

Crisis

Transcribed from *The Psalmist's Assistant*, 1806.

E minor

Abijah Forbush, 1803

5 10

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

Think of the sands run down to waste. We possess none of the past, None but the present is our own; Grace is not placed within our power, 'Tis

15 20 25

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

See the white minutes, winged with haste; The *now* that

but one short, one shi - ning hour, Bright and de - cli - ning as the set - ting sun.

30 35 40

Tr. flies may be the last;

C. Seize the sal - va - tion ere 'tis past. Nor mourn the blessing gone: A thought's delay is ru - in here, A clos - ing eye, a

T.

B.

45

Tr. gasp - ing breath, Shuts up the golden scene in death, And drowns you in despair.

C.

T.

B.