

# THE BURIAL SERVICE

PSALM 39

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FLINTOFT, ARRANGED BY DR. CROTCH

1. Lord, make me to know mine end, and the *measure* of my days, that I may known how frail I am.

3. For man walketh in a vain shadow, and *disquieteth* him - self in vain; [he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell] who shall geth - er them.

5. I was dumb, I *opened* not my mouth; *be -* cause it was Thy doing.

7. For I am a *stranger* with Thee, and a sojourner, *as* all my fa - thers were.

2. Behold, Thou hast made my *days* as it were a span long, [and mine age is even as *nothing*] in re - spect of Thee;

4. And now, *Lord*, what is my hope? *Truly* my hope is even in Thee.

6. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give *ear* unto my cry; hold *not* Thy peace \_\_\_\_\_ at my tears.

8. O spare me a little, that I *may* re - cover my strength before I *go* heance, and be no more seen.