



## Psalm 90

Lord You have been our dwelling place  
In ev'ry generation,  
Before the mountains were brought forth  
Or You had formed creation.  
A thousand years within Your sight  
Are as a day proceeding;  
Our years are like a dream by night;  
They are so short and fleeting.  
From endless days to endless days,  
You are the God who saves!

You carry men to dust and say,  
"Return O sons of Adam!"  
Like grass, they flourish and decay;  
Like floods, You sweep away them.  
Your anger brings us to our end;  
Your wrath it does dismay us.  
You set our sins before Your face  
And show our secret trespass.  
From endless days to endless days,  
You are the God who saves!

Within Your wrath our years will end;  
Their span is bitter labour.  
Yet seventy or eighty years,  
This life is but a vapour.  
Who, Lord, considers Your great wrath  
According to our rev'rence?  
So teach us God to count our days,  
That we might live in prudence.  
From endless days to endless days,  
You are the God who saves!

Return, O Lord; how long, O God?  
Have pity on Your servants!  
And satisfy us with Your love,  
That we may live in gladness.  
O make us glad for length of days,  
As we have suffered evils;  
And show Your servants Your great works,  
Your pow'r unto their children.

*O let Your favour shadow us,  
Our strength and growth replenish;  
Establish Lord our ev'ry work,  
The works our hands accomplish.  
From endless days to endless days,  
You are the God who saves!*