

T H E
Spiritual G A M U T,
O R,
R U D I M E N T S
O F
True Music.

B E I N G A

Faithful Relation how *William East*, of *Waltham* in
Leicestershire; who was a Man well-skilled in the Mufic of
this World; learned alfo to fing the Song of *Mofes*, and the
Song of the Lamb.

Taken from his own Mouth.

With the Particulars of his Life and Death.

[...]

Recommended to the Public by a G O S P E L - P R E A C H E R

Is not this a Brand plucked out of the Fire?
Zech. iii.2

L O N D O N

Printed and fold by Mr LEWIS, in *Paternoster-Row*;
Alfo fold by M. EAST and Mr STREETON, at *Grantham*; Mr
HEATH, at *Nottingham*; and Mr GREGORY, at *Leicester*

M D C C L I X



Ingenious Reader,

When thou beginnest to read this book, I would have thee consider that the publisher thereof does not pretend to be an author, but only to give thee a bare narrative of matters of fact in a simple way; being both an eye and ear witness of what is here related. And what, though many, who have only known W. East's manner of life in times past, may censure me for speaking of him in the manner I do; yet I humbly hope to find shelter amongst those of his friends and neighbours, who were so kind as to frequently visit him during the time of his afflictions; and thereby became witnesses of most of the remarkable occurrences which are here made public.

All I wish is, that the Lord may give the same blessings to all that read the following lines, as he did to him who left the stage of this life ...





Some account of his life

William East was so well known in this part of the kingdom, that I need say but little of his moral character; and therefore I shall be very brief on this head.

His natural talent in the art of music was large, as all who know his compositions will allow; and he took as much pains to instruct as man could well take; that being the science his soul delighted in.

Although, true it is, he was a stranger to the great design of singing: yea, so far was he from singing with the spirit and with the understanding also, making melody in his heart to the Lord, that in the stead thereof he took much pains to pervert that heavenly exercise, and make it answer no better an end than to gratify the fleshly desires of the carnal mind. And indeed it is no wonder, because his soul was so enslaved to sin, that he almost lived and died a martyr for the same. And although God was pleased sometimes to punish him with the effects of his folly, yet being much exposed to company and addicted to drinking, he would thereby drown the same, and as it were brave it out, rejecting the counsel of God against himself.

Nay, so hardened was he in sin, that I have heard him say, He cared not if he went to hell, so he might ride there in a coach, and sit in an elbow-chair when he came there. Thus turning the most sacred things into ridicule, in order to stop the mouths of them that reproved him.

And, being offended at one who taught to sing cheaper than he, he would say, that he would go to hell, and sing to the devils sooner than teach at that rate!

And yet is he spared? Amazing mercy! O gracious God, who can reflect on thy goodness, and not adore thee!

And altho' God's hand was many times very heavy upon him, so that he was for awhile by force driven from his folly; yet alas! his goodness was only as the morning-cloud, and as the early dew it passed away.

Nothing truly touched his heart until his last illness; and that was the reason why he so soon returned to the same excess of riot as ever. But God, whose long-suffering awaits our repentance, in order to magnify the riches of his grace, yet lays his hand heavier upon him; and by this last long and sore affliction he bowed his perverse will and broke his stubborn spirit, causing tears to flow from his eyes while his soul cried out, 'What must I do to be saved?' And I have sufficient reason to believe that this godly sorrow worked in him repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of.



Some account of his experience

At the beginning of his affliction I found him labouring under great trouble and conflicts of mind, his spirit wounded, and his conscience full of terror: daily reflecting on himself for his manner of life from his youth up; which (God knows) was too much devoted to the service of sin ... His trials of this kind, though short, were indeed sharp and piercing. ...

Whereas he used to abhor the conversation of the children of God, now he declared that nothing was so agreeable to him. ... And, whereas I once heard him say, that he had rather sit in company with the devil, than with a gospel-minister; now he desired above all things their company, and as lightly esteemed all others.

... Should these lines come into the Hands of any one, who, like East, have been led captive by Satan; O let the goodness of God lead thee to repentance, otherwise thou wilt treasure up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath; see Rom. ii. 3–11. Say not East found mercy at last, and why may not I? but rather consider, does one thief die reviling, while the other finds mercy? It may be that God will not give me grace to repent in a dying hour ... Neither let Satan, on the other hand, tempt thee to say, My sins are too many, and too great to be forgiven. Since East found pardon, none need despair.



Some account of his experience after conversion

... I can say of W. East, that his soul now being born again of God, through faith in a crucified Redeemer, his language was now renewed, so that in all things he appeared thankful, not only in, but also for his afflictions, considering them as sent in love to his soul. There was now no cursing, railing, or reproaching those around him; and should even a hasty word slip, he would immediately acknowledge the same a fault. ...

... He gave his wife a particular charge to print no more catches or carnal songs, as they no way tended to promote the glory of God.



Some account of his death

For about a week before his death, his spirit seemed somewhat dull. He had no rapturous flame, or sudden flashes of joy, which he expected he should have been continually filled with. Notwithstanding he seemed to enjoy a sweet composure of mind, resting upon the promises of God made to sinners as such, and especially those in John iii. ...

And now, ... when the great messenger of mortality came, he looked upon him without any visible appearance of horror, being sensible who he was. He called his children to him, kissed them and took his leave of them, and then flung himself into the bosom of his wife and quietly fell asleep.



A poem on his death

Is East now call'd away? (sweet voice!) Farewell—
No longer must he sojourn here below.
He's gone (we hope) among the faints to dwell,
At God's right-hand, where pleasures richly flow;
O blest change! he now repeats the story,
And sings, FREE GRACE HATH BROUGHT MY SOUL TO GLORY!

...

God is long-suffering; and he does await,
That sinners dead in sin may yet repent;
Tho' ne'er so vile and wretched is our state,
To us the word of his salvation's sent.
An instance here, has East his mercy prov'd?
Was he, tho' vile, eternally belov'd?

...

No more we hear the voice of East on earth,
Which often charm'd our hearts, and pleas'd each ear:
Does he not chant Jehovah's praises forth,
Which in his mouth he often took while here?
If so, the matter well he understandeth,
And with the Spirit sings, as God demandeth.