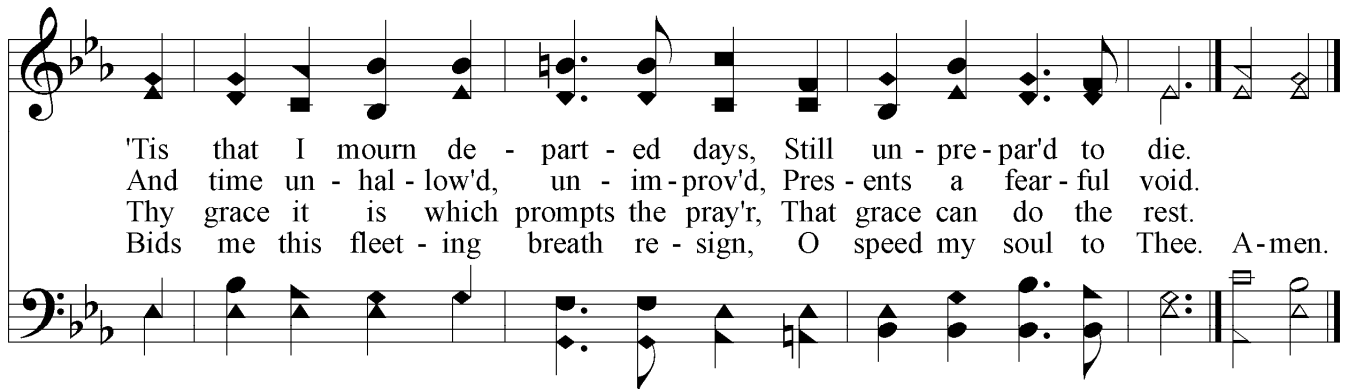


As O'er The Past My Memory Strays

HOLY TRINITY C. M.



1. As o'er the past my mem-'ry strays, Why heaves the se - cret sigh?
2. The world and world - ly things be - lov'd, My anx - ious tho'ts em - ploy'd;
3. Yet, Ho - ly Fa - ther, wild de - spair Chase from my la - b'ring breast;
4. My life's brief rem - nant all be Thine; And when Thy sure de - cree



'Tis that I mourn de - part - ed days, Still un - pre - par'd to die.
And time un - hal - low'd, un - im - prov'd, Pres - ents a fear - ful void.
Thy grace it is which prompts the pray'r, That grace can do the rest.
Bids me this fleet - ing breath re - sign, O speed my soul to Thee. A - men.