

# Patmos

Transcribed from Swan's *New England Harmony*, 1801.

5 10 15

Tr.  
1. Think, mighty God, on fee-ble man; How few his hours! how short his span! Short from the cra - dle to the grave; Who  
2. Lord, shall it be for ev - er said, "The race of man \_\_\_ was on - ly made For sickness, sor - row, and the dust?" Are  
3. Hast thou not promised to thy Son And all his seed \_\_\_ a heav'n-ly crown? But flesh and sense in - dulse des-pair: For  
4. For ev-er bles-sed be the Lord, Who gives his saints \_\_\_ a long re - ward For all their toil, \_\_\_ re - proach, and pain: Let

C.  
1. Think, mighty God, on fee-ble man; How few his hours! how short his span! Short from the cra - dle to the grave; Who can secure his vi-tal breath \_\_\_  
2. Lord, shall it be for ev - er said, "The race of man \_\_\_ was on - ly made For sickness, sor - row, and the dust?" Are not thy servants day by day \_\_\_  
3. Hast thou not promised to thy Son And all his seed \_\_\_ a heav'n-ly crown? But flesh and sense in - dulse des-pair: For ev-er bles-sed be the Lord, \_\_\_  
4. For ev-er bles-sed be the Lord, Who gives his saints \_\_\_ a long re - ward For all their toil, \_\_\_ re - proach, and pain: Let all be-low and all a - bove \_\_\_

T.  
1. Think, mighty God, on fee-ble man; How few his hours! how short his span! Short from the cra - dle to the grave; Who can secure his vi-tal breath \_\_\_  
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1. Who can secure his vi-tal  
2. Are not thy servants day by  
3. For ev-er bles-sed be the  
4. Let all be-low and all a -

20 25

Tr.  
1. can secure his vi - tal breath \_\_\_ Against the bold de - mands of death, With skill to fly, \_\_\_ or power to save?  
2. not thy servants day \_\_\_ by day \_\_\_ Sent to their graves, and turned to clay? Lord, where's thy kind - ness to the just?  
3. ever blessed be \_\_\_ the Lord, \_\_\_ That faith can read his ho - ly word, And find a re - sur - rec-tion there.  
4. all below and all \_\_\_ a - bove \_\_\_ Join to proclaim \_\_\_ thy won - drous love, And each re - peat their loud A - men.

C.  
1. can secure his vi - tal breath \_\_\_ Against the bold de - mands of death, With skill to fly, \_\_\_ or power to save?  
2. not thy servants day \_\_\_ by day \_\_\_ Sent to their graves, and turned to clay? Lord, where's thy kind - ness to the just?  
3. ever blessed be \_\_\_ the Lord, \_\_\_ That faith can read his ho - ly word, And find a re - sur - rec-tion there.  
4. all below and all \_\_\_ a - bove \_\_\_ Join to proclaim \_\_\_ thy won - drous love, And each re - peat their loud A - men.

T.  
1. Who can se- cure his vi- tal breath \_\_\_ Against the bold \_\_\_ de - mands of death, With skill \_\_\_ to fly, or power to save?  
2. Are not thy ser - vants day by day \_\_\_ Sent to their graves, \_\_\_ and turned to clay? Lord, where's \_\_\_ thy kind - ness to the just?  
3. For ev - er bles - sed be the Lord, \_\_\_ That faith can read \_\_\_ his ho - ly word, And find \_\_\_ a re - sur - rec- tion there.  
4. Let all be - low and all a - bove \_\_\_ Join to proclaim \_\_\_ thy won - drous love, And each \_\_\_ re - peat their loud A - men.

B.  
1. Who can se- cure his vi- tal breath \_\_\_ Against the bold \_\_\_ de - mands of death, With skill \_\_\_ to fly, or power to save?  
2. Are not thy ser - vants day by day \_\_\_ Sent to their graves, \_\_\_ and turned to clay? Lord, where's \_\_\_ thy kind - ness to the just?  
3. For ev - er bles - sed be the Lord, \_\_\_ That faith can read \_\_\_ his ho - ly word, And find \_\_\_ a re - sur - rec- tion there.  
4. Let all be - low and all a - bove \_\_\_ Join to proclaim \_\_\_ thy won - drous love, And each \_\_\_ re - peat their loud A - men.

1. breath, Who can secure his vital breath  
2. day, Are not thy servants day by day  
3. Lord, For ev-er blessed be the Lord,  
4. -bove, Let all be-low and all a-bove