

39B I Constant Care Will Take

vs. 1-13

1. I con - stant care will take, Lest sin - ful words they hear;
 2. I dumb and si - lent stood, No words of mine were heard;
 3. My heart was all on fire, With burn - ing tho'ts sup - pressed;
 4. My end, LORD, make me know, My days, how soon they fail;
 5. To Thy e - ter - nal thought My days are but a span;

My lips their si - lence shall not break While wick - ed men are near.
 I e'en re - frained from speak - ing good, Till sor - row's deeps were stirred.
 My tongue was loosed, my soul's de - sire I then to God ad - dressed.
 And to my thought - ful spir - it show How weak I am and frail.
 To Thee my years ap - pear as nought, A breath at best is man.

6. Man lives in empty show,
 His anxious care is vain,
 He hoards his wealth, and does not know
 Who shall possess his gain.

10. O LORD, regard my fears,
 And answer my request;
 Turn not in silence from my tears,
 But give the mourner rest.

7. What wait I for but Thee?
 My hope is in Thy Name;
 From all my sins deliver me,
 Nor put my soul to shame.

11. I am a stranger here,
 Dependent on Thy grace,
 A pilgrim, as my fathers were,
 With no abiding place.

8. I suffered silently,
 Because Thy will is best;
 Remove Thy heavy stroke from me,
 For I am sore distressed.

12. O spare me and restore
 My failing strength, I pray;
 Ere I go hence and be no more,
 The hand of judgment stay.

9. When sin Thou dost repay
 And chasten and restrain,
 Man's beauty quickly fades away;
 Yea, human life is vain.