

# Through Every Age, Eternal God

From Psalm 90:1-4

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The first system includes a 'melody' label for the piano part. The second system includes a '3' time signature change. The third system includes a '2' time signature change. The fourth system includes a '13' measure marker.

1. <sup>1</sup>Through ev - 'ry age, e - ter - nal God,  
2. Long hadst Thou reigned ere time be - gan,  
3. <sup>3</sup>But man, weak man, is born to die,  
4. <sup>4</sup>A thou - sand of our years a - mount

melody

Thou art our rest, our safe a - bode;  
Or dust was of fash - ioned in - to man;  
Made up of guilt and van - i - ty;  
Scarce to a day in Thine ac - count;

<sup>2</sup>High was Thy throne ere heav'n was made,  
And long Thy king - dom shall en - dure  
Thy dread - ful sen - tence, LORD, was just,  
Like yes - ter - day's de - part - ed light,

<sup>13</sup>Or earth Thy hum - ble foot - stool laid.  
When earth and time shall be no more.  
"Re - turn, ye sin - ners, to your dust."  
Or the last watch of end - ing night.

Music: Justin Morgan, 1790  
Text: Isaac Watts, 1719

AMANDA  
8 8. 8 8.

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Cont'd, Psalm 90:5-12

5. <sup>5</sup> Death, like an o - ver - flow - ing stream,  
 6. <sup>10</sup> Our age to seven - ty years is set;  
 7. <sup>11</sup> But oh, how oft Thy wrath ap - pears,  
 8. <sup>12</sup> Teach us, O LORD, how frail is man;

Sweeps us a - way; our life's a dream,  
 How short the time! how frail the state!  
 And cuts off our ex - pect - ed years!  
 And kind - ly length - en out our span,

<sup>6</sup> An emp - ty tale, a morn - ing flow'r,  
 And if to eight - y we ar - rive,  
 Thy wrath a - wakes our hum - ble dread;  
 Till a wise care of pi - e - ty

Cut down and with - ered in an hour.  
 We ra - ther sigh and that groan than live.  
 We fear the pow'r die, and that strikes us dead.  
 Fit us to dwell with Thee.