
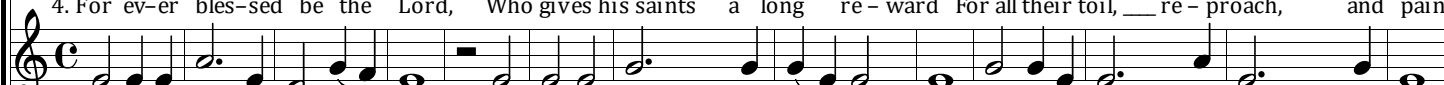



Patmos

Transcribed from Swan's *New England Harmony*, 1801.


Tr.  5 10

1. Think, mighty God, on fee-ble man; How few his hours! how short his span! Short from the cra - dle to the grave;
2. Lord, shall it be for ev - er said, "The race of man was on - ly made For sickness, sor - row, and the dust?"
3. Hast thou not promised to thy Son And all his seed a heav'n-ly crown? But flesh and sense in - dulse des-pair:
4. For ev-er bles-sed be the Lord, Who gives his saints a long re - ward For all their toil, re - proach, and pain:

C. 

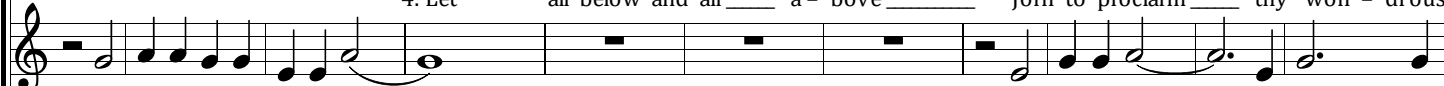
T.  8

1. Think, mighty God, on fee-ble man; How few his hours! how short his span! Short from the cra - dle to the grave;
2. Lord, shall it be for ev - er said, "The race of man was on - ly made For sickness, sor - row, and the dust?"
3. Hast thou not promised to thy Son And all his seed a heav'n-ly crown? But flesh and sense in - dulse des-pair:
4. For ev-er bles-sed be the Lord, Who gives his saints a long re - ward For all their toil, re - proach, and pain:

B. 

Tr.  15 20

1. Who can secure his vi - tal breath Against the bold de - mands of
2. Are not thy servants day by day Sent to their graves, and turned to
3. For ev-er blessed be the Lord, That faith can read his ho - ly
4. Let all below and all a - bove Join to proclaim thy won - drous


C. 

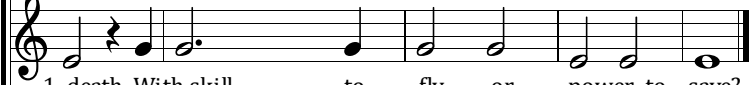
T.  8

1. Who can secure his vital breath Who can se- cure his vi-tal breath Against the bold de-mands of
2. Are not thy servants day by day Are not thy ser - vants day by day Sent to their graves, and turned to
3. For ev-er bles-sed be the Lord, For ev - er bles - sed be the Lord, That faith can read his ho - ly
4. Let all be-low and all a - bove Let all be - low and all a - bove Join to proclaim thy won - drous


B. 

1. Who can secure his vi-tal breath, Who can secure his vital breath
2. Are not thy servants day by day, Are not thy servants day by day
3. For ev-er bles-sed be the Lord, For ev-er blessed be the Lord,
4. Let all be-low and all a - bove, Let all be-low and all a-bove

Tr.  25

C. 

1. death, With skill to fly, or power to save?
2. clay? Lord, where's thy kind-ness to the just?
3. word, And find a re - sur - rec - tion there.
4. love, And each re - peat their loud A - men.

T.  8

B. 