

You golden Sun and Moon and Stars that shine,  
Adieu, I rise to light far more divine,  
Farewel my dearest friends & Neighbours here,  
In this tumultuous world I leave you here,  
We part in grief, we meet again with joy,  
In perfect praise & eternity employ

Our golden Harps shall stave which best causing  
The highest praise of our heavenly King,  
A knowledge personal each saint shall have,  
Of all the rest, when raised from the grave,  
Pure joy, sincere, and lasting charity,  
Shall fill our endless Days eternally.

Rev. Wm. Staley

As patriarchs of old and prophets all,  
With great Solemnity did on thee call,  
Hear me as thou heardst them when I do pray,  
Assist me Lord to find the perfect way.  
Preserve and keep me from backsliding free,  
From fraud deceit and dark hypocrisy,  
Then will I to gods holy altar go,  
And sacrifice of thanks and praises show.  
Pure offerings unto Gods House I'll bring  
Of righteousness unto my Sovereign King.  
Let the whole heavens and all the earth & sea  
Ascribe to God through Christ eternal praise.

4<sup>th</sup> April 1793 On the Bust of Earl Chatham

Her trophies faded, and reversed her Spear,  
See Englands Honours bend o'er Chathams Bier;  
No more his Sails, thro every clime unfurled,  
Shall spread her Dictates o'er the admiring world;  
No more shall accents nervous bold, and strong,  
Flow in full Periods from his matchless Tongue;  
Yet shall thy name great Shade, from age to age,  
Bright in poetic and historical Page,  
Thine and thy Country's Fate congenial tell;  
By thee she triumphed, and with thee, she fell.

Adieu to the world

this world and all <sup>its</sup> vanities I leave,  
Her down I knit to <sup>ye</sup> ~~in~~ some grave  
At no great Distance Death approaches near,  
But while my Saviour lives I shall not fear,  
He vanquish'd Death, its bitter Sting removes,  
From all his faithful servants whom he loves,  
The Grave he'll spoil of all its Victories  
His Saints he'll raise and lift above the skies,  
You Sacred Books, by Revelation given,  
Which clearly <sup>mark</sup> our perfect way to Heaven  
Adieu, ye promise farewell I go,  
To promised Bliss where pleasures overflow,  
I'll live and die in hope of mercy tried,  
e. ~~and~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ purest joys do ~~per~~ <sup>never</sup> ~~not~~ abide.

turn