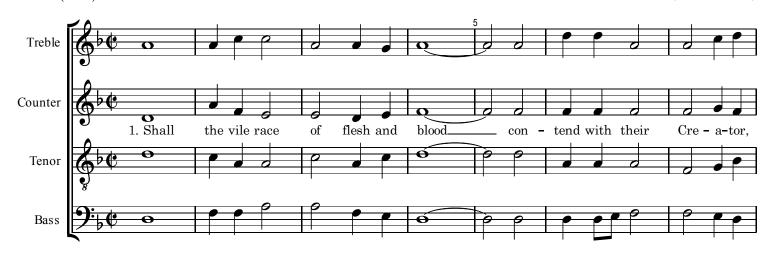
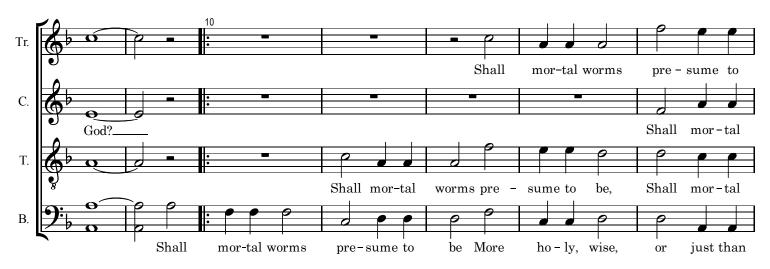
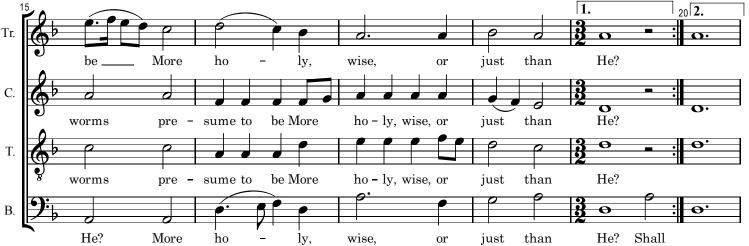
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- 2. Behold, He puts His trust in none Of all the spirits round His throne. Their natures, when compared with His, Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3. But how much meaner things are they Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay! Touched by the finger 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.