

Isaac Watts, 1719

(Psalm 90, Part 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

# Westborough

Transcribed from *The Village Compilation*, 1806.

E minor

Daniel Belknap, 1802

1. A span is all that we can boast, How short the flee-ting time; Man is but va - ni -  
2. Teach me the mea-sure of my days, Thou Ma - ker of my frame; I would sur - vey life's

3. See the vain race of mor - tals move Like sha-dows o'er the plain; They rage and strive, de -  
4. Some walk in ho-nor's gau - dy show, Some dig for gol-den ore; They toil for heirs, they

5. What should I wish or wait for, then, From crea-tures earth and dust? They make our ex - pec -  
6. Now I for - bid my car - nal hope, My fond de - sires re - call; I give my mor - tal

ty and dust, Man is but va - ni - ty and dust, In all \_\_\_\_\_ his flower \_\_\_\_\_ and prime.  
nar-row space, I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn \_\_\_\_\_ how frail \_\_\_\_\_ I am.

sire and love, They rage and strive, de - sire and love, But all \_\_\_\_\_ the noise \_\_\_\_\_ is vain.  
know not who, They toil for heirs, they know not who, And straight \_\_\_\_\_ are seen \_\_\_\_\_ no more.

ta-tions vain, They make our ex - pec - ta - tions vain, And dis - ap - point \_\_\_\_\_ our trust.  
in-terest up, I give my mor - tal in - terest up, And make \_\_\_\_\_ my God \_\_\_\_\_ my all.