

With Firm Resolve I Held My Peace  
From Psalm 39.  
John Gould, 1849.

With firm resolve I held my peace  
And spake not either bad or good,  
Lest I should utter sinful thoughts  
While wicked men before me stood.

While I was dumb my grief was stirred,  
My heart grew hot with thought suppressed;  
The while I mused the fire increased,  
Then to the Lord I made request.

Make me, O Lord, to know my end,  
Teach me the measure of my days,  
That I may know how frail I am  
And turn from pride and sinful ways.

My time is nothing in Thy sight,  
Behold, my days are but a span;  
Yea, truly, at his best estate,  
A breath, a fleeting breath, is man.

Man's life is passed in vain desire  
If troubled years be spent for gain;  
He knows not whose his wealth shall be,  
And all his toil is but in vain.

And now, O Lord, what wait I for?  
I have no hope except in Thee;  
Let not ungodly men reproach,  
From all transgressions set me free.

Because Thou didst it I was dumb,  
I spoke no word of rash complaint;  
Remove Thy stroke away from me,  
Beneath Thy chastisement I faint.

When Thou for his iniquity  
Rebuked and correctest man,  
His beauty is consumed away;  
How weak his strength, how vain his plan.

Lord, hear my prayer, regard my cry;  
I weep; be Thou my Comforter.  
I am a stranger here below,  
A pilgrim as my fathers were.

O spare me, Lord, avert Thy wrath,  
Deal gently with me, I implore,  
That I may yet recover strength