

KINGWOOD 8, 8, 7.

Psalms 39:4

Key of A Major

Humphreys, 1830

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rap - id as the whirl - ing spheres,

2. The grave is near the cra - dle seen, How swift the mo - ments pass be - tween,

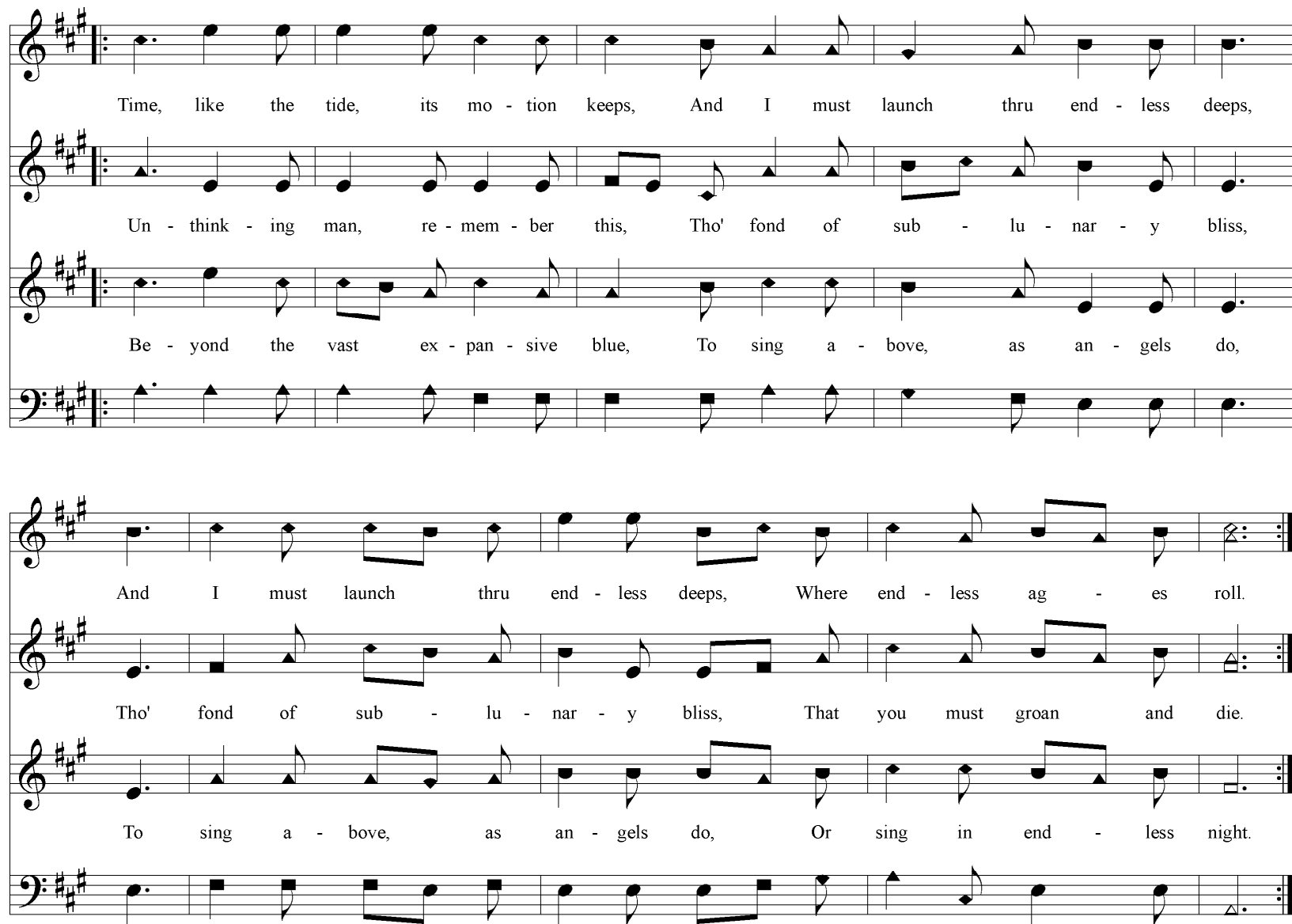
3. My soul, at - tend the sol - emn call, Thine earth - ly tent must short - ly fall,

Fly rap - id as the whirl - ing spheres, A - round the stead - y pole;

How swift the mo - ments pass be - tween, And whis - per as they fly,

Thine earth - ly tent must short - ly fall, And thou must take thy flight

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Time, like the tide, its mo - tion keeps, And I must launch thru end - less deeps,
Un - think - ing man, re - mem - ber this, Tho' fond of sub - lu - nar - y bliss,
Be - yond the vast ex - pan - sive blue, To sing a - bove, as an - gels do,
And I must launch thru end - less deeps, Where end - less ag - es roll.
Tho' fond of sub - lu - nar - y bliss, That you must groan and die.
To sing a - bove, as an - gels do, Or sing in end - less night.