

Dorchester

Isaac Watts, 1719 (Hymn 58)

F# minor – William Billings, 1778

1. Time, what an emp - ty va - por 'tis, and days how swift they are, swift

2. Tis sovereign mer - cy finds us food, and we are clothed with love; While

3. His good - ness runs an end - less round; All glor - ry to the Lord! His

4. Thus we be - gin the last - ing song; and when we close our eyes, Let

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Tr. 1. as an Indian ar - row flies, or like a shoot - ing star.

A. 2. grace stands point - ing out the road that leads our souls a - bove.

T. 3. mer - cy nev - er knows a bound, and be His n - a - m - e a - dored.

B. 4. the next age thy praise prolong, Till time and na - ture dies.