

# EXIT. L.M.

E Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

P. Sherman, 1808.

1. Death, like an o - ver - flow - ing stream, Sweeps us a - way; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a  
And if to eight-y

2. Our age to sev'n - ty years is set; How short the time, How frail the state; An empty tale, a morning flow'r,  
And if to eight-y we ar - rive,

morning flow'r, An empty tale, a morn - ing flow'r, Cut down and with - ered in an hour.  
we ar - rive, And if to eight-y we ar - rive, We'd ra - ther sigh and groan than live.

flow'r, An empty tale, a morn - ing flow'r, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and with - ered in an hour.  
rive, And if to eight - y we ar - rive, And if to eight-y we ar - rive, We'd ra - ther sigh and groan than live.

An empty tale, a morn - ing flow'r, An empty tale, a morn - ing flow'r, Cut down and withered in an hour.  
And if to eight-y we ar - rive, And if to eight-y we ar - rive, We'd ra - ther sigh and groan than live.

tale, a morning flow'r, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and with - ered in an hour.  
eight-y we ar - rive, And if to eight-y we ar - rive, We'd ra - ther sigh and groan than live.