

The Swiftness of Time

Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

E minor

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

Tr. ⁵

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years Fly ra-pid like the whir-ling spheres, A-round the stea-dy pole; Time
 2. The grave is near the cradle seen, How swift the mo-ments pass be-tween, And whis-per as they fly; Un-
 3. My soul, at-tend the solemn call, Thine earth-ly tent must quick-ly fall, And thou must take thy flight Be-

T. ⁸

4. E-ter-nal bliss, e-ter-nal woe Hangs on this inch of time be-low, On this pre-ca-rious breath: The
 5. Long ere the sun shall run its round I may be bu-ried un-der ground, And there in si-lence rot! A-
 6. But shall my soul be then extinct, And cease to live or cease to think? It can-not, can-not be; Thou,

B.

7. Will mercy then its arm extend? Will Je-sus be thy guar-dian friend, And heav'n thy dwell-ing-place? Or
 8. A heaven or hell, and these alone, Be-yond this mor-tal life are known; There is no mid-dle state; To-
 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,
 10. If in de-struc-tion's road I stray, Help me to choose that bet-ter way Which leads to joys on high; Thy

Tr. ¹⁰

1. like a tide its mo-ment keeps, Till I shall launch those boundless deeps, Where end-less a-ges roll.
 2. -thin-king man! remember this, Thou 'midst thy sub-lu-na-ry bliss, Must groan and gasp and die.
 3. -yond the vast ex-ten-sive blue, To love and sing as an-gels do, Or sink in end-less night.

T. ⁸

4. God of na-ture on-ly knows, Whe-ther a-no-ther year shall close Ere I ex-pire in death.
 5. -las! one hour may close the scene, And ere twelve months may roll between My name be quite for-got.
 6. my im-mor-tal can-not die, What wilt thou do, or whi-ther fly When death shall set thee free?

B.

7. shall insulting fiends appear, To drag thee down to dark despair, Be-yond the reach of grace?
 8. -day at-tend the call divine, To-mor-row may be none of thine, Or it may be too late.
 9. at thy footstool I would bow, Bid con-science tell me plain-ly now What it will tell me then.
 10. grace impart, my guilt forgive; Nor let me ev-er dare to live Such as I dare not die.