

Teach Me the Measure of My Days

Isaac Watts, Psalm 39

G Bm Am D G Bm Am D

Teach me the mea - sure of my days, Thou Mak - er of my frame;
 See the vain race of mor - tals move Like shad - ows o'er the plain,
 What should I wish or wait for then From crea - tures, earth and dust?
 Dis - eas - es are Thy ser - vants, Lord, They come at Thy com - mand;
 But if my life be spared a - while, Be - fore my last re - move,

C Bm Am G C Am D Em

I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am. A
 They rage and strive, de - sire and love, But all the noise is vain. Some
 They make our ex - pec - ta - tions vain, And dis - ap - point our trust. God
 I'll not at - tempt a mur - muring word, A - gainst Thy chas - tening hand. Yet
 Thy praise shall be my busi - ness still, And I'll de - clare Thy love. Teach

Am Bm G Em Am G D

span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time; Man
 walk in hon - our's gaud - y show, Some dig for gold - en ore, They
 of my life, look gent - ly down, Be - hold the pains I feel; But
 I may plead with hum - ble cries, Re - move Thy sharp re - bukes; My
 me the mea - sure of my days, Thou Mak - er of my frame; I

G **Em** **C** **Am** **Bm** **D** **D7** **G**

is but van - i - ty and dust, In all his flower and prime.
 toil for heirs they know not who, And straight are seen no more.
 I am dumb be - fore Thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute Thy will.
 strength con - sumes, my spi - rit dies Through Thy re - peat - ed strokes.
 would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.