

While Life Prolongs Its Precious Light

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

John Dykes, 1861.

While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

And in that land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

No wonders to the dead are shown,
The wonders of redeeming love;
No voice His glorious truth makes known,
Nor sings the bliss of climes above.

Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In those forgetful realms appear:
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.