

A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1719.

Uri K. Hill, 1801.

Hear me O Lord, nor hide thy face, But answer lest I die; Hast thou not built a throne of grace, To hear when sinners cry.

My days are wasted

Hear me O Lord, nor hide thy face, But answer lest I die; Hast thou not built a throne of grace, To hear when sinners cry.

My

My days are wasted

My days are wasted like the smoke, Dis - solving in the air, My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke, And sinking in de - spair. -spair.

like the smoke, Dissolving in the air, My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke, And sinking in de - spair. -spair.

days are wasted like the smoke, Dis-solv-ing in the air, My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke, And sinking in de - spair. -spair.

like the smoke, Dis - solv - ing in the air,