

Lord, What a Feeble Piece
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: 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,
Well keep their end in sight;
Well spend them all in wisdoms way,
And let them speed their flight.

Theyll waft us sooner oer
This lifes tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blessed eternity.