

# The Days Of Our Age

[Chris De Burgh](#)

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;  
And as for me, my feet are almost gone,

My treadings are well nigh slipped,  
But let not the waterflood drown me,  
Neither let the deep swallow me up;  
So going through the Vale of Misery,  
I shall use it for a well,  
Till the pools are filled with water;  
For thou hast made the North and the South,  
Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.

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