How Short and Hasty Is Our Life

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
How short and hasty is our life! How

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
vast our souls' af- fairs! Yet

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
senseless mortals vainly strive To

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
lavish out their years.

The other verses

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel
That break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race
And see salvation nigh.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.