Days and moments quickly flying





Days and moments quickly flying Blend the living with the dead; Soon our bodies will be lying Each within its narrow bed.

Soon our souls to God who gave them Will have sped their rapid flight: Able now by grace to save them, O that, while we can, we might!

Jesus, infinite Redeemer, Maker of this mighty frame, Teach, O teach us to remember What we are, and whence we came. Whence we came and whither wending, Soon we must through darkness go, To inherit bliss unending, Or eternity of woe.

Jesus, merciful Redeemer, Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice; Wake, O wake each idle dreamer Now to make the eternal choice.

Soon before the Judge all glorious We with all the dead shall stand: Savior, over death victorious, Place us then on Thy right hand.

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