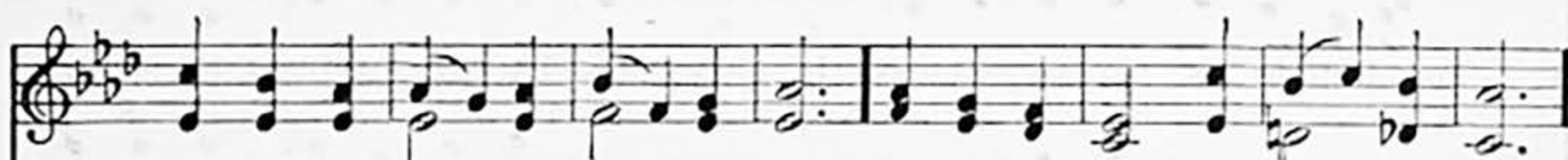




1 Lord, Thou hast been our dwell-ing-place Through all the a - ges of our race;



Be-fore the moun-tains had their birth, Or ev-er Thou hadst formed the earth,



From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To ev - er - last - ing our a - bode.

2 At Thy command man fades and dies
And newborn generations rise;
A thousand years are passed away,
And all to Thee are but a day;
Yea, like the watches of the night,
With Thee the ages wing their flight.

3 Man soon yields up his fleeting breath
Before the swelling tide of death;
Like transient sleep his seasons pass,
His life is like the tender grass,
Luxuriant 'neath the morning sun,
And withered e'er the day is done.

4 Man in Thy anger is consumed,
And unto grief and sorrow doomed;
Before Thy clear and searching sight
Our secret sins are brought to light;
Beneath Thy wrath we pine and die,
Our life expiring like a sigh.

5 For threescore years and ten we wait,
Or fourscore years if strength be
great;
But grief and toil attend life's day,
And soon our spirits fly away;
O who with true and reverent
thought
Can fear Thy anger as he ought?