

KINGWOOD.

79

Humphrey

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

Un-think-ing man, re-mem-ber this, Tho fond of sub-lu-na-ry bliss, Tho fond of sub-lu-na-ry 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 sigh in end-less night.