

# Dorchester

Isaac Watts, 1719 (Hymn 58)

F# minor – William Billings, 1778

No Copyright. Transcribed from The Singing Master's Assistant, 1778.

1. Time, what an emp - ty va - por 'tis, and days how swift they are, swift as an Indian ar - row flies, or like a

2. Tis sovereign mer - cy finds us food, and we are clothed with love; While grace stands pointing out the road that leads our

3. His good - ness runs an end - less round; All glor - ry to the Lord! His mer - cy nev - er knows a bound, and be His

4. Thus we be - gin the last - ing song; and when we close our eyes, Let the next age thy praise prolong, Till time and

14

Tr. 1. shoot - ing star.

A. 2. souls a - bove.

T. 3. name a - dored.

B. 4. na - ture dies.