

Behold the Sun

George Wither, 1623.

Frederick Gore-Ouseley, 1889.

Behold the sun, that seem'd but now  
Enthroned overhead,  
Beginneth to decline below  
The globe whereon we tread;  
And he, whom yet we look upon  
With comfort and delight,  
Will quite depart from hence anon,  
And leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away  
The life which nature gave;  
Thus are our bodies every day  
Declining to the grave;  
Thus from us all our pleasures fly  
Whereon we set our heart;  
And when the night of death draws nigh,  
Thus will they all depart.

Lord! though the sun forsake our sight,  
And mortal hopes are vain,  
Let still Thine everlasting light  
Within our souls remain;  
And in the nights of our distress  
Vouchsafe those rays divine  
Which from the Sun of Righteousness  
For ever brightly shine.