Time, with an Unwearied Hand

Doh is F · 6/4 Tune: MARTYN

| m - - - m - m - - - d - | r - - - r - r - - - - - |
Time, with an un- wearied hand,

| m - - - m - s - - - f - | m - - - - - r - - - - - |
Pushes round the seasons

| d - - - - - - - - - - - | m - - - m - m - - - d - |
past, And in life's frail

| r - - - r - r - - - - - | m - - - m - s - - - f - |
glass, the sand Sinks apace, not

| m - - - - - r - - - - - | d - - - - - - - - - - - |
long to last:

| s - - - s - s - - - s - | l - - - - - l - - - - - |
Many, well as you or

| s - - - - - - - - - - - | s - - - s - s - - - s - |
I, Who last year as-

| l - - - - - l - - - - - | s - - - - - - - - - - - |
sembled thus;

| m - - - m - m - - - d - | r - - - r - r - - - - - |
In their silent graves now lie,

| m - - - m - s - - - f - | m - - - - - r - - - - - |
Graves will open soon for

| d - - - - - - - - - - - |
us!

The other verses

2 Daily sin, and care, and strife,
While the Lord prolongs our breath,
Make it but a dying life,
Or a kind of living death:
Wretched they, and most forlorn,
Who no better portion know;
Better ne'er to have been born,
Than to have our all below.

3 When constrained to go alone,
Leaving all you love behind;
Ent'ring on a world unknown,
What will then support your mind?
When the Lord his summons sends,
Earthly comforts lose their pow'r;
Honors, riches, kindred, friends,
Cannot cheer a dying hour.

4 Happy souls who fear the Lord
Time is not too swift for you;
When your Savior gives the word,
Glad you'll bid the world adieu:
Then he'll wipe away your tears,
Near himself appoint your place;
Swifter fly, ye rolling years,
Lord, we long to see thy face.

Tune MARTYN by Simeon B. Marsh (died undefined); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.