

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 89) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Delaware

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C minor
William Billings, 1779
(Revised after 1781)

1. Remember, Lord, our mortal state, How frail our life! how short the date! Where is the man that draws his breath Safe from disease, secure from death?

2. Lord, while we see whole nations die, Our flesh and sense repine and cry, "Must death for ever rage and reign? Or hast thou made mankind in vain?"

3. "Where is Thy promise to the just? Are not Thy servants turned to dust?" But faith forbids these mournful sighs, And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4. That glorious hour, that dreadful day, Wipes the reproach of saints away, And clears the honor of Thy word: Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.