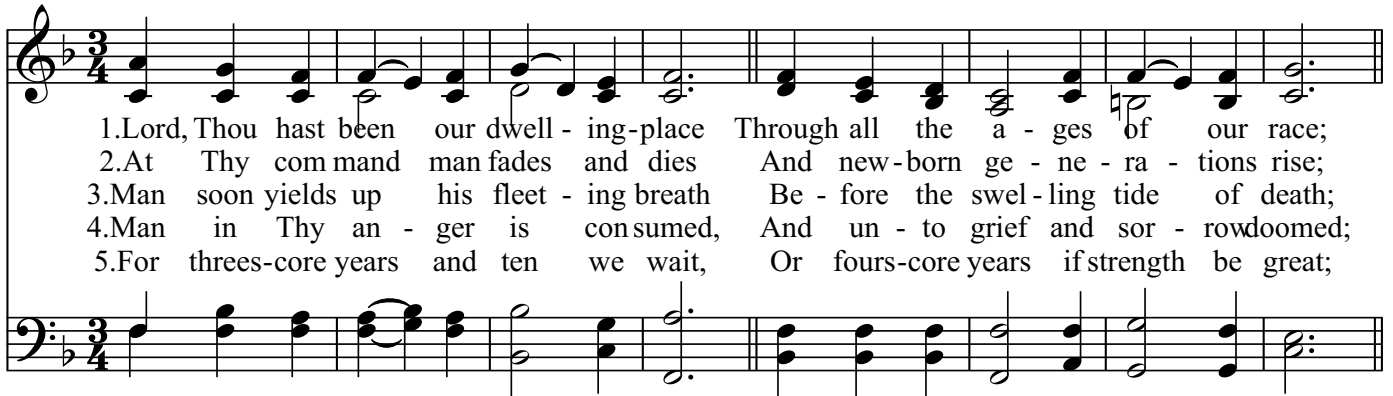
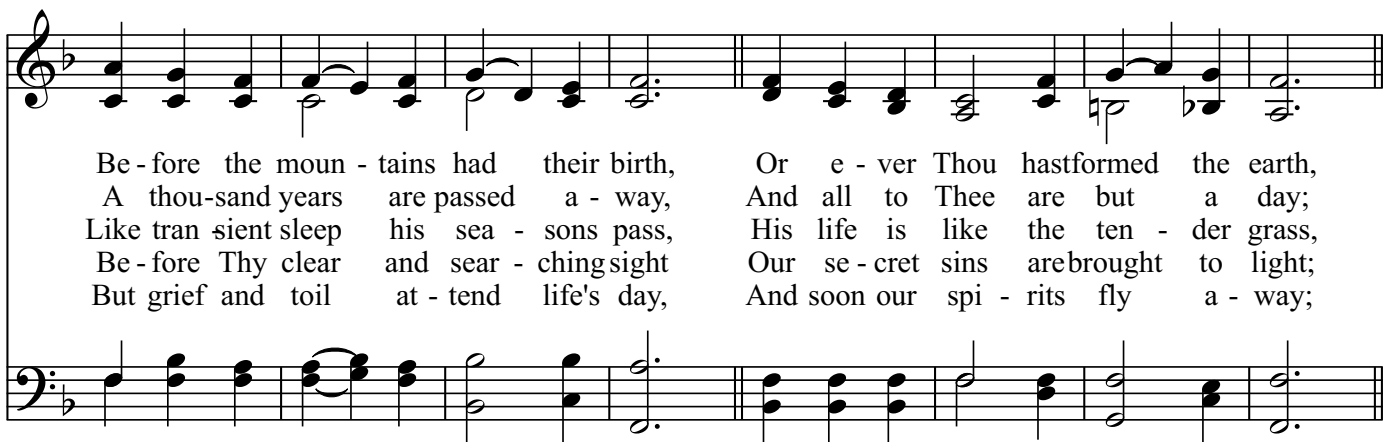


245.The Lord Our Dwelling-Place



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 swel - ling tide of death;
 4.Man in Thy an - ger is consumed, And un - to grief and sor - rowdoomed;
 5.For threes-core years and ten we wait, Or fours-core years if strength be great;



Be - fore the moun - tains had their birth, Or e - ver Thou hastformed 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 - chingsight Our se - cret sins arebrought 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'renthought Can fear Thy an - ger as he ought?