

A Major. Joshua Smith, 1794.

Humphreys, 1820.

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rap-id as the whirling spheres, Fly rap-id as the whirling spheres, A-round the stead-y pole.

2. The grave is near the cra-dle seen, How swift the mo-ments pass be-tween, How swift the mo-ments pass be-tween, And whis-per as they fly.

3. My soul, at-tend the sol-emn call, Thine earth-ly tent must short-ly fall, Thine earth-ly tent must short-ly fall, And thou must take thy flight.

Time, like the tide, its mo-tion keeps, And I must launch thro' endless deeps, And I must launch thro' endless deeps, Where end-less ag-es roll.

Un-thinking man, remember this, Tho' fond of sub-lu-nar-y bliss, Tho' fond of sub-lu-nar-y bliss, That you must groan and die.

Be-yond the vast ex-pansive blue, To sing a-bove, as an-gels do, To sing a-bove, as an-gels do, Or sing in end-less night.