

Tr. 5

C.

T. 8

B.

1. Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame: I would sur-vey life's nar-row space, and

Tr. 10

C.

T.

B.

would sur-vey life's nar-row space, And learn how frail I am, And learn how frail I am. I would sur-vey life's nar-row space, And learn how frail I am. nar-row space, And learn how frail I am, And learn how frail I am. learn how frail I am, And learn how frail I am.

2. A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

4. Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

6. Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

3. 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.

5. What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2015

1. Measure 6, *Tenor*: note changed from E to D.

2. Measure 7, *Treble*: note changed from E to D.

3. Measure 8, *Treble*: last note changed from A to B.