

Plainfield

Tr. 5 10 1. 2.

1. Life, like a vain amusement, flies, A fa-ble or a song;
 2. Tis but a few whose days amount To threescore years and ten;
 3. Our vitals with laborious strife Bear up the cra-zy load,
 4. Almighty God, reveal thy love, And not thy wrath alone;
 5. Our souls would learn the heav'nly art T'im-prove the hours we have,

By swift degrees our nature dies, Nor can our joys be long, Nor can our joys be long.
 And all beyond that short account Is sorrow, toil, and pain, Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
 And drag those poor remains of life Along the tiresome road, Along the tiresome road.
 O let our sweet experience prove The mercies of thy throne! The mercies of thy throne!
 That we may act the wiser part, And live beyond the grave, And live beyond the grave.

C.

1. Life, like a vain amusement, flies, A fa-ble or a song;
 2. Tis but a few whose days amount To threescore years and ten;
 3. Our vitals with laborious strife Bear up the cra-zy load,
 4. Almighty God, reveal thy love, And not thy wrath alone;
 5. Our souls would learn the heav'nly art T'im-prove the hours we have,

By swift degrees our nature dies, Nor can our joys be long.
 And all beyond that short account Is sor - row, toil, and pain.
 And drag those poor remains of life A - long the tiresome road.
 O let our sweet experience prove The mer - cies of thy throne!
 That we may act the wiser part, And live be-yond the grave.

T.

1. Life, like a vain amusement, flies, A fa-ble or a song;
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 3. Our vitals with laborious strife Bear up the cra-zy load,
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 And all beyond that short account Is sor - row, toil and pain, Is sor - row, toil, and pain.
 And drag those poor remains of life A - long the tiresome road, A - long the tiresome road.
 O let our sweet experience prove The mer - cies of thy throne! The mer - cies of thy throne!
 That we may act the wiser part, And live beyond the grave, And live be-yond the grave.

B.

1. By swift degrees our nature dies, Nor can our joys be long, Nor can our joys be long. By
 2. And all beyond that short account Is sor - row, toil, and pain, Is sor - row, toil and pain. And
 3. And drag those poor remains of life A - long the tire - some road, A - long the tiresome road. And
 4. O let our sweet experience prove The mer - cies of thy throne! The mer - cies of thy throne! O
 5. That we may act the wiser part, And live be - yond the grave, And live beyond the grave. That

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018
 Meawure 6, *Tenor*: note changed from E to F#.