

## 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.