

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Psalm 90:1

SCHUBERT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1860

Arr. from Franz Schubert by W. W. Gilchrist, 1895

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,
 2. Our years are like the shad - ows On sun - ny hills that lie,
 3. O thou who canst not slum - ber, Whose light grows nev - er pale,
 4. Lord, crown our faith's en - deav - or With beau - ty and with grace,

What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing place se - rene:
 Or grass - es in the mead - ows That blos - som but to die;
 Teach us a - right to num - ber Our years be - fore they fail;
 Till, clothed in light for ev - er, We see thee face to face:

Be - fore thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
 A sleep, a dream, a sto - ry By stran - gers quick - ly told,
 On us thy mer - cy light - en, On us thy good - ness rest,
 A joy no lan - guage meas - ures; A foun - tain brim - ming o'er;

To end - less gen - er - a - tions The Ev - er - last - ing Thou!
 An un - re - main - ing glo - ry Of things that soon are old.
 And let thy Spir - it bright - en The hearts thy - self hast blessed.
 An end - less flow of pleas - ures; An o - cean with - out shore. A - MEN.