

Isaac Watts, 1707

Hymn 5, Book 1

86. 86. (C. M.)

Submission

Transcribed from *The Columbian Repository*, 1803.

G minor

Samuel Holyoke, 1803

Tr
1. Na-ked as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first, We to the earth re-turn a-gain, And min-gle with our dust.

T
2. 'Tis God that lifts our com-forts high, Or sinks them in the grave; He gives, and bles-sed be his name! He takes but what he gave.

B

Tr
The dear de-lights we here en-joy, And fond-ly call our own, Are but short fa-vors bor-rowed now, To be re--paid a-non.

T
If smi-ling mer-cy crowns our lives, Its prai-ses shall be spread; And we'll a-dore the jus-tice too That strikes our com-forts dead.

B