Time! What an Empty Vapor 'Tis

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
Time! what an empty vapor 'tis! And

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
days, how swift they are! Swift

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
as an Indian arrow flies, Or

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
like a shooting star.

The other verses

2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste;
That we can never say, they're here;
But only say, they're past.

3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
Which leads our souls above.

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