
THE
Death of *M O S E S*,

Deut. xxxii. 49, 50. and xxxiv. 5, 6.

OR THE
Enjoyment of *G O D*
VVorth Dying for.

I.

LORD, 'tis an Infinite Delight
To see thy Lovely Face,
To dwell whole Ages in thy Sight
And feel thy Kind Embrace.

II.

This *Gabriel* knows; and Sings thy Name
With his Immortal Tongue;
Moses the Saint Enjoys the same,
And Loud repeats the Song.

H

III

III.

All the bright Nation founds thy Praise
From the Eternal Hills,
While the Sweet Odour of thy Grace
The Heavenly Region fills.

IV.

Thy Charming Looks and Shining Power
Spread Life and Joy abroad :
O'tis a Heaven worth dying for
To see a Smiling God.

V.

Shew me thy Face, and I'll away
From all Inferiour Things ;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my Clay,
And stretch mine Airy Wings.

VI.

'Twas a Sweet Journey to the Sky
The wondrous Prophet try'd,
“ Climb up the Mount, says God, and Dye,
The Prophet Climb'd and Dy'd.

VII.

Softly his fainting Head he lay
Upon his Maker's Breast,
His Maker Kifs'd his Soul away,
And laid his Flesh to rest.

VIII.

In God's own Arms he left the Breath
That God's own Spirit gave;
His was the Noblest Road to Death,
And his the Sweetest Grave.
