

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 labor 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.

Songwriters

CHRIS DE BURGH Published by

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