

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 82) 88. 88. (L.M.)

Naples

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D minor
Daniel Read, 1785
(Revised 1794)

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Shall the vile race of flesh and blood con - tend with their cre - a - tor God? Shall mortal worms

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Tr.

C.

T.

B.

pre - sume to be - - - more ho - ly, wise, or just than He? He?

Shall mortal worms pre - sume to be more ho - ly, wise, or just than He? He?

Shall mortal worms pre - sume to be more ho - ly, wise, or just than He? He?

or just than He? More ho - - - ly, wise, or just than He? Shall He?

2. Behold, He puts His trust in none
Of all the spirits round His throne.
Their natures, when compared with His,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3. But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4. From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in Thy sight.
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5. Almighty God, to Thee we bow,
How frail we are, how glorious Thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.