

## BOYLSTON. S.M.

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1. The pit - y of the Lord, To those that fear His name, Is such as ten - der par - ents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.  
 2. He knows we are but dust, Scat - tered with ev - 'ry breath; His an - ger like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.

3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flow'r; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.  
 4. But Thy com - pas - sions, Lord, To end - less years en - dure; And chil - dren's chil - dren ev - er find, Thy words of prom - ise sure.