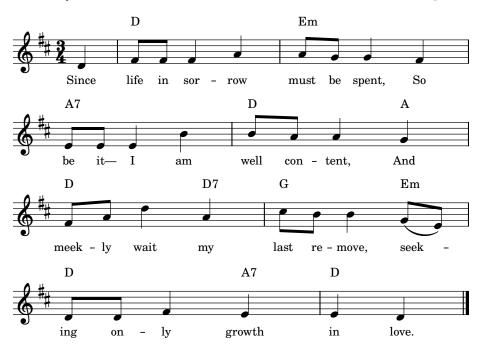
Since Life In Sorrow Must Be Spent

GREENWELL (Kirkpatrick) 8.8.8.7.

Jeanne Guyon

William James Kirkpatrick



- 2. No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
 In life, in death, thy lovely will;
 No succours in my woes I want,
 Save what thou art pleased to grant.
- 3. Our days are numbered, let us spare Our anxious hearts a needless care: "Tis thine to number out our days; Ours to give them to thy praise.
- 4. Love is our only business here, Love, simple, constant, and sincere; O blessed days, thy servants see, Spent, O Lord! in pleasing thee!

For the assignment in which we chose one of Madame Guyon's poems and paired it with a tune, I was drawn to this particular poem about peace throughout times of sorrow. The trusting attitude of the author is one that seems far away from my anxious heart, yet I know the One of whom she writes; it is the same Lord who is numbering our days, who is making His lovely will known, who is the source of love. I wanted to match the poem with a lilting, cheerful tune—something simple that matches the poem's tone of gentle acceptance. Although I may not be at this point, this song is one that can be sung as a prayer to the Lord, as a desire of those who are still growing in love.

—Jane Syh