

# Scale

Catherine Faber

♩ = 150

freely: G D C G

I hope when I die that my worth will be clear. That  
Four point five bil - lion the earth's years un - fold. The  
A drop in the o - cean; who cares if it thrives? And  
The earth will not love me and time will not spare. The  
life will be dif - ferent be - cause I was here. I  
sky that sur - rounds us is three times as old. So it's  
yet in that drop may swim thou - sands of lives. To  
sky won't re - spect me, but what do I care? One  
hope that some mea - sure of know - ledge and grace. I  
ea - sy to see and the an - swer is flat: — That  
mea - sure your val - ue the scale will be true — The  
scale is the mea - sure of me - rit and true strife. The  
brought will out - live me, my track and my trace.  
No one is go - ing to mat - ter to that.  
mea - sures the be - ings who mat - ter to you.  
scale of the peo - ple I hold in my life.  
chorus: But I don't want In - fin - i - ty no - ti - cing me. E -  
ter - ni - ty crow - ding my shou - lder to — see. It  
mat - ters e - nough if I tri - umph or fail, While  
liv - ing my life on a — hum - bl - er scale.

5  
9  
13  
17  
22  
26  
30

G D C D  
Em C Em F  
C G D C  
G D Em D  
G D C G  
C G D C (G at end)