

# The life of man is but a span

Anon, from a Birmingham broadsheet

Gordon, by Francis Roads (b. 1943)

Verses 1-4 **Slow** ♩=90

Soprano

1. The life of man is but a span, And  
 2. *O teach well your children men The*  
 3. To day you may be a living man, With  
 4. *With a turf at your head, dear man, And a-*

Alto

Tenor [Air]

Bass

5

S

cut down in his flow'r, We're here to day and  
*while that you are here, It will be bet - ter*  
 ma - ny a thou - sand pound, To - mor - row you may  
 no - ther at your feet, Your good deeds and

A

T

B

11

S

gone to - mor-row, We're all dead in an hour.  
*for your souls, When your corpse lies on the bier.*  
 be a dead man, And your corpse laid un - der - ground.  
 your bad ones, Then will to - ge - ther meet.

A

T

B

## The life of man is but a span

15 **CHORUS**

S *A - wake, A - wake, A - wake good peo-ple all, A - wake, good peo-ple all, A -*

A *A - wake, A - wake, A - wake good peo-ple all, A - wake, good peo-ple*

T *A - wake, A - wake, A - wake good peo-ple all, A - wake, good peo-ple all, A -*

B *A - wake, A - wake, A - wake good peo-ple all, A - wake, good peo-ple*

22

S *wake, and you shall hear, Our Lord our God died on the cross, For them he loved so*

A *all, A - wake, and you shall hear, Our Lord our God died on the cross, For*

T *wake, and you shall hear, Our Lord our God died on the cross, For them he loved so*

B *all, A - wake, and you shall hear, Our Lord our God died on the cross, For*

30

S *dear, For them he loved so dear, For them, For them he loved so dear.*

A *them he loved so dear, For them he loved, For them, For them he loved so dear.*

T *dear, For them he loved so dear, For them, For them he loved so dear.*

B *them he loved so dear, For them he loved, For them, For them he loved so dear.*

## The life of man is but a span

35 Symphony

S  
A  
T  
B

FINE

Verse 5

S  
A  
T  
B

5. My song is done, I must be gone, I can stay no long-er here,  
5. My song is done, I must be gone, I can stay no long-er here,  
5. My song is done, I must be gone, I can stay no long-er here,  
5. My song is done, I must be gone, I can stay no long-er here,

S  
A  
T  
B

God bless you all both great and small, And send you a hap - py New Year.  
God bless you all both great and small And send you a hap - py New Year.  
God bless you all both great and small, And send you a hap - py New Year.  
God bless you all both great and small, And send you a hap - py New Year.

God bless you all both great and small, And send you a hap - py New Year. **§**  
TO CHORUS

The text of this carol was given to me by Gordon Ashman, the co-founder of the West Gallery Music Association, with a request that I should set it.