The year is swiftly waning





The year is swiftly waning, The summer days are past; And life, brief life, is speeding; The end is nearing fast.

The ever changing seasons In silence come and go; But Thou, eternal Father, No time or change canst know.

O, pour Thy grace upon us, That we may worthier be, Each year that passes o'er us, To dwell in heaven with Thee. Behold the bending orchards With bounteous fruit are crowned; Lord, in our hearts more richly Let heavenly fruits abound.

O, by each mercy sent us, And by each grief and pain, By blessings like the sunshine, And sorrows like the rain.

Our barren hearts make fruitful With every goodly grace, That we Thy name may hallow, And see at last Thy face.

Bishop W.W. How

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