

Time, with an Unwearied Hand

John Newton, 1779.

John Dykes, 1861.

Time, with an unwearied hand,  
Pushes round the seasons past,  
And in life's frail glass, the sand  
Sinks apace, not long to last:  
Many, well as you or I,  
Who last year assembled thus;  
In their silent graves now lie,  
Graves will open soon for us!

Daily sin, and care, and strife,  
While the Lord prolongs our breath,  
Make it but a dying life,  
Or a kind of living death:  
Wretched they, and most forlorn,  
Who no better portion know;  
Better ne'er to have been born,  
Than to have our all below.

When constrained to go alone,  
Leaving all you love behind;  
Entering on a world unknown,  
What will then support your mind?  
When the Lord His summons sends,  
Earthly comforts lose their power;  
Honors, riches, kindred, friends,  
Cannot cheer a dying hour.

Happy souls who fear the Lord  
Time is not too swift for you;  
When your Savior gives the word,  
Glad you'll bid the world adieu:  
Then He'll wipe away your tears,  
Near Himself appoint your place;  
Swifter fly, ye rolling years,  
Lord, we long to see Thy face.