Let Others Boast How Strong They Be

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
Let others boast how strong they be, Nor

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
death, nor danger fear; But

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
we'll confess, O Lord, to thee, What

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
feeble things we are.

The other verses

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay,
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name,
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose;
"Let blood, (said he) flow round the veins,"
And round the veins it flows.

6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs
Or they would breathe no more.

Tune YORK (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.