

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." -- Ps. 90:12.

F# Minor Frances Maria Cowper, 1792.

S. M. Brown, 1869.

1. My span of life will soon be gone, The pass-ing mo - ments say;
 As length-'ning shad-ows o'er the mead Pro - claim the close of day. Oh, that my heart might dwell a - loof

2. Ere first I drew this vi - tal breath, From na - ture's pris - on free,
 Cross - es in num - ber, meas - ure, weight, Were writ - ten, Lord, for me. But Thou my Shep-herd, Friend, and Guide,

3. So com - fort - ed and so sus - tained With dark e - vents I strove,
 And found them right - ly un - der - stood, All mes - sen - gers of love; With si - lent and sub - mis - sive awe,

From all cre - at - ed things, And learn that wis - dom from a - bove Whence true con - tent - ment springs.

Hast kind - ly led me on, Taught me to rest my faint - ing head On Christ, the Cor - ner - stone.

A - dored a chas - t'ning God, Re - vered the ter - rors of His law, And hum - bly kissed the rod.