EXIT L. M.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down." Job 14:2

Key of E Minor

Rollin Sherman, 1840

1. Death, like an over flowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life’s a dream,
2. Our age to seventy years is set; How short the time! how frail the state
3. But oh how oft thy wrath appears, And cuts off our expected years,
4. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man; And kindly lengthen out the span,

FA-SO-LA
EXIT L. M.

An empty tale, a morning flow'r,
And if to eighty we arrive,
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
Till a wise care of piety.

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EXIT L. M.

morn-ing flow'r, we ar-rive, humble dread, pi-e-ty

Cut down and with'er'd in an hour. We ra-ther sigh and groan than live. We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead. Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

flow'r, An em-p-ty tale, a morn-ing flow'r, An empty tale, a morn-ing flow'r, We ra-ther sigh and groan than live. Thy wrath a-wakes our hum-ble dread; We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.

rived, And if to eight-y we ar-rive, Till a wise care of pi-e-ty Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

dread; Thy wrath a-wakes our hum-ble dread; We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.

ty Till a wise care of pi-e-ty Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

tale, a morn-ing flow'r, We ra-ther sigh and groan than live. Thy wrath a-wakes our hum-ble dread; We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.

eight-y we ar-rive, We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.

wakes our hum-ble dread, Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

care of pi-e-ty Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

FA-SO-LA

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