

Through Every Age, Eternal God
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Justin Morgan (1747-1798).

Through every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was Thy throne ere Heavn was made,
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.

Long hadst Thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned to a man;
And long Thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.

But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
Return, ye sinners, to your dust.

A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in Thine account;
Like yesterdays departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our lifes a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

But O how oft Thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with Thee.