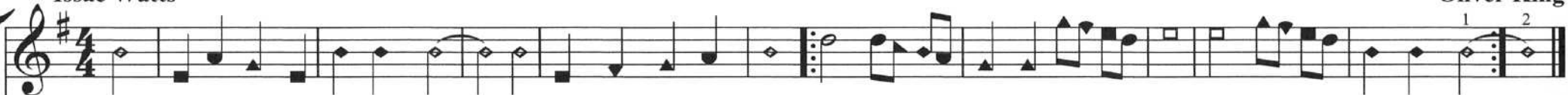


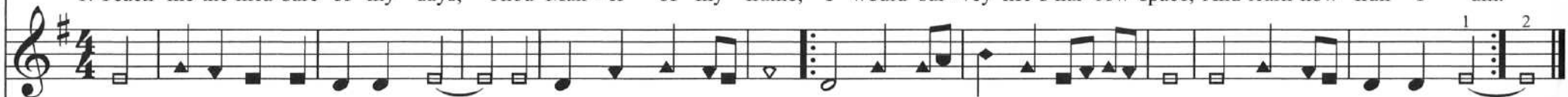
## SUFFIELD. C.M.

Issac Watts

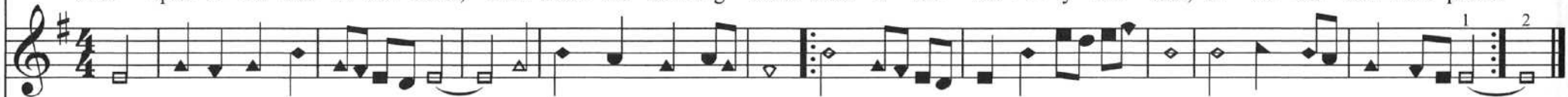
Oliver King



1. Teach me the mea-sure of my days, Thou Mak - er of my frame; I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.



2. A span is all that we can boast; How short the fleet - ing time! Man is but van - i - ty and dust, In all his flow'r and prime.



3. What can I wish, or wait for then, From crea - tures - earth and dust? They make our ex - pec - ta - tions vain, And dis - ap - point our trust.

