

# Thomas Town (C.M.)

William Billings (The Continental Harmony, 1794)

Words by Dr. Biles

Great God how frail a thing is man, How swift his min - utes pass, His age contracts with - in a span, He blooms and dies like  
Great God how frail a thing is man, How swift his minutes pass, His age con - tracts with - in a span, He blooms and dies like  
Great God how frail a thing is man, How swift his minutes pass, His age contracts with - in a span, He blooms and dies like

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grass. And must my moments thus decline, And must I sink to death, To thee my spi - rit I re - sign, Thou maker of my breath.  
grass. And must my moments thus de - cline, And must I sink to death, To thee my spirit I re - sign, Thou maker of my breath.  
grass. And must my moments thus decline, And must I sink to death, To thee my spirit I re - sign, Thou ma - ker of my breath.