

Martyrs. C.M.

F Major.

The Easy Instructor (1798)

The year rolls round and steals a - way, The breath that first it gave: What'er we do, what'e'er we be, We're trav-ling to — the grave

WORTHINGTON
By Charles Wesley

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

Our waning 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;
What'er we do, where'er we be,
We are traveling to the grave.

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The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
What'er we do, where'er we be,
We are traveling 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!