

Lord, What a Feeble Piece

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Harry Wooldridge, 1899.

Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day,
'Tis moldering back to dust.

Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blessed eternity.