

Isaac Watts, 1719  
(Psalm 90, Part 1) 88. 88. (L. M.)

# Amanda

Transcribed from *The New York Collection of Sacred Harmony*, 1795.

A minor

Alexander Gillet, 1795

Slow

Tr. 1  
1. Death, like an o-ver-flo-wing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An emp-ty tale, a morning flower, Cut down and with-ered in an hour.

Tr. 2  
2. Our age to seven-ty years is set; How short the time! how frail the state! And if to eighty we ar-rive, We rather sigh and groan than live.

T.  
3. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man; And kindly lengthen out our span, Till a wise care of pi-e-ty Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

B.