

# Tolland

Tr. 1. Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Ma-ker of my frame; I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am.

C. 2. See the vain race of mortals move Like shadows o'er the plain; They rage and strive, desire and love, But all the noise is vain.

T. 3. What should I wish or wait for then, From creatures earth and dust? They make our expectations vain, And dis-ap-point our trust.

B.

Tr. 1. A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time; Man is but va-ni-.

C. 2. Some walk in ho-nor's gau-dy show, Some dig for gol-den ore; They toil for heirs, they

T. 3. Now I for-bid my car-nal hope, My fond de-sires re-call; I give my mor-tal

B.

Tr. 1. -ty and dust In all his flower and prime, In all his flower and prime.

C. 2. know not who, And straight are seen no more, And straight are seen no more.

T. 3. in-terest up, And make my God my all, And make my God my all.

B.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018

1. Measure 12, *Counter*: last note changed from F# to F, like *Treble*.