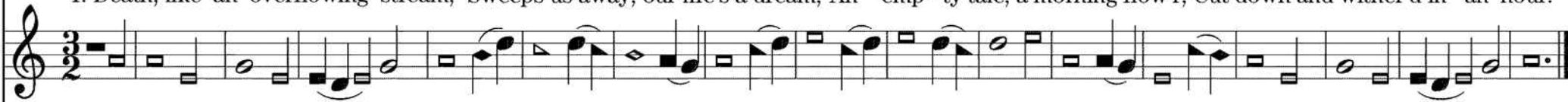


A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1719.

Bradshaw, 1820.



1. Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An emp - ty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'd in an hour.



2. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man; And kindly lengthen out the span, Till a wise care of pi - e - ty Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

