

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 90) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Mifflin

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A minor
Daniel Read, 1807

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Life, like a vain a - muse - ment, flies, a fa - ble or a song. By swift degrees our nature dies, nor can our

By swift degrees our nature dies, By swift degrees our nature dies, nor

By swift degrees our nature dies, By swift degrees our nature dies, Nor can our

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

can our joys be long. By swift degrees our na - ture dies, our na - ture dies, nor can our joys be long.

joys be long. By swift degrees our nature dies, our na - ture dies, nor can our joys be long.

can our joys be long. By swift degrees our na - ture dies, By swift degrees our na - ture dies, nor can our joys be long.

joys be long.

2. 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

3. Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.

4. Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne!

5. Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.