

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 55, Book 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Mendon

Transcribed from *The Village Compilation*, 1806.

D minor
Daniel Belknap, 1802

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Thee we adore, e - ter - nal name, And humbly own to thee How feeble is our mortal frame! What dy - ing worms are we!

2. The year rolls round, and steals away The breath that first it gave; What - e'er we do, where'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.

3. Great God! on what a slender thread Hang ev - er - las - ting things! Th'e - ter - nal states of all the dead Up - on life's feeble strings.

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. Our wasting lives grow shorter still As months and days increase; And every beating pulse we tell Leaves but the number less.

2. Dangers stand thick through all the ground To push us to the tomb, And fierce di - seas-es wait around, To hur - ry mortals home.

3. Infinite joy or end - less woe At - tends on eve - ry breath, And yet how unconcerned we go Up - on the brink of death!