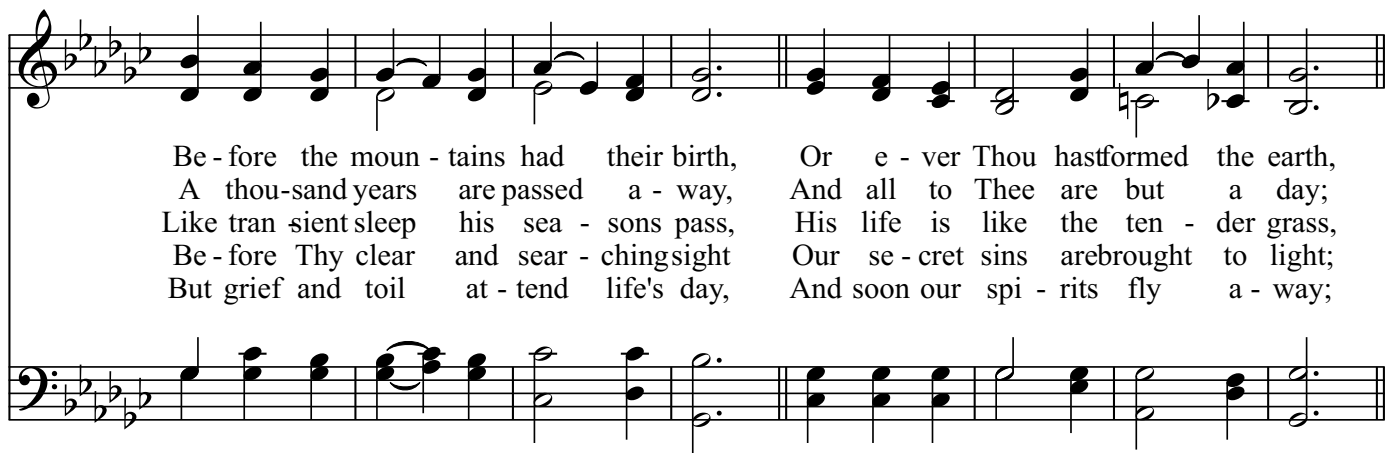


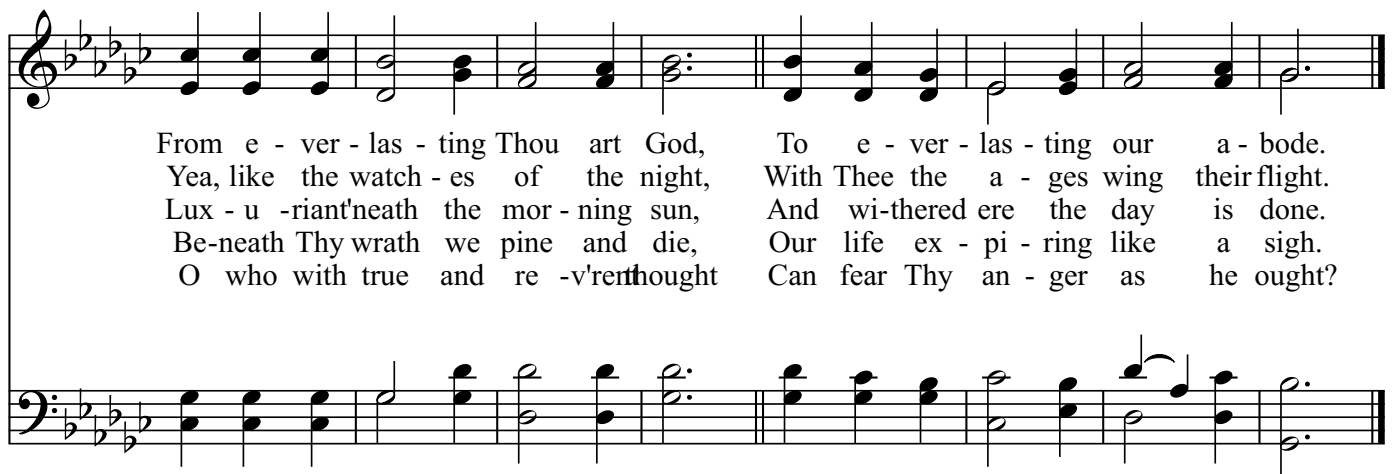
245. The Lord Our Dwelling-Place



1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwell - ing - place Through all the a - ges of our race;
 2. At Thy command man fades and dies And new - born ge - ne - ra - tions rise;
 3. Man soon yields up his fleet - ing breath Be - fore the swell - ing tide of death;
 4. Man in Thy an - ger is consumed, And un - to grief and sor - row doomed;
 5. For three - score years and ten we wait, Or four - score years if strength be great;



Be - fore the moun - tains had their birth, Or e - ver Thou hast formed the earth,
 A thou - sand years are passed a - way, And all to Thee are but a day;
 Like tran - sient sleep his sea - sons pass, His life is like the ten - der grass,
 Be - fore Thy clear and sear - ching sight Our se - cret sins are brought to light;
 But grief and toil at - tend life's day, And soon our spi - rits fly a - way;



From e - ver - las - ting Thou art God, To e - ver - las - ting our a - bode.
 Yea, like the watch - es of the night, With Thee the a - ges wing their flight.
 Lux - u - riant 'neath the mor - ning sun, And wi - thered ere the day is done.
 Be - neath Thy wrath we pine and die, Our life ex - pi - ring like a sigh.
 O who with true and re - v'rent thought Can fear Thy an - ger as he ought?