

Days and Moments Quickly Flying
Edward Caswall, 1858.
John Dykes, 1862.

Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon our bodies will be lying
Each within its narrow bed.

Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight:
Able now by grace to save them,
O that, while we can, we might!

Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came.

Whence we came and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

As a shadow, life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies;
For the old year now retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Say not in our work, nor slumber
Till Thy glorious rest we win.

Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand:
Savior, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.