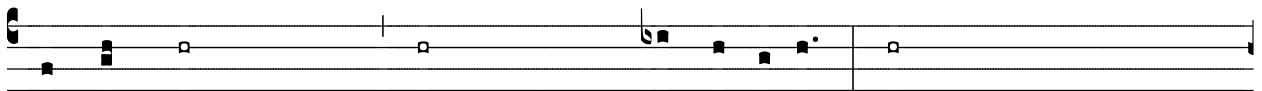
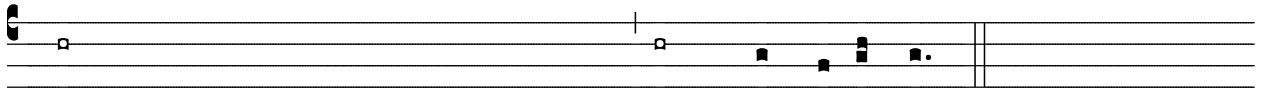




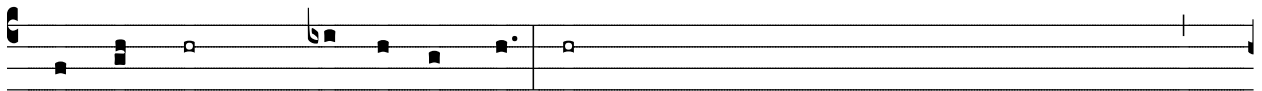
If to-day you hear his voice, hard-en not your hearts.



You turn man back to dust, saying "Return, O *chil*-dren of men." For a thousand years in



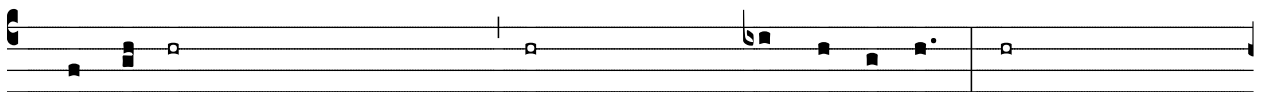
your sight are as yesterday, now that it is past, or as a *watch* of the night.  $\text{R}^{\text{X}}$



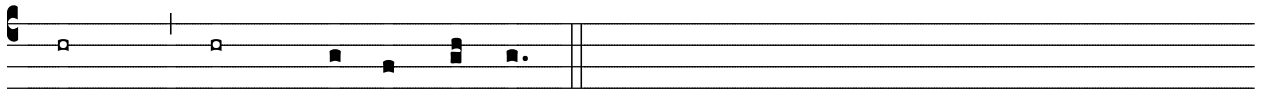
You make an end of *them* in their sleep; the next morning thy are like the changing grass,



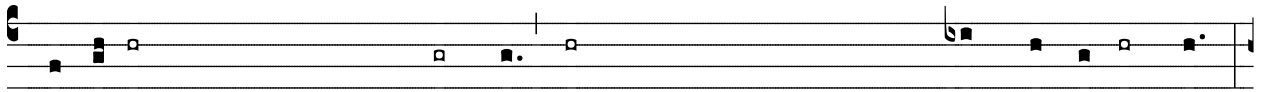
which at dawn springs up anew, but by *eve*-ning wilts and fades.  $\text{R}^{\text{X}}$



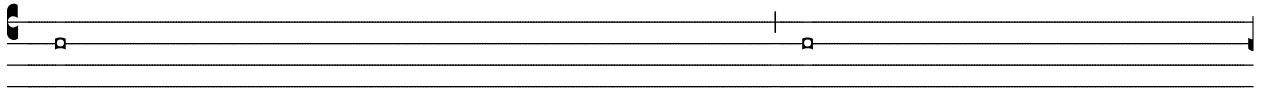
Teach us to number our days aright, that we may gain *wis*-dom of heart. Return, O LORD!



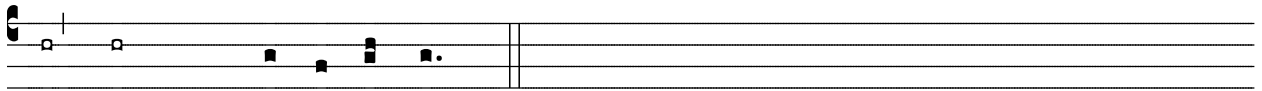
How long? Have pity *on* your ser-vants.  $\text{R}^{\text{X}}$



Fill us at daybreak with your *kind-ness*, that we may shout for joy and *glad-ness* all our days.



And may the gracious care of the LORD our God be ours; prosper the work of our hands for



us. Prosper the *work* of our hands.   ℞