

# Brevis. S.M.D.

C minor Isaac Watts, 1719.

Aldous, 2007.

1. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flow'r; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It wi - thers in an hour.

2. His pow'r sub - dues our sins; And his for - giv - ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.

To end - less years en - dure; And chil-dren's chil-dren e - ver find Thy words of pro - mise sure. sure.  
A - bove the ground we tread, So far the rich - es of his grace Our high - est tho'ts ex - ceed. ceed.

To end - less years en - dure;  
A - bove the ground we tread,

But thy com pas - sions, Lord, en - dure; And chil-dren's chil-dren e - ver find Thy words of pro - mise sure. sure.  
High as the Heav'ns are rais'd, we tread, So far the rich - es of his grace Our high - est tho'ts ex - ceed. ceed.

But thy com pas - sions, Lord, en - dure, en - dure;  
High as the Heav'ns are rais'd, we tread, we tread,