

Is This the Kind Return?

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Music: Kentucky Harmony, 1816.

Is this the kind return,  
And these the thanks we owe,  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow?

To what a stubborn frame  
Has sin reduced our mind!  
What strange rebellious wretches we,  
And God as strangely kind!

On us He bids the sun  
Shed his reviving rays;  
For us the skies their circles run,  
To lengthen out our days.

The brutes obey their God,  
And bow their necks to men;  
But we, more base, more brutish things,  
Reject His easy reign.

Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
And mold our souls afresh;  
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh.

Let old ingratitude  
Provoke our weeping eyes,  
And hourly as new mercies fall  
Let hourly thanks arise.