

Brownson

Tr.
1. Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Maker of my frame; I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am. A span is all that we can

C.
2. See the vain race of mortals move Like shadows o'er the plain; They rage and strive, desire and love, But all the noise is vain. Some walk in honor's gau - dy

T.
3. What should I wish or wait for, then, From creatures earth and dust? They make our expectations vain, And disappoint our trust. Now I forbid my car - nal

B.

Tr.
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1. boast, _____ An inch or two of time; Man is but va - ni - ty and dust, In all _____ his flower _____ and prime.

C.
2. show, _____ Some dig for gold - en ore; They toil for heirs, they know not who, And straight _____ are seen _____ no more.

T.
3. hope, _____ My fond de - sires re - call; I give my mortal interest up, And make _____ my God _____ my all.

B.

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