

While on the Verge of Life I Stand

Philip Doddridge.

Nahum Mitchell, 1816.

While on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And fains my much loved Lord to see:
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home!
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne
Source of my joys and of your own.

That blissful interview, how sweet,
To fall transported at His feet:
Raised in His arms to view His face,
Thro' the full beamings of His grace.