## THE FEAR OF DEATH IS FALLEN UPON ME



- 2. What thoughts, like a bar intervening, arrest this deep longing for home; what cloud the bright future is screening, which wraps the horizon in gloom?
- 3. There's a perilous gulf to pass over, no bridge its deep waters can span, no plummets its depths can discover, it cannot be fathomed by man!
- 4. And now, as my sun is declining,
  I dimly discern the dark wave;
  no light on its surface is shining —
  oh! who that dread passage can brave?
- 5. Then ofttimes the fierce tempest rages, foes unseen on the margin attend; my tremulous fancy presages, I ne'er shall endure to the end!
- 6. Hark! hark! how the billows are rushing, how loudly they break on the shore; will Christ, the wild elements hushing, secure me a safe passage o'er?
- 7. When the feet of my Priest touch the river, the waters will part and subside; safe, safe is the weakest believer who claims this Omnipotent Guide.
- 8. Then on let me cheerfully hasten, till I stand on the dark river's brink: there, my firm hold on him will I fasten none clinging to Jesus can sink!

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