

Thou turnest man to destruction : again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday : seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even as a sleep : and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth up : but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

For we consume away in thy displeasure : and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.

Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For when thou art angry all our days are gone : we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten ; and though men be so strong, that they come to fourscore years : yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow ; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

But who regardeth the power of thy wrath : for even thereafter as a man feareth, so is thy displeasure.

O teach us to number our days : that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Turn thee again, O Lord, at the last : and be gracious un'to thy servants.