

Isaac Watts, 1719  
(Psalm 42)

# Mifflin

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A minor  
Daniel Read, 1807

1. Life, like a vain a - muse - ment, flies, a fa - ble or a song. By swift degrees our nature dies, nor can our joys be long.  
2. Al - migh - ty God, re - veal Thy love, and not Thy wrath a - lone. O let our sweet ex - per - ience prove, ex - per - ience prove, the mer - cies of Thy throne!

1. can our joys be long. By swift degrees our nature dies, our na - ture dies, nor can our joys be long.  
2. mer - cies of Thy throne! O let our sweet ex - per - ience prove, ex - per - ience prove, the mer - cies of Thy throne!

1. nature dies, nor 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.  
2. - per - ience prove, The mercies of Thy throne! O let our sweet ex - per - ience prove, O let our sweet ex - per - ience prove the mer - cies of Thy throne!

1. 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.  
2. mer - cies of Thy throne! O let our sweet ex - per - ience prove, O let our sweet ex - per - ience prove the mer - cies of Thy throne!