

S
A

1. Death, like an ov - er - flo - wing stream, Sweeps us a - way; our life's a dream, An emp - ty
2. Our age to se - venty years is set; How short the time! How frail the state! And if to
3. But O how oft thy wrath ap - pears, And cuts off our ex - pec - ted years! Thy wrath a -
4. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man, And kind - ly leng - then our our span, Till a wise

T
B

S
A

15

tale, a mor - ning flower, Cut down and wi - thered in an hour.
eigh - ty we ar - rive, We ra - ther sigh and groan than live.
wakes our hum - ble dread; We fear the power that strikes us dead.
care of pi - e - ty Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

T
B

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018

Parts rearranged:

- Former *Tenor* becomes *Soprano*, up one octave.
- Former *Treble* becomes *Tenor*, down one octave.
- Former *Counter* becomes *Alto* without transposition.
- Bass* remains, without transposition.