

Hymn Lyrics

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Behold the sun, that seemed but now

Behold the sun, that seemed but now
enthronèd overhead,
beginning to decline below
this globe whereon we tread;
and he, whom yet we look upon
with comfort and delight,
will quite depart from hence anon,
and leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away
the life which nature gave;
thus are our bodies every day
declining to the grave;
thus from us all those pleasures fly
whereon we set our heart;
and when the night of death draws nigh,
thus will they all depart.

Lord! though the sun forsake our sight,
and mortal hopes are vain,
let still thine everlasting light
within our souls remain;
and in the nights of our distress
vouchsafe those rays divine,
which from the sun of righteousness
for ever brightly shine!

George Wither (1588-1667)