

Vain Man, on Foolish Pleasures Bent  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: Kenneth Finlay, 1912.

Vain man, on foolish pleasures bent,  
Prepares for his own punishment;  
What pains, what loathsome maladies,  
From luxury and lust arise!

The drunkard feels his vitals waste,  
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;  
Till all his active powers are lost,  
And fainting life draws near the dust.

The glutton groans, and loathes to eat,  
His soul abhors delicious meat;  
Nature, with heavy loads oppressed,  
Would yield to death to be released.

Then how the frightened sinners fly,  
To God for help with earnest cry!  
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,  
And saves them from approaching death.

No medicines could effect the cure  
So quick, so easy, or so sure;  
The deadly sentence God repeals,  
He sends His sovereign word, and heals.

O may the sons of men record,  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!  
And let their thankful offerings prove  
How they adore their makers love.