

VIII. Amanda

Words by
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

*Music by
Justin Morgan, 1747-1798
arr. by Frank Wallace

Death, like an o - ver - flow - ing stream,
Our age to sev - 'nty years is set;
But O how oft thy wrath ap - pears
Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;

Sweeps us a - way: our life's a dream, An emp - ty tale, a
How short the term! How frail the state! And if to eight - y
And cuts off our ex - pect - ed years! Thy wrath a - wakes our
And kind - ly length - en out our span; Till a wise care of

morn - ing flow'r, Cut down and with - er'd in an hour.
we ar - rive, We ra - ther sigh and groan than live.
hum - ble dread; We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.
pi - e - ty Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

*from Northern Harmony; online index <http://stoddardfamily.home.comcast.net/0Index.html>