

D Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Nahum Mitchell, 1793.

1. Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace, And lift our souls on high, That we may Yet sense-less end this mor-tal mor-tals vain-ly

2. How short and hasty is our life! How vast our souls' affairs! That we may Yet sense-less mor-tals vain-ly strive And To see sal-va-tion lav-ish out their

end this mor-tal race, That we may end this mor-tal race And see sal-va-tion nigh.  
 mor-tals vain-ly strive, Yet sense-less mor-tals vain-ly strive To lav-ish out their years!

race And see sal-va-tion nigh;  
 strive To lav-ish out their years!

see sal-va-tion nigh; That we may end this mor-tal race And see sal-va-tion nigh.  
 lav-ish out their years! Yet sense-less mor-tals vain-ly strive To lav-ish out their years!

nigh, And see sal-va-tion nigh;  
 years, To lav-ish out their years!