

On Mighty Wings Rush Swiftly By

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Allegro moderato

1. On might - y wings rush swift - ly by The hours, the days, the year;
2. We stand, O God, with awe and fears Be - fore Thy ho - ly throne;
3. We can - not hide our tres - pass - es Can - not our deeds re - scind;

We can - not check, how - e'er we try, The flight of time's ca - reer.
Our thoughts, our deeds, our joys, our tears To Thee, O Lord, are known.
With con - trite heart we must con - fess: "Our Fa - ther, we have sinned!"

A fleet - ing shad - ow is our life, 'Tis as a pass - ing dream;
If an - gels e'en, so pure and bright, Can - not en - dure Thy test,
O God, Thy par - don we im - plore, Thou know - est we are frail;

Its la - bors seem but emp - ty strife, Its aims a flash, a gleam.
How, then, can we ap - proach Thy sight, Who are by sin oppr - est.
Re - fresh us from Thy mer - cy's store, Up - lift us when we fail.

James K. Gutheim,

Tr. from the German of the Hamburg Temple Hymnal

Traditional