

Shrinking From The Cold Hand Of Death
by Charles Wesley

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet,
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Numbered among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see;
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.