

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

The image shows a musical score for guitar and voice. The guitar part is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The chords are G, Em, C, Am, Bm, D, D7, and G. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the guitar staff.

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 knownot 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.