

Thomas Green, 1780

Soliloquy on the Eve of New Year's Day

886. 886.

The Swiftness of Time

Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

E minor

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

Tr. 1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years Fly rapid like the whirling spheres, A-round the stea-dy pole; Time like a tide its mo-ment keeps, Till I shall launch those boundless deeps, Where end-less ages roll.
2. The grave is near the cradle seen, How swift the moments pass between, And whis-per as they fly; Un-thin-king man! remember this, Thou 'midst thy sub-lu-na-ry bliss, Must groan and gasp and die.
3. My soul, attend the solemn call, Thine earth-ly tent must quick-ly fall, And thou must take thy flight Be-yond the vast ex-ten-sive blue, To love and sing as an-gels do, Or sink in end-less night.

T. 4. E-ter-nal bliss, e-ter-nal woe Hangs on this inch of time be-low, On this pre-ca-ri-ous breath: The God of na-ture on-ly knows, Whe-ther a -no-ther year shall close Ere I ex-pire in death.
5. Long ere the sun shall run its round I may be bu-ried un-der ground, And there in si-lence rot! A-las! one hour may close the scene, And ere twelve months may roll between My name be quite for-got.
6 But shall my soul be then extinct, And cease to live or cease to think? It can-not, can-not be; Thou, my im-mor-tal can-not die, What wilt thou do, or whi-ther fly When death shall set thee free?

B. 7. Will mercy then its arm extend? Will Je-sus be thy guar-dian friend, And heav'n thy dwelling-place? Or shall insulting fiends appear, To drag thee down to dark despair, Be-yond the reach of grace?
8. A heaven or hell, and these alone, Beyond this mor-tal life are known; There is no mid-dle state; To-day at-tend the call divine, To-mor-row may be none of thine, Or it may be too late.

9. O! do not pass this life in dreams, Vast is the change what-e'er it seems To poor un-thin-king men; Lord, at thy footstool I would bow, Bid con-science tell me plain-ly now What it will tell me then.
10. If in de-struc-tion's road I stray, Help me to choose that better way Which leads to joys on high; Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive; Nor let me ev-er dare to live Such as I dare not die.