

Beneath the Sun

"Futility of futilities! Everything is futile!" (Eccl. 1.2b BSB)



1. Be-neath the sun my soul is sigh-ing: how brief a va - por is my life!
- *2. I told my-self, "Per-haps some pleas-ure will fill the void with-in my soul.
3. There is a sea - son un - der heav - en, a task and time for eve - ry - thing.
4. The wise em-brace the house of mourn-ing, for days are not like wealth to spend.
5. Our joy is tem-per-ed by frus - tra - tion a - mid the earth's fu - til - i - ty,



My gain is gone, my days are dy - ing. I chase the wind and stir up strife.
Per-haps hard work or gain-ing trea-sure will make me wise and not a fool."
I can - not grasp the span I'm giv - en, or know what fu - ture days will bring.
But fools re - ject the fate-ful warn-ing: the grave will greet us in the end.
but God will soon re - new cre - a - tion, His plan from all e - ter - ni - ty.



Why is my life, O God, not fruit-ful? Will noth - ing last that I have done?
But my de-light turned in - to sor-row, trans-formed be-fore my ver - y eyes.
Time is not mine to store or squan-der: life is God's gift to eve - ry - one.
What words of woe a - wait the wick-ed? Will they es - cape the judg-ment throne?
So the con - clu - sion of the mat - ter: fear God and do as He com-mands.



Life is un - fair, for all is fu - tile. There's noth-ing new be-neath the sun.
What charms to-day dis-solves to - mor-row. Earth nev - er ful - ly sat - is - fies.
Go, eat and drink in joy, yet pon-der the work of wis - dom He has done.
The Shep-herd will con-demn the crook-ed: ex - pos - ing all, ex - cus - ing none.
We will re - mem - ber You, Cre - a - tor! Our souls and works are in Your hands.



*stanzas 2 and 4 are optional

Words: Dustin Battles © 2022 Dustin Battles. All rights reserved.

Music: Traditional American folk melody

WAYFARING STRANGER

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