

Is This the Kind Return

Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Kentucky Harmony, 1816.

Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

On us He bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject His easy reign.

Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mold our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.