

# Bradford

Transcribed from Kimball's *Rural Harmony*, 1793.

C minor

Jacob Kimball, 1793

Tr. <sup>5</sup>  
1. How short and hasty is our life! How vast our souls' affairs! Yet senseless mortals vain - ly strive To lavish out their  
C.  
2. God from on high invites us home, But we march heedless on, And ever hastening to the tomb, Stoop downwards as we  
T.  
3. Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace, And lift our thoughts on high, That we may end this mor - tal race, And see sal - va - tion  
B.

Tr. <sup>10</sup> <sup>15</sup>  
1. years. Our days run thought-less-ly a - long, With-out a mo - ment's stay; Just like a sto - ry or a song We  
C.  
2. run. How we de - serve the dee - pest hell, That slight the joys a - bove! What chains of vengeance should we feel, That  
T.  
3. nigh. Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace, And lift our thoughts on high, That we may end this mor - tal race, And  
B.

Tr. 1. 2.  
1. pass our lives a - way. Our  
C.  
2. break such cords of love! How  
T.  
3. see sal - va - tion nigh. Draw  
B.