

Newton

Mather Byles, 1744

C.M.

Daniel Read, c. 1790

mm ♩ = 60

1. Great God, how frail a Thing is Man, How swift his Minutes pass.
2. Now in his Breast fresh Spir - its dart, And vi - tal Vig - our reigns;
3. Thus the fond Youth se - cure - ly stands, Nor dreams of a De - cay,
4. And must my Mo - ments thus de - cline, And must I sink to Death?
5. Je - sus my Life has dy'd, has rose; I burn to meet his Charms!

1. He blooms and dies like Grass.
2. And leaps a long his Veins.
3. His Soul is snatch'd a way.
4. To take from me my Breath.
5. That give me to his Arms.

1. His Age con - tracts with in a Span,
2. His Blood pours rap - id from his Heart,
3. At once he feels Death's I - ron Hands,
4. To Thee my Spir - it I re - sign,
5. Wel - come the Pangs, the dy - ing Throes,

His Age con - tracts with in a Span, He blooms and dies like Grass.
 His blood pours rap - id from his Heart, And leaps a - long his Veins.
 At once he feels Death's I ron Hands, His Soul is snatch'd a - way.
 To Thee my spir - it I re - sign, To take from me my Breath.
 Wel - come the Pangs, the dy ing Throes, That give me to his Arms.

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