

Cobham

5

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

1. Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Ma-ker of my frame. I would sur-vey life's nar-row space, and learn how frail I am.
2. See the vain race of mortals move Like shadows o'er the plain. They rage and strive, de-sire and love, But all the noise is vain.
3. What should I wish, or wait for, then, From creatures earth and dust? They make our ex-pec-ta-tions vain, And dis-ap-point our trust.

10 15

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

1. A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time. Man is but van-i-ty and dust, in all his flower and prime.
2. Some walk in ho-nor's gaudy show, Some dig for golden ore; They toil for heirs, they know not who, and straight are seen no more.
3. Now I for-bid my carnal hope, My fond desires re-call; I give my mor-tal inter-est up, and make my God my all.

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