

Isaac Watts, 1719

(Psalm 90, Part 1) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Amanda

Transcribed from *The New York Collection of Sacred Harmony*, 1795.

A minor

Alexander Gillet, 1795

Slow

Tr. 1
1. Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flower, Cut down and withered in an hour.

Tr. 2
2. Our age to seventy years is set; How short the time! how frail the state! And if to eighty we arrive, We rather sigh and groan than live.

T.
3. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man; And kindly lengthen out our span, Till a wise care of piety Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

B.

5 10 15