

It Is the Lord Our Savior's Hand

Isaac Watts, 1719.

William Squires, 1895.

It is the Lord our Savior's hand  
Weakens our strength amidst the race;  
Disease and death at His command  
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon;  
Thy years are one eternal day,  
And must Thy children die so soon?

Yet in the midst of death and grief  
This thought our sorrow should assuage:  
Our Father and our Savior live;  
Christ is the same through every age.

'Twas He this earth's foundations laid;  
Heav'n is the building of His hand;  
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade  
And all be changed at His command.

The starry curtains of the sky,  
Like garments, shall be laid aside;  
But still Thy throne stands firm on high,  
Thy Church for ever must abide.

Before Thy face Thy Church shall live,  
And on Thy throne Thy children reign;  
This dying world they shall survive,  
And the dead saints be raised again.