

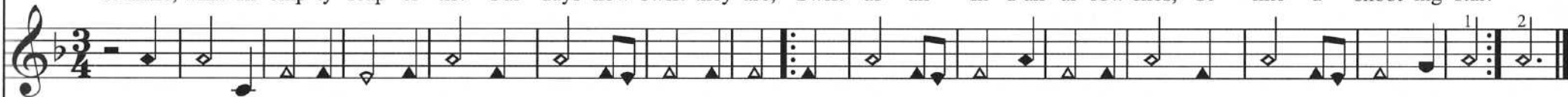
FLEETING DAYS. C.M.

111

Henry G. Mann



1. Time, what an emp-ty reap-er 'tis! Our days how swift they are, Swift as an In-d'an ar-row flies, Or like a shoot-ing star.



2. Our life is ev-er on the wing, And death is ev-er nigh, The mo-ment when our lives be-gin, We all be-gin to die.



3. Yet might-y God, our fleet-ing days Thy last-ing fa-vors share Yet with the boun-ties of Thy grace, Thou load'st the roll-ing year.

