

Durham

Transcribed from Daniel Belknap's *The Village Compilation*, 1806.

Tr. 1. Think, migh-ty God, on fee-ble man; How few his hours! How short his span! Short from the cra-dle

C. 2. Lord, shall it be for - ev - er said, "The race of man was on - ly made For sick-ness, sor-row,

T. 3. Hast thou not pro-mised to thy Son And all his seed a heaven - ly crown? But flesh and sense in -

B. 4. For - ev - er bles-sed be the Lord, Who gives his saints a long re - ward For all their toil, re -

Tr. to the grave; Who can se-cre his vi - tal breath A - gainst the bold de - mands of death, With

C. and the dust?" Are not thy ser-vants day by day Sent to their graves, and turned to clay? Lord,

T. 8. dulse des - pair; For ev - er bles-sed be the Lord, That faith can read his ho - ly word, And

B. proach, and pain: Let all be-low and all a - bove Join to pro-claim thy won - drous love, And

Tr. skill to fly, or power to save? With skill to fly, or power to save?

C. where's thy kind - ness to the just? Lord, where's thy kind - ness to the just?

T. 8. find a re - sur - rec - tion there, And find a re - sur - rec - tion there.

B. each re - peat their loud a - men, And each re - peat their loud a - men.