Remember, Lord, Our Mortal State

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
Re- member, Lord, our mortal state, How

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
frail our life, how short the date! Where

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
is the man that draws his breath Safe

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
from disease, se- cure from death?

The other verses

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
"Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
"Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word;
Awake our souls, and bless the Lord.

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