

# Psalm 90

The Name of Jesus

Isaac Watts

J.L. Smith

Piano

Our

Violin

VCello

Pno

6  
God, our help in a - ges past, our hope in years to come, our

Vln

Vc

Pno

10  
shel - ter from the stor - my blast, and our e - ter - nal home. Un -

Vln

Vc

Psalm 90, p 2

14

Pno

der the sha - dow of thy throne thy saint have dwelt se - cure: Suf -

Vln

Vc

18

Pno

fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, and our de - fence is sure.

Vln

Vc

2. Before the hills in order stood,  
 or earth received her frame,  
 from everlasting thou art God,  
 to endless years the same.  
 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
 "Return, ye sons of men:"  
 All nations rose from earth at first,  
 and turn to earth again.

3. A thousand ages in thy sight  
 are like an evening gone;  
 short as the watch that ends the night  
 before the rising sun.  
 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
 with all their lives and cares,  
 are carried downward by the flood,  
 and lost the following years.

4. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 bears all its sons away;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 dies at the opening day.  
 Like flowery fields the nations stand  
 pleased with the morning light;  
 The flower beneath the mower's hand  
 lie withering ere 'tis night.

5. Lord, if thine eye surveys our faults,  
 and justice grows severe,  
 thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,  
 and burns beyond our fear.  
 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;  
 By our offence to thee  
 Adam with all his sons have lost  
 their immortality.

6. Life, like a vain amusement, flies,  
a fable or a song;  
By swift degrees our nature dies,  
nor can our joy be long.  
'Tis but a few whose days amount  
to threescore years and ten;  
And all beyond that short account  
is sorrow, toil, and pain.

7. Our vitals with laborious strife  
bear up the crazy load,  
and drag those poor remains of life  
along the tiresome road.  
Almighty God, reveal thy love,  
and not thy wrath alone;  
O let our sweet experience prove  
the mercies of thy throne.

8. Return, O God of love, return;  
Earth is a tiresome place:  
How long shall we, thy children mourn  
our absence from thy face?  
Let heav'n succeed our painful years,  
let sin and sorrow cease,  
and in proportion to our tears  
so make our joys increase.

9. Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
make thy own work complete;  
Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
and own thy love was great.  
Then shall we shine before thy throne  
in all thy beauty, Lord;  
And the poor service we have done  
meet a Divine reward.