

Thomaston

Our days are as the grass
Or like the morning flower
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field
It withers in an hour

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

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Or like the morning flower;
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It withers in an hour.