Mortality

No copyright. Transcribed from The American Singing-Book, 1786.

F minor Daniel Read, 1785



- 1. Through every age, eternal God, Thou art our rest, our safe abode; High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2. Long hadst thou reigned ere time began, Or dust was fashioned to a man; And long thy kingdom shall endure When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3. But man, weak man, is born to die, Made up of guilt and vanity; Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just, "Return, ye sinners, to your dust."
- 4. A thousand of our years amount Scarce to a day in thine account; Like yesterday's departed light, Or the last watch of ending night.

- 6. Our age to seventy years is set; How short the time! how frail the state! And if to eighty we arrive, We rather sigh and groan than live.
- 7. But O how oft thy wrath appears, And cuts off our expected years! Thy wrath awakes our humble dread; We fear the power that strikes us dead.
- 8. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man; And kindly lengthen out our span, Till a wise care of piety Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.