Fleeting Days
Tune: Henry G. Mann, 1869
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707
Meter: Common Meter (8,6,8,6)

Time! what an empty vapor 'tis!
Our days, how swift they are,
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.