1 Though all our life is like a scroll Un - rolled with blem - ished
2 Though pomp - ous - ly we try to dress In cos - tumes of our
3 Though earth’s deep wa - ters foam and roar As surg - ing waves are
4 Though crit - ics cut out Scrip - ture’s claims And treat them with de -
5 Now sing a high dox - olo - gy To God who gives sal -

pa - pages; Though sin has shred - ded what was whole And death is
mak - ing; Though fig leaves of self - righ - teous - ness Are fu - tile
roll - ing; Though all the na - tions rage with war While bells of
ri - sion; Though they con - duct their hos - tile aims With scal - pels
va - tion. Both here and in e - ter - ni - ty Let this be

now our wa - ges; Yet here we stand in con - fi - dence, With
and heart - break - ing; Yet filth - y rags Christ glad - ly wore So
doom are toll - ing; Yet God gives peace - ful for - ti - tude, He
of sus - pi - cion; Yet how the liv - ing, two-edged sword Pro -
our vo - ca - tion. To Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it raise A

Je - sus as our sole de - fence, For He a - lone still saves us.
we would per - ish nev - er - more. His grace a - lone still clothes
nur - tures us with Heav - en’s food. True faith a - lone still an - chors.
claims the dead and ris - en Lord! God’s Word a - lone: still truth - ful.
sym - pho - ny of grate - ful praise, For He a - lone is wor - thy.

Text: Wilfred L. Karsten
Music: Jeffrey N. Blersch
SOLA
Rom. 6:23; Gen. 3:7; Is. 64:6; 61:10; Ps. 46; Heb. 4:12

Text and music: © 2016 Concordia Publishing House
Though All Our Life Is like a Scroll

1 Though all our life is like a scroll Un - 
2 Though pomp-ously we try to dress In -
3 Though earth’s deep waters foam and roar As -
4 Though critics cut out Scripture’s claims And -
5 Now sing a high doxology To -

Rolled with blemished pages; Though
Costumes of our making; Though
Surging waves are rolling; Though
Treat them with derision; Though
God who gives salvation. Both

Sin has shredded what was whole And
Fig leaves of self-righteousness Are
All the nations rage with war While
They conduct their hostile aims With
Here and in eternity Let

Death is now our wages; Yet
Futility and heart-breaking; Yet
Bells of doom are tolling; Yet
Scales of suspicion; Yet
This be our voca -

Text: Wilfred L. Karsten
Tune: Jeffrey N. Blersch

Rom. 6:23; Gen. 3:7;
Hab. 2:4

Text and tune: © 2016 Concordia Publishing House

SOLA
87 87 887
here we stand in confidence, With
filthy rags Christ gladly wore So
God gives peaceful fortiitude, He
how the living, two-edged sword Pro-
Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it raise A

Jesus as our sole defense, For
we would perish never more. His
nurtures us with Heav - en's food. True
claims the dead and risen Lord! God's
symphony of grateful praise, For

He alone still saves us.
grace alone still clothes us.
faith alone still an - chors.
Word alone: still truth ful.
He alone is wor - thy.

Though All Our Life Is like a Scroll—page 2