepts known,
And studied well to live.

(5)

Oh! let us then our hearts prepare,
For that uncertain hour,
Lest death should end our pain and care,
In sin, by Satan's power.

(6)

Lord, give us grace our time to spend, In virtue's prudent way, That when our latter days do end, No guilt may us dismay.

Trans/ed. Tony Singleton, February 1992 from *The Psalmist's New Companion* by Abraham Adams of Shoreham, Kent. (\*bar 8: treble part had F sharp in original) The book ran to 12 editions between 1750 and 1795 and this funeral hymn gained widespread popularity in Kent and Sussex. The tune was first published in 1723 by Matthew Wilkins of Gt.Milton, Oxfordshire.