

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 90) 66. 86. (S. M.)

Wintonbury

Transcribed from *The American Compiler*, 1803.

E minor
Stephen Jenks, 1803

5 10 15 1. 2.

1. A - las, the brittle clay That built our body first! And every month, and every day, 'Tis mould'ring back to dust. 'Tis mould' - ring back to dust.
2. Lord, what a feeble piece Is this our mortal frame! Our life how poor a trifle 'tis, That scarce deserves the name! That scarce de - serves the name!
3. Our moments fly apace, Nor will our minutes stay; Just like a flood, our hasty days Are sweeping us a - way. Are swee - ping us a - way.
4. Well, if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight; We'll spend them all in wisdom's way, And let them speed their flight. And let them speed their flight.
5. They'll waft us sooner o'er This life's tempestuous sea; Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore Of blest e - ter - ni - ty. Of blest e - ter - ni - ty.

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