

Blest with the Joys of Innocence  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-09.  
Music: Johann Crger, 1647.

Blest with the joys of innocence,  
Adam our father stood,  
Till he debased his soul to sense,  
And ate thunlawful food.

Now we are born a sensual race,  
To sinful joys inclined;  
Reason has lost its native place,  
And flesh enslaves the mind.

While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,  
Sin is the sweetest good;  
We fancy music in our chains,  
And so forget the load.

Great God! renew our ruined frame,  
Our broken powers restore,  
Inspire us with a heavnly flame,  
And flesh shall reign no more.

Eternal Spirit! write Thy law  
Upon our inward parts,  
And let the second Adam draw  
His image on our hearts.