

# Hillsborough

Transcribed from *The Columbian Repository*, 1803.

Tr. 5 10 15 20

C.

T. 8

B.

Death, like an o-ver-flo-wing stream, Sweeps us away, our life's a dream; An empty tale, a morning flower, Cut down and withered in an hour. An empty  
An empty tale,  
An empty tale, a morning


Tr. 25 30 35 40

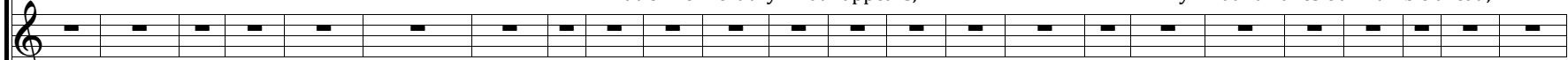
C.


T. 8


B.


An empty tale, a morning morning flower, Cut down and withered in an hour. Our age to seventy years is set; How short the term! How frail the state! And if to  
tale, An empty tale, a morning flower, Cut down and withered in an hour.  
a morning flower; An empty tale, Cut down and withered in an hour. Our age to seventy years is set; How short the term! How frail the state! And if to  
a morning flower;  
flower, An empty tale, a morning flower,


Tr.  45 50 55 60 65  
 eighty we ar - rive, We rather sigh and groan than live. But O! how oft thy wrath appears, And cuts off our expected years! Thy wrath awakes our humble dread; We fear the


C. 

T.  8  
 eighty we ar - rive, We rather sigh and groan than live. But O! how oft thy wrath appears, And cuts off our expected years! Thy wrath awakes our humble dread; We fear the

B. 

Tr.  *tr* 70 75 80 85  
 power that strikes us dead.

C. 

T.  *tr*  
 power that strikes us dead. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man; And kindly lengthen out our span; Till a wise care of pi-et-y Fit us to die, Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

B. 