

While with Ceaseless Course the Sun

John Newton, 1779.

Samuel Webbe, 1792.

While with ceaseless course the sun

Hasted through the former year,

Many souls their race have run,

Never more to meet us here;

Fixed in an eternal fate,

They have done with all below;

We a little longer wait,

But how little none can know.

As the winged arrow flies

Speedily the mark to find;

As the lightning from the skies

Darts, and leaves no trace behind;

Swiftly thus our fleeting days

Bear us down life's rapid stream;

Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,

All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,

Pardon of our sins renew;

Teach us, henceforth, how to live

With eternity in view:

Bless Thy Word to young and old,

Fill us with a Savior's love;

And when life's short tale is told,

May we dwell with Thee above.