

Think, Mighty God, on Feeble Man  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: Joseph Barnby, 1872.

Think, mighty God, on feeble man;  
How few his hours! how short his span!  
Short from the cradle to the grave  
Who can secure his vital breath  
Against the bold demands of death,  
With skill to fly, or power to save?

Lord, shall it be for ever said,  
The race of man was only made  
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?  
Are not Thy servants day by day  
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?  
Lord, wheres Thy kindness to the just?

Hast Thou not promised to Thy Son  
And all His seed a heavnly crown?  
But flesh and sense indulge despair:  
For ever blessd be the Lord,  
That faith can read His holy Word,  
And find a resurrection there.

For ever blessd be the Lord,  
Who gives His saints a long reward  
For all their toil, reproach, and pain:  
Let all below and all above  
Join to proclaim Thy wondrous love,  
And each repeat their loud Amen.