
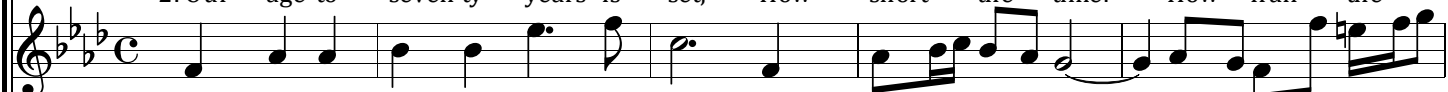



Tr.  5

1. Death, like an ov - er - flow - ing stream, Sweeps us a - way; our life's a
2. Our age to seven-ty years is set; How short the time! How frail the

T.  8

3. But O how oft thy wrath ap - pears, And cuts off our ex - pec - ted
4. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man, And kind - ly leng - then out our

B. 

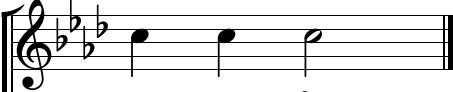
Tr.  10

dream, An emp - ty tale, a mor - ning flower, Cut down and with - ered
state! And if to eigh - ty we ar - rive, We ra - ther sigh and

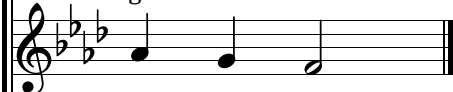
T.  8

years! Thy wrath a - wakes our hum - ble³ dread; We fear the power that
span, Till a wise care of pi - e - ty Fit us to die, and


B. 

Tr. 

in an hour.
groan than live.

T.  8

strikes us dead.
dwell with thee.

B. 

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2016

1. The first two measures moved two quarter-notes left, to avoid a fermata on the first note of measure 3.
2. Grace notes following have been converted to triplets.