

Lord, Make Me to Know

Based on Psalm 39:4-8, 12-13

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Lord, make me to know of my life's end
and the measure of my days;
That I may know how frail I am,
a mere breath You've made my age.

Every man at his best is but a shadow
and surely strives in vain;
For he stores up riches, yet does not know
who will gather them again.

But now, O Lord, whom I long for,
my hope is You alone;
To deliver me from all my sins
as if they were not my own.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my cry,
be not silent as I weep;
For I dwell with You as an alien,
a stranger as my fathers have been,
Look away that my strength may return again,
before I go and sleep.