

John Hopkins, 1549
86. 86. (C. M.)

Psalm 90

F Major

Scottish Psalter, 1615

No copyright. Transcribed from *The Whole Booke of Psalmes*, 1621.

Harmonized by Thomas Ravenscroft, 1621

Cantus

Medius

Tenor

Bassus

1. Thou Lord, hast been our sure defense, Our place of ease and rest, In all times past, yea, so long since, As cannot be expressed.
2 Before was made mountain or hill, The earth and world abroad, From age to age, and always still, Forever Thou art God.

3. Thou grindest man through grief and pain To dust or clay, and then Thou unto them dost say again, Return, ye sons of men.
4 The lasting of a thousand years, What is it in Thy sight? As yesterday it doth appear, Or as a watch by night.

5. So soon as Thou dost scatter them, Then is their life and trade E'en as a sleep, or like the grass, Whose beauty soon doth fade;
6 Which in the morning shines full bright, But fadeth suddenly, And is cut down before the night, All withered, dead, and dry.

7. For through Thine anger we consume, Our might is much decayed, And of Thy fervent wrath, O Lord, We are full sore afraid.

8. The wicked works that we have wrought, Thou settest before Thy eye, Our private faults, yea, all our thoughts, Thy countenance doth spy.

9 For through Thy wrath our days do waste,
Thereof doth nought remain;
Our years consume as doth a blast,
And are not called again.

12 What man doth know what power and
What might Thy anger hath?
Or in his heart who doth Thee fear
According to Thy wrath?

15 Refresh us with Thy mercy soon,
Then shall we joyful be;
All times so long as life doth last
In heart rejoice will we.

18 Lord, let Thy grace and glory stand
On us Thy servants thus;
Confirm the works we take in hand,
And prosper them to us.

10 The time of our abode on earth
Is threescore years and ten;
But if we come to fourscore years,
Our life is grievous then.

13 Instruct us, Lord, to know and try
How long our days remain;
That so we may our hearts apply
True wisdom to attain.

16 As Thou hast plagued us before,
Now also make us glad,
And for the years wherein full sore
Affliction we have had.

11 For of this time the strength and chief
We dote so much upon,
Is nothing else but pain and grief,
And we as blasts are gone.

14 Return, O Lord, how long wilt Thou
In Thy great wrath proceed?
Show favor to Thy servants now,
And help them at their need.

17 O let Thy work and pow'r appear,
And on Thy servants light,
And show unto Thy children dear
Thy glory and Thy might.