

Lord, Let Me Know Mine End  
by Charles Wesley

1 LORD, let me know mine end,  
My days, how brief their date,  
That I may timely comprehend  
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span,  
Mine age as nought with thee;  
Man, in his highest honour, man  
Is dust and vanity.

3 A shadow even in health,  
Disquieted with pride,  
Or racked with care, he heaps up wealth  
Which unknown heirs divide.

4 What seek I now, O Lord?  
My hope is in thy Name;  
Blot out my sins from thy record,  
Nor give me up to shame.

5 Dumb at thy feet I lie,  
For thou hast brought me low;  
Remove thy judgments, lest I die,  
I faint beneath thy blow.

6 At thy rebuke the bloom  
Of man's vain beauty flies;  
And grief shall, like a moth, consume  
All that delights our eyes.

7 Have pity on my fears,  
Hearken to my request,  
Turn not in silence from my tears,  
But give the mourner rest.

8 A stranger, Lord, with thee  
I walk in pilgrimage,  
Where all my fathers once, like me,  
Sojourned from age to age.

9 O spare me yet, I pray;  
Awhile my strength restore,  
Ere I am summoned hence away,  
And seen on earth no more.