

PSALM 90 L. M.

ST. CATHERINE

Arranged by J. G. Walton

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?