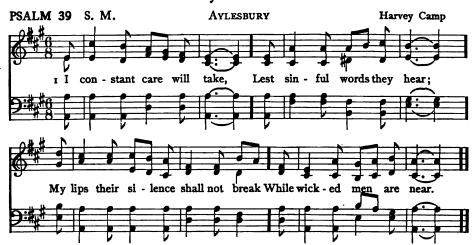
# The Brevity of Human Life

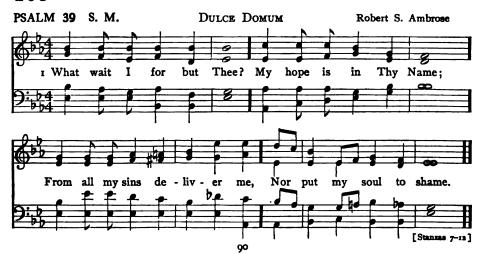


I dumb and silent stood,
 No words of mine were heard;
 I even refrained from speaking good,
 Till sorrow's deeps were stirred.

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- 3 My heart was all on fire, With burning thoughts suppressed; My tongue was loosed, my soul's desire I then to God addressed.
- 4 My end, Lord, make me know, My days, how soon they fail; And to my thoughtful spirit show How weak I am and frail.
- To Thy eternal thought
  My days are but a span;
  To Thee my years appear 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.

## 106 Chastened Submission



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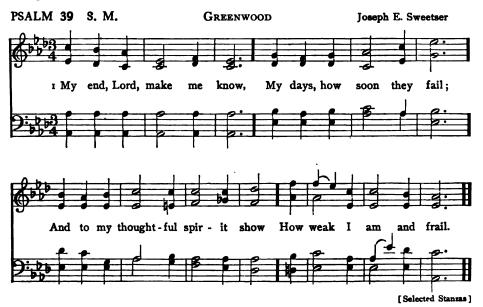
#### Chastened Submission

- 2 I suffered silently, Because Thy will is best; Remove Thy heavy stroke from me, For I am sore distressed.
- 3 When sin Thou dost repay And chasten and restrain, Man's beauty quickly fades away; Yea, human life is vain.
- 4 O Lord, regard my fears,
  And answer my request;
  Turn not in silence from my tears,
  But give the mourner rest.
- 5 I am a stranger here,
   Dependent on Thy grace,
   A pilgrim, as my fathers were,
   With no abiding place.

6 O spare me and restore My failing strength, I pray; E'er I go hence and be no more, The hand of judgment stay.

### 107

### A Mourner's Entreaties



- To Thy eternal thought
  My days are but a span;
  To Thee my years appear as nought,
  A breath at best is man.
- 3 O Lord, regard my fears, And answer my request; Turn not in silence from my tears, But give the mourner rest.
- 4 I am a stranger here,
  Dependent on Thy grace,
  A pilgrim, as my fathers were,
  With no abiding place.