

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

Em (B7) Em Am Em Am C (Bsus B7)  
B7

1 Teach me the mea- sure of my days, thou Mak - er 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:

Em (B7) Em (G D7) D7 G Em Am B7 Em

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.