

Psalm 90: 1-12

Lord, you have been our refuge *
from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or the earth and the world were made, *
you are God from everlasting, and world without end.

You turn man back to the dust; *
you say, "Return, O children of men."

For a thousand years in your sight are but as yesterday, *
even as it were a day that is past.

You scatter them as a nightwatch that comes quickly to an end; *
they are even as a dream and fade away.

They are like the grass, which in the morning is green, *
but in the evening is dried up and withered.

For we consume away in your displeasure *
and are afraid at your wrathful indignation.

You have set our misdeeds before you, *
and our secret sins in the light of your countenance.

For when you are angry all our days are gone; *
we bring our years to an end, as a tale that is told.

The days of our life are seventy years, and though some be so strong that they come to
eighty years, *
yet is their span then but labor and sorrow; so soon it passes away, and we are gone.

But who regards the power of your wrath, *
and who fears your displeasure?

So teach us to number our days *
that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Sources: The Renewed Coverdale Psalter prepared for the Book of Common Prayer (2019).