

Isaac Watts, 1709

(Hymn 55, Book 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Mendon

D minor

Daniel Belknap, 1802

1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal name, And hum - bly own to thee How

2. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave; What -

3. Great God! on what a slen - der thread Hang ev - er - las - ting things! Th'e -

fee - ble is our mor - tal frame! What dy - ing worms are we! Our was - ting

e'er we do, where - e'er we be, We're trave - ling to the grave. Dan - gers stand

ter - nal states of all the dead Up - on life's fee - ble strings. In - fi - nite

lives grow shor - ter still As months and days in - crease; And eve - ry bea - ting

thick through all the ground To push us to the tomb, And fierce dis - ea - ses

joy or end - less woe At - tends on eve - ry breath, And yet how un - con -

pulsse we tell Leaves but the num - ber less.

wait a - round To hur - ry mor - tals home.

cerned we go Up - on the brink of death!