





Tr.  5 10


1. How short and has - ty is our life! How vast our souls' af - fairs! Yet sense-less
2. God from on high in - vites us home, But we march heed-less on, And ev - er

C. 


T. 


1. How short and has - ty is our life! How vast our souls' af - fairs! Yet sense-less
2. God from on high in - vites us home, But we march heed-less on, And ev - er

B. 


Tr.  15 20

mor - tals vain - ly strive To la - vish out their years. Our days run thought-less - ly a -
has-tening to the tomb, Stoop downwards as we run. Draw us, O God, with sovereign

C. 

T. 

mor - tals vain - ly strive To la - vish out their years. Our days run thought-less - ly a -
has-tening to the tomb, Stoop downwards as we run. Draw us, O God, with sovereign

B. 

Tr.  25 30

long, With - out a mo - ment's stay; Just like a sto - ry or a song We pass our lives a - way.
grace, And lift our thoughts on high; That we may end this mor-tal race, And see sal - va - tion nigh.

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T. 

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B. 

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2019.

These words substituted for the original words,
"Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise."