

GOD: HIS ATTRIBUTES AND WORKS.

27

JERUSALEM.—7.6.7.6. D.

FROM ARCADELT. 1540.

KEY F.

J. F. LAMPE.
t : l | s
r : r.d | t
s : fe | s
r : r | s

(m r : m | d : r | m : - | m | s | s : s | f : m | r : - | -
: d | t : s | l : t | d : - | d | m | r : d | d : d | t : - | -
: s | s : m | m : s | s : - | s | s | r : m | l : s | s : - | -
: d | s : d | l : s | d : - | d | d | t : d | f : d | s : - | -

f.m : r | d
l : t | d
f : f | m
r : s | d

(m r : m | d : r | m : - | r | m | f.m : r.d | r : r | d : - | -
: d | t : s | l : t | d : - | t | d | d : l.d | d : t | d : - | -
: s | s : m | m : s | s : - | s | s | l : m | s : s | m : - | -
: d | s : d | l : s | d : - | s | d | f : l | s : s | d : - | -

LOWELL MASON.

t, l, : s
s, f, : s
r . d : t
r, r, : s

(d s : s | l : t | d' : - | t | s | s : l | t : l | s : - | -
: d | r : d | d : m | m : - | m | t, | t, : r | r : r | t, : - | -
: m | r : m | m : se | l : - | s | s | s : fe | s : -fe | s : - | -
: d | t, : d | l, : m | l, : - | m | m | r : r | s, : r | s, : - | -

l, . t, : d
f, f, : m
d . s, : s
f, . s, : d

(m r : m | d : r | m : - | r | m | f.m : r.d | r : r | d : - | -
: d | t, : d | l, : t, | d : - | t, | d | d : l, . d | d : t, | d : - | -
: s | s : s | f : f | s : - | s | s | l : m | s : s | m : - | -
: d | s : m | f : r | d : - | s | d | f, : l | s, : s | d : - | -

"Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."

f 1 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene :
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou !

mp 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie ;
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told ;
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

mp 3 O Thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face :
f A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.