

METRE 3 Isaac Watts **LITTLE MARLBOROUGH S.M.** in Williams's *The Universal Psalmodist*, 1763

1. Lord, what a fee - ble piece Is this our mor - tal frame; Our life how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce de - serves the name.

2. A - las, this brit - tle clay That built our bo - dy first! And eve - ry month and eve - ry day, 'Tis moul-d'ring back to dust.

3. Our mo - ments fly a - pace, Our fee - ble pow'rs de - cay, Swift as a flood our has - ty days Are sweep - ing us a - way.

4. Yet if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight—We'll spend them all in wis - dom's ways, And let them speed their flight.