



2. Each moment it moves on, still hastening to be gone, till, seen on earth no more, I reach that unknown state where souls thy sentence wait, to fix their lasting fate, and hope of change is o'er.

3. Now, while there yet is time, while earth's brief day grows dim – darkened by pain and woe; kindle that lamp of faith which can make bright my path, e'en through the vale of death, if thither now I go.

4. Man cannot wake the spark in my soul's chamber dark – nor keep the flame alive; kindling thyself the light, deign thou to keep it bright, till, where is no more night, in safety I arrive.

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