

Teach Me the Measure of My Days

From Psalm 39:4-7

1. Teach me the mea - sure of my days, Thou Mak - er of my frame;
 2. A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time;
 3. See the vain race of mor - tals move Like sha - dows o'er the plain;
 4. Some walk in hon - or's gau - dy show, Some dig for gold - en ore;
 5. What should I wish or wait for, then, From creatures, earth and dust?
 6. Now I for - bid my car - nal hope, My fond de - sires re - call!

I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.
 Man is but van - i - ty and dust In all his flow'r and prime.
They rage and strive, de - sire and love, But all their noise is vain.
They toil for heirs they know not who, And straight are seen no more.
 They make our ex - pec - ta - tions vain, And dis - ap - point our trust.
 I give my mor - tal in - terest up And make my God my all.

Music: *Southern Harmony*, 1854

Text: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

SUFFIELD

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