

E Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Jacob Kimball, 1793.

Not from the dust af - flic - tion grows, Nor trou - bles rise by chance; Yet we are born to cares and

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woes; A sad in - her - i - tance! As sparks fly out from

As sparks fly out from burn - ing coals, And

woes; A sad in - her - i - tance! As sparks fly out from burn - ing coals, And still are up - wards

As sparks fly out from burn - ing coals, And still are up - wards

burning coals, And still are upwards borne, So grief is rooted in our souls, And man grows up to mourn. mourn.

still are up - wards borne, So grief is rooted in our souls, And man grows up to mourn. mourn.

borne, And still are up - wards borne, So grief is rooted in our souls, And man grows up to mourn. mourn.

borne, And still are upwards borne, So grief is rooted in our souls, And man grows up to mourn. mourn.