

Isaac Watts, 1719 (Psalm 90)  
66. 86. (S. M.)

# Danbury

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C minor  
William Billings, 1779  
(Revised after 1781)

Tr. 1. Lord, what a feeble piece Is this our mortal frame! Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis, That scarce deserves the name!

C. 2. Alas, the brittle clay That built our body first! And every month, and every day, 'Tis mold'ring back to dust,

T. 3. Our moments fly apace, Nor will our minutes stay; Just like a flood, our hasty days Are sweeping us away.

B. 4. Well, if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight; We'll spend them all in wisdom's way, And let them speed their flight.

5. They'll waft us sooner o'er This life's tempestuous sea; Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore Of blest eternity.