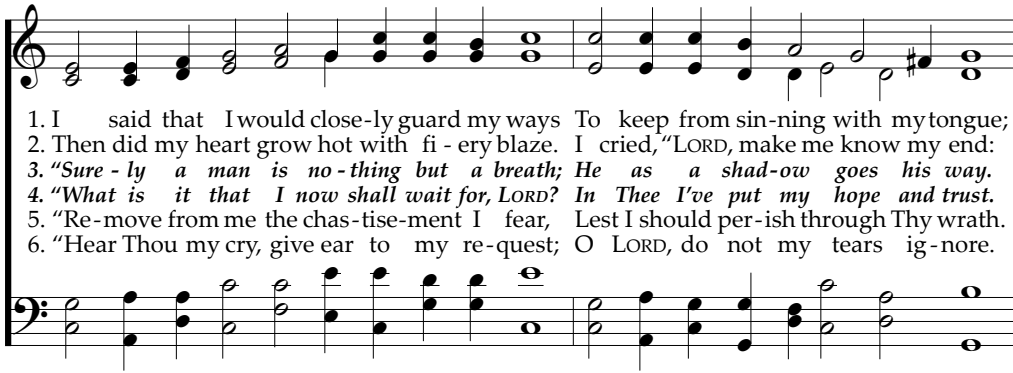
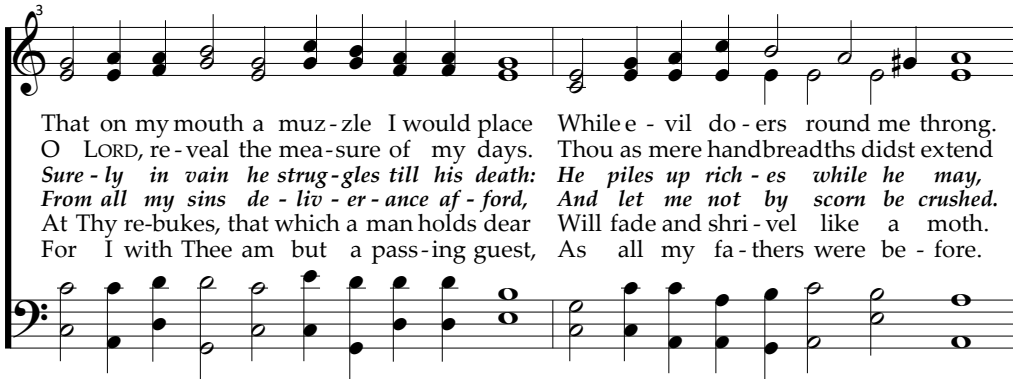


# I Said That I Would Closely Guard My Ways

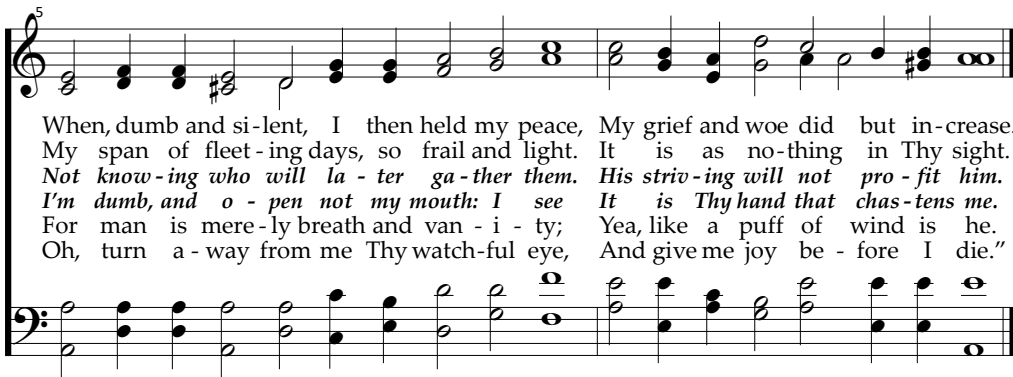
Based on Psalm 39



1. I said that I would close-ly guard my ways To 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 handbreadths didst extend  
*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.  
Oh, turn a - way from me Thy watch - ful eye, And give me joy be - fore I die."

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564  
Text: William Helder, 1980 ©

J'AY DIT EM MOY [GENEVAN 39]  
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