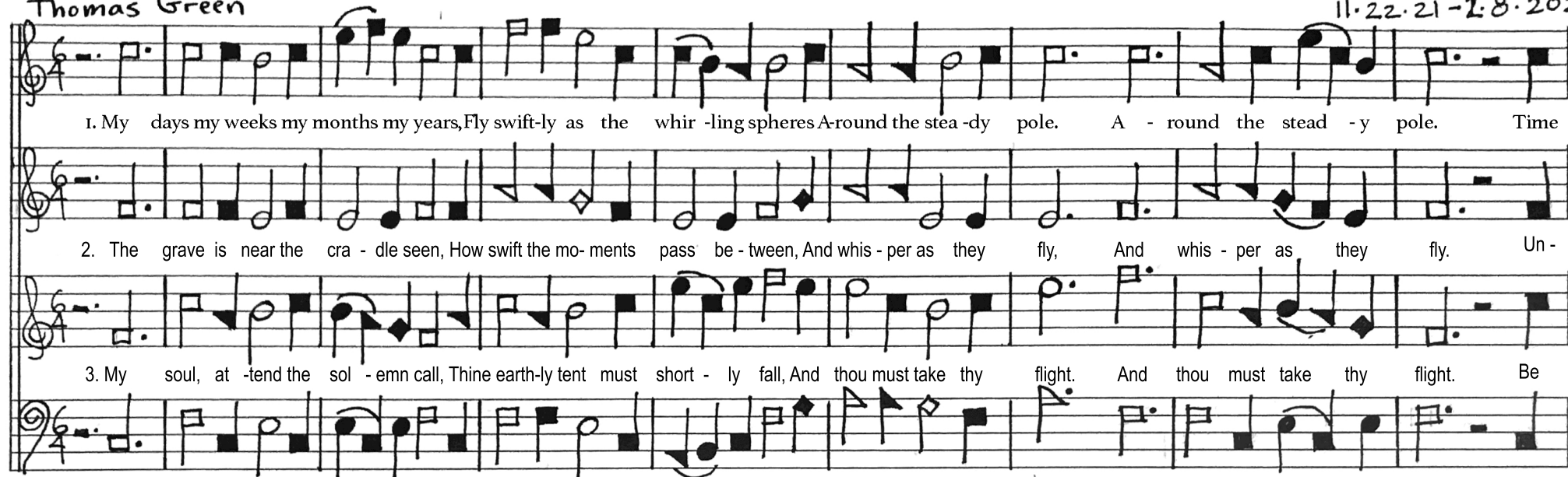


F Minor  
Thomas Green

# BOUNDLESS DEEPS

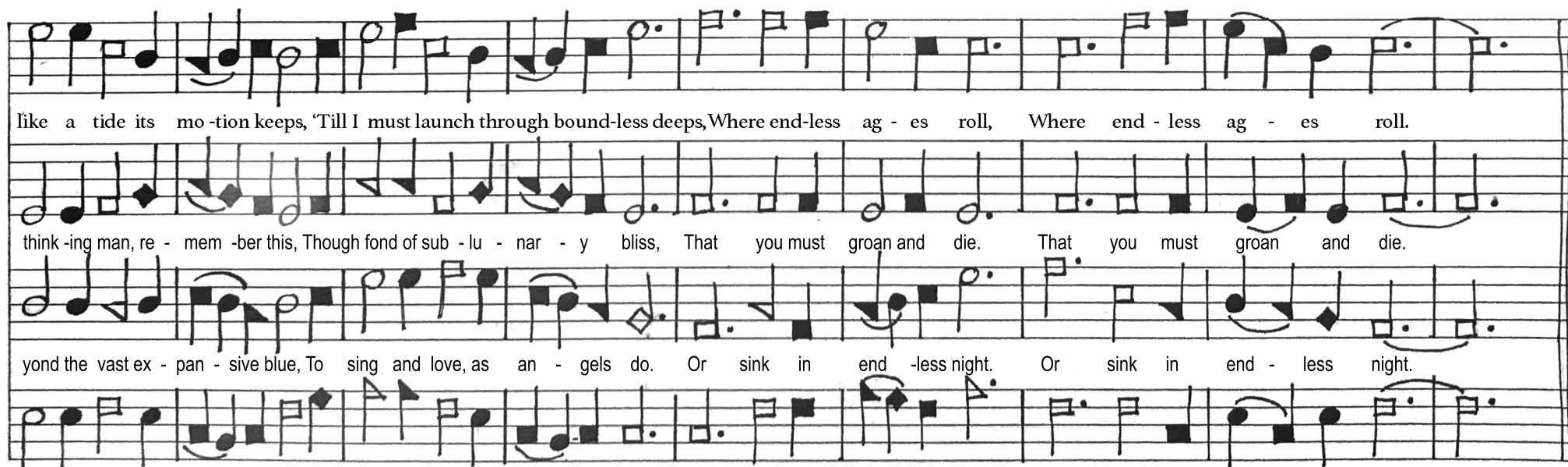
A.B. Steel  
11.22.21-2.8.2022



1. My days my weeks my months my years, Fly swift-ly as the whirl-ing spheres A-round the stea-dy pole. A - round the stead - y pole. Time

2. The grave is near the cra - dle seen, How swift the mo-ments pass be - tween, And whis - per as they fly, And whis - per as they fly. Un -

3. My soul, at -tend the sol - emn call, Thine earth-ly tent must short - ly fall, And thou must take thy flight. And thou must take thy flight. Be



like a tide its mo-tion keeps, 'Till I must launch through bound-less deeps, Where end-less ag - es roll, Where end - less ag - es roll.

think-ing man, re - mem-ber this, Though fond of sub - lu - nar - y bliss, That you must groan and die. That you must groan and die.

yond the vast ex - pan - sive blue, To sing and love, as an - gels do. Or sink in end -less night. Or sink in end - less night.