Thro' Every Age, Eternal God

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Thro' every age, e- ternal God, Thou

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
art our rest, our safe abode; High

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
was thy throne ere heaven was made, Or

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
earth thy humble footstool laid.

The other verses

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

5 Death like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

6 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

7 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.