

Make Haste, O Man, to Live

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

Henry Gauntlett, 1848.

Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve;
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live!

Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies,
The silent toil that is not lost
Set these before thine eyes.

The seed, whose leaf and flower,
Though poor in human sight,
Bring forth at last th'eternal fruit,
Sow thou by day and night.

Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door!