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?
   'Tis that I mourn departed days, Still unprepared to die.

2. The world and worldly things belov'd, My anxious thoughts employ'd;
   And time unhal low'd, unimprov'd, Presents a fearful void.

3. Yet, Holy Father, wild despair Chase from my lab'ring breast;
   Thy grace it is which prompts the pray'r, That grace can do the rest.

4. My life's brief remnant all be Thine; And when Thy sure decree
   Bids me this fleeting breath resign, O speed my soul to Thee. Amen.

Words: Bp. Middleton, 1822
Music: J. Barnby