Remark, My Soul, the Narrow Bounds

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
Of the re- volving year; How swift the

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
weeks com- plete their rounds! How short the

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
months ap- pear!

The other verses

2 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

3 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concerns to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

4 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul
To joy that never dies.

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