

# Crisis

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

5 10

Think of the sands run down to waste. We possess none of the past, None but the present is our own; Grace is not placed within our power,

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

15 20

See the white minutes, winged with

'Tis but one short, one shi - ning hour, Bright and de - cli - ning as the set - ting sun.

25 30 35

haste; The *now* that flies may be the last;

Seize the sal - va - tion ere 'tis past. Nor mourn the blessing gone: A thought's delay

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

40 45

is ru - in here, A clos - ing eye, a gasp - ing breath, Shuts up the golden scene in death, And drowns you in des - pair.