

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 fleeting time; Man is but va - ni - ty and dust, Man is but va - ni - ty and dust, In all \_\_\_\_\_ his flower \_\_\_\_\_ and prime.  
2. Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Ma - ker of my frame; I would survey life's narrow space, I would survey life's narrow space, And learn \_\_\_\_ how frail \_\_\_\_\_ I am.  
3. See the vain race of mor - tals move Like shadows o'er the plain; They rage and strive, desire and love, They rage and strive, desire and love, But all \_\_\_\_\_ the noise \_\_\_\_\_ is vain.  
4. Some walk in honor's gau - dy show, Some dig for golden ore; They toil for heirs, they know not who, They toil for heirs, they know not who, And straight are seen \_\_\_\_\_ no more.  
5. What should I wish or wait for, then, From creatures earth and dust? They make our expectations vain, They make our expectations vain, And dis - ap - point our trust.  
6. Now I for - bid my car - nal hope, My fond desires recall; I give my mortal interest up, I give my mor - tal interest up, And make \_\_\_\_ my God \_\_\_\_\_ my all.