The year rolls round and steals away, The breath that first it gave: Whate'er we do, what e'er we be, We're travelling to the grave.

WORTHINGTON
By Charles Wesley

Thee we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We are travelling to the grave.

Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things;
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.