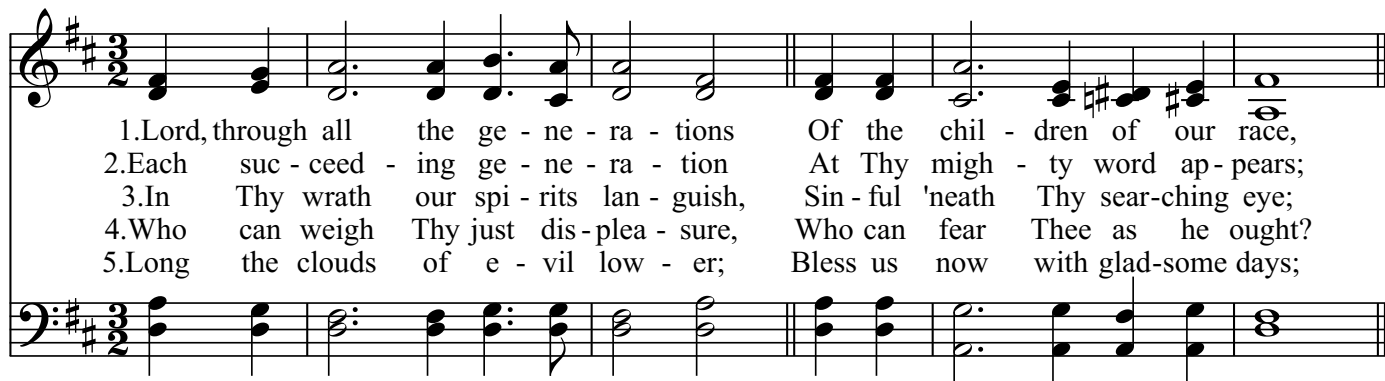
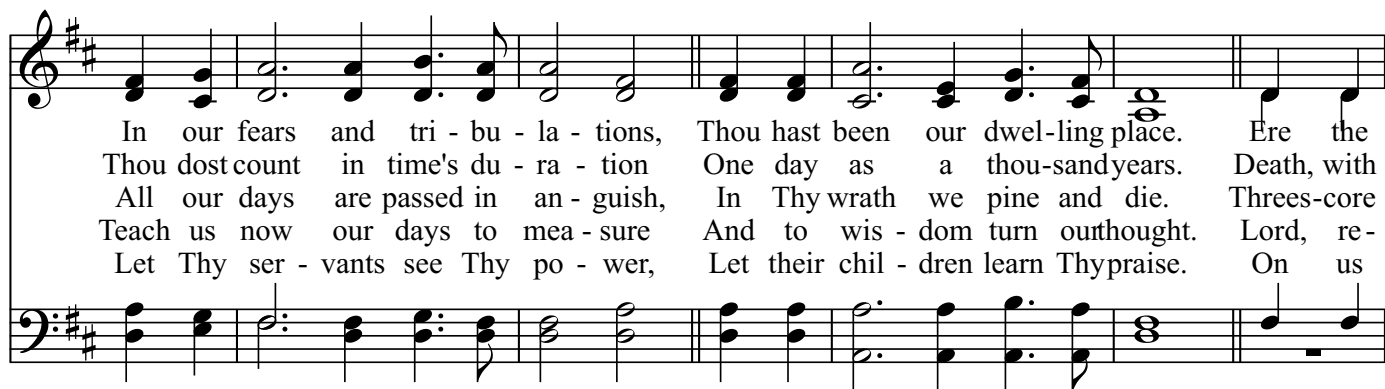


244.The Cry of the Mortal



1.Lord,through all the ge - ne - ra - tions Of the chil - dren of our race,
 2.Each suc - ceed - ing ge - ne - ra - tion At Thy migh - ty word ap - pears;
 3.In Thy wrath our spi - rits lan - guish, Sin - ful 'neath Thy sear - ching eye;
 4.Who can weigh Thy just dis - plea - sure, Who can fear Thee as he ought?
 5.Long the clouds of e - vil low - er; Bless us now with glad - some days;



In our fears and tri - bu - la - tions, Thou hast been our dwel - ling place. Ere the
 Thou dost count in time's du - ra - tion One day as a thou - sand years. Death, with
 All our days are passed in an - guish, In Thy wrath we pine and die. Threes - core
 Teach us now our days to mea - sure And to wis - dom turn our thought. Lord, re -
 Let Thy ser - vants see Thy po - wer, Let their chil - dren learn Thy praise. On us



vast and wide cre - a - tion By Thy word was caused to be,
 swift and sud - den war - ning, Calls us from life's dream a - way,
 years and ten we tar - ry, Fours - core years the strong may stay,
 turn, re - gard our sad - ness; With Thy ser - vants now a - bide;
 let the grace and beau - ty Of the Lord our God re - main,



Or the moun - tains held their sta - tion, Thou art God e - ter - nal - ly.
 Like the grass, green in the mor - ning, Wi - thered ere the close of day.
 Long the load of grief to car - ry, Till at last we fly a - way.
 Fill our days with joy and glad - ness, With Thy mer - cy sa - tis - fied.
 Streng - then us for no - ble du - ty That our work be not in vain.