

MY end, Lord, make me know,
My days how soon they fail;
And to my thoughtful spirit show
How weak I am and frail.

2 To Thine eternal thought
My days are but a span,
To Thee my years appear as nought;
A breath—at best—is man.

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

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

5 O spare me and forgive,
Ere this short life is past,
That I may serve Thee here, and live
With Thee in Heaven at last.