How Should the Sons of Adam's Race

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
How should the sons of Adam's race Be

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
pure before their God? If

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
he contend in righteousness We

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
fall beneath his rod.

The other verses

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

4 Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy sea
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.