

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Hymn 58) 86. 86. (C.M.)

Dorchester

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F# minor
William Billings, 1778

Treble
Time, what an emp - ty va - por 'tis, And days how swift they

Alto
The sove - reign mer - cy finds us food, and we are clothed with

Tenor
His good - ness runs an end - less round; All glo - ry to the

Bass
Thus we be - gin the last - ing song, and when we close our

8

Tr.
are, Swift as an In - dian ar - row flies, or like a shoot ing star.

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

T.
Lord! His mer - cy nev - er knows a bound, and be His name a - dored.

B.
eyes, Let the next age Thy praise pro - long, Till time and na - ture dies.