

# Thomas-Town

Mather Byles, ca. 1744 88. 88. (L.M.)

Transcribed from *The Continental Harmony*, 1794.

G minor William Billings, 1794

Tr.

C.

1. Great God, how frail a thing is man! How swift his minutes pass! His age contracts with-in a span; He blooms and dies like grass.  
 2. A thousand gaudy col-ors flush Each odorous mountain's side: Lil-ies turn fair, and ros-es blush, And tu-lips spread their pride.  
 3. Suc-cee-ding cold withers the woods, While hoary winter reigns, In fetters binds the fro-zen floods, And shiv-ers o'er the plains.

T.

B.

11

Tr.

C.

1. And must my moments thus de-cline? And must I sink to death? To thee my spirit I re-sign, Thou sovereign of my breath.  
 2. Thus flour-ish-es the wanton year, In rich con-fu-sion gay, Till autumn bids the bloom re-tire, The verdure fade a-way.  
 3. Je-sus, my life has died, has rose: I burn to meet his charms! Welcome the pangs, the dying throes, That give me to his arms.

T.

B.