

Benson

Transcribed from *The Sacred Musician*, 1804.

1. How short and ha-s-ty is our life! How vast our souls' affairs! Yet senseless mortals vainly strive To lavish out their years. Our days run

1. God from on high in-vites us home, But we march heedless on, And ever hast'ning to the tomb, Stoop downwards as we run. Draw us, O

5 10

1. thoughtlessly a - long, With-out a moment's stay; ___ Just like a sto-ry or a song We pass our lives a - way.

1. God, with sovereign grace, And lift our thoughts on high, That we may end this mor-tal race, And see sal - va - tion night.

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Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2016

1. Measure 3, *Counter*: A-G-G-F changed to A-A-G#-F.
2. Measure 7, *Counter*: E-F-G-F changed to E-D-E-F.