As O'er The Past My Memory Strays

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

1. As o'er the past my mem'ry strays, Why heaves the secret sigh?
2. The world and worldly things belov'd, My anxious tho'ts em-ploy'd;
3. Yet, Ho-ly Fa-ther, wild de-spair Chase from my la-b'ring breast;
4. My life's brief rem-nant all be Thine; And when Thy sure de-cree

'Tis that I mourn de-part-ed days, Still un-pre-par'd to die.
And time un-hal-low'd, un-im-prov'd, Pres-ents a fear-ful void.
Thy grace it is which prompts the pray'r, That grace can do the rest.
Bids me this fleet-ing breath re-sign, O speed my soul to Thee. A-men.