

The Harvest Of My Joys Is Passed
by Charles Wesley

1 THE harvest of my joys is passed,
The summer of my comforts fled,
Yet am I unredeemed at last,
And sink unsaved among the dead,
If on the margin of the grave
Thou canst not in a moment save.

2 Destroy me not by thy delay;
Delay is endless death to me!
But the last moment of my day
Is as a thousand years to thee:
Come, Jesus, while my head I bow,
And show me thy salvation now!