



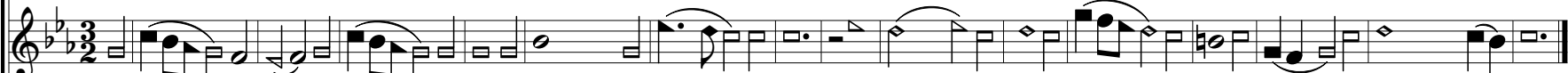
Turkey Hills

Tr.  5 10 15


1. How short and ha-sty is our life! How vast our souls' af-fairs! Yet sense - less mortals vain - ly strive To la - vish out their years.
2. Our days run thought-less-ly a - long, With-out a mo - ment's stay; Just like a sto - ry or a song We pass our lives a - way.

C. 

3. God from on high in - vites us home, But we march heed - less on, And ev - er hast'ning to the tomb, Stoop downwards as we run.

T.  8

4. How we de-serve the dee - pest hell, That slight the joys a - bove! What chains of vengeance should we feel, That break such cords of love!
5. Draw us, O God, with sove-reign grace, And lift our thoughts on high, That we may end this mor - tal race, And see sal - va - tion nigh.

B. 

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