

And Is This Life Prolonged to Me?

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.

Music: Hans Nageli.

And is this life prolonged to me?

Are days and seasons givn?

O let me, then, prepare to be

A fitter heir of Heavn.

In vain these moments shall not pass,

These golden hours be gone:

Lord, I accept Thine offered grace,

I bow before Thy throne.

Now cleanse my soul from every sin

By my Redeemers blood;

Now let my flesh and soul begin

The honors of my God.

Let me no more my soul beguile

With sins deceitful toys;

Let cheerful hope, increasing still,

Approach to heavnly joys.

My thankful lips shall loud proclaim

The wonders of Thy praise,

And spread the savor of Thy name,

Whereer I spend my days.

On earth let my example shine,

And when I leave this state,

May Heavn receive this soul of mine

To bliss supremely great.