

While Ye Waste on Trifling Cares

Philip Doddridge(1702-1751)

Joseph Sweetser, 1849.

Why will ye waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares;  
While, in the various range of thought  
The one thing needful is forgot?

Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
And famish your immortal mind,  
While angels with regret look down  
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?

Shall God invite you from above?  
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?  
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?  
And all these pleas be urged in vain?

Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue;  
Not so will Heaven and hell appear,  
When death's decisive hour is near.

Almighty God, Thy grace impart;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart,  
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,  
That life which Thy compassion spares.