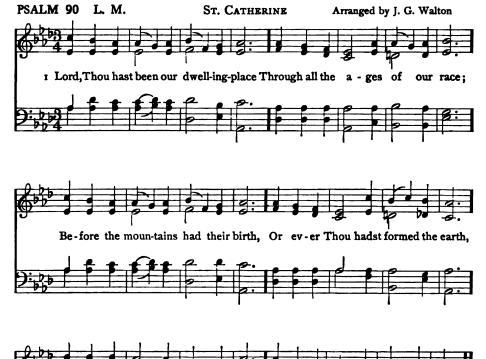
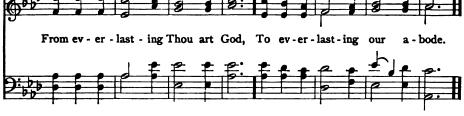
245 The Lord Our Dwelling-Place





- 2 At Thy command man fades and dies 4 Man in Thy anger is consumed, 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.
- 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?