

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 39, Part 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Vanity

Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

A minor
Jacob French, 1802

5 10 15 **1.** **2.**

1. Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Ma - ker of my frame; I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am. I
2. A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time; Man is but va - ni - ty and dust, In all his flower and prime. Man

3. See the vain race of mortals move Like shadows o'er the plain; They rage and strive, de - sire and love, But all the noise is vain. They
4. Some walk in honor's gaudy show, Some dig for gol - den ore; They toil for heirs, they know not who, And straight are seen no more. They

5. What should I wish or wait for, then, From creatures earth and dust? They make our ex - pec - ta - tions vain, And dis - ap - point our trust. They
6. Now I for - bid my carnal hope, My fond de - sires re - call; I give my mor - tal in - terest up, And make my God my all. I