

The Hour-Glass

John Adams, 1839.

Ludwig Spohr, 1834.

Alas! how swift the moments fly!  
How flash the years along!  
Scarce here, yet gone already by,  
The burden of a song.  
See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,  
And age, with furrowed brow;  
Time was Time shall bedrain the glass  
But where in Time is now?

Time is the measure but of change;  
No present hour is found;  
The past, the future, fill the range  
Of Time's unceasing round.  
Where, then is now? In realms above,  
With God's atoning Lamb,  
In regions of eternal love,  
Where sits enthroned I AM.

Then pilgrim, let thy joys and tears  
On Time no longer lean;  
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears  
From earth's affections wean:  
To God let votive accents rise;  
With truth, with virtue, live;  
So all the bliss that Time denies  
Eternity shall give.