

# Behold, O Lord, My Days

## Psalm 39



1. Be - hold, O Lord, my days are made a hand - breadth as their span.  
2. So teach me Lord, to know my end, and know that I am frail.  
3. What love of earth can keep me here? I hope in You a - lone.  
4. A strang - er in this land am I, a pil - grim far from rest.  
5. Though I'm ex - iled from glor - y's land, I dwell with glor - y's King.



Be - fore the noon, my flower must fade, the end of ev' - ry man.  
To heav'n let all my thoughts as - cend, and let not earth pre - vail.  
When will You op - en glor - y's gate and call me to Your throne?  
O be not si - lent to - my - cry, my year - ing soul's re - quest.  
My God is ev - er near at hand; He wakes my voice to sing.

WORDS: Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866 alt.

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MUSIC: William Croft, 1678-1727

C.M.

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