1. Death, like an o - ver flow - ing stream, Sweeps us a - way; our life's a dream,
2. Our age to sev - en - ty years is set; How short the time! how frail the state
3. But oh how oft thy wrath ap - pears, And cuts off our ex - pect - ed years,
4. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man; And kind - ly length - en out the span,

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EXIT L. M.

An empty tale, a morning flow'r,
And if to eight-y we ar-rive,
Thy wrath a-wakes our hum-ble dread;
Till a wise care of pi-e-ty

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EXIT L. M.

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.
pie - ty               Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

flow'r,                An emp - ty tale, a morn - ing flow'r, Cut down and with - er'd in an hour.
rive,                 And if to eight - y we ar - rive, We ra - ther sigh and groan than live.
dread;                Thy wrath a - wakes our hum - ble dread; We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.
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