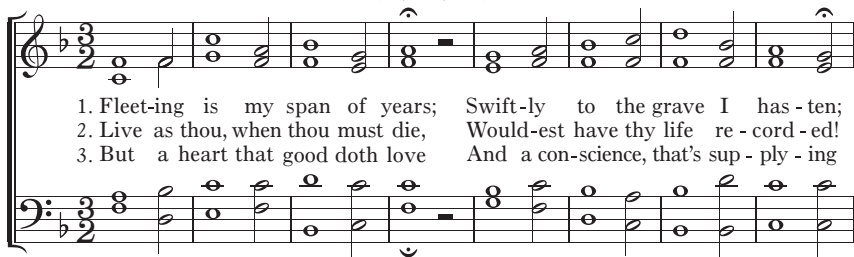
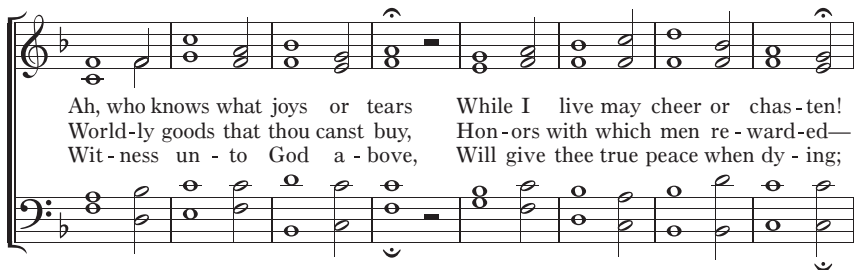


## Fleeting Is My Span of Years

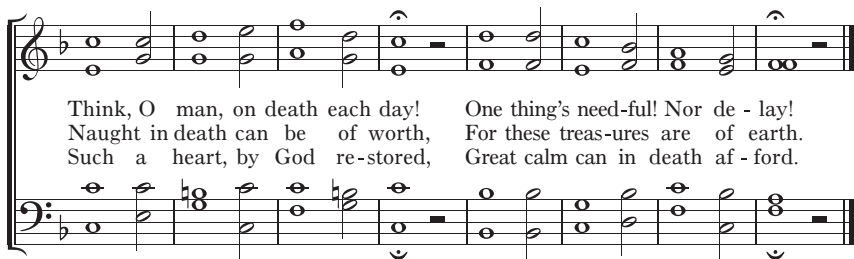
(99, 104, 119)



1. Fleet-ing is my span of years; Swift-ly to the grave I has - ten;  
 2. Live as thou, when thou must die, Would-est have thy life re - cord - ed!  
 3. But a heart that good doth love And a con-science, that's sup - ply - ing



Ah, who knows what joys or tears While I live may cheer or chas - ten!  
 World-ly goods that thou canst buy, Hon - ors with which men re - ward - ed—  
 Wit - ness un - to God a - bove, Will give thee true peace when dy - ing;



Think, O man, on death each day! One thing's need-ful! Nor de - lay!  
 Naught in death can be of worth, For these treas-ures are of earth.  
 Such a heart, by God re-stored, Great calm can in death af - ford.

4. When thou drawest thy last breath, Helpless friends are trembling near thee;  
 Far above this world and death, This pure heart will lift and cheer thee;  
 Judgment can no fear dispense, God is thy true confidence!

5. Watch and pray; thy God now fear, Wouldst thou such a heart be reaping!  
 Care thou not, though death be near! For thy time is in God's keeping.  
 Learn to meet death without fear, Look on death with gladness here!

6. Conquer death believingly! Say: "I know, by faith unshaken,  
 Christ my Lord whom I shall see, When from dust He shall me waken."  
 He who: "It is finished!" spake, Did from death its power take.

7. Oft the grave in spirit view; See thy mortal frame there lying;  
 Say: "Lord, teach me this anew, Dust I am, on Thee relying!  
 Teach me that from day to day I may learn true wisdom's way!"