

Isaac Watts



1. Lord, what a fee - ble piece Is this our mor - tal frame! Our life, how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce de - serves the name!



2. A - las! 'twas brit - tle clay, That built our bod - y first! And ev - 'ry month and ev - 'ry day 'Tis mould - 'ring back to dust.



3. Our mo - ments fly a - pace, Our fee - ble pow'rs de - cay; Swift as a flood our hast - y days Are sweep - ing us a - way.

