

# Behold O Lord My Days

## Psalm 39

1. Behold, O Lord, my days are made  
A handbreadth as their span.  
Before the noon, my flow'r must fade,  
The end of ev'ry man.
2. So teach me Lord, to know my end  
And know that I am frail.  
To heav'n let all my thoughts ascend  
And let not earth prevail.
3. What love of earth can keep me here?  
I hope in You alone.  
When will You open glory's gates  
And call me to Your throne?
4. A stranger in this land am I,  
A pilgrim far from rest.  
O be not silent to my cry,  
My yearning soul's request.
5. Though I'm exiled from glory's land,  
I dwell with glory's King.  
My God is ever near at hand;  
He wakes my voice to sing.

Words by Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866 alt.