

My End, Lord, Make Me Know

The Psalter, 1912.

Joseph Sweetser, 1849.

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 naught,
A breath at best is man.

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

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