

PSALM 90 8s and 7s

ARMSTRONG

Arranged from Brinley Richards

1 Lord, through all the gen - er - a - tions Of the chil - dren of our race,

In our fears and trib - u - la - tions, Thou hast been our dwell - ing place.
D.S. Or the mountains held their sta - tion, Thou art God e - ter - nal - ly.

D.S.
 E'er the vast and wide cre - a - tion By Thy word was caused to be...

2 Each succeeding generation
 At Thy mighty word appears;
 Thou dost count in time's duration
 One day as a thousand years.
 Death, with swift and sudden warning,
 Calls us from life's dream away,
 Like the grass, green in the morning,
 Withered e'er the close of day.

3 In Thy wrath our spirits languish,
 Sinful 'neath Thy searching eye;
 All our days are passed in anguish,
 In Thy wrath we pine and die.
 Threescore years and ten we tarry,
 Fourscore years the strong may
 stay,
 Long the load of grief to carry,
 Till at last we fly away.

4 Who can weigh Thy just displeasure,
 Who can fear Thee as he ought?
 Teach us now our days to measure
 And to wisdom turn our thought.
 Lord, return, regard our sadness,
 With Thy servants now abide;
 Fill our days with joy and gladness,
 With Thy mercy satisfied.

5 Long the clouds of evil lower;
 Bless us now with gladsome days;
 Let Thy servants see Thy power,
 Let their children learn Thy praise.
 On us let the grace and beauty
 Of the Lord our God remain,
 Strengthen us for noble duty
 That our work be not in vain.