

How Cold That Man, To Faith How Dead

A \flat

Andante

1. How cold that man, to faith how dead, Who, hav - ing
2. Be - low the brute that be - ing ranks, Who fails to
3. Cre - a - tion's Au - thor, teach my mind A prov - i -

na - ture's vol - ume read, Finds not from first to last,
ren - der grate - ful thanks, When he cre - a - tion scans;
dence di - vine and kind In na - ture's plan to see,

Some truth that to his mor - al sense Proves an e -
Where gen - tle blos - soms yield their sweets, And ev - 'ry
Whose won - ders ev - 'ry day re - newed Shall fill my

ter - nal Prov - i - dence, - A pre - sent, fu - ture, past.
war - bl'ng bird re - peats In - stinc - tive notes of praise.
heart with grat - i - tude, O Lord of all, to Thee.