Thee We Adore, Eternal Name

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Thee we adore, e- ternal Name, And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
humbly own to thee, How

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
feeble is our mortal frame! What

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
dying worms are we!

The other verses

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.