

Psalm 39

vers. William Helder, 1980

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Hypocaeolian

Genevan Psalter, 1551
harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. I said that I would close-ly guard my ways And keep from sin-ning with my tongue,
2. Then did my heart grow hot with fi - ery blaze. I cried, "LORD, make me know my end:
3. **Sure - ly a man is no - thing but a breath; He as a shad - ow goes his way.**
4. **"What is it that I now shall wait for, LORD? In Thee I've put my hope and trust.**
5. "Re - move from me the chas - tise - ment I fear, Lest I should per - ish through Thy wrath.
6. "Hear Thou my cry, give ear to my re - quest; O LORD, do not my tears ig - nore.

That on my mouth a muz - zle I would place While e - vil do - ers round me throng.
O LORD, re - veal the mea - sure of my days. Thou as mere hand - breadths didst ex - tend
Sure - ly in vain he strug - gles till his death: He piles up rich - es while he may,
From all my sins de - liv - er - ance af - ford, And let me not by scorn be crushed.
At Thy re - bukes, that which a man holds dear Will fade and shri - vel like a moth.
For I with Thee am but a pass - ing guest, As all my fa - thers were be - fore.

When, dumb and si - lent, I then held my peace, My grief and woe did but in - crease.
My span of fleet - ing days, so frail and light. It is as no - thing in Thy sight."
Not know - ing who will la - ter ga - ther them. His striv - ing will not pro - fit him."
I'm dumb, and o - pen not my mouth: I see It is Thy hand that chas - tens me."
For man is mere - ly breath and van - i - ty; Yea, like a puff of wind is he."
O turn a - way from me Thy watch - ful eye, And give me joy be - fore I die."