

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. A span is all that we can boast, An

C. 2. See the vain race of mortals move Like sha-dows o'er the plain; They rage and strive, desire and love, But all the noise is vain. Some walk in ho - nor's gau-dy show, Some

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. Now I for - bid my car - nal hope, My

B. 8

Tr. 15 20 25

Tr. 1. inch or two of time; Man is but va - ni - ty and dust In all his flower and prime, In all his flower and prime.

C. 2. dig for gol - den ore; They toil for heirs, they know not who, And straight are seen no more, And straight are seen no more.

T. 3. fond de - sires re - call; I give my mor - tal in - terest up, And make my God my all, And make my God my all.

B. 3

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018

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