

It Is the Lord Our Savior's Hand
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: William Squires, 1895.

It is the Lord our Savior's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death at His command
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must Thy children die so soon?

Yet in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow should assuage:
Our Father and our Savior live;
Christ is the same through every age.

'Twas He this earth's foundations laid;
Heav'n is the building of His hand;
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade
And all be changed at His command.

The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside;
But still Thy throne stands firm on high,
Thy Church for ever must abide.

Before Thy face Thy Church shall live,
And on Thy throne Thy children reign;
This dying world they shall survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.