

O God, the Rock of Ages

Greek Air

Heber
76.76.D

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble clef begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation continues from the first. The treble clef melody has a half note C5, followed by a quarter note D5, and a half note E5. The bass line has a half note C4, followed by a quarter note D4, and a half note E4. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation begins with a measure number '10' at the start of the treble clef staff. The treble clef melody has a half note F5, followed by a quarter note G5, and a half note A5. The bass line has a half note F4, followed by a quarter note G4, and a half note A4. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation begins with a measure number '14' at the start of the treble clef staff. The treble clef melody has a half note B5, followed by a quarter note C6, and a half note D6. The bass line has a half note B4, followed by a quarter note C5, and a half note D5. The system concludes with a double bar line.

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.

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.

O Thou, who dost 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 endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light forever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

Edward H. Bickerstet