

1. Did Je - ho - vah but de - sign me For a mo - ment's dream of time? } Is this mu - sing mind a breath,
 To these per - ishing joys con - fine me, Barr'd from you, e - ter - nal clime?

2. Soon this frame will be a plun - der, Crum - bling for the worms be - low, } All of con - scious life be - reft,
 Must I, as it sinks a - sun - der, All to moul - d'ring dark - ness go?

3. Is not life a path al - lowed me, Up to life be - yond the sky? } Hap - py were I made to be,
 Why has God with thought en - dowed me, If the pow'rs of thought must die?

4. No,— re - vil - er, scorn and er - ror Ne'er shall steal my trust a - way; } No, my soul is not a breath,
 Res - cued, raised from mor - tal ter - ror, I shall tri - umph o'er de - cay;

Lost in all vic - to - rious death?— Frail as dust and va - por fly - ing, When these mor - tal pow'rs are dy - ing.

At my ut - most lim - it left, Born to quench each warm sen - sa - tion Deep in drear an - ni - hi - la - tion.

Like the brute from rea - son free; Play - ful midst the sweets be - fore me, Thought - less of the doom that's o'er me.

Not the pas - sive prey of death; From my Ma - ker I en - joy it, Storms of fate can ne'er de - stroy it.