

# Cobham

5

Tr.  
C.  
T.  
B.

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

Tr.  
C.  
T.  
B.

10

15

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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 honor'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 forbid my carnal hope, My fond desires recall; I give my mortal interest up, and make my God my all.

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