

Euphrates

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

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G minor
Oliver Holden, 1803

1. Think, mighty God, on fee-ble man; How few his hours! How short his span! Short from the

Who can se-cure his vi-tal breath A-gainst the bold de-mands of death?
cra-dle to the grave; Who can se-cure his vi-tal breath

With
or power to save? With skill to fly, or power to save?
skill to fly, or power to save?

2. Lord, shall it be for ever said,
"The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants day by day
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3. Hast thou not promised to thy Son
And all his seed a heav'nly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4. For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach, and pain:
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud Amen.