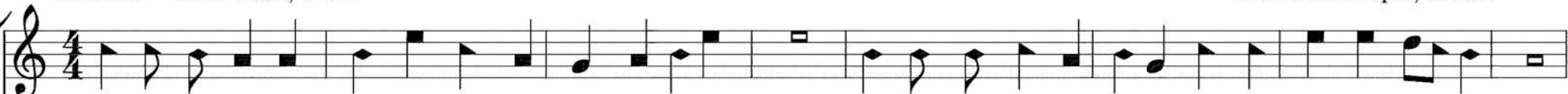
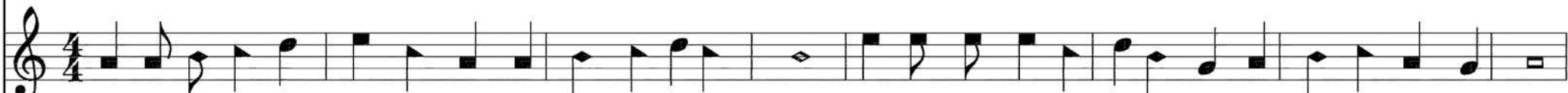
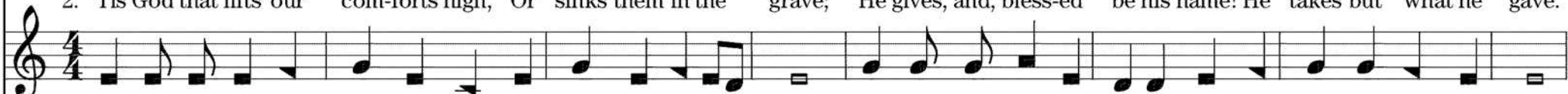


A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

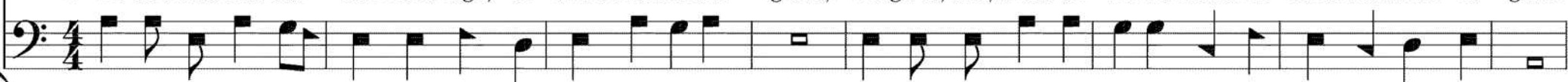
Arr. Amzi Chapin, c.1798.



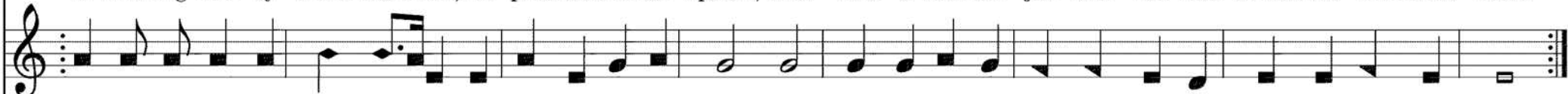
1. Na-ked as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first, We to this earth re - turn a - gain, And min - gle with our dust.
 2. 'Tis God that lifts our com-forts high, Or sinks them in the grave; He gives, and, bless-ed be his name! He takes but what he gave.



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The dear de-lights we here en - joy, And fond-ly call our own, Are but short fa-vors bor-row'd now, To be re - paid a - non.
 If smil-ing mer - cy crown our lives, Its prais-es shall be spread; And we'll a-dore the jus - tice too That strikes our com-forts dead.



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