

1 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,
2 un - der the sha - dow of thy throne thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or earth re - ceived her frame,

our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
from ev - er - last - ing thou art God, to end - less years the same.

SATB
4 A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are like an eve - ning gone;

short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.

Unison

5 Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, bears all our years a - way;
 they fly, for - got - ten, as a dream dies at the o - pening day.

6 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,
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be thou our guide while life shall last, and our e - ter - nal home.
 be thou our guide while life shall last, and our e - ter - nal home.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: *St. Anne*, melody att. William Croft (1678-1727); vv1-3 harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889),
 vv4-6 harm. Chris Biemesderfer (b.1958)

♩ = 72

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