

## KINGWOOD. 8,8,6.

*"Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days." - Ps. 39:4.*A Major Joshua Smith's *Divine Hymns*, 1794.

Humphreys, 1820.

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rap - id as the whirl-ingspheres, Fly rap - id as the whirl-ing 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' end-less deeps, And I must launch thro' end-less deeps, Where end-less a - ges roll.

Un - think - ing man, re-mem-ber this, Though fond of sub - lu - nar - y bliss, Though fond of sub - lu - nar - y bliss, That you must groan and die.

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