

Isaac Watts, 1719

# Bennington

A minor

(Psalm 144, Part 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Transcribed from *The Sacred Musician*, 1804.

Ebenezer Child, 1804

1. Lord, what is man, poor fee - ble man, Born of the earth \_\_\_\_\_ at  
 2. O what is fee - ble, dy - ing man, Or a - ny of \_\_\_\_\_ his  
 3. That God who darts his light - nings down, Who shakes the world \_\_\_\_\_ a -

first? His life a sha - dow, light and vain, Still  
 race? That God should make it his con - cern To  
 bove, And moun - tains trem - ble at his frown, How

8 first? His life a sha - dow, light and vain, still has - ting to the dust, \_\_\_\_\_ His  
 race? That God should make it his con - cern to vi - sit him with grace? \_\_\_\_\_ That  
 bove, And moun - tains trem - ble at his frown; How won - drous is his love! \_\_\_\_\_ And

1. His life a sha - dow, light and vain, Still has - ting to the  
 2. That God should make it his con - cern To vi - sit him with  
 3. And moun - tains trem - ble at his frown; How won - drous is his

ha - sting to the dust. \_\_\_\_\_ His life a sha - dow, light and vain, Still  
 vi - sit him with his grace? \_\_\_\_\_ That God should make it his con - cern To  
 won - drous is his love! \_\_\_\_\_ And moun - tains trem - ble at his frown; How

8 light and vain, Still has - ting to the dust, \_\_\_\_\_ His life a sha - dow.  
 his con - cern; How won - drous is his with his grace, love! \_\_\_\_\_ That God should make it  
 at his frown; How won - drous is his frown; \_\_\_\_\_ How won - drous is his love! \_\_\_\_\_

dust; Still has - ting to the dust, \_\_\_\_\_ Still has - ting, has - ting, has - ting,  
 grace? To vi - sit him with grace? \_\_\_\_\_ To vi - sit, vi - sit, vi - sit,  
 love! How won - drous is his love! \_\_\_\_\_ How won - drous, won - drous, won - drous,

ha - sting to the dust, His life a sha - dow, light and  
 vi - sit him with grace? That God should make it his con -  
 won - drous is his love! And moun - tains trem - ble at his

light and vain, Still has - ting to the dust. His life a sha - dow,  
 his con - cern To vi - sit him with grace, That God should make it  
 at his frown; How won - drous is his love! And moun - tains trem - ble

8 Still has - ting to the dust, His life a sha - dow, light and  
 To vi - sit him with grace? That God should make it his con -  
 How won - drous is his love! And moun - tains trem - ble at his

has - ting, to the dust  
 vi - sit him with grace?  
 won - drous is his love!

vain, Still ha - sting to the dust.  
 cern To vi - sit him with grace.  
 frown; How won - drous is his love!

light and vain, Still has - ting to the dust.  
 his con - cern To vi - sit him with grace?  
 at his frown; How won - drous is his love!

8 vain, Still has - ting to the dust.  
 cern To vi - sit him with grace?  
 frown; How won - drous is his love!