

1. When blooming youth is snatched a-way By death's re-sistless hand,
 2. Let this vain world en-gage no more; Be-hold the gaping tomb.
 3. O let us fly to Jesus fly; Whose pow'r-ful arm can save,

Our hearts with mournful tribute pay Which pity must de-mand.
 It bids us seize the present hour; To-morrow death may come.
 Then shall our hopes as-cend on high, And triumph o'er the grave.