

Think, mighty God, on feeble man

Evinnerlig är mitt hopp till Gud

Svenska koralboken, 1697

$\text{♩} = 100$

B♭ Clarinet

Piano

Think, migh - ty God, on fee - ble man; how few - his hours, how short - his span! Short
Lord, shall it be - for ev - er said, "The race of man was on - ly made for
Hast Thou not pro - mised to - Thy Son and all - His seed a heav'n - ly crown? But
For ev - er bless - ed be - the Lord, who gives His saints a long - re ward for

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from the sick - ness, cra - dle to the grave who can se - cure his vi - tal breath a - gainst the bold de -
flesh and sor - row, and the dust?" Are not Thy ser - vants day by day sent to their graves, and
all - their toil, re - proach, and pain: Let all be low - and all a - bove join to pro - claim Thy

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mands of death, de - mands of death, with skill - to fly, - or pow'r to save?
turned to clay, and turned to clay? Lord, where's Thy kind - ness to - the just?
ho - ly word, His ho - ly word, and find - the re - sur - rec - tion there.
won - drous love, Thy won - drous love, and each re - peat - their loud - A - men.