

PSALM 39

1. My end, O Lord, and measure of my days
2. Each man at best is altogether vain.
3. And now, O Lord, what wait I longer for?

make me to know, and thus my frailty see.
Each man doth surely walk in emptiness.
My expectation ever is in Thee!

Lo, Thou hast made my days a hand-breadth long;
They heap up wealth and vex themselves for naught;
De-liv-er me from all my sin-ful-ness;

my life-time is as nothing un-to Thee.
nor know to whom their garnered riches go.
the scum of foolish men O make not me.