Shall the Vile Race of Flesh and Blood

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

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| s  -  | d' -  s  -  l  -  l  -  | s  -  f  -  m  -  m  -  |
  Shall    the vile race of              flesh and blood Con-

| f  -  m  -  r  -  s  -  | s  -  fe -  s  -  s  -  |
  tend with their cre-          ator, God? Shall

| d' -  r' -  m' -  d' -  | f' -  m' -  r' -  m' -  |
  mortal worms pre-             sume to be More

| d' -  l  -  s  -  d' -  | d' -  t  -  d' -  |
  holy, wise, or                just than he?
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The other verses

2 Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his
Are neither holy, just nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

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