

113--While with Ceaseless Course the Sun
by John Newton, 1725-1807

1. While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below.
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2. 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.
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3. 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.

Text: Ps. 90:12

Author: John Newton, 1774

Tune: "Christe, wahres Seelenlicht"

1st Published in: Neues geistreiches Gesangbuh

Town: Halle, 1704