Teach Me the Measure of My Days

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
Teach me the measure of my days, Thou

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
maker of my frame; I

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
would survey life's narrow space, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
learn' how frail I am.

The other verses

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
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;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.