

(Topics and Lead-in Below)

Life Is Brief and Full of Trouble

TUNE: Scarborough Fair (adapted)

Job 14:1-17

♩ = 96

Dm Dm Gm⁶ A⁷ Dm

1. Life is brief and full of trou - ble.
2. Like a flow - er, all is bloom - ing.
3. Chained by need and bound in weak - ness,
4. Go to God, my Love, my Fa - ther,

Dm E C B^b E C G G^{sus} G Dm B^b Gm⁶ E F

God is good and full of love. Life is grief and
Like a leaf, now dead and dry; Rich and green and
Yet my ev - 'ry fear He knows. Soon He'll call, and
Turned from all but Him a - lone, Freed to love and

F Gm E A C C E Dm Dm Gm Gm⁷ C C E Dm

pain and shad - ow. Life is light and leads a - bove.
full of prom - ise, Then cut down, not know - ing why.
I will an - swer. Death will come, and I will go,
live and wor - ship, Cleansed, re - newed, and all His own.

WORDS: Ken Bible
MUSIC: Ken Bible and Traditional

SCARBOROUGH FAITH
8.7.8.7.

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TOPICS: Assurance & Comfort; Eternal Life; Faith; Funerals & Memorial Services;
National Crisis

LEAD-IN: *Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He springs up like a flower and withers away; like a fleeting shadow he does not endure.*
(Job 14:1-2, NIV)

OR:

If a man dies, will he live again? All the days of my hard service I will wait for my renewal to come. You will call and I will answer you; you will long for the creature your hands have made. (Job 14:14-15, NIV)

LEAD-IN DEVOTIONAL READING:

My Life Is Pain

My life is pain, Lord.
I try to keep quiet about it
to keep from spreading my bitterness all around.
I don't want to dishonor You, Lord.
But it boils in my mind,
and finally steam bursts out:

O Lord, help me to understand
how very brief life is—
for me, for all of us.
My life is a breath.
I live a few inches of time before You,
Almighty Creator.
We spend our entire lives here in vanity.
Like phantoms we hurry around
but do nothing.
We heap up wealth, respect, and goods,
only to leave them behind.
All is emptiness, O Lord—
vanity and emptiness.

What can I look to for meaning, my God?
I look to You.
I hope in You alone.
I accept my pain as from You, my Lord.
You use our troubles
to correct us,
to enlighten us.
You turn all our efforts to nothing

so that we might turn to You.

I turn to You, Lord.

I am helpless.

I am in pain.

Everything else is emptiness.

I hope in You alone.

Based on Psalm 39

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