

Who Knows How Near My End May Be
Amilie Juliane, 1686.
Samuel Wesley.

Who knows how near my end may be?
Time speeds away, and death comes on;
How swiftly, ah! how suddenly,
May death be here, and life be gone!
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

The world that smiled when morn was come
May change for me ere close of eve;
So long as earth is still my home
In peril of my death I live;
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

Teach me to ponder oft my end,
And ere the hour of death appears,
To cast my soul on Christ her Friend,
Nor spare repentant cries and tears;
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

And let me now so order all,
That ever ready I may be,
To say with joy, whate'er befall,
Lord, do Thou as Thou wilt with me:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

O Father, cover all my sins
With Jesus' merits, who alone
The pardon that I covet wins,
And makes His long sought rest our own;
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

Then death may come or tarry yet,
I know in Christ I perish not;
He never will His own forget,
He gives me robes without a spot:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

And thus I live in God at peace,
And die without a thought or fear,
Content to take what God decrees,
For through His Son my faith is clear;
His grace shall be in death my stay,
And peace shall bless my dying day.