

39b Teach me the measure of my days

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:

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.