

PSALM

39 I said, "Now let me watch my ways"

Em B⁷ (Em B⁷ Em B⁷) Em B⁷ Em

1 I said, "Now let me watch my ways and keep my tongue from sin.
 2 Be - cause of this my heart grew hot; the fire burned strong in - deed
 3 "O LORD, how short you make my days be - fore I sink in death.
 4 "But now, what do I look for, Lord? My hope is set on you.

B⁷ (Em) D (G) Am⁷ G (Am) Em D G

I'll put a muz - zle on my mouth when I'm with wick - ed men."
 the more I mused up - on it all. Then I be - gan to plead:
 My years are noth - ing in your sight; man's life is but a breath.
 From my trans - gres - sions res - cue me lest fools in scorn pur - sue.

(Bm⁷) Em⁷ (Am) D⁷ (G C D⁷) G (Em) Am (E⁷ Am) B⁷

When I was si - lent and kept still and firm - ly held my peace,
 "LORD, show me that my life will end - how man - y days I'll see -
 Like shad - ows peo - ple go a - bout; they bus - tle to and fro.
 I held my peace and would not speak, for you did this, I know.

C Bm (Em⁷) Am (D⁷) G (Am) Em (Am Em) B⁷ Em

not speak - ing e - ven what was good, this made my pain in - crease.
 and cause me, LORD, to un - der - stand how brief my life will be.
 They heap up wealth but do not know to whom their wealth will go.
 Re - move your scourge from me; your hand has struck and laid me low.

Text: *Sing Psalms*, © Psalmody Committee, Free Church of Scotland, 2003

Tune: Donald M. MacDonald, b. 1944; harm. Andrew Gordon, b. 1969;

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INNOCENCE

I said, "Now let me watch my ways"

5 "For you rebuke and punish men
for their iniquity.
You, like a moth, consume their wealth;
each man is vanity.
O LORD, please listen to my prayer
and hear my cry for aid;
do not be deaf to the appeal
which I with tears have made.

6 "For as your guest I stay a while.
I'm like my fathers all –
a stranger and a pilgrim here.
Have mercy when I call.
O turn away your eyes from me.
Let me rejoice again
before I finally depart
and here no more remain."

39b Teach me the measure of my days

1 Teach me the mea- sure of my days, thou Ma - ker of my frame;
2 A span is all that we can boast; how short, how fleet our time!
3 See the vain race of mor- tals move like shad - ows on the plain:
4 Some walk in hon - our's gaud - y show, some dig for gold - en ore:

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 flower 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.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
from creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
and disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
my fond desires recall;
my mortal interest I give up,
and make my God my all.