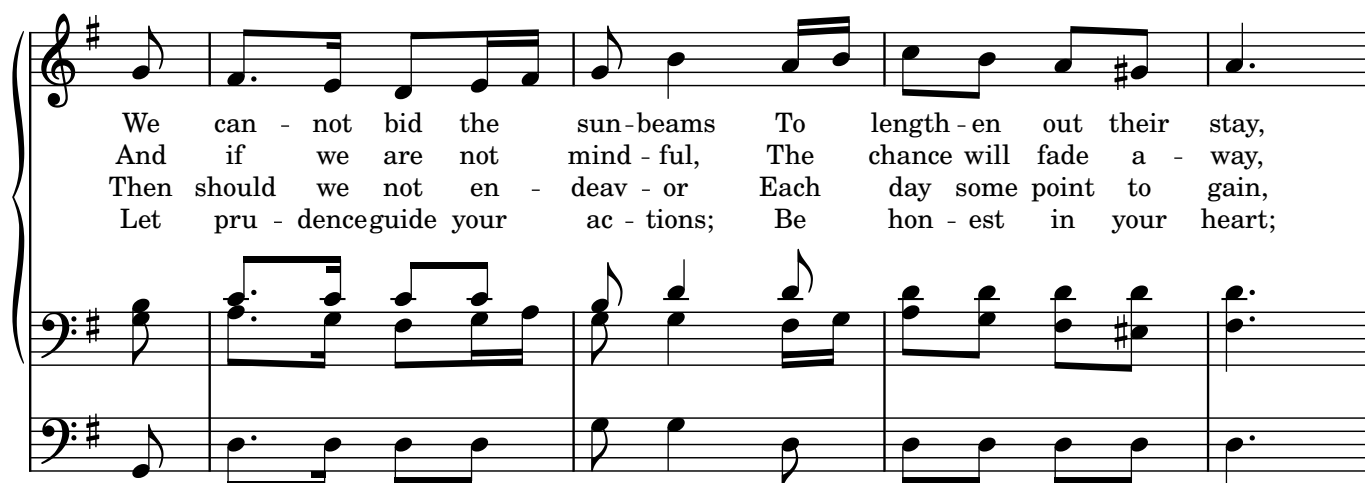


♩ = 60-76 *Lightly*


1. Im - prove the shin - ing mo - ments; Don't let them pass you by.
 2. Time flies on wings of light - ning; We can - not call it back.
 3. As win - ter-time doth fol - low The pleas - ant sum - mer days,
 4. Im - prove each shin - ing mo - ment. In this you are se - cure,



Work while the sun is ra - dant; Work, for then night draws nigh.
 It comes, then pass - es for - ward A - long its on - ward track.
 So may our joys all van - ish And pass far from our gaze.
 For prompt - ness bring - eth safe - ty And blessings rich and pure.



We can - not bid the sun-beams To length - en out their stay,
 And if we are not mind - ful, The chance will fade a - way,
 Then should we not en - deav - or Each day some point to gain,
 Let pru - dence guide your ac - tions; Be hon - est in your heart;

Nor can we ask the shad - ow To ev - er stay a - way.
For life is quick in pass - ing. 'Tis as a sin - gle day.
That we may here be use - ful And ev - 'ry wrong dis - dain?
And God will love and bless you And help to you im - part.

Text and music: Robert B. Baird, 1855–1916

Alma 34:32–33
Psalm 119:60