

Though All Our Life Is like a Scroll

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 -
 Δ5 Now sing a high dox - ol - o - gy To God who gives sal -

pa - ges; 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 - fense, For He a - lone still saves us.
 we would per - ish nev - er - more. His grace a - lone still clothes us.
 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
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