

METRE 2 Isaac Watts

SUFFIELD C.M.

King

1. Teach me the meas-ure of my days, Thou ma-ker of my frame; I would sur - vey life's nar-row space, and learn how frail I am.

2. A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time; Man is but van - i - ty and dust In all his flow'r and prime.

3. See the vain race of mor-tals move, Like shad-ows o'er the plain; They rage and strive, de - sire and love, But all their noise is vain.

4. Some walk in hon-or's gaud - y show, Some dig for gold-en ore; They toil for heirs, they know not who, And straight are seen no more.